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HARPER'S

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ADVERTISEMENT.—VOLUME X.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE has now reached the close of its Tenth Volume. During the five years of its existence, its prosperity has been constant and uninterrupted. It has not been checked even by the disaster which fell upon the establishment of the Publishers, or by the period of general depression from which the country is now emerging. Its circulation has regularly increased with each successive Volume, and is now larger than at any previous time. The Publishers have spared neither labor nor expense, not only to maintain, but to improve the character of the Magazine in all its departments. It has been their purpose to furnish a larger amount of the best literature of the day, presented in a more attractive form, with more profuse embellishments and at a lower price, than has ever been attempted by any periodical publication. While they have not neglected the rich stores of foreign literature, they have gradually enlarged the list of their Editors and Contributors till it includes the names of a large portion of the most popular writers of the country, and nothing has been wanting to induce them to contribute their best productions to the Magazine. The Publishers have received abundant assurance that their efforts have been successful to render the Magazine in some good degree worthy of the favor which has been accorded to it. Not a week passes in which they do not receive contributions, every way worthy of insertion, sufficient to occupy their pages for months. The task of selecting from this immense mass of matter that which is best and most attractive has been laboriously and faithfully performed; and the Publishers are confident that no article has found its way into the Magazine to which any just or reasonable exception can be taken.

The Publishers would offer their sincere acknowledgments to the numerous writers of whose contributions they have been unable, from want of space, to avail themselves. To the members of the Press, also, they would renew their thanks for the generous and cordial approbation they have always accorded to the Magazine. They only, from their position, can be aware of the difficulty of preparing the successive Numbers of a popular periodical, and to their kindness Harper's Magazine has been largely indebted for its success. The Publishers again thank the Reading Public throughout the country for their unintermitted support, and add their assurances that the encouragement which they have received during the five years that are passed shall stimulate them to renewed exertions for the future.

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VIRGINIA ILLUSTRATED.

ADVENTURES OF PORTE CRAYON AND HIS COUSINS.

Who loues to liue at home, yet looke abroad,
And know both passen and unpassen road,
The wonders of a faire and goodlie land,
Of antres, rivers, rocks, and mountaines grande,
Read this.....

THOMAS MACARNESSE.

MISS FANNY CRAYON had just finished reading the *Blackwater Chronicle* to a brace of attentive and delighted cousins, when, throwing the book upon the table with a pouting air, she put forth the following reflections on men and things:

"It is really neither generous nor just that men should arrogate to themselves all the privileges, while we poor girls are condemned to eternal needlework and housekeeping; or, what is still worse, a dull round of insipid amusements—dancing, dressing, and thrumming the piano. What opportunities have we of seeing the world, or of making heroines of ourselves? Instead of planning pleasant jaunts and inviting us to grace their parties, no sooner does the summer weather set in, than away they go with their guns, and such quantities of provision that one might think they were going to Oregon. Then in two or three weeks they are back again with their clothes all torn and appetites that are a disgrace to civilization. To see them at table, you would suppose they had eaten nothing during their absence; and then such bragging all among themselves, they don't even give us a chance to talk; and if occasionally we manage to slip in a word edgeways, it receives no more consideration than the whistle of my canary bird."

"Indeed, Cousin Fanny," said Dora Dimple, "I think with you entirely. It would be so romantic and delightful for us to take such a trip. But then, with the rains and the wild animals, we should be so drenched and frightened."

"Well! I want to be drenched and frightened!" replied Fanny, with spirit; "I am tired of this humdrum life."

"Good graciouth! what is to prevent uth from going if we choothe?" lisped Miss Mignonette, or, as she was generally called for short, Minnie May. "Let's make Porte Crayon take uth traveling or bear hunting with him."

"Pshaw!" replied Fanny, pettishly, "Brother Porte used to be very kind and obliging, but of late he has become such a bear in his manners,

and such a sloven, it's shameful! You might really suppose, from his talk, that he thought women had no souls; and as to listening to any thing they say—whew! he's entirely too high for that. The fact is, he got to reading the *Koran* some few years ago, and I don't think he has been quite right since."

"Nonsense! it's all affectation; he listens to me always," rejoined Minnie, with confidence; "and I'll go now directly and make him promise to take us somewhere. I can coax and flatter him into any thing." And without more ado, she started on her embassy, while her companions followed on tip-toe to hear the result.

Porte Crayon sat with his legs comfortably stretched on a bench in the veranda which shades the front of the family mansion. Aroused from an apparently deep reverie by the rustling of a silk dress, he acknowledged Cousin Minnie's presence with a nod, and his hard face lit up with a smile.

"Cousin Porte," said she, abruptly, "we want you to take us somewhere." Mr. Crayon's only reply was a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "Yes," continued she, resolutely, "Fanny, Dora, and myself want you to take us traveling somewhere with you in search of adventures." Mr. Crayon's eyebrows disappeared under the visor of his cap, and his mouth puckered up as if about to whistle. "Indeed, Cousin Porte," continued Minnie, coaxingly, seating herself beside him, "we've been reading the *Blackwater Sketches*, and we're all crazy to see some wild life. I don't mean exactly that we wish to live in the woods like gipsies, or be starved or exposed to the rain or wild beasts, or— Indeed, I don't know precisely *what* we want; but you are so clever you may plan us a pleasant trip yourself. Besides, it would be such a privilege for us girls to have you as an escort—you are such a genius, you know. Come, you can't refuse; it will be so delightful—we won't give you a bit of trouble." Mr. Crayon's countenance had by this time relaxed considerably. "With any ordinary person we would not wish to go," pursued the embassadrice; "but you know you are so talented, it would afford us such rare opportunities of improvement."

At this point Crayon heard some giggling inside of the hall door. "Stop, Minnie, that will answer—I'm sufficiently buttered. Now just ask specifically for what you want."



THE LISTENERS.

Minnie clapped her hands exultingly. "Come, girls, come—we've got him—he has promised—it's all arranged!"

Here the listeners made their appearance, and all three were so vociferous in their thanks that Crayon was fain to affect an air of sternness. "What's arranged? I've promised nothing."

"Why, Cousin Porte, didn't you promise to take us a jaunt, and to plan it all yourself?—Didn't he, Fanny?"

"I didn't hear precisely," said Fanny.

"Didn't he, Dora?"

"Indeed," replied Dora, "it seemed to me he did; or, at least, he was just going to promise, and that's the same thing."

"To be sure," said Minnie; "didn't you both hear him say, 'just ask specifically for any thing you want, and I'll do it?'"

"Certainly," cried both girls, eagerly, "we heard him say 'specifically.' We did, indeed."

"You did! Then my case is a bad one. It is proved by three credible witnesses, supposed by courtesy to be sane and in their right minds, that I said 'specifically;' and being duly convicted of the same, it is in your judgments fairly

deducible from the premises that I promised to take you somewhere on a pleasure excursion."

"There," cried Minnie, "didn't I tell you? Bless me, what a lawyer Cousin Porte would have made if he had taken to the bar instead of the fine arts. But come on, girls; let us go and get our traveling-dresses ready. Cousin Porte is the soul of honor; he never broke a promise, especially one made to a lady."

And with the sweetest and most gracious curtsies the young ladies took their leave.

"Begone, you pests, and leave me to reflect on the absurd scrape I've got into."

A voice from the hall replied with a couplet from Tom Bowling:

"Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare."

"Hum!" soliloquized Porte, reseating

himself; "what the deuce have I done?—Promised to take three women traveling. Ha! ha! they want to go to the Blackwater, do they? ho! ho! by all that's preposterous! Kid slippers—lace collars—silk dresses! If the sun shines, they're broiling; if the wind blows, they're freezing; never hungry except when every thing eatable is out of their reach; always dying of thirst when they're on top of a mountain; afraid of caterpillars, and lizards, and grasshoppers!—Let me see—the first of October—snakes are about going into winter quarters; well, that's one comfort at least. And then their baggage; each of them, to my knowledge, has a trunk as big as a powder car.—Finnikin, frivolous, whimsical creatures, where do they learn the art of coaxing?—They don't acquire it at all, it is a natural gift. If any man had approached me in that way I should have felt bound to pull his nose; but that little lisping minx makes me promise what she pleases.

"'Tis an old maxim of the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit."

No! no! it was not that—I'm too old for that—but it was a piece of the most barefaced wheedling and imposture, and now they're doubtless giggling over their success." Mr. Crayon shook for some minutes with silent laughter, and it was long before his countenance settled into its accustomed gravity.

While he is thus sitting, let us sketch him. In person Mr. Crayon is about the middle height, of slender make, but well knit and tough. His face is what would be usually termed "a hard one"—angular and sunburned, the lower features covered with a beard, bushy and

"Brode as though it were a spade."

This beard he has worn from time immemorial. Old-fashioned ladies, who can't endure this savage taste, frequently tell Mr. Crayon he would be remarkably handsome if he would cut off that horrid beard. He laughs, however, *sotto i baffi*, in such a manner as to encourage the delusion, and modestly disclaims any desire to be remarked for his personal beauty. Crayon is neither old nor young;

"But on his forehead middle age
Has slightly pressed its signet sage."

His dress is usually so little a matter of concern to himself, that it is in consequence the oftener remarked by others. At present his wardrobe in active service consists of a double-frilled shirt, a sack of Weidenfeldt's cut, stained corduroys, and a pair of stringless shoes, which exhibit to advantage his socks of gray yarn, darned with white and blue. This careless incongruity of dress is not altogether an eccentricity or individualism of Mr. Crayon, but belongs to the State to which he owes birth and allegiance. Nothing is more rare than to find a Virginian solicitous about his dress; and although he may sometimes affect the sloven, he is never a dandy.

An itinerant phrenologist, who had the faculty of discovering the springs of human action by feeling the bumps on people's heads, ascertained, while traveling through the State, that this characteristic is the offspring of a noble aristocratic pride, a lofty disdain of trivialities; and the candid expression of this opinion gave much individual as well as public satisfaction, and brought the skillful man of science many a dollar. Indeed, in one instance we were personally cognizant of the dollar. A remarkably dirty gentleman of the legal profession, who, it was confidently believed, hadn't a second shirt to his back, borrowed a dollar of us to pay the aforesaid itinerant for saying the same of him and putting it in writing.

But to be fully impressed with Crayon's *personale*, he should be seen as he sometimes appears at a masquerade, in ruff and doublet, with a slouched hat and plume. One might then swear the great Captain John Smith had reappeared to look after his government, and was ready, as of yore, to do battle with "Turk or salvage"—to thrust a falchion between the infidel ribs of Bonnymulgro, or kick his Royal Highness, Opeckancanough, in face of his whole tribe,

into the payment of the three hundred bushels of corn. We shrewdly suspect Crayon of nurturing a vanity on this subject, and have several times heard him allude to the resemblance himself.

While this sketching has been going on, our sitter has been deeply philosophizing. "Man," thought he, "occupies a queer position in civilized society. By right of superior physical and intellectual endowment, by right of a direct appointment from Holy Writ, by the advice and consent of St. Paul, he is lord of creation. But of what avail is his empty title? He is practically no more than a nose of wax, to be modeled into any shape by women. What matters it, whether he is tied with a hempen cord or a pink satin ribbon?—he's tied. What difference whether he is bullied out of his free agency or wheedled out of it?—the tyranny is equally odious, equally subversive of social order and of self-respect. Man can't even wear the clothes he may happen to fancy" (here Crayon glanced at his coat). "Hunting-jackets have a rowdy look—so Miss Minnie thinks—chick-a-dee.—These Yankees are a wonderful people; full of energy and resources—they regulate the women up there—the men have the upper hand, as nature designed—at least I infer it, from the bobbery and noise the women are making there about their rights. Egad! I'll travel in that country some day to learn how they manage. But, after all," continued Crayon, breaking into soliloquy, "*Che giova! siam nati a servir*, we on the south side can't help ourselves, and we might as well put the best face on matters. It is not so unendurable, neither, this bondage of the heart, nor yet so very unbecoming to a gentleman. In the days of chivalry it was the proudest boast of knighthood. What is it but the willing tribute from generosity to weakness? When a command comes disguised as a prayer, who would not obey? When a beseeching look compels, who can resist? O, fair southern land, long may thy daughters continue to reign, imperious in their loveliness, strong in their gentleness!"

Here Porte Crayon leaped from his seat as if electrified, and clapping his left hand to his side, with his right he drew an imaginary glittering sword, and flourishing it about his head, went through the broadsword exercise in brilliant style.

"Cousin Porte," cried a voice from the window, "what in the world are you doing?"

"Nothing in particular," replied Porte, looking rather sheepish.

"Then don't do it any more. It looks too ridiculous for one of your age to be prancing and capering in that unmeaning way."

"Look you, Miss Minnie, mind your sewing, and don't be troubling yourself about my capers or my age.—I'll pay her for this—I'll lead her into blackberry thickets, stick her fast in marshes, and put lizards in her reticule. I'll tease and frighten her into a proper appreciation of herself. She need not then visit the capitals of

Christendom to see by what small people the world is governed."

During the week that followed Porte Crayon entered into the business of preparation for the proposed jaunt with alacrity and cheerfulness. He was in frequent consultation with the maps and Gazetteer of Virginia, and made copious notes therefrom, but was very silent and mysterious withal.

"Where are you going to take us, Cousin Porte?" Minnie often inquired.

"Never mind, child; stitch away at your traveling dress; get yourself a pair of stout shoes, and don't ask me any more questions."

"I'm afraid Cousin Porte doesn't enjoy the idea of making this trip with us," modestly observed Dora.

"Fiddlestick!" said Minnie, in an undertone. "He's delighted. He has been in a fever ever since I proposed it to him. Just listen to his lectures, and make believe you appreciate them, and pretend to let him have his own way in every thing, and he's one of the kindest and most manageable creatures in existence."

Crayon, who, with characteristic contempt of rule and order, was moulding bullets in the breakfast room, looked up sharply.

"What was that I heard about lectures, and good, manageable creature?"

"Eh! good gracious! did you hear? I was just complimenting you to Dora; saying how

kind you were. But, Cousin, let me help you to cut the necks off those bullets, I can do it so nicely."

"No; go along. You'll cut your fingers. I always am in a fever when I see a woman with a pen-knife in her hand."

"Only hear! the vanity of men!" and Minnie quietly took the ladle out of Mr. Crayon's hand, and proceeded in the most adroit and pretty manner to mould up the remainder of the lead.

He looked on at first with amazement, which soon changed into unqualified admiration.

"Doesn't lose a particle of lead; half of them have no necks at all. They are better than mine. Cousin Minnie, you're a gem."

The old carriage having been revarnished, and the roan and sorrel sleeked up to the utmost point of good looks that the nature of the case permitted, Mr. Crayon reported to the impatient trio that on his part every thing was in readiness for the expedition, with the exception of a driver. This important office had not yet been filled. Old Tom, Young Tom, Peter, and a dozen other, had successively been catechised, cross-questioned, and rejected.

"And why won't they do?" asked Fanny; "they are all skillful drivers."

"Tut, Fanny, you know nothing about it. They would answer very well to drive you to church, but the selection of a driver for such a



BULLET-MAKING.

trip as I have in view requires the greatest tact and consideration. Leave the matter entirely to me—"

"As the only person in the world who has the requisite tact and consideration," suggested Fanny.

Mr. Crayon gracefully bowed assent.

One morning a huge negro made his appearance in the hall, accompanied by all the negro household, and all in a broad grin.

"Sarvant, Master," said the giant, saluting, hat in hand, with the grace of a hippopotamus. "I'se a driver, sir!"

"Indeed!" said Porte, with some surprise; "what's your name?"

"Ke! hi!" snickered the applicant for office, and looked toward Old Tom.



LITTLE MICE.

"He's name Little Mice," said Tom, and there was a general laugh.

"That is a queer name at least, and not a very suitable one; has he no other?"

"Why, d'ye see, Mass' Porte," said Tom, "when dis nigga was a boy, his ole miss tuck him in de house to sarve in de dinin' room. Well, every day she look arter her pies an' cakes, an' dey done gone. 'Dis is onaccountable,' say ole miss. 'Come here, boy. What goes wid dese pies?' He says, 'I spec, missus, little mice eats 'em.' 'Very well,' says she, 'may be dey does.' So one mornin' arley she come in onexpected like, an' dar she see dis boy, pie in he's

mouf. 'So,' says she, 'I cotch dem little mice at last, have I?' An' from dat day, sir, dey call him nothin' but Little Mice, an' dat been so long dey done forgot his oder name, if he ever had any."

The giant, during this narration, rolled his eyes at Old Tom, and made menacing gestures in an underhand way; but being unable to stop the story, he joined in the laugh that followed, and then took up the discourse.

"Mass' Porte, never mind dat ole possum. Any how I ben a-drivin' hosses all my life, and I kin wait on a gemplum fuss rate. To be sure dat name sounds sort a foolish 'mong strangers; but you can call me Boy, or Hoss, or Pomp', or any thing dat suits—I answers all de same."

Having exhibited his permit to hire himself,

Mr. Crayon engaged him on the spot; moved thereto, we suspect, more by the fun and originality indicated in Mice's humorous phiz, than by any particular tact or consideration. The newly-appointed dignitary bowed himself out of the hall, sweeping the floor with his cap at each reverence; but no sooner was he clear of the respected precinct than his elephantine pedals spontaneously commenced a grotesque dance, making a clatter on the kitchen floor like a team of horses crossing a bridge. During this performance he shook his fists—in size and color like old hams of bacon—alternately at Old and Young Tom. "Ha, you ole Turkey Buzzard! I take you in dar to recommend me, an' you tell all dem lies. You want to drive yourself, heh? And you black calf, you sot up to drive gemplum's carriage, did you? Mass' Porte too smart to have any sich 'bout him."

Old Tom's indignation at this indecorous conduct knew no bounds. He pitched into Mice incontinently, and bestowed a shower of lusty cuffs and kicks upon his carcass. Tom's honest endeavors were so little appreciated, that they only served to increase the monster's merriment.

"Yah! yah! yah! lame grasshopper kick me," shouted he, escaping from the kitchen; and making a wry face at Tom through the window, he

swung himself off toward the stable, "to look arter his critters."

A couple of pipes, with some tobacco; and a cast-off coat soothed the mortification of the Senior and Junior Toms to such an extent that they were both seen next morning actually assisting Mice in getting out the carriage.

"Something new under the sun?" exclaimed Porte Crayon on the morning of the 8th of October, 1853. "A new era is about to commence in the history of women. The carriage has scarcely driven up to the door when all three are ready *cap-à-pie* to jump into it! I thought the last wonder was achieved when they got all their



OLD TOM AND YOUNG TOM.

baggage into one trunk and two carpet-bags; but this latest development surpasses every thing that has gone before. Now fire away with your kissing and leave-taking, and let us be off."

Considering the number of grandparents, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins, babies, &c., who had assembled to see the party off, and who had each and severally to give and receive from each and several of our travelers from one to half a dozen kisses, it will scarcely be credited that the carriage got fairly under way in something less than an hour from the time of its first appearance.

"But not so fast. Stop! stop!" screamed a dozen voices from the house.

"Something important has been forgotten surely."

"Of course," said Porte Crayon. "Whose head is left behind? Feel in your bonnets, girls."

A negro girl is seen running after them with a large bundle in her arms, and holding up a great dumpling of a baby to the carriage window.

"Miss say you forgot to kiss little Mass' Bobby."

"True! it was an oversight. Kiss him, girls;

and hark ye, Molly, tell them at the house, if any one else has been omitted, to telegraph us at Winchester, and we'll come back."

"Bad to turn back now, Mass' Porte, specially sence Aunt Patty done flung her shoe arter us for good luck."

"Oh, if that ceremony has been performed, we must go on at all hazards."

As the roan and sorrel passed the Winchester pike, making the stones ring again with their well-shod hoofs, plowman and wayfarer turned aside to see, housewife and maiden hastened to the windows to stare and admire. Mark them well, good people, for it will be many a long day ere you look upon their like again. Little Mice was so sleeked and buttoned up, that he did not appear more than half his usual size; but his hands, encased in a pair of buckskin gloves, which at a moderate computation

would hold half a peck each, did not seem to have undergone a corresponding diminution. His head upon his ponderous shoulders looked no larger than a good-sized apple, and was surmounted by a tiny Dutch cap, the effect of which was to increase, in appearance, the disproportion between the head and shoulders. His little bead-like eyes twinkled with delight, while his broad lips were forcibly puckered into an expression of respectful gravity, but upon the slightest inattention on the part of their owner, and even in spite of his endeavors, occasionally they would relapse into their natural position—that of a broad grin. Beside this model of a driver and valet sat Porte Crayon—quite a secondary personage, by the way—in a substantial suit of gray cassimere, a black oil-cloth cap, hunting belt, leathern gaiters, and a short German rifle, which usually hung upon the dash-board of the carriage.

The three ladies occupied the interior. A spirited and accurate description of their dresses was promised the Editor of these papers by one of the ladies; but that having failed to appear, he excuses himself from attempting any thing of the sort on his own responsibility. Men are gen-

erally bunglers when they undertake to write upon subjects they know nothing about. That their costumes were appropriate and becoming we can vouch, as also for the fact that they made them all with their own pretty hands during the week preceding their departure. Porte Crayon has drawn Fanny in a black velvet jacket and a skirt of blue mousseline. Minnie he sketches in a dress of some lighter material, fashioned with a basque, and loose sleeves trimmed with ruffles. Dora wore a plain close-fitting gown with a row of buttons in front. All three had neat little straw bonnets, which they generally wore hanging on their shoulders, with the green vails attached to them streaming down their backs, thus giving the sun and wind a long-coveted opportunity of kissing their rosy cheeks when they pleased.—Porte Crayon says this mode of wearing bonnets reminds him of a story told by some missionaries, who, zealous in the cause of civilization, distributed among certain savage tribes a quantity of axes, mattocks, hoes, and spades. On revisiting their friends the following year, they found them promenading in all pomp and dignity with these useful and not at all cumbersome implements hung about their necks by thongs of deer-skin.

Having disposed of the dresses and millinery, let us go on to the equally puzzling but far more agreeable task of picturing the ladies themselves.

Fanny Crayon has a remarkable face. A nose slightly aquiline, full chiseled lips, dark-blue eyes, dark brows, and fair hair. She is about the middle height, straight as an arrow, perfectly moulded, round and full, but active and graceful as a fawn. Her complexion is very fair, with cheeks of the richest rose. The characteristic expression of her face is earnest and serious, easily provoked to merriment, and not quite so easily provoked to wrath. In this we are aware she differs from most of her sex, and especially from all heroines of love stories. But she has, nevertheless, what the world calls a temper of her own. Those blue eyes of hers will sometimes flash, and the rose in her cheek so predominate, that the lily is entirely lost for a time. Well, well! her native spirit is so well regulated by good sense and good feeling, that it rarely shows itself amiss. Fanny, at the age of five-and-twenty, is considered the most accomplished young woman of her neighborhood; for be-

sides her skill in millinery and mantua-making, she is already a famous housekeeper. Every thing goes on like clock-work under her management, and she not unfrequently condescends to do up the more elegant branches of this department with her own hands. It happens sometimes during the mince-pie season that Fanny enters the kitchen with an apron white as morning's milk, and her sleeves tucked up, showing a pair of arms scarcely less fair. Old Tom rises at her entrance, respectfully knocks the fire out of his pipe, and lays it in its niche in the chimney. Aunt Dilly, chief-cook, and her daughter Jane, first scullion, stand on either side, attentive to the slightest sign. "Tray, Jane," says the ob-



THE VIRGINIA HOUSEKEEPER.

sequious Dilly.—"Flour, Miss"—"rollin' pin, Miss"—"butter"—"mince-meat"—"brandy."—The pie approaches completion. Jane holds her breath in admiration. The chief-cook looks on in proud humility—proud of serving such a mistress, humble at seeing herself outdone by one of only half her age, and, sooth to say, not more than one-third of her weight. The great bowl of egg-nog that foams at Christmas is of Fanny's brewage, and when she does condescend, as she occasionally does, by way of special favor to somebody, to try her hand on a mint-julep, it is said to be unrivaled.

The walls of the paternal mansion were once ornamented with neatly-framed specimens of her skill in drawing and painting. There were kittens, and squirrels, and birds, and baskets of flowers, as an old aunt used to say, "as natural as life, and all drawn out of her own head." When Porte came home from abroad he was thoughtless enough to laugh at them, whereupon Fanny quietly took them down and hid them, nor have the united entreaties of the family, nor repeated apologies from Porte, nor uncle Nat's express

commands ever been potent enough to induce her to replace them. When Fanny dances (she never waltzed or polka'd), or when she rides on horseback, the negroes all declare "it is a sight to see her;" and when one of them wishes to compliment his dark-browed inamorata for her performance in a husking reel or a kitchen hoe-down, he tells her she moves like Miss Fanny. But of all Fanny's accomplishments none is so universally prized by her friends as her music,

"And of hire song, it is as loud and yerne
As any swallow sitting on a berne."

Then such a store of good old-fashioned songs, she could sing for a week without ever repeating a stanza. At one time Porte undertook to teach her some French and Italian airs, and found an apt and willing pupil; but uncle Nat positively forbade her singing the foreign trash, insisting that it would spoil her voice and vitiate her taste.

Beside Fanny sat Minnie May, with a shower of rich golden curls, and cheeks as smooth and delicately tinted as the lips of a sea-shell, with a slight but elastic figure, and hands so small that she never could reach an octave on the piano, and consequently never learned music. Whether she would have learned if she had been able to accomplish the octave is a problem that will never be solved, for she is nineteen years old, and her hands are not likely to grow any bigger. Indeed Minnie is not accomplished, as the world goes, for she can't sing except a little in concert, and is equally unskillful in fitting a dress or compounding a pudding. If she reads much she seems little the wiser for it, and most probably romances and poetry receive the principal part of her attention. Her character is an odd compound of archness and naïveté, of *espièglerie* and sweetness. If she can't sing, her voice in conversation is like the warble of a blue-bird, in addition to which she lisps most charmingly. Unpretending and childlike in her manners, she has a quick and original wit, and reads character by intuition. To this power probably, and to some pretty coaxing ways, she owes the unbounded influence she exercises over every one about her. Even Porte's proverbial obstinacy is not proof against it. He flounders and fumes like a humble-bee stuck fast in molasses, and is sometimes heard ungallantly to wish her to the deuce; "for," says he, "when she is about, I can't even choose what coat I may wear." Little Mice already begins to own her sway, when, in reply to some disparaging comments on the horses, he obsequiously takes off his rag of a cap and gently defends his cattle. "Ah! young mistis, some hosses is naterelly lean dat way—now dat roan eats my two gloves full of oats every time, but he's ribs always shows; dis sorrel, he put up different; can't count he's ribs indeed! Gin I has dese creeters in my hands a week, dey'll shine; mind dat, mistis."

Dora Dimple was a sweet little body, with round innocent eyes, which were in truth the windows of her soul, and she blushed when any one looked therein. The roses in her cheeks

were ever blooming, and, when freshened by exercise or sudden excitement, they had a tendency to turn purple. Dora was but seventeen, quiet, modest, and sweet-tempered, and it never seemed to have entered her head that she lived for any thing else than to please every body and do as she was bid, like the little girls in the Sunday-school books.

As they trotted along chattering, giggling and singing to the accompaniment of the wheels, no wonder that Crayon frequently looked back at his wards, and thought to himself—"After all, this looks as well as going out to the Blackwater. I dare say we'll have a merry time!" No wonder that Mice, with a superb flourish of his whip, observed—"Mass' Porte, dis is a very light runnin' instrument, seems as if it would run along of itself."

The pleasant and hospitable town of Winchester, with its polished society, its flower-gardens, and famous market, savored too much of ordinary civilization to detain a party in search of the romantic and wonderful longer than was necessary to obtain the requisite supply of food and sleep. It was here that Porte Crayon first exhibited a programme of the proposed trip, which was received with such manifestations of approval and delight that he felt himself highly flattered. But our narrative must not lag by the way—Whip up, Mice; up the Valley turnpike as fast as the horses can trot on a bright frosty morning. At mid-day the light-running vehicle, with its light-hearted inmates, was rapidly approaching the Massanutten Mountains. These mountains rise to a majestic height in the midst of the valley between the forks of the Shenandoah river, and about twenty miles south of Winchester. They lie principally in the counties of Page and Shenandoah, and the Eastern Massanutten forms the boundary between the two counties. They are parallel with the Blue Ridge, and run in a double range for some twenty-five or thirty miles, and then in a single range for about the same distance, terminating in Rockingham County as abruptly as they rise. The double range includes a romantic and fertile valley twenty-five miles long, and about three in width; the level of which is several hundred feet above the Great Valley, and which is entered from the north at the Fortsmouth, one of the most famous passes in the Virginia mountains.

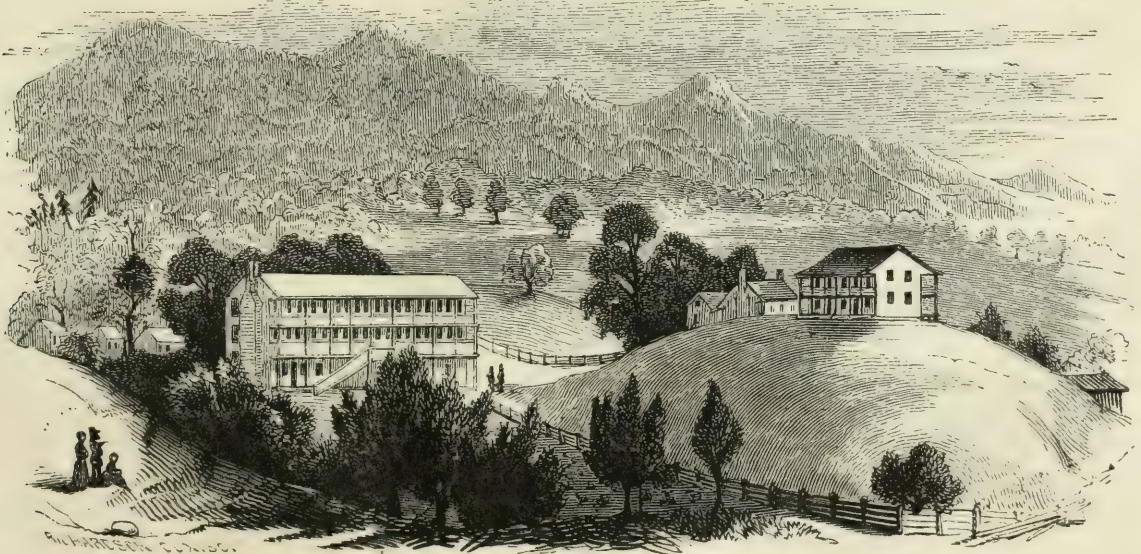
A mid-day lunch under the shade of some maples, the fording of the crystal river, and the approach to this imposing pass, kept the animal spirits and the expectant fancies of our adventurers keenly on the alert. Soon they were winding along the banks of a rushing stream, and there scarcely seemed room between its rugged borders and the impending cliffs for a narrow carriage-way. As they proceeded they perceived the mountain-barriers rising on either side, like perpendicular walls, to a stupendous height—the road and the stream still crowding each other as they struggled along, and the gloom of the wild defile deepened by a tall



THE FORTSMOUTH.

growth of shadowy hemlocks. As the difficulties increased, our friends were fain to leave the toiling carriage to its assiduous and careful governor, and bravely take to the road a-foot. How wild it was! how fresh and beautiful! The joyous stream seemed rushing to meet them with a free, noisy welcome, wimpling and dimpling, tumbling in tiny waterfalls, and anon forming deep crystal pools which sparkled with foam and bubbles. The girls, like wood-nymphs, ran here and there gathering the rich and varied plants of the mountains, and such flowers as had survived the early frosts of autumn; while

Porte Crayon, in the advance, regardless of the probabilities of game, the rifle at his back, or nerves of his fair companions, rent the air with shouts that made the mountains answer again and again. Perceiving at length that he was getting a little hoarse, his enthusiasm abated, and he left off. The stream crossed and re-crossed their path so often, that Minnie declared it was some spiteful Undine who, in wanton mischief, was striving to detain them. "Not so, Cousin Minnie; but rather, the water-sprite has seen something genial in your eyes, and meets you at every turn with the hope of beguiling



BURNER'S.



THE CANOPY.

you to stay and be her playmate." But neither hinderance nor persuasion availed any thing—here by a rustic bridge, there by an opportune drift-log, and where neither lent their aid, by resolutely skipping from rock to rock, they kept on their way, Porte leading the troop, encouraging and giving directions, applauding each successful venture, and laughing loud when some unlucky foot dipped ankle-deep into the water. At the end of an hour's walk, and about two miles from the mouth of the defile, they found themselves fairly in the Valley of Powell's Fort; and here—the road becoming more practicable—they again betook themselves to their carriage. Porte Crayon could not refrain from casting many regretful looks behind him. "What pictures!" sighed he; "what sketches! But we can't have every thing. Burner's is yet full twelve miles distant, and we must reach there to-night by the programme.

"*Vite! vite conducteur!*" "Ya—as, sir," replied the obsequious coachman, looking somewhat bewildered, but licking it into the horses all the while. As they went on winding their toilsome way around the spurs of the mountain, a gorgeous sunset began to work its magic changes upon the extended landscape. But the sunset faded into twilight, and the twilight deepened into darkness, before they reached their destination. Here a hospitable welcome, a blazing fire, and a keenly-appreciated supper

were followed by a deep, unbroken sleep of some ten hours' duration.

Burner's Sulphur Springs, or, as they are sometimes more properly called, The Seven Fountains, are, apart from their beautiful surroundings, worthy objects of scientific curiosity. In a small bowl-like hollow, and within a circle whose radius is probably not more than a dozen paces, are these seven fountains, all differing in character. The central spring is a fine white sulphur; within a few feet are two other sulphurs differing in temperature and chemical analysis. A few paces distant are Freestone, Slate, and Limestone springs, each decided and unmistakable of its kind. The seventh is called the Willow Spring; but we do not know what are its virtues and qualities.

Our friends took to the open air, while the frost was yet sparkling on the ground, and, after ranging the hill-sides until the girls were tired, Crayon determined to amuse himself, making a sketch of Mr. Burner's premises. Having chosen his point of view on an open hill-side, he found himself much annoyed by a brilliant sun which took him directly in the face. The girls, seeing his difficulty, with prompt ingenuity spread their broad shawls over some leafless bushes, and thus contrived, in a few minutes, a perfect shade and a highly picturesque canopy. This unexpected and graceful service awakened in Crayon that grateful surprise which the Lion

must have felt when delivered from the toils of the hunter by the Mouse. He laid down his sketch-book deliberately :

"'Pon my soul, girls, this is enchanting! I'm really beginning to think that women are not such useless creatures after all."

"How delicately he compliments!" said Minnie; "no coarse flattery; not he. It requires a shrewd refinement to extract the honey from the flower. Isn't it worth while, girls, to make canopies, just to hear Cousin Porte speak so encouragingly of us?"

In the afternoon the party, including Mice, went hunting; and although they found some game, Porte Crayon, either from distraction, or over-anxiety to exhibit his address with the rifle, missed every thing he shot at. Minnie at length began to grow quizzical—at every shot she insisted that the birds weré hit; she saw the feathers fly; hinted that the powder might be bad, or the sights accidentally knocked out of place. In all this she was earnestly seconded by Mice, who ran, like an over-anxious pointer, at every crack, to pick up the game. Finding nothing, he looked much perplexed and mortified, and finally suggested that the gun was bewitched; he had seen an old black woman looking at it very hard that morning before the party were up. The girls got into a titter, and Crayon bit his lips but said nothing. A pheasant, a squirrel, and a couple of crows had already

heard his bullets whistle by their ears, and had gone off in great alarm. Presently a fine rabbit sprung up, and after running about fifty yards, stood up to see who was coming. Porte took deliberate aim and fired; the rabbit disappeared, and every body but the rifleman ran to find him. On examining the spot they could see nothing; but Minnie having slyly gathered half a dozen wild turkey feathers, which she found in the thicket, showed them triumphantly, exclaiming, "There! I was sure he was hit; look at the feathers." Crayon quietly reloaded his piece, and commenced looking about for a lizard. Although this search was unsuccessful, he did not wait long for his revenge. As they neared the edge of the wood, a large black animal suddenly stepped out of a thicket. "Heavens!" cried he, whipping out his knife, "a bear!" A trio of shrieks echoed through the forest, and Porte suddenly found himself bound neck and hands by three pair of desperate arms. "Don't, don't choke me to death," he gurgled. "Help, Mice!"

"Why, Mistisses," said Mice earnestly; "dat ain't no bar. Mass' Porte jis foolin'."

"Pshaw!" said Minnie, it's only a great black ram. Oh, Porte, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Indeed," said Fanny, recovering herself, "I do wish it had been a bear. Such an adventure!"

"Ke, he! I'specs, Miss, if he was a sure-enough bar, den you wish he was a sheep agin."



THE BEAR.

After this excitement, the ladies felt nervous and fatigued, and requested Porte to conduct them home by the nearest route. Like all wise men, he enjoyed his triumph moderately. He was uncommonly good-humored and polite during the rest of the evening, and was contented that no further allusion was ever made to the shooting of that day.

In passing from Burner's to Woodstock—six miles distant—on the western descent of the Massanutten Mountain, our travelers were delighted with a magnificent view of the county of Shenandoah, which lay as it were a map spread out at their feet, checkered with field and woodland, dotted with villages and farm houses, and watered by the north fork of the Shenandoah river, which glistened in its doublings and windings like a silver serpent, inclosing many a fair and fertile meadow in its beneficent folds.

As for the town of Woodstock, it doubtless has, like many other little towns in Virginia, the merits of a singed cat, that of being much better than it looks. At any rate, our travelers did not tarry long enough to appreciate it, but finding themselves once more upon the turnpike they pushed on rapidly. At noon they stopped as usual to refresh. At Crayon's request to serve something cold and without delay, the landlord looked considerably perplexed. After some circumlocution, however, he frankly acknowledged that there was nothing in the house—neither bread, nor meat, nor vegetables.

"We had a fine dinner, sir, said Boniface apologetically; "but the stage-passengers were so delighted with it they left nothing. It was a splendid dinner, sir, if your party had only got in before the stage."

Crayon felt his curiosity piqued. "What had you?"

"A squirrel pie," said Boniface, rubbing his hands; "a squirrel pie, and-er-ah a fine squirrel pie. The fact is, stranger, my old woman is sick, or I wouldn't have been caught in this fix. You know young women ain't of no account anyhow."

This coincidence of opinion soothed Mr. Crayon's disappointment, and the party good-humoredly lunched on ham and sugar cakes, which they found in their carriage-box, and went on their way rejoicing.

Following the Valley Road they passed the night at New Market, and dined on the next day at Harrisonburg, the county town of Rockingham. One mile south of this place they left the turnpike, and drove twelve or thirteen miles, over a pleasant country road, to Port Republic, a forlorn village on the Shenandoah, whose only claim to notoriety is the fact that it is only three miles from Weyer's Cave.

"There, girls!" exclaimed Porte Crayon, pointing with animation to a hill which rose abruptly from the broad meadow lands skirting the river, "there is Cave Hill!"

This news caused quite a flutter among the inmates of the carriage, and furnished a subject

of animated conversation, until they drove up to a neat-looking country house at the foot of the hill. The prompt landlord met them at the gate with a cheerful welcome, and the interior of Mr. Moler's house proved as agreeable and well-ordered as the outside was neat and attractive."

"Will you visit the cave to-night, ladies?" inquired the host.

"To-night!" exclaimed Fanny, taken by surprise.

"Oh, yes," lisped Minnie, "by all means; we have the full moon now, and it would be charming to visit it by moonlight. It shows to greater advantage—turning to Mr. Moler—doesn't it, sir?"

"Why, Minnie!" cried Dora, her eyes resembling moons in miniature, "the moon doesn't shine in there; does it, Cousin Porte?"

"Good gracious! I forgot! The idea of going in at all confuses me so; then the thought of a place where the moon don't shine, nor the sun; it's horrible! It never struck me before!"

The girls all became thoughtful, and it required no persuasion to induce them to defer the proposed visit until the morrow.

When they met again next morning around an early breakfast table they seemed still more dispirited. They had had wonderful dreams, and the anticipated visit to the cave had begun to work terribly on their feminine fancies. Porte Crayon's countenance was austere and his manner mysterious, as if something of vast importance was about to be transacted. The proprietor looked grave, and exchanged meaning glances with Mr. Crayon, and their conversation was carried on in broken sentences of hidden meanings, dark hints, suggestive of nameless dangers and terrible things. The girls became uncontrollably nervous, and Cousin Minnie, as usual, broke out first—

"I declare, this is dreadful! I won't go into such a horrible place! I wish to heaven I was at home!"

"Only to think," chimed Dora, "there are ladders to go down!"

"And," said Fanny, entirely forgetting the heroine, "dreadful bridges to cross, with awful pits on each side!"

"And," pursued Minnie, "all down, deep under ground, where the moon doesn't shine!"

"Nor the sun," suggested Dora. "Oh! we've traveled a hundred miles to see the cave, and now we'd go two hundred to escape."

Mr. Crayon here assumed a heroic tone and attitude. "It is too late, young ladies, too late to look back now. What would they say of us at home? Our memories will be covered with everlasting shame, if any one of us fails to reach the uttermost limit of the cave. You, Fanny, that would be a heroine! You, Minnie, that wished to see a bear! You, Dora, that would go any where if Cousin Porte would only give you his arm! I'm ashamed of you. You're no better than a parcel of women!"

"Come on, girls," said Fanny stoutly; "this

is all nonsense. I'll go in, I'm determined, and I'll go first;" and Fanny looked, and doubtless felt, very much like the Maid of Saragossa, when she was about to mount the fearful rampart.

"I'll go, too," said Minnie, "until we come to the creeping place; but I vow I will never creep under ground like a mole."

"And I," said Dora, "will go until we come to the ladders; dear, dear, how my heart beats!"

Although Mr. Moler has some time since surrendered the office of guide to his son, a likely and intelligent lad, thirteen or fourteen years of age, he on this occasion agreed to resume it, in special compliment to the party. His appearance, enveloped in a long shroud-like gown—originally white, but now stained to a brick-dust red, by frequent explorations of his subterranean domain—a slouched hat, and a great key in his hand, seemed likely to dash again the reviving courage of the ladies. But Crayon energetically interfered—"Hush, every one of you; you'll talk each other into hysterics in five minutes. Forward—march!"

A brisk walk of half a mile, partly along the picturesque banks of the Shenandoah, and partly ascending a steep zigzag path, brought them to a small wooden building set against a rock in the side of the hill.



ENTRANCE TO WEYER'S CAVE.

The key grated in the lock and the bolt sprung back with a hollow sound. With what sensations of mysterious awe, with what sinkings of heart, with what wild gushing fancies their young heads teemed as they crossed the threshold of that dark doorway, can never be

known or written, for few words were spoken, and those only such as were necessary for the preparation. Bonnets were discarded, and their places supplied by handkerchiefs; long skirts were tucked up, and light shawls selected from the contents of the knapsack which had been packed and brought up for the purpose. Meanwhile the guide lit the candles, and gallantly handed to each the tin shade which held the light. Porte Crayon stood in a corner of the room, his scoffing tongue was silent, and perhaps there may have been a shade of sadness on his face—but no one saw it. Twenty years before he had stood upon that same spot. How the retrospect of years will fill the soul with strange unmeaning regrets, undefined, but deep. "Twenty years, twenty years! I was then a pale-faced, beardless boy, with a fancy fresh and untrammelled as theirs who stand now so serious, irresolute, and tremulous upon the threshold of this world of wonders—looking, indeed, as if they read upon the stone archway the fearful legend of the Infernal portals—

'Voi ch' entrate lasciate ogni speranza.'"

The guide moved on, and our friends followed in single file; Crayon bringing up the rear. Passing through the dark throat of the cavern, a somewhat straitened passage, and down an easy descent for a short distance, they reached

a level flooring and more roomy passway. As they progressed it grew still wider, and anon groups of white shadowy figures seemed starting from the palpable darkness. Fanny stopped short, while Minnie and Dora grasped Porte's arms convulsively, trembling like aspens.

"What are they?"

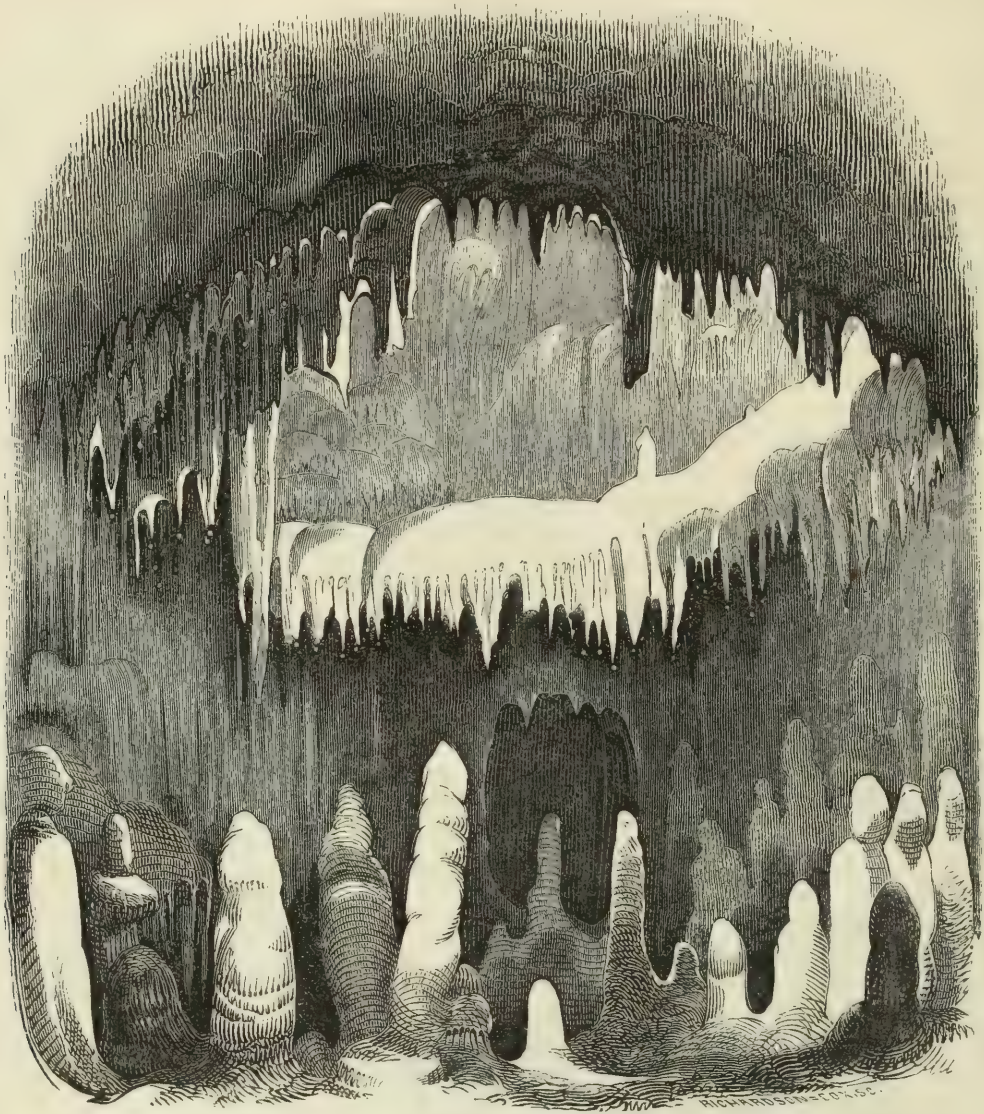
"The guide advanced, and turned his triple light upon the groups.

"This is the Hall of Statuary."

"How strange! How wild! How wonderful! It reminds me," said Crayon, "of the galleries of the Vatican by torchlight."

On a nearer approach, the statues were seen to be but grotesque and shapeless stalagmites, more resembling petrified stumps than any thing else. Above them was a circular opening in the ceiling fifteen feet in diameter, fringed with sparkling stalactites. Through this opening was seen the interior of a dome, some thirty feet in height, draped and columned gorgeously. On one side was the similitude of an altar,

with curtains and candlesticks upon it, and on the other it required but a little liveliness of fancy to see a cathedral organ, with its rows of pipes and pendant cornices. The guide withdrew the lights with which the dome had been illuminated, and resumed his march forward through



THE HALL OF STATUARY.

a narrow passage and down a rude flight of some eighteen or twenty steps into a room of considerable extent.

"Now stand here, throw your lights forward, and look up. The Cataract!"

A stream seemed to leap from a great height, pouring its white waters in sheets of foam over a broken ledge of rock and tumbling down to the feet of the amazed spectators. They held their breath as if listening to catch the roar of the waterfall, but not a murmur broke the death-like silence.

"The cataract, that like a giant wroth
Rushed down impetuously, as seized at once
By sudden frost, with all his hoary locks
Stood still."

As they gazed, feelings of awe came creeping over them, taking the place of admiration. The whole scene was so unearthly.

"Now you have but to face about upon the ground where you stand to illuminate a scene of an entirely different character, and suggestive of a different class of fancies."

Less imposing, less sublime, but excelling in beauty and splendor, a massive column of sparkling white, rich with complicated grooves

and flutings, appeared rising from floor to roof. Around and half in shade were other columns of less striking form and color, supporting the ribbed and fretted ceiling. This glittered far and near with snow white and sparkling stalactites, now richly fringing the stone roof-ribs, now hanging in dense masses, covering the spaces between. The richest arabesques of a Persian palace, or the regal halls of the far-famed Alhambra are but poor and mean in comparison. Doubt and terror were all forgotten. The girls were wild with wonder and delight.

"'Tis the work of fairies!" exclaimed Fanny.

"Or the enchanted palace of some magician," said Minnie.

"Oh, dear!" said Dora, "they look like beds of silver radishes, all growing through the earth with their roots hanging down."

"And there," said Fanny, "is a round waiter of frosted silver, half filled with beautiful shells."

"And here," said the guide, "is something we must not overlook. What does that look like?" he inquired, directing their attention to an angular nook.

"As I live," exclaimed Fanny, promptly,



THE CATARACT.

"there is a great shoulder of mutton hanging on the wall!"

"I perceive," said the guide pleasantly, "that the young lady knows something of housekeeping. This fine room is called Solomon's Temple, and this corner, for the sake of consistency, is Solomon's Meat House."

"I should have thought," said Porte Crayon, "that the magnificent and all-accomplished

Solomon would hardly have committed such a crime against good taste, as to hang his meat in such a temple as this."

"And yet," replied the guide, "a greater than Solomon placed it there."

"True, true. It seems very queer, nevertheless, that in the midst of her sublimest passages, Nature should sometimes step aside to play the *farceur*."

Ascending a stairway similar to that by which they entered and on the opposite side of the Temple, our travelers pursued their marvelous journey, not in profound silence, as at first, for the sentiment that paralyzed their tongues had given place to pleasant confidence and eager curiosity. Again they call a halt while the guide nimbly leaps from point to point, illuminating as he goes the wonders of the Cathedral. In the centre of this room hangs a mass of spar, which bears a fancied resemblance to a chandelier, while beyond it rises the pulpit, an elevated circular desk covered with the most graceful folds of white drapery. On the opposite side is a baldequin, enriched with glittering pendant crystals, and the whole ceiling is hung with stalactites dropping in long points and broad wavy sheets, some of a pure white, others of a clay-red, bordered with bands of white or with darker stripes of red and brown. These stone draperies are translucent and sonorous, emitting soft musical tones on being struck, and the heavier sheets which tapestry the side walls respond to the blows of the hand or foot with notes like deep-toned bells.

With interest and confidence increasing at every step our adventurers went on, not caring who was before or who behind, they climbed up and down ladders, crept through narrow passages, and looked fearlessly down into the awful pits that yawned beside the way, passing through

many apartments which, if found isolated, might have been accounted among the wonders of the world, but here, being secondary in interest and brilliancy, were hastily viewed and left behind. The largest of these is called the Ball Room, from the fact that its hard clay floor, a hundred feet by forty in extent, served indifferently for dancing, at times when the cave was illuminated and visited by large numbers of persons, as was formerly the custom in the months of August or September. These annual illuminations have been discontinued by the proprietor, because the smoke from so large a number of candles sullied the purity of the sparry incrustations, and visitors not unfrequently, taking advantage of the license which prevailed, would break and carry off whatever of the curious and beautiful they found within their reach.

Another room of smaller size, called the Senate Chamber, is remarkable for a broad gallery projecting midway between the ceiling and the floor, and corniced with stalactites like the icicles that fringe the eaves on a winter's morning. At length they came to a passage so straitened that it required some management and some creeping on all fours to get through. This accomplished, they went down a steep narrow stairway of fifteen or twenty feet descent. This stairway is called Jacob's Ladder; a square rock, covered with an incrustation resembling a table-cloth, is called Jacob's Tea



SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.



THE CATHEDRAL.

Table; and an ugly looking pit near at hand is Jacob's Ice House. By a peculiar twinkle of Porte Crayon's eye, any one who knew him might perceive that he was about to indulge in some comments on this whimsical collection of property accredited to the Patriarch; but what he intended to say was lost forever to the world by a sudden signal from the guide.

"Hist! be silent for a moment. I hear an unusual noise behind us. There must be some one in the cave besides ourselves. Listen!"

"Yes, yes!" they all heard something, not like voices in conversation, but half stifled grunts and groans. Now they approach nearer still, and accompanied by a sputtering and scratching like the noise of a cat in a cupboard.

"It is coming through the narrow passage; what can it be?"

"Possibly some animal that has taken refuge in the cave, and is following the lights."

"Oh, mercy!" twittered Dora; "perhaps a bear!"

At this awful suggestion the girls huddled together like a covey of partridges.

"Stand off!" said Porte Crayon, fiercely, feeling for his knife. "Don't take hold of me."

The knife had been left behind. What was to be done? All kept their eyes intently fixed on the mouth of the narrow passage. Presently a huge hand, holding a dim candle, protruded

from the aperture. A hand without an owner has always been an object of terror since the times of Belshazzar. It was evidently not a bear, and the fears of the party, relieved on the score of a material enemy, began to turn toward the immaterial. They stood speechless and aghast, staring at that awful, superhuman hand. Soon, however, the phiz of Little Mice appeared to claim the property; but all ashen with terror and red with mud.



"LE FANTOME NOIR"

"*Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus,*" said Crayon, curtly.

"It will be a nasty ridiculous muss," said the guide, "if he should stick fast."

It was for some moments doubtful whether the body could follow the arm and head. But Mice's eyes having marked the lights, and his ears having recognized the laughter which greeted his appearance, with a joyous chuckle he gave a Titanic heave, as if he would lift the roof off the cave, and broke through, sacrificing his coat and at the imminent risk of upsetting Jacob's Tea Table.

"Master and Mistis, are you da? ugh—ugh! Oh, Lord! dis is a mizzible place!"

The narrow ladder scarcely afforded room for Mice's enormous shoes, and in his haste to join his protectors he was near tumbling over the parapet. "A very narrow ladder," said he, half soliloquizing. By this time the group below was shaking with laughter.

"Oh! Mistis," said Mice, devoutly, "now I believes dere is a torment, sence I seen dis place."

"What, in the name of torment, induced you to venture in here alone, you inconceivable block-head?"

"Why, Mass' Porte, you see, I hearn you was all gone in, an' I thinks any wha de young missuses can go I can go too. Den when I come in a piece it git so dark and lonesome, I begin to git feard like. Den I seen sich things standin' about, and I hearn things like big bells. I think den, I gwine right straight down below. Ugh! it was mizzible. I am glad I found you, sure enough." And during the rest of the exploration Mice stuck closer to his master than his sense of respect would have permitted any where on the earth's surface.

If the first chambers through which they passed excelled in the rich profusion and brilliancy of their ornaments, they are thrown far in the background by the superior grandeur and sublimity of those apartments which our adventurers are now entering, and which, like the scenes of a well-arranged drama, go on increasing in interest and magnificence to the end. Now they group themselves at the entrance of the Great Hall.

"Good Mr. Moler, permit us to drop your puerile and inappropriate nomenclature, and let fancy run riot." The complaisant guide bows, and walks on with both hands full of lights. At every step strange and beautiful objects flash

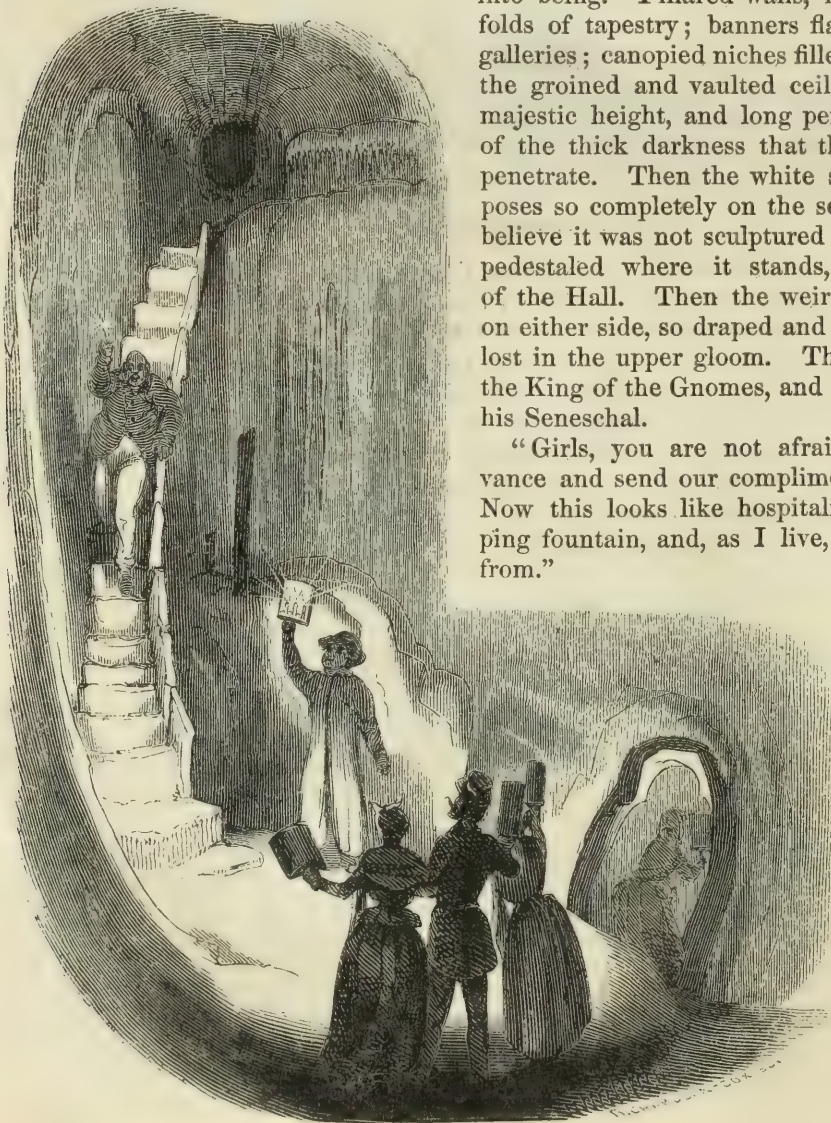
into being. Pillared walls, hung with long, sweeping folds of tapestry; banners flaunting from overhanging galleries; canopied niches filled with shadowy sculpture; the groined and vaulted ceiling dimly appearing at a majestic height, and long pendants dropping from out of the thick darkness that the feeble torches can not penetrate. Then the white startling giant, which imposes so completely on the senses that it is difficult to believe it was not sculptured by the hand of man, and pedestaled where it stands, precisely in the centre of the Hall. Then the weird towers that rise beyond on either side, so draped and fluted, and whose tops are lost in the upper gloom. This must be the Palace of the King of the Gnomes, and the gigantic figure there is his Seneschal.

"Girls, you are not afraid of him? Let us advance and send our compliments to his swart majesty. Now this looks like hospitality; here is a clear dripping fountain, and, as I live, a glass tumbler to drink from."

"I wonder," said Minnie, "if the Seneschal put the glass here?"

"It looks like Wheeling glass," said Fanny, "and it is more probable Mr. Moler put it here, I dare say by the Seneschal's orders."

"How strange!" said Dora. "On examination it no longer resembles a statue, but a great shapeless stalagmite, and it looks more terrible even than at first."



JACOB'S LADDER.



THE GNOME KING'S PALACE.

"True," quoth Minnie;

"'Tis like some Bedlam statuary's dream,
The crazed creation of misguided whim.'"

They pass on by the statue and the towers; but before leaving the Hall they turn to observe some candles which had been left burning at the other extremity. The distance appears immense; by actual measurement it is two hundred and sixty feet. Still other rooms, whose ceilings reach the imposing height of ninety or a hundred feet, and this last is the grandest of them all. It is the nave of some vast Gothic cathedral, which has been engulfed by an earthquake, and lies buried half in ruin.

"It recalls to me," said Minnie, "a Moorish legend, how that in the caverns of Granada ten thousand Moorish knights, armed *cap-à-pie*, were shut up by enchantment, and stand like statues of stone awaiting the hour of their deliverance. Look at them, Porte; do they not resemble Moorish knights, all in linked mail, with their long cloaks and pointed helmets?"

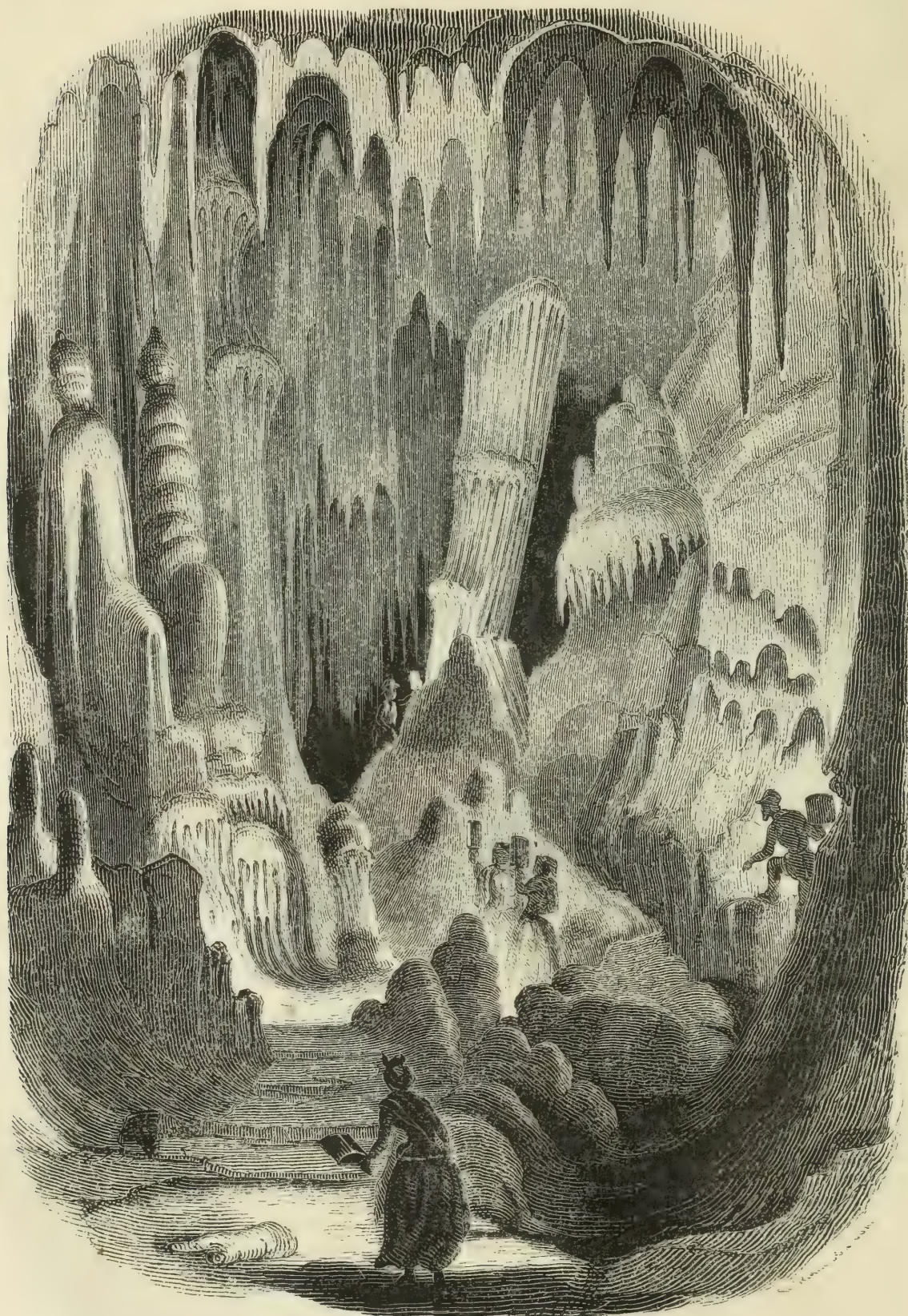
"Brave! Minnie; well fancied; and there in the distance is the throne, where sits the unhappy Boabdil, stern and solemn, awaiting but the

touch of this talisman to step down among us. Here, Minnie, take this seal ring, and go touch his hand!"

"Oh! Porte, put it up. I would not touch one of them for the world. I've fancied until I half believe what we've been talking about."

At the extremity of this long aisle, where the ceiling is ninety feet in height, stands the largest detached mass of concretion to be found in the cave. It is shaped like a tower, an oval thirty by thirty-six feet in diameter, and thirty or forty feet in height. Its surface is covered with irregular horizontal ridges and with perpendicular plaits or flutings—a style of enrichment which might be introduced advantageously in some kinds of architecture. On one side a sheet of drapery falls from the top of the tower nearly to its base, in folds that a sculptor might imitate but could never excel. After wandering for half a mile through these subterranean halls, where Nature has poured out,

"With such a full and unwithdrawing hand," her mingled stores of the beautiful, the fantastic, the awful, the sublime, you seem here to have reached the culminating point of grandeur.



THE ENCHANTED MOORS.

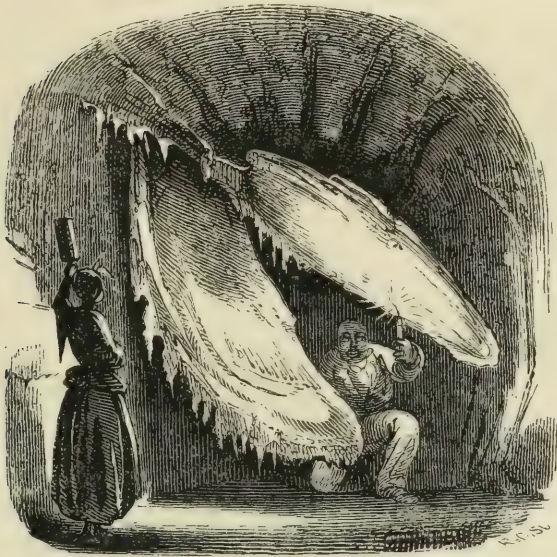
Then turn an angle of the rock and advance a few paces, when your lights flash upon the gaping oyster-shell.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step," said Porte Crayon. "What an absurd freak!"

Mice examined the premises with such minuteness, that one might have supposed he was looking for the oyster. "High!" said he; "it

must a-took a monstus man to a-swallowed it; but I believes in any thing now, sence I seen dis place."

Here they were informed they had reached the end of the cave; and having refreshed themselves with water dipped from an alabaster fountain, covered by a transparent pellicle of spar, they resumed their lights and commenced retracing their steps toward the realms of day. On their



THE OYSTER-SHELL.

return they deviated from the course by which they had entered, and visited several side rooms, each exhibiting some new phase of beauty, grandeur, or surprise. The Bridal Chamber, on your first entrance, appears but a gloomy vault of naked limestone rock, until the light,

like a magic talisman, reveals one of the most curious and beautiful objects in the cave. It resembles a sheet of white drapery thrown over a gigantic round buckler, and falling in classic folds nearly to the ground. Some ingenious person has fancied that it looked like a bride's veil hanging over a monstrous Spanish comb; and hence the name of the room. Porte Crayon and his companions were dissatisfied with the name, and desired the proprietor to change it.

"With pleasure," said he. "Suggest an appropriate one, and the room shall be re-baptized upon the spot."

Having puzzled their brains for some time to no purpose, the critics acknowledged themselves in a predicament. They gave it up. It was determined, however, that Crayon should take a drawing of it and give the world an opportunity of taking the matter under advisement.

Near this is the Music Room, the interior of which is nearly filled with broad sheets of incrustation falling from the ceiling to the floor, between which one may walk as through the mazes of a labyrinth. These sheets, like others which they had seen, were translucent and highly sonorous. When lights were placed behind them they glowed like candent metal, and at



THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

every blow gave out deep rolling notes, which filled the cave like the peal of a church organ. On singing with this accompaniment, the effect was striking and pleasing, the voice being broken into tremulous quavers by the overpowering vibrations.

On their return, by the way of the Great Hall, it was proposed to put out the lights, and enjoy the poetry of darkness and silence for a while. The guide stationed himself at a distance, the girls formed a group around Mr. Crayon, and Mice seated himself near enough to touch Porte's boot with his hand, which he assured himself of by actual experiment before the lights were doused.

"Now, girls, endeavor to hold your tongues, and be inspired with solemn awe."

A nod of acquiescence was the answer.

"Out with the lights!" And in a moment all was dark. Porte felt his arms simultaneously pinched by three little hands, and at the same time a huge grasp took him by the boot leg. The silence was only broken by the suppressed breathing of the company, distinctly audible, and the not unmusical tinkling of water dropping far and near, mingling in the darkness like fairy bells. The attempt at silence soon became oppressive to the ladies, and Minnie, in a stage whisper, began to express her disappointment in regard to the darkness.

"Dat's a fac," said Mice. "I spected to a-seed it good deal darker."

"I can see more now," said Dora, "than I could when the candles were lighted."

True enough, pillared aisle, swath, roof rib, and candent column floated before their vision, distinct, but changing as a dream.

"It is owing to some excited condition of the optic nerves," said Porte, "which I will explain more thoroughly when we get out. Meanwhile, as the performance does not seem to give satisfaction, and we can neither hear silence nor see darkness, as we expected, let us light up and proceed."

As they revisited the different points of interest on their return, there was a general disposition shown to linger and look again, as if the curious appetite was unsatiated still, and the faculty of wonder still untired. They slowly traveled on, however, and at length observed a soft greenish tint upon the floor and walls of the cave, which had the appearance of paint or delicate moss. This coloring gradually grew greener and brighter until they found themselves re-entering the wooden vestibule, through the openings of which the bright blasting light of mid-day streamed. So strong was the contrast, that it required some minutes of preparation before it was agreeable to venture out. On referring to the watches, it was ascertained that their visit had lasted nearly four hours, and yet no one had felt the slightest symptom of fatigue, physical or mental.

But the sight of the familiar things of earth soon reminded them that it was dinner time, and they cheerily retrode the path to the hotel.

After dinner Porte Crayon took his sketch-

book and pencils, and with the proprietor's son for his guide returned to the cave, and it is to his persevering labors during that and the three succeeding days that we are indebted for the accurate illustrations, which give point and interest to what would otherwise be but a loose and unfinished description of "Nature's great masterpiece."



LEONARD MOLER—THE GUIDE.

Indeed but for the sketches, the disheartening task of description would probably not have been undertaken, for how can mere words portray scenes which have no parallel among the things of upper earth? How can the same conventional forms of speech which have been used a thousand thousand times to describe mountains, rivers, waterfalls, buildings, thunder clouds, sunset, and so on, to the end of the catalogue, be combined with sufficient skill and refinement to delineate subjects and sentiments so new and incomparable? Language fails frequently in conveying correct impressions of the most commonplace objects, and in the hands of its most skillful masters is sometimes weak, uncertain, false. Combine it with the graphic art, and how the page brightens. Well have our fathers called it the art of Illumination. Most books without illustrations are but half written; and with the increased and increasing facilities of art, the reading public will soon begin to demand it as their due, and pass by with disdain the incomplete narrative which is given only in words. This must and will become, *par excellence*, the age of Illustrated Literature. ✦

The details of Porte Crayon's experiences in

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THE MAGIC TOWER.

subterranean sketching are not without interest. On going into the cave, generally after an early breakfast, he took some one with him to assist in carrying in candles, and so on, and in illuminating the different apartments. This accomplished he sent his companion out, and had the cavern to himself, with his thoughts for company.

"I had visited the place," said he, "when a mere boy, and supposed that the keenness of my appreciation of its wonders would have been

blunted by that circumstance, as well as by the years of travel and adventure that have followed. I was gratified to find I was mistaken. It seemed rather that time and cultivation had mellowed the sensibilities and increased the power of vision. Nor did familiarity with its details diminish my astonishment; on the contrary, at each visit wonder seemed to grow upon me. So different from what we are accustomed to see, so infinite in its variety, every flash of light devel-

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oping some new field wherein the imagination might revel, every change of position suggesting some new theme for the fancy to seize upon. Had there been a concealed spectator near, when I was endeavoring to choose a point from which to make a sketch, he must have been highly amused at my ludicrous indecision. I arranged my candles and rearranged them. I ran up and down. I could not choose, and was forced frequently to laugh aloud at my own absurdity. I lay flat on the soft clay floor, with my sketch-book before me. I perched myself on the round head of some giant stalagmite. I climbed up the walls, and squeezed myself into damp niches. More miserable than the ass, I had a hundred bundles of hay to choose from, and the regret at what I missed seemed to more than counterbalance the satisfaction I felt in the sketches actually made. Not unfrequently I forgot my drawing entirely, and would sit looking with all the intensity of eyes and soul, as if endeavoring to comprehend more fully the wonderful creations by which I was surrounded. Canst thou read, O philosopher, what is written on these eternal tablets? The percolation of water through limestone strata for ten thousand years—and nothing more?

"The last sketch I made," continued Mr. Crayon, "is a most singular one. In arranging the lights to show the huge mass called the Magic Tower to the greatest advantage, I observed two gigantic figures standing in deep shade, but strongly relieved, against the illuminated wall. They stood so statue-like, and so complete was the illusion, that I felt some hesitation in representing them, fearing that I might be suspected of condescending to an artistic trick. Although wonderful stories are often prefaced in the same manner, it rarely happens that any opportunity of telling them is neglected, notwithstanding the risk incurred to the reputation of the teller. So here go the statues, at all hazards. While I was at work upon them two boys entered with a pot of hot coffee, which had been sent to me by arrangement. No sooner had they looked about them, than both started with surprise, and remarked on the giants, as they called them. By my pocket thermometer I ascertained the temperature of the cave to be about $53\frac{1}{2}$ degrees Fahrenheit, and although I sometimes remained in it from eight to ten hours at a time, I never felt the slightest discomfort from the dampness or any other cause. One morning, having risen before daylight, I went to work at a point not more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet from the entrance. Here I suffered greatly from the cold, as the external air was at that time in the morning very frosty, and I was near enough to the entrance of the cave to feel its influence."

The length of the cave in a straight line is about sixteen hundred feet; but the aggregate of all its branches and windings is near three thousand. It is said to have been discovered in 1804 by one Bernard Weyer, a hunter, while in search of some lost traps. Crayon, however, tells us that he was credibly informed that Weyer

was not the actual discoverer, but some one else whose name he unfortunately forgets. It makes no difference. Not all the historians nor indignant poets who have written, or will write, can ever restore to Columbus the lost honor of naming the New World; and Weyer's Cave will be called Weyer's Cave till the end of time, in spite of any right or knowledge to the contrary.

During the period of Mr. Crayon's entombment the ladies began to grow restless, and seemed likely to fall a prey to ennui. As often as he returned to the hotel, he promised them a speedy termination of his labors; and as often as he re-entered the cave, he forgot them and all the rest of the superficial world. One evening he was surprised and gratified to find them in a state of high good humor; and, in answer to his apologies for detaining them so much longer than he had promised, he was assured that they would cheerfully remain a day or two longer if he wished it; they could amuse themselves very well, and were in no hurry to get to Staunton.

"And now, Cousin Porte," lisped Minnie, "we want your judgment on a question of taste."

Porte Crayon, charmed by their complaisance, and flattered by the appeal, signified his readiness to sit in judgment.

"While you were in the cave," continued Minnie, "we were perishing with ennui and for something to do. We ordered the carriage and drove to Port Republic, where we made some purchases, and we want you to decide which is prettiest;" and thereupon each of the young ladies drew from her work-basket a wax doll, and held it up for Porte's inspection, producing at the same time sundry bits of gay-colored calico and cotton lace. "Mine," said Minnie, with great animation, "is to be dressed in red, and Dora's in green, and Fanny's is to have a black velvet polka!"

"And so," said Porte Crayon, recovering his utterance, "you've deliberately gone back to playing with doll-babies?"

"Why, Porte! How absurd! These are not for ourselves; they are intended as presents for the children at home. You certainly do not suppose that we could be amused with dolls!"

"Certainly not," replied Porte. "I beg your pardon. I was frightened. Indeed I am glad it is explained; but you were so earnest and so gleeful."

"Well, and have you not often told us that the secret of happiness was in always having something to do, and in doing that something with zeal and cheerfulness?"

Mr. Crayon was mollified at hearing himself quoted—"Every thing that I say is not thrown away," thought he; "some of it sticks."

"And now, Porte, that's a good cousin; sit down, and tell us something more about the cave while we carry on our sewing."

Mr. Crayon drew up his chair complacently. "This, young ladies, is a favorable occasion to explain to you my theory in regard to the opti-

cal delusions in the cave when the lights were put out. The optic nerves—"I say, Fanny, hand me the scissors"—"Are you listening?" said Crayon. "Certainly; you said *nerves*."—"The reason why, upon the first extinguishment of the lights, the intensity of the darkness is not appreciated, is—" "Now, Minnie, would you advise me to trim this skirt with white or black?"—"Are you listening to me?" inquired Crayon, with some heat of manner. "To be sure we are, and very much interested; you said *'is*.'"—"The reason, then, of this phenomenon is, that the optic nerves—" "Oh! Dora, don't for the world cut that *bias*; you'll waste all the green calico!"—"Now, seriously, young ladies," said Crayon reddening, "I am endeavoring to give you some scientific information which may be highly useful, and will be at least ornamental, if perchance in society this subject should be introduced—" "How elegant! oh! oh!" exclaimed Minnie; "it will be charming. It will be too sweet in this red dress. Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle," sung she, dancing the doll over the work-table, in an ecstasy of delight.—"May the deuce take them all!" said Porte Crayon, rising indignantly and stalking out of the room. "Such is the fate of all who, in the simplicity of their hearts, volunteer to benefit or instruct the world!"

Presently he burst into a good-humored laugh. "After all, didn't Chief Justice Marshall play marbles, after presiding in the Supreme Court; ay, and enjoy the game, too, as much as any of the boys?"

Crayon put his head in at the open door—"Girls, I ask pardon for my impatient exclamation just now! Amuse yourselves, while I seek a subject for another sketch."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

SAINT HELENA.

ON the 9th of August, 1815, the *Northumberland*, with the accompanying squadron, set sail for St. Helena. The fleet consisted of ten vessels. As the ships were tacking, to get out of the Channel, the Emperor stood upon the deck of the *Northumberland*, and watched with an anxious eye to catch a last glimpse of his beloved France. At last a sudden lifting of the clouds presented the coast to view. "France! France!" spontaneously burst from the lips of all the French on board.

The Emperor gazed for a moment in silence upon the land over which he had so long and so gloriously reigned. He then, uncovering his head, bowed to the distant hills, and said, with deep emotion, "*Land of the brave, I salute thee! Farewell! France farewell!*"

The effect upon all present was electric. The English officers, moved by this instinctive and sublime adieu, involuntarily uncovered their heads, profoundly respecting the grief of their illustrious captive. The English government, true to its unwavering policy, had given orders

that the Emperor's imperial title should not be recognized, but that he should be addressed and treated simply as *General Bonaparte*. This was an outrage to the rights of nations, and an insult to greatness crushed by misfortune.

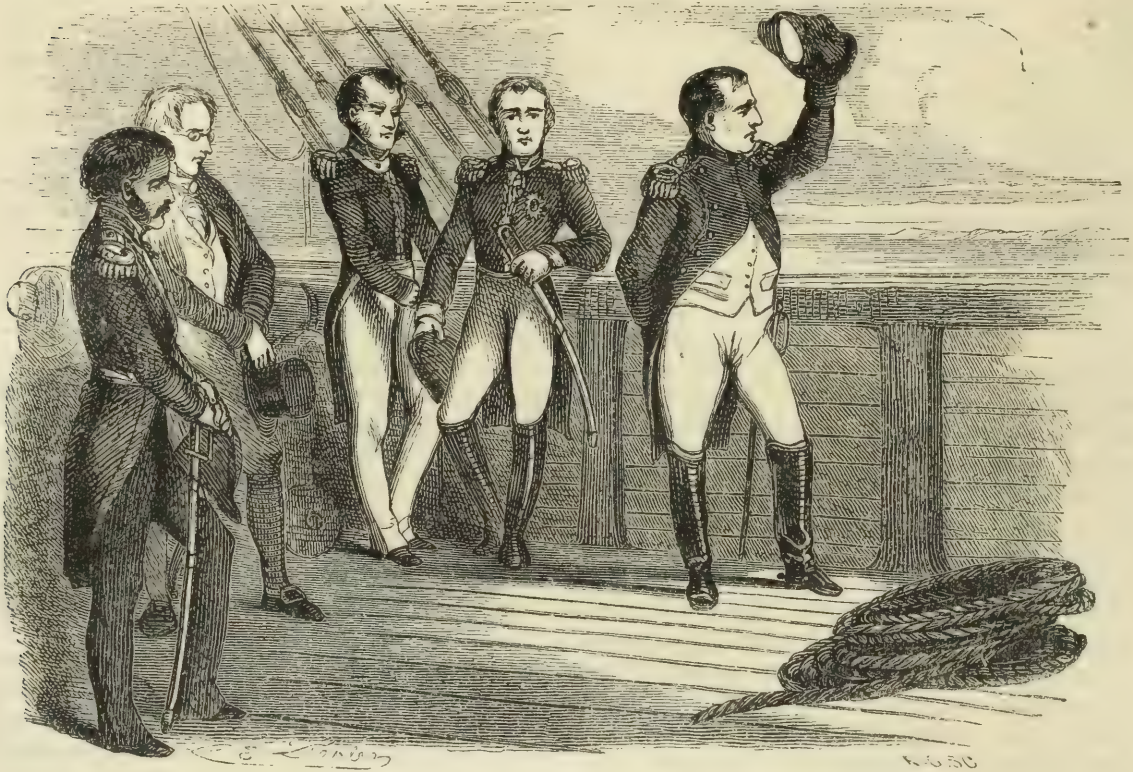
The Emperor, with extraordinary fortitude, resigned himself to his new situation. Though, in self-respect, he could not assent to the insulting declaration of the English ministers that he had been but an *usurper*, and the French nation *rebels*, he opposed the effect of these instructions with such silent dignity as to command general respect and homage. Such was the magical influence of his genius, as displayed in all his words and actions, that each day he became the object of more exalted admiration and reverence.

He breakfasted alone in his cabin, and passed the day until four o'clock in reading or conversing with those of his companions whom he invited to his room. At four o'clock he dressed for dinner, and came into the general cabin, where he frequently amused himself for half an hour with a game of chess. At five o'clock the Admiral came and invited him to dinner. The Emperor, having no taste for convivial habits, had seldom during his extraordinarily laborious life allowed himself more than fifteen minutes at the dinner table. Here the courses alone occupied over an hour. Then an hour or two more were loitered away at the wine. Napoleon, out of respect to the rest of the company, remained at the table until the close of the regular courses. His two valets stood behind his chair and served him. He ate very frugally, and of the most simple dishes; never expressing either censure or approbation of the food which was provided. At the hour when ladies in England withdraw from the table he invariably retired. As the Emperor left the whole company rose, and continued standing until he had passed from the room. It was the instinctive homage of generous men to the greatest of mankind, resigning himself sublimely to unparalleled misfortunes. Some one of his suite, in turn, each day accompanied him upon deck. Here he walked for an hour or two, conversing cheerfully and cordially with his friends, and with any others whom he happened to encounter on board the ship.

Without the slightest reserve he spoke of all the events of his past career—of his conflicts, his triumphs, and his disasters. In these utterances from the fullness of the heart, he never manifested the least emotion of bitterness or of irritability toward those who had opposed him. Such was the Emperor's uniform course of life during the voyage of ten weeks.

"He had won," says Lamartine, "the admiration of the English crew, by the ascendancy of his name, by the contrast between his power of yesterday and his present captivity, as well as by the calm freedom of his attitude. Jailers themselves are accessible to the radiance of glory and grandeur that beams from the captive. A great name is an universal majesty. The vanquished reigned over his conquerors."

There were several Italians on board the ship,



NAPOLEON'S ADIEU TO FRANCE.

and there were also some midshipmen and common sailors who spoke French fluently. Napoleon seemed pleased in calling these to him, and employing them as interpreters. One day he perceived the master of the vessel, who, as pilot, was responsible for her safe conduct, but who, not having the honor of an epaulet, was not admitted to the society of Admiral Cockburn and his suite. The Emperor entered into a long conversation with the man, was pleased with his intelligence, and, in conclusion, said, "Come and dine with me to-morrow."

The poor master, astonished and bewildered, stammered out, in reply, "The Admiral and my captain will not like a master to sit at their table."

"Very well," answered the Emperor, "if they do not, so much the worse for them; you shall dine with me in my cabin."

When the Admiral rejoined the Emperor, and was informed of what had passed, he very graciously remarked that any one invited by General Bonaparte to the honor of sitting at his table was, by this circumstance alone, placed above all the ordinary rules of discipline and of etiquette. He then sent for the master, and assured him that he would be welcome to dinner the next day.

This unaffected act, so entirely in accordance with the whole life of the Emperor, but so astounding on board an English man-of-war, was with electric rapidity circulated through the ship. Every sailor felt that there was a bond of union between him and the Emperor. The soldiers of the 53d regiment, who were on their passage to St. Helena to guard his prison, and the crew of the ship, were all from that hour apparently as

devoted to him as French soldiers and French sailors would have been.

After walking for a time upon the deck, the Emperor usually took his seat upon a gun, which was ever after called the Emperor's gun, when sometimes for hours he would converse with great animation and cheerfulness. An interested group ever gathered around him. Las Cases was in the habit of recording in his journal these conversations. Napoleon ascertaining this fact, called for his journal, read a few pages, and then decided to beguile the weariness of the voyage by dictating the prominent events of his life.

October 7. The fleet met a French ship. An officer of the *Northumberland* visited her, and told the astonished captain that they had the Emperor on board, and were conveying him to St. Helena. The French captain sadly replied, "You have robbed us of our treasure. You have taken away him who knew how to govern us according to our taste and manners."

The Emperor continued to beguile the weary hours of each day in dictating the memoirs of his campaigns. "When he commenced his daily dictations," says Las Cases, "after considering for a few moments, he would rise, pace the floor, and then begin to dictate. He spoke as if by inspiration; places, dates, phrases—he stopped at nothing."

October 15. Just as the evening twilight was fading away, a man at the mast-head shouted "*Land!*" In the dim distance could be faintly discerned a hazy cloud, which was suspended as the pall of death over the gloomy prison and the grave of the Emperor. About noon of the next day the *Northumberland* cast anchor in the harbor



THE EMPEROR'S GUN.

of St. Helena. The Emperor, through his glass, gazed with an unchanged countenance upon the bleak and storm-drenched rock. Rugged peaks, black and verdureless, towered to the clouds. A straggling village adhered to the sides of a vast ravine. Every shelf in the rocks, every aperture, and the brow of every hill, were planted with cannon. It was now about a hundred days since the Emperor had left France, and seventy days since sailing from England. The command of the British ministers was peremptory that the Emperor should not be permitted to land until his prison on shore was made secure for him. Admiral Cockburn, however, proudly refused to be the executioner of such barbarity. With unconcealed satisfaction he informed the French gentlemen that he would take upon himself the responsibility of seeing them all landed the next day.

St. Helena is a conglomeration of rocks, ap-

parently hove, by volcanic fires, from the bosom of the ocean. It is six thousand miles from Europe, and twelve hundred miles from the nearest point of land on the coast of Africa. This gloomy rock, ten miles long and six broad, placed beneath the rays of a tropical sun, emerges like a castle from the waves, presenting to the sea, throughout its circuit, but an immense perpendicular wall, from six hundred to twelve hundred feet high. There are but three narrow openings in these massive cliffs by which a ship can approach the island. These are all strongly fortified. The island at this time contained five hundred white inhabitants, about two hundred of whom were soldiers. There were also three hundred slaves. The climate is very unhealthy, liver complaint and dysentery raging fearfully. "There is no instance," says Montholon, "of a native or a slave having reached the age of fifty years."



MAP OF ST. HELENA.

October 16. Late in the afternoon the Emperor, with some of his companions, entered a boat, and was conveyed on shore. Before leaving the ship he sent for the captain, kindly took leave of him, and requested him to convey his thanks to the officers and crew. The whole ship's company was assembled on the quarter-deck and on the gangways to witness his departure. The tears of sympathy glistened in many eyes quite unused to weep.

It was a funereal scene, and the sacred silence of the burial reigned, as the Emperor passed from the ship and was conveyed by the strong arms of the rowers to his dreary prison and his tomb.

The sun had sunk beneath the waves, and twilight had faded away, as the Emperor landed and walked through the craggy street of Jamestown. In this miserable village a small unfurnished room had been obtained for England's imperial captive. His friends put up his iron camp-bedstead, spread upon it a mattress, and placed in the room a few other articles of furniture which they had brought from the ship. Sentinels, with their bayoneted muskets, guarded the windows and the door of the prisoner. All the inhabitants of Jamestown crowded around the house to catch a glimpse of the man whose name alone inspired all the combined despotisms of Europe with terror. Gloomy night had now darkened over the dismal scene, and the damp ocean wind moaned along the craggy streets. Napoleon was silent, calm, and sad. He soon dismissed his attendants, extinguished his light, and threw himself upon his mattress for such repose as could then and there be found. Such was the first night of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena. The mind lingers in the contemplation of its mournful sublimity.

Upon this barren rock, about three miles from Jamestown, and fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, there was a ravine called Longwood, situated in the midst of crags and peaks of rock which nearly encircled it. In this wild and desolate chasm, almost destitute of verdure, and where a few dwarfed and storm-twisted

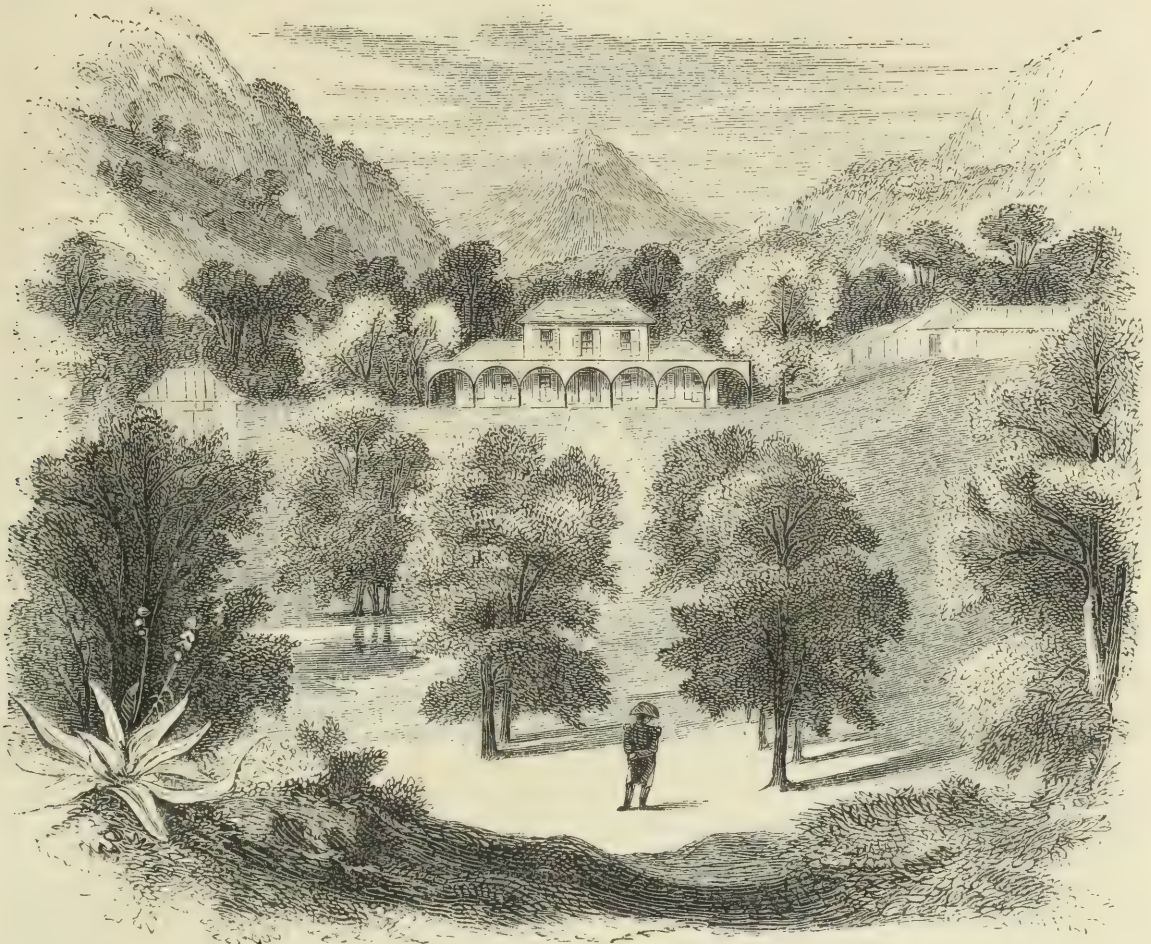
gum-trees added to the loneliness of the scene, there was a dilapidated hut. It had been originally a cow-house. Subsequently it had received some repairs, and had occasionally been used as a temporary retreat from the stifling heat of Jamestown. This spot had been selected for the residence of the captive. It was detached from the inhabited parts of the island, was most distant from those portions of the coast accessible by boats, "which," says Admiral Cockburn, "the Governor considers it of importance to keep from the view of General Bonaparte," and an extent of level ground presented itself suitable for exercise.

October 17. At six o'clock this morning the Emperor rode on horseback, accompanied by Admiral Cockburn and General Bertrand, to view the dismal gorge which was to be his prison and his tomb. When he gazed upon the awful doom prepared for him, his heart was smitten with dismay. But in dignified silence he struggled against the anguish of his spirit. The hut was so dilapidated and so small, that it would require a month or two at least devoted to repairs, before it could be rendered in any degree habitable for the Emperor and his companions. In the Admiral's next communication to the British government he wrote:

"I am sorry to add that General Bonaparte, since he has landed here, has appeared less resigned to his fate, and has expressed himself more dissatisfied with the lot decreed him than he did before. This, however, I merely attribute to the first effects of the general sterile appearance of this island around where he now resides, and the little prospect it yields himself and fol-



ST. HELENA.



THE BRIARS.

lowers of meeting with any of those amusements and enjoyments to which they have been accustomed."

At the same time the Admiral wrote that the force of men and ships which he had with him was not sufficient to hold the captive in security. He asked for two more vessels of war.

As Napoleon, in great dejection, was returning from Longwood, extremely reluctant again to occupy his narrow room in Jamestown, surrounded by sentinels and the curious crowd, he observed a little secluded farm-house, at a place called *The Briars*, and inquired if he could not take refuge there until Longwood should be prepared for his residence. A very worthy man, Mr. Balcombe, resided at this place with his family. The house was of one story, and consisted of but five rooms. Mr. Balcombe, however, cordially offered a room to the Emperor. At the distance of a few yards from the dwelling there was a small pavilion or summer-house, consisting of one room on the ground-floor and two small garrets above. Napoleon, not willing to incommode the family, selected this for his abode. The Admiral consented to this arrangement, and here, therefore, the Emperor fixed his residence. His camp-bed was put up in this lower room. Here he ate, slept, read, and dictated. Las Cases and his son crept into one of the garrets. Marchand, Napoleon's first valet-de-chambre, occupied the other. Mr. Balcombe's family consisted of himself, wife, and

four children, two sons and two daughters. One of these daughters, Elizabeth, afterward Mrs. Abeel, has since recorded some very pleasing reminiscences of her childish interviews with the Emperor.

"The earliest idea," says Mrs. Abeel, "I had of Napoleon, was that of a huge ogre or giant, with one large flaming red eye in the midst of his forehead, and long teeth protruding from his mouth, with which he tore to pieces and devoured naughty little girls. I had rather grown out of this first opinion of Napoleon; but, if less childish, my terror of him was still hardly diminished. The name of Bonaparte was still associated in my mind with every thing that was bad and horrible. I had heard the most atrocious crimes imputed to him; and if I had learned to consider him as a human being, I yet believed him to be the worst that had ever existed. Nor was I singular in these feelings. They were participated by many much older and wiser than myself; I might say, perhaps, by a majority of the English nation. Most of the newspapers of the day described him as a demon. All those of his own country who lived in England were, of course, his bitter enemies; and from these two sources we alone formed our opinion of him.

"How vividly I recollect my feelings of dread, mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him whom I had learned to fear so much! Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding

height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. He was deadly pale, and I thought his features, though cold and immovable, and somewhat stern, were exceedingly beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our little apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of the Briars. When once he began to speak, his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had hitherto regarded him. His manner was so unaffectedly kind and amiable, that in a few days I felt perfectly at ease in his society, and looked upon him more as a companion of my own age than as the mighty warrior at whose name the world grew pale.

"I never met with any one who bore childish liberties so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth or fun with the glee of a child, and though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him lose his temper, or fall back upon his rank or age to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity or of his indulgence to me. I looked upon him, indeed, when with him, almost as a brother or companion of my own age, and all the cautions I received, and my own resolutions to treat him with more respect and formality, were put to flight the moment I came within the influence of his arch smile and laugh."

The Emperor seemed to enjoy very much the society of these children. He showed them the souvenirs which he cherished. Among them was a miniature of his idolized son. The beautiful infant was kneeling in prayer, and underneath were the words, "*I pray the good God for my father, my mother, and my country.*"

As night approached the Emperor retired to his solitary and unfurnished room. It had two doors facing each other, one on each of two of its sides, and two windows, one on each of the other sides. The windows had neither shutters nor curtains. One or two chairs were brought into the room, and the Emperor's iron bedstead was adjusted by his valets. Night, with undisturbed silence and profound solitude, darkened the scene. The damp night wind moaned through the loose and rattling casement near the Emperor's bed. Las Cases, after attempting to barricade the window to protect Napoleon from the night air, climbed with his son to the garret, the dimensions of which were but seven feet square. The two valets wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and threw themselves upon the ground before each of the doors. An English orderly officer slept in Mr. Balcombe's house, and some soldiers were placed as sentinels around the pavilion, to prevent the Emperor from escaping. Such was the situation of Napoleon the first night at the Briars.

October 18. The Emperor breakfasted, without table-cloth or plates, upon the remains of the preceding day's dinner. He immediately resumed the same mode of life which he had adopted on board the *Northumberland*. Every hour had its appointed duty. In reading, dictation, and conversation with his French companions, all of whom were permitted to see him every day, even the captivity of St. Helena became for a time quite endurable. The Emperor had sufficient command over himself to appear cheerful, and bore all his privations and indignities in silence.

October 20. The Emperor invited the son of Las Cases, about fourteen years of age, to breakfast with him. The lad displayed so much in-



NAPOLEON'S APARTMENT AT THE BRIARS.

telligence in reply to questions which were proposed respecting his teachers and his studies, that Napoleon, turning to Las Cases, said,

"What a rising generation I leave behind me. This is all my work. The merits of the French youth will be a sufficient revenge to me. On beholding the work, all must render justice to the workmen; and the perverted judgment or bad faith of declaimers must fall before my deeds. If I had thought only of myself and continuing my own power, as has been continually asserted, I should have endeavored to hide learning *under a bushel*; instead of which, I devoted myself to the propagation of knowledge. And yet the youth of France have not enjoyed all the benefits which I intended that they should. My university, according to the plan I had conceived, was a masterpiece in its combinations, and would have been such in its national results."

October 24. All the friends of the Emperor were assembled around him, and were finding a melancholy solace in narrating to each other their privations and sufferings.

Las Cases thus describes their situation: "The Emperor Napoleon, who but lately possessed such boundless power, and disposed of so many crowns, now occupies a wretched hovel a few feet square, perched upon a rock, unprovided with furniture, and without either shutters or curtains to the windows. This place must serve him for bedchamber, dressing-room, dining-room, study, and sitting-room; and he is obliged to go out when it is necessary to have this one apartment cleaned. His meals, consisting of a few wretched dishes, are brought to him from a distance, as if he were a criminal in a dungeon. He is absolutely in want of the necessaries of life. The bread and wine are not such as we have been accustomed to, and are so bad that we loathe to touch them. Water, coffee, butter, oil, and other articles, are either not to be procured or are scarcely fit for use. A bath, which is so necessary to the Emperor's health, is not to be had; and he is deprived of the exercise of riding on horseback.

"His friends and servants are two miles distant from him, and are not suffered to approach his person without being accompanied by a soldier. They are compelled to pass the night at a guard-house if they return beyond a certain hour, or if any mistake occur in the pass-word, which happens almost daily. Thus, on the summit of this frightful rock, we are equally exposed to the severity of man and the rigor of nature."

As each one told his tale of grievances, the Emperor—who thus far had borne his wrongs with an uncomplaining and a serene spirit—was roused. With warmth he exclaimed,

"For what infamous treatment are we reserved! This is the anguish of death! To injustice and violence they now add insult and protracted torment. If I were so hateful to them, why did they not get rid of me? A few musket-balls in my heart or head would have

done the business, and there would at least have been some energy in the crime. Were it not for you, and above all for your wives, I would receive from them nothing but the pay of a private soldier! How can the monarchs of Europe permit the sacred character of sovereignty to be violated in my person? Do they not see that they are, with their own hands, working their own destruction at St. Helena? I entered their capitals victorious, and had I cherished such sentiments what would have become of them? They styled me their brother; and I had become so, by the choice of the people, the sanction of victory, the character of religion, and the alliance of their policy and their blood. Do they imagine that the good sense of nations is blind to their conduct? And what do they expect from it? At all events make your complaints, gentlemen! Let indignant Europe hear them! Complaints from me would be beneath my dignity and character. I must command or be silent."

The next morning the captain of one of the vessels of the squadron, who was about to return to Europe, called upon the Emperor. In glowing and rapid utterance Napoleon reiterated his protest against the cruel treatment to which he was subjected, requesting the captain to communicate his remonstrance to the British Ministers. Las Cases immediately made a memorandum of his remarks, as nearly as he could catch the words, and placed it in the hands of the officer, who promised punctually to fulfill his mission. The memorandum was as follows:

"The Emperor desires, by the return of the next vessel, to receive some account of his wife and son, and to be informed whether the latter is still living. He takes this opportunity of repeating, and conveying to the British government, the protestations which he has already made against the extraordinary measures adopted toward him.

"1. The Government has declared him a prisoner of war. The Emperor is not a prisoner of war. His letter to the Prince Regent, which he wrote and communicated to Captain Maitland before he went on board the *Bellerophon*, sufficiently proves, to the whole world, the resolutions and the sentiments of confidence which induced him freely to place himself under the English flag. The Emperor might, had he pleased, have agreed to quit France only on stipulated conditions with regard to himself. But he disdained to mingle personal considerations with the great interests with which his mind was constantly occupied. He might have placed himself at the disposal of the Emperor Alexander, who had been his friend; or of the Emperor Francis, who was his father-in-law. But confiding in the justice of the English nation, he desired no other protection than its laws afforded; and renouncing public affairs, he sought no other country than that which was governed by fixed laws, independent of private will.

"2. Had the Emperor really been a prisoner

of war, the rights which civilized governments possess over such a prisoner are limited by the law of nations, and terminate with the war itself.

"3. If the English government considered the Emperor, though arbitrarily, as a prisoner of war, the rights of that government were then limited by public law, or else—as there existed no cartel between the two nations during the war—it might have adopted toward him the principles of savages, who put their prisoners to death. This proceeding would have been more humane, and more conformable to justice, than that of sending him to this horrible rock. Death, inflicted on board the *Bellerophon* in the Plymouth Roads, would have been a blessing compared with the treatment to which he is now subjected.

"We have traveled over the most desolate countries of Europe, but none is to be compared to this barren rock. Deprived of every thing that can render life supportable, it is calculated only to renew perpetually the anguish of death. The first principles of Christian morality, and that great duty imposed on man to pursue his fate, whatever it may be, may withhold him from terminating, with his own hand, his wretched existence. The Emperor regards it as his glory to live in obedience to these principles. But if the British Ministers should persist in their course of injustice and violence toward him, he would consider it a happiness if they would put him to death."

Dreary days lingered away at the Briars while multitudes of laborers were busy in repairing and enlarging Longwood for the Emperor and his companions. All the building materials had to be carried on the shoulders of the workmen up the steep sides of the rock. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the Admiral the work advanced very slowly. The Emperor, by his resignation to his dreadful fate, his cheerfulness, and his, at times, joyous companionship with the children, had won the affection of all the Balcombe family.

"At the end of the grapery," says Mrs. Abeel, "was an arbor. To this spot—which was so sheltered as to be cool in the most sultry weather—Napoleon was much attached. He would sometimes convey his papers there as early as four o'clock in the morning, and employ himself until breakfast-time in writing, and, when tired of his pen, in dictating to Las Cases. No one was ever permitted to intrude upon him when there. From this prohibition I, however, was exempt at the Emperor's own desire. Even when he was in the act of dictating a sentence to Las Cases he would answer my call, 'Come and unlock the garden door;' and I was always admitted and welcomed with a smile."

One evening, after minutely examining a little traveling cabinet he had with him, he presented it to Las Cases, saying—

"I have had it in my possession a long time. I made use of it on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz. It must go to your son Eman-

uel. When he is thirty or forty years old we shall be no more. This will but enhance the value of the gift. He will say, when he shows it, 'The Emperor Napoleon gave this to my father at St. Helena!'"

He then spoke of the singular developments he found upon his return from Elba—of the ingratitude of individuals who had formerly enjoyed his favor. Many letters from these individuals to the friends of the Bourbons were placed in his hands.

"My first impulse," said Napoleon, "was to withdraw protection from these persons, and to order their letters to be printed. A second thought restrained me. We are so volatile, so inconstant, so easily led away, that, after all, I could not be certain that those very people had not really and spontaneously come back to my service. In that case, I should have been punishing them at the very time when they were returning to their duty. I thought it better to seem to know nothing of the matter, and I ordered all their letters to be burned."

October 31. The Emperor had now been at Briars a fortnight. His friends had made his situation a little more comfortable. A tent was spread, which prolonged his one apartment. His cook took up his abode at Briars; so that it was no longer necessary to transport his food, after it was cooked, a mile and a half. Table-linen and a service of plate was taken from the trunks. Still the hours dragged heavily. The Emperor spent most of his time within doors, with his books, his pen, and his companions. He retired very late at night. Unless he did so he awoke in the night, and then, to divert his mind from sorrowful reflections, it was necessary for him to rise and read.

Annoyances, however, were strangely multiplied. Almost every day some new rule of general surveillance was adopted. The English authorities seemed to be tormented with an insane dread of the Emperor's escape from a rock more than a thousand miles distant from any land; while sentinels, by day and by night, paced around his frail tent, and ships of war cruised along the shores. The grandeur of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than in the vigilance with which he was guarded by his foes. All the monarchies of Europe stood in dread of one single captive. They knew full well that the hearts of the oppressed people in all lands would beat with tumultuous joy at the sound of his voice. Every movement of the Emperor was watched. A telegraph signal was established which reported in town every thing which occurred at the Briars. The French gentlemen could not communicate with Napoleon in his room without being accompanied by an English sergeant. This state of things led the Emperor to request Las Cases to direct a note to Admiral Cockburn, remonstrating against measures so harassing and so useless. General Bertrand was commissioned to convey the remonstrance to the Admiral.

But General Bertrand, apprehensive that the

note would but cause irritation, and provoke more severe treatment, ventured not to fulfill his mission. At last the Emperor learned, to his surprise, that the note had not been delivered. He was much displeased, and said to the Grand Marshal.

"Your not delivering the note, if you were dissatisfied with its tenor, or if you regarded it as dictated by an impulse of anger, was a proof of your devotion to my interests. But this should only have been a delay of some hours. After this delay you ought to have spoken to me on the subject. You well know that I should have listened to you with attention, and should have agreed with your opinions, if you had proved to me that you were in the right. But to delay a fortnight without telling me that you had not executed the mission with which I charged you, is inexplicable. What have you to reply?"

The Grand Marshal only answered that he thought that he had done well in not delivering the note, which he disliked both as to its intention and its expression.

"Perhaps you are right, Bertrand," said Napoleon. And then, after a few moments of profound thought, he added, "Yes, Bertrand, you are right. Let my friends here complain; but my dignity and my character require of me silence."

General Bertrand then, in his own name, addressed a letter to Admiral Cockburn, recapitulating their grievances. In conclusion, he said—

"It is greatly to be desired that the authorities would so conduct themselves toward the Emperor, as to banish from his mind all recollection of the painful position in which he is placed. I do not hesitate to say that it is such as barbarians even would be touched by, and have consideration for. It can not be feared that any escape can be effected from this rock, almost every where inaccessible. Why can they not, if it be deemed necessary, increase the guard on the coast, and allow us to ramble over the island without restraint? It were also much to be wished that we might be lodged near the Emperor to bear him company."

The Admiral condescended to degrade himself by heaping insults upon misfortune and helplessness. He returned an answer containing the following expressions:

"Northumberland, St. Helena Roads, Nov. 6, 1815.

"SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, by which you oblige me officially to explain to you, that I have no cognizance of any Emperor being actually upon this island, or of any person possessing such dignity having come hither with me in the *Northumberland*. I do myself also the honor of stating to you, in reply to a part of your note, that it is incompatible with my instructions to permit of your passing beyond the established line of sentries without your being accompanied by an English officer."

It was surely insult enough for the English to refuse to address Napoleon by his imperial title, thus stigmatizing him as an usurper. But to in-

sist that the Emperor's personal friends and subjects, who for many years had recognized him as the most powerful sovereign in Christendom, should insult him in a similar way, and thus condemn themselves as the accomplices of an usurper, was a refinement of barbarity hardly to be expected from civilized men. It is impossible to refute the arguments used by the Emperor in defense of the imperial title. He had been constituted Emperor of France by a solemn act of coronation, and with the enthusiastic approval of the French people. It was as puerile in the English Ministry to attempt to ignore this title as it would be to speak of *General* Augustus Cæsar, or *Colonel* Charlemagne. The world has crushed the ignoble attempt in scorn. Who now thinks of calling the Emperor Napoleon *General Bonaparte*? And yet Sir George Cockburn carried this childish affectation so far as to pretend, in his official papers to the English Ministry, to doubt who could be meant by *the Emperor* at St. Helena. He wrote to Earl Bathurst:

"I beg permission to remark to your Lordship, upon this curious note, that although the tenor of it prevented my entering at all into the merits of M. de Bertrand's statement, yet General Bonaparte, *if by the term 'Emperor' he meant to designate that person*, inhabits his present temporary residence wholly and solely in compliance with his own urgent and pointed request.

"I will only detain your Lordship, however, while I add, that since my arrival in this island I have not ceased in my endeavors to render *these people* as comfortable as their situations and the existing circumstances would admit of."*

Captain Poppleton was placed as a spy and a guard in constant attendance upon the Emperor. His instructions contained the following directions:

"The officer charged with this duty is not to absent himself from the premises where General Bonaparte may be staying more than two hours at a time. He is to endeavor to prevent the slaves upon the island from approaching General Bonaparte, so as to render their being talked to by him likely. Whenever the General rides or walks beyond the boundaries where the sentries are placed, he is to be invariably attended by the of-

* That Napoleon was contending for an important principle, and that he was not influenced by puerile vanity in claiming the title of Emperor, is proved beyond all controversy, by his readiness to assume an *incognito*, and take the name of General Duroc, or Colonel Meudon. But to this the English ministry would not consent. Even the editor of Sir Hudson Lowe's Narrative pronounces the course of the English Ministry upon this subject entirely unjustifiable. He says:

"It is, I think, difficult to refute the arguments used by Napoleon in favor of his right to be styled Emperor. We, indeed, had not recognized that title. But he was not the less Emperor of France. But there would have been no difficulty in calling him *ex-Emperor*, which would sufficiently have expressed the history of the past and the fact of the present. Or the English Ministry might have promptly acceded to his own expressed wish to assume an *incognito*, and take the name of Baron Duroc or Colonel Meudon, which he himself more than once proposed; but Lord Bathurst, as it will be seen, threw cold water on the suggestion, when it was communicated to him by Sir Hudson Lowe."—*Journal of Sir Hudson Lowe*, vol. i. p. 47.

ficer. Should the General, during such rides or walks, approach the coast, the officer is requested to turn him in some other direction. He is likewise to be particular in informing the Admiral whenever he observes any extraordinary movements among any of the Frenchmen; and is always to keep a dragoon in attendance, ready to send off at a moment's warning. He is to take care that the General and all his attendants, after they are established at Longwood, are within the house at nine o'clock.

November 8. The Emperor was fatigued and indisposed. Las Cases suggested a ride on horseback. Napoleon replied,

"I can never reconcile myself to the idea of having an English officer constantly at my side. I decidedly renounce riding on such conditions. Every thing in life must be reduced to calculation. If the vexation arising from the sight of my jailer be greater than the advantage I can derive from riding, it is, of course, advisable to renounce the recreation altogether."

November 9. Las Cases, alarmed at the dejection of the Emperor and his declining health, from want of exercise, inquired, with every expression of respect and politeness, of the officer appointed as guard, if it were necessary for him literally to obey his instructions should the Emperor merely take a ride round the house, adverting to the repugnance the Emperor must feel in being every moment reminded that he was a prisoner.

The sympathies of the officer were moved, and he generously replied, "My instructions are to follow General Bonaparte. But I will take upon myself the responsibility of not riding beside him in the grounds around the house."

Las Cases eagerly communicated the conversation to the Emperor. He replied, "It is not conformable with my sense of duty to enjoy an

advantage which may be the means of compromising an officer."

The Emperor judged with his accustomed wisdom as well as magnanimity. For soon the officer came hastening to Las Cases with the declaration that Admiral Cockburn had positively prohibited him from granting the captive such an indulgence. As this was mentioned to the Emperor, he did not appear at all surprised, but quietly remarked that the horses might as well be returned, as they should have no use for them. Las Cases, exasperated by such cruelty on the part of the Admiral, said with warmth, "I will go immediately and order them to be returned to the Admiral."

"No," said the Emperor calmly. "You are now out of temper. It rarely happens that any thing is done well under such circumstances. It is always best to let the night pass over after the offense of the day."

November 10. The Emperor, with Las Cases, took quite a long walk. Returning he met Mrs. Balcombe, accompanied by Mrs. Stuart, a lady who was on her voyage to England from Bombay. While conversing with them some slaves, with heavy burdens on their shoulders, came toiling up the narrow path. Mrs. Balcombe, in rather an angry tone, ordered them to keep back. But the Emperor, making room for the slaves, turned to Mrs. Balcombe, and said mildly,

"Respect the burden, madam."

Mrs. Stuart, who had been taught to regard Napoleon as a monster, was inexpressibly amazed by this touching incident. In a low tone of voice she exclaimed to her friend, "What a countenance, and what a character! How different from what I had been led to expect!"

November 13. The life at Briars was very regular. Every day the Emperor dictated to Las Cases. Between three and four o'clock he de-



RESPECT THE BURDEN, MADAM.

scended to the garden, and, walking up and down, dictated again to one of the gentlemen who came from the town for that purpose, and who wrote in the little arbor which is seen on the left in the preceding view of the Briars. At half-past five he left the garden, and continued his walk in the path which passed through the lawn in front of Mr. Balcombe's house. In conversation with friends he enjoyed this social promenade until dinner was announced.

After dinner he returned to the garden, where he had his coffee brought to him. He occasionally made a friendly call upon Mr. Balcombe's family, to whom he became much attached. He then continued his walk and conversation in the garden. When the evenings were serene, and illuminated by the moon, these conversations were continued until late in the night.

"The Emperor," says Las Cases, "was never more talkative, nor seemed more perfectly to forget his cares, than during these moonlight walks. In the familiarity of the conversations which I thus enjoyed with him, he took pleasure in relating anecdotes of his boyhood, in describing the sentiments and illusions which diffused a charm over the early years of his youth, and in detailing the circumstances of his private life, since he played so distinguished a part on the great theatre of the world."

"I had intended," said the Emperor one evening, "in order to secure the suitable education of the King of Rome, the establishment of the '*Institute of Meudon*.' There I proposed to assemble the princes of the Imperial house, particularly the sons of those branches of the family who had been raised to foreign thrones. In this Institution I intended that the princes should receive the attentions of private tuition, combined with the advantages of public education. These children, who were destined to occupy different thrones, and to govern different nations, would thus have acquired conformity of principles, manners, and ideas. The better to facilitate the amalgamation and uniformity of the federative parts of the empire, each prince was to bring with him, from his own country, ten or twelve youths of about his own age, the sons of the first families in the state. What an influence would they not have exercised on their return home! I doubted not but that the princes of other dynasties, unconnected with my family, would soon have solicited, as a great favor, permission to place their sons in the Institute of Meudon. What advantages would thence have arisen to the nations composing the European association! All these young princes would have been brought together early enough to be united in the tender and powerful bonds of youthful friendship. And they would at the same time have been separated early enough to obviate the fatal effects of rising passions, the ardor of partiality, the ambition of success, the jealousy of love."

November 14. "The coffee," writes Las Cases, "that was served at our breakfast this morning was better than usual. It might even have been

called good. The Emperor expressed himself pleased with it. Some moments after he observed, placing his hand on his stomach, that he felt the benefit of it. It would be difficult to express what were my feelings on hearing this simple remark. The Emperor by thus, contrary to his custom, appreciating so trivial an enjoyment, unconsciously proved to me the effect of all the privations he had suffered, but of which he never complained."

November 16. The Emperor conversed with much freedom respecting the individuals connected with him in the great events of his career. This induced Las Cases to make the following record:

"He invariably speaks with perfect coolness, without passion, without prejudice, and without resentment, of the events and the persons connected with his life. He speaks of his past history as if it had occurred three centuries ago. In his recitals and his observations he speaks the language of past ages. He is like a spirit conversing in the Elysian fields. His conversations are true dialogues of the dead. He speaks of himself as of a third person; noticing the Emperor's actions, pointing out the faults with which history may reproach him, and analyzing the reasons and motives which might be alleged in his justification."

"In viewing the complicated circumstances of his fall, he looks upon things so much in a mass, and from so high a point, that individuals escape his notice. He never evinces the least symptoms of virulence toward those of whom it might be supposed he has the greatest reason to complain. His strongest mark of reprobation—and I have had frequent occasions to notice it—is to preserve silence with respect to them whenever they are mentioned in his presence."

November 19. All the French party were invited to dine with the Emperor. He appeared in cheerful spirits, and after dinner said, "Gentlemen, will you have a comedy, an opera, or a tragedy?" They decided in favor of a comedy. The Emperor then took Moliere's *Avare*, and read to them for some time. After the party had withdrawn, the Emperor retired to the garden for a solitary walk.

November 25. The Emperor had been for several days quite unwell, and, worn down by the dreadful monotony of his imprisonment, appeared quite dejected. Las Cases found him this morning seated upon a sofa, surrounded by a pile of books which he had been listlessly reading.

"Contrary to the general opinion," says Las Cases, "the Emperor is far from possessing a strong constitution. He is constantly laboring under the effects of cold. His body is subject to the influence of the slightest accidents. The smell of paint is sufficient to make him ill. Certain dishes, or the slightest damp immediately takes a severe effect upon him. His body is far from being a body of iron. All his strength is in his mind."

"His prodigious exertions abroad, and his incessant labors at home are known to every one.

No sovereign ever underwent so much bodily fatigue. I have known the Emperor to be engaged in business, in the Council of State, for eight or nine hours successively, and afterward rise with his ideas as clear as when he sat down. I have seen him, at St. Helena, peruse books for ten or twelve hours in succession, on the most abstruse subjects, without appearing in the least fatigued. He has suffered, unmoved, the greatest shocks that ever man experienced. But these prodigious exertions are made only, as it were, in despite of his physical powers, which never appear less susceptible than when his mind is in full activity.

"The Emperor eats generally very little. He often says that a man may hurt himself by eating too much, but never by eating too little. He will remain four-and-twenty hours without eating, only to get an appetite for the ensuing day. But if he eats little, he drinks still less. A single glass of wine is sufficient to restore his strength and to produce cheerfulness of spirits. He sleeps very little and very irregularly, generally rising at day-break to read or write, and afterward lying down to sleep again.

"The Emperor has no faith in medicine, and never takes any. He had adopted a peculiar mode of treatment for himself. Whenever he found himself unwell, his plan was to run into an extreme, the opposite of what happened to be his habit at the time. This he calls restoring the equilibrium of nature. If, for instance, he had been inactive for a length of time, he would suddenly ride about sixty miles, or hunt for a whole day. If, on the contrary, he had been harassed by great fatigues, he would resign himself to a state of absolute rest for twenty-four hours. Nature, he said, had endowed him with two important advantages; the one was, the

power of sleeping whenever he needed repose, at any hour and in any place. The other was, that he was incapable of committing any injurious excess either in eating or drinking. 'If,' said he, 'I go the least beyond my mark my stomach instantly revolts.'"

Conversing one day with Mr. Balcombe, the Emperor remarked:

"I have no faith in medicines. My remedies are fasting and the warm bath. At the same time, I have a higher opinion of the medical, or rather the surgical, profession than of any other. The practice of the law is too severe an ordeal for poor human nature. The man who habituates himself to the distortion of truth, and to exultation at the success of injustice, will at last hardly know right from wrong. So with politics, a man must have a conventional conscience. The ecclesiastics become hypocrites, since too much is expected of them. As to soldiers, they are cut-throats and robbers. But the mission of surgeons is to benefit mankind, not to destroy them or to inflame them against each other."

November 28. Six weeks had now passed away, during which the Emperor had been about as closely imprisoned at the Briars as when on board the ship. The workmen were busy repairing Longwood. The English soldiers were encamped at the Briars. There was a poor negro slave working in Mr. Balcombe's garden, in whose history and welfare the Emperor became deeply interested. He was a Malay Indian, of prepossessing appearance. He had been stolen from his native land by the crew of an English vessel. The Emperor's sympathies were deeply moved by the old man's story, which bore every mark of truth. Poor Toby became very much attached to the Emperor, who often called at his



THE TWO CAPTIVES.

little hut to talk with him. They were fellow-captives. Toby always called the Emperor the "Good Gentleman."

"Poor Toby," said the Emperor one day, "has been torn from his family, from his native land, and sold to slavery. Could any thing be more miserable to himself or more criminal in others? If this crime be the act of the English captain alone, he is doubtless one of the vilest of men. But if it be that of the whole of the crew, it may have been committed by men perhaps not so base as might be imagined. Vice is always individual, scarcely ever collective."

"What, after all, is this poor human machine? Had Toby been a Brutus, he would have put himself to death; if an Æsop, he would now, perhaps, have been the Governor's adviser; if an ardent and zealous Christian, he would have borne his chains in the sight of God, and blessed them. As for poor Toby, he endures his misfortunes very quietly. He stoops to his work, and spends his days in innocent tranquillity."

For a moment the Emperor remained in silence, calmly contemplating the humble slave, and then said, as he turned and walked away,

"Certainly there is a wide step from poor Toby to a King Richard. And yet the crime is not the less atrocious. For this man, after all, had his family, his happiness, and his liberty. It was a horrible act of cruelty to bring him here to languish in the fetters of slavery."

Then, turning to Las Cases, and looking mildly upon him, he said,

"But I read in your eyes that you think he is not the only example of the sort at St. Helena. My dear Las Cases, there is not the least resemblance here. If the outrage is of a higher class, the victims also present very different resources. We have not been exposed to corporeal sufferings; or, if that had been attempted, we have souls to disappoint our tyrants. Our situation may even have its charms. The eyes of the universe are fixed upon us. We are martyrs in an immortal cause. Millions of human beings are weeping for us. Our country sighs, and glory mourns our fate. The prayers of nations are for us."

"Besides, if I considered only myself, perhaps I should have reason to rejoice. Misfortunes are not without their heroism and their glory. Adversity was wanting to my career. Had I died on the throne, enveloped in the dense atmosphere of power, I should to many have remained a problem. Now misfortune will enable all to judge me without disguise."

The Emperor subsequently made efforts to purchase the freedom of Toby, and to restore him to his native country. He commissioned Dr. O'Meara to arrange the affair with Sir Hudson Lowe, who was then in command. In reply to these overtures, Dr. O'Meara records Sir Hudson to have said,

"You know not the importance of what you ask. General Bonaparte wishes to obtain the gratitude of the negroes in the island. He wishes to do the same as in St. Domingo. I

would not do what you ask for any thing in the world."

Napoleon was disappointed and surprised at this refusal; and the poor slave was necessarily left to die in bondage.

THE ALLIGATOR.

THE mysterious mementoes which mark the eras of the earth's formation would have remained for ever unknown, had not the geologist grubbed away among their burying-places, and exposed, as it were, the ghosts of departed ages to the gaze of the curious, as well as to the more solemn seekers after truth. By the industry of these delvers into the true profound, a good idea is obtained of the earth before the completing creation—of the time when it was just emerging from the "without form and void." Then, our planet was composed of dissolving soil, and profuse and almost inconceivable vegetation of reeds and grasses—all was soft and sappy, for the ripening rays of the sun had not yet fully obtained their power. It was at this era that the gigantic saurian, so perfectly adapted to live on land or in the water, armed with huge jaws and claws, rooted and burrowed and turned up the conglomerating materials of incipient continents, and thus wrought the surface of the world into consistency; and having completed the allotted task, died, leaving Herculean remains that affright the imagination. The alligator, crawling among the swamps and lagoons, is all that living, is left to us eminently characteristic of these primeval times.

The sight of the alligator, therefore, suggests reflections that imperceptibly carry the mind back to antediluvian eras; his home is in the dark places; he lives and thrives only among miasmas of decaying tropical vegetation, where the foot of man finds no resting-place, and where no life is harmonious but the amphibic. There is the saurian of our day, encased in a coat-of-mail, awkward and incomprehensible; a snakish, fishy reptile, puzzling alike anatomist and philosopher.

Familiar as we had always supposed ourselves to be with the habits and appearance of the alligator, it was not until years ago, when we sat down to give a minute description, that we were aware how absorbing may be the impression of a hideous object upon the mind, and yet how indistinct our knowledge of details. Hardly a "swamper" in the Southwest but feels able to give a clear idea of the alligator; few gentlemen sportsmen, who, year after year, amuse themselves with shooting the reptile, but feel some confidence; yet we have the written experience before us of one who has slain his "thousands," who frankly acknowledges, when brought upon the stand, that he really knows very little about "the critter," and has no positive idea even of the greatest length the old patriarchs obtain in their favorite homes among the tributaries of the Lower Mississippi.

Shakspeare—who seems to have known every thing by inspiration—in his tragedy of Antony

and Cleopatra, represents a conversation between Lepidus and Antony, which, for naturalness, might have occurred between one of our citizens and Mr. Jones, just returned from a tour through Egypt.

LEPIDUS. "What manner of thing is your crocodile?"

ANTONY. "It is shaped, sir, like itself; it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates."



LEPIDUS. "What color is it of?"

ANTONY. "Of its own color too."

LEPIDUS. "It is a strange serpent."

ANTONY. "'Tis so, and the tears of it are wet."

This description of the crocodile is just as clear as the Nile mud, of which Lepidus says they are bred; and yet we have heard similar dialogues a hundred times, not upon "Pompey's galley lying near Micenum," but upon our more splendid craft plying upon the "Father of waters." Says the traveler, accosting a resident of the Southern regions, "Are you familiar with the alligator, sir?"

NATIVE. "I have lived among them all my life."

TRAVELER. "What kind of a looking thing is an alligator?"

NATIVE. "Why, something like an old log, sir."

TRAVELER. "How long do they grow?"

NATIVE. "Perhaps ten, fifteen, or thirty feet; I never examined them."

TRAVELER. "On what do they live?"

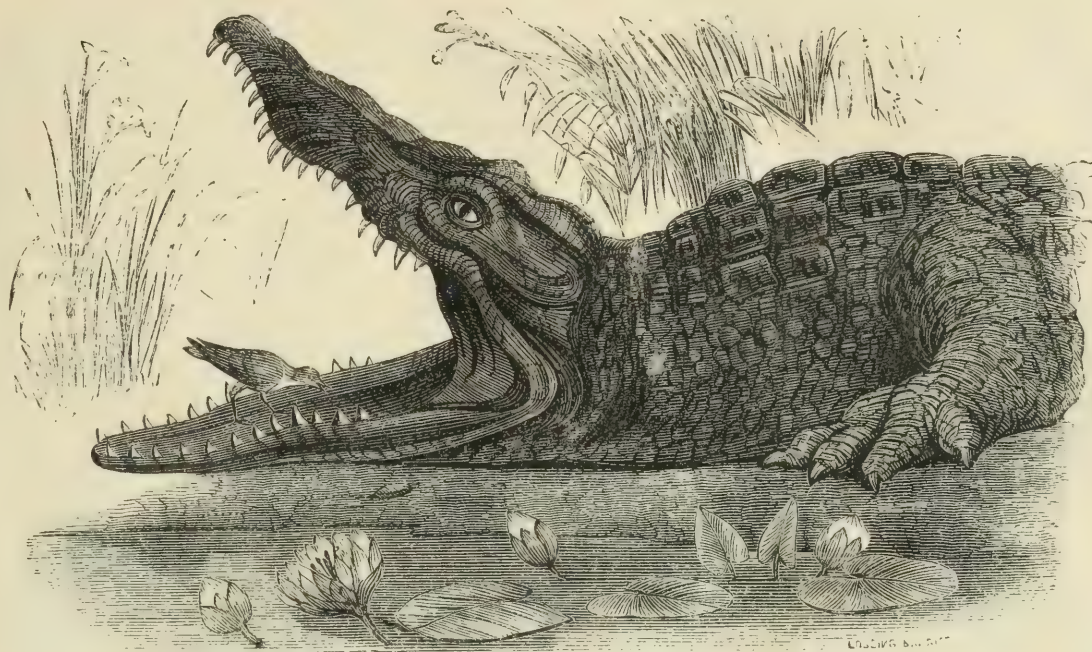
NATIVE. "On most any thing they can get, sir; or on nothing, if it suits 'em best."

TRAVELER (*musings*). "They are a very curious reptile."

NATIVE. "They are, sir."

Yet, with all this vagueness respecting the true history of the alligator, it forms one of the prominent objects of the four most remarkable rivers of the world—the Ganges, the Nile, the Amazon, and the Mississippi—and by its intimate association with the Egyptians, is one of the most early chosen of created things that became an object of veneration among mankind.

The idea is very general that there is a radical difference between the crocodile and alligator; but such is not the case. The inhabitant of the East is the same as his prototype of the Western world, if we except a seeming want



THE TROCHILUS ENTERING THE CROCODILE'S MOUTH.

of firmness in the scaly exterior, which gives an additional repulsiveness. We have carefully examined some of the bodies of the "sacred crocodiles" that have been exhumed from among the burying-places of the ancient Egyptians, which afforded us curious thoughts, when we recalled the time of their living, and their elevation by a strange people into the place of protecting deities; yet, while we looked, they faded into the very familiar carcasses we have so often seen, stiffened by the rifle of the unerring hunter, upon the banks of Red River, or decaying in the solitary swamps in the vicinity of New Orleans.*

Among a portion of the people of Egypt of the earliest times, the crocodile undoubtedly represented their greatest divinity; many cities, or perhaps more properly speaking, collections of vast temples were built in its honor, and its priests, of all others, were most presumptuous. Ezekiel the prophet poured forth, in burning language, his denunciations upon the worshippers "of the great dragon that lieth in the midst of Pharaoh's rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself." "And," he continues, "I will put hooks in thy jaws; I have given thee for meat to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air:" thus using, in the moment of his inspiration, the crocodile as the very personification of Egypt itself.

Herodotus—the most agreeable of all histo-

rians—was the first profane writer who particularly noticed the crocodile: while journeying through the land of the Pharaohs, and "prospecting" along the banks of the Upper Nile, the reptile naturally attracted his attention. To his descriptions—written more than twenty centuries ago—is the world even now indebted for all of its most popular traditions. Some things he wrote of the crocodile were for centuries deemed fabulous; but modern investigation has proved his truthfulness. He was evidently an acute observer, and mingled his own observations with ideas he obtained from those about him; and adopted, as was quite natural, many things as facts which were but the gossip of the "flat-boatmen" of that early day.

Nothing mentioned by Herodotus, however, has been the subject of more discussion than his story of the *trochilus* entering the crocodile's mouth as it sleeps on the sand-banks, and relieving it of the leeches in its throat. Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson says that "this story would be remarkable, if it were true that any leeches existed in the Nile;" and then adds, that "the story may have originated in the habits of a small running bird, or dottrel, so common there; which, by its shrill cry on the approach of man, warns the crocodile (quite unintentionally) of its danger; and its proximity is easily explained by its seeking the flies and other insects that are attracted to the sleeping beast." Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire—the celebrated anatomist, and one of the savans who accompanied Napoleon into Egypt—confirms the story of the *trochilus*; and it would seem that the Greek word translated *leeches* signifies only sucking insects, or gnats, which line the whole interior surface of the crocodile's palate, and cause the ordinary yellow to disappear under a coat of blackish-brown. The little bird flying from bank to bank, and continually employed in seeking food,

* Among the ancients, Herodotus wrote about the crocodile, and he was authority for more than two thousand years. Napoleon's expedition to Egypt did much to make familiar its natural history. In 1846, Dr. Bennet Dowler, one of the most industrious and learned naturalists of the day, resident of New Orleans, published an essay on the alligator, with a "microscopical addendum" relating to the alligator's scales and skin. This "contribution" to natural history gives a perfect idea, and for the first time, of the anatomy of the crocodile.

goes prying about in the mouth of the crocodile, delivering its tongue and palate of gnats, of which they are full. The mosquitoes, in the swamps containing the alligator, are known to



THE TROCHILUS.

surround its head in clouds; and we have heard the negroes assert that the reptile opened its mouth until its interior was fully lined, and suddenly closing it up, would swallow the accumulated marauders, and then set its huge jaws as a trap for more. If our swamps, instead of being crowded with a rich tropical vegetation, which render them majestic aisles of dim twilight even at mid-day, were more open to observation, it is probable that our alligators would be found to have their little bird which performed the friendly office of a "winged toothpick;" and which, after all, is no more curious than to see the lordly bull bend his neck, that the farm-yard fowl may reach the gadfly fastened to his nostrils, or buzzing round his ears.

It would seem that the idolatrous worship of the crocodile, in the days of Herodotus, had been somewhat modified, compared with the time when Ezekiel poured forth his denunciations upon the "great dragon;" "for the people of Apolinopolis, Tentyris, Heracleopolis, and other places, held the crocodile in abhorrence, and lost no opportunity of destroying it. The Tentyrites, it is stated, were so expert, from long habit, in catching and even in overcoming this powerful reptile, that they were known to follow it into the Nile and bring it by force to the shore. Pliny and others mention the wonderful feats performed by them, not only in their own country but in the presence of the Roman people; and Strabo mentions that on the occasion of some crocodiles being exhibited in Rome, the Tentyrites, who were present, fully confirmed the truth of the report of their power over these monsters; for, having put them in a spacious tank of water, with a shelving bank artificially constructed on one side, the men boldly entered the water, and entangling them in a net, dragged them to the bank and back again into the water, which was witnessed by numerous spectators."

About Thebes and Lake Moeris, this reptile was held in great veneration; and being rendered tame by kind treatment, it was fed and attended with the most scrupulous care. Geese, fish, and

various meats were dressed purposely for it. The people ornamented its head with ear-rings, its feet with bracelets, and its neck with necklaces of precious metals and artificial stones. It would seem, also, that the Egyptians covered the thick scales with gold-leaf, and thus adorned, the crocodile must have been the most strangely beautiful object that ever was numbered among the works of "vertu" of a rich man's household. Antony, when in his loving mood, Cleopatra says, addressed her as "my serpent of old Nile;" and she recalls the term with pleasure while regretting his absence. Is it possible that the spoiled beauty felt flattered to be compared to her household god, which, if adorned in accordance to the rest of her state, must have been brilliant indeed?

In Louisiana and Florida the alligator is sometimes a pet, and has been, by very little attention, so far civilized and enlightened as to justify the ready belief of its being a harmless inmate of Egyptian dwellings. The following illustrative episode would seem to be rather a free translation from an ancient Egyptian hieroglyphical record, than the detail of a modern incident:

"A Miss Nell Gary recently went before one of the Records of New Orleans, and made oath



CHILD'S TOY FOUND IN AN EGYPTIAN TOMB.

that one Ernest Dalfin, a neighbor of hers, kept in his yard an alligator of immense size and ferocity; and that, as she was frequently obliged to go through the yard, she considered herself in great bodily fear and danger; wherefore she prayed that her neighbor remove the alligator to some other quarters. On this charge Dalfin was arrested. When required to plead, he stated that he kept the alligator to guard his premises from intrusion, and that his amphibious guardian was, except when imposed on, as quietly disposed a reptile as ever lived. As for the prosecutor, he contended that she was brazenly inclined, and kept constantly exciting the alligator's ire by tickling him under the short ribs with ten-foot poles, and casting brickbats at his countenance, and on one occasion even went so far as to singe his back with a hot smoothing-iron, since which time his alligatorship swings his tail at her whenever he sees her. On this showing, Ernest was discharged; but Ellen was bound over to keep the peace toward "the pet" and its excellent owner.*

With the Egyptians, the crocodile was not only worshiped, loaded with favors, and made a companion of while living, but at its death was carefully embalmed, and then placed in costly tombs. This was especially the case with

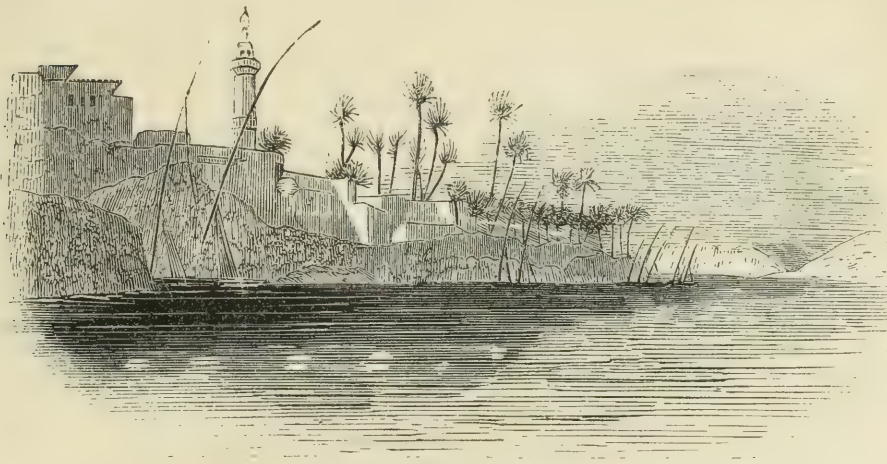
* Extract from the police reports of the New Orleans Delta.

the people in the Theban, Ombite, and Arsonoite nomes. At a place now called Maabdeh, opposite the modern town of Manfaloot, are extensive grottoes, cut far into the limestone mountains, where numerous crocodile mummies have been found perfectly preserved, and evidently embalmed with the greatest care.

The crocodile, though so essentially associated with Egypt, is distributed over the world, and is common to every continent except Europe. Its appearance is so repulsive, and its strength so apparent, that it leaves the idea on the mind that it possesses great destructiveness. Its lip-

from want of food; they are then used for baiting with the tiger and wild bull. In these combats, the alligator has been known to seize the tiger's head between his teeth and crush in the skull; on the other hand, the infuriated bulls have without difficulty gored them to death.

Lieut. Herndon, United States Navy, describes the river Amazon as abounding with the reptile. "Above Obidos," he writes, "we began to fall in with these elegant creatures in considerable numbers, especially when we were anchored at night in the still bays. In the bright moonlight we could see them floating about in every direction, sometimes quite motionless on the surface, and only distinguishable from logs by careful inspection. Not long before my arrival, a woman, bathing after nightfall in company with her husband, was seized and carried off by one of these monsters. She was not even in the river, but sitting on the bank pour-



VIEW OF MANFALOOT.

less mouth, leaving its horrid teeth ever grinning in seeming anger, causes an alarm that is rarely overcome by familiarity. It is, therefore, no wonder that the ferocity of this reptile has been made a favorite subject with many writers.

Of the crocodiles of the Ganges, Miss Emma Roberts says: "The bank of the Ganges opposite to Monghyr has not the slightest pretensions to beauty. Its low, flat, swampy shores, intersected with reedy islets, are the haunts of multitudes of alligators, which, in the hot season, may be seen sunning themselves by the side of the huge ant-hills erected upon the sand-banks appearing above the water. Some of these animals attain a prodigious size. Many of these monsters are fifteen feet long, and they swim fearlessly past the boats, lifting up their terrific heads and raising their dark bodies from the water as they glide along. Though not so frequently as in former times, when the echoes of the river were less disturbed by the report of fire-arms, natives are still victims of that species of alligator which lies in wait for men and animals venturing incautiously too near their haunts. In many that have been killed, the silver ornaments worn by women and children have been found—a confirming proof of the fearful nature of their prey."

It was always a favorite sport with the native princes of India, particularly those on the Jumna, to pit the crocodile against other destructive animals. To gratify this passion, they have tanks built, similar to those of ancient Rome, in which the reptiles are confined with a wire round their jaws until they become perfectly furious

ing water over her head with a gourd, when the reptile crawled from behind a log, where it had been lying, and carried her off in its mouth. The padre the next morning declared war upon the reptiles, and had the Indians out with their lances and harpoons to destroy them.

"The noise they make is a sort of grunt, such as a good-natured pig might make with his mouth shut, only rather louder. By imitating it, we drew them quite near us, and it is little they care for a musket-ball. We shot a young heedless fellow, however, one morning, as he was skulking under a dead trunk by the shore. When we got into the Parana mires, and especially when we visited the pirarucu lakes, with which the country is interspersed, we saw jacares* lying about in them like great black stones or trunks of trees. It is amusing to observe what a perfectly good understanding seems to subsist between the jacares and the fishermen, the former waiting very patiently for their share, which is the offal. When a large fish is hooked, the fishermen leap into the water, in the very midst of the jacares, which meerly sheer out of the way until their turn comes; and such a thing as a jacare attacking a man is very rarely known.

"That this, however, does occur now and then we saw fearful evidence. When we were placed near a sitio, a little below the upper mouth of the Ranos, I learned that the 'Victoria' had been seen in a small lake near; and as I wished to trace the distribution of this plant in the Valley of the Amazon, I was anxious to

* Name on the Amazon for Alligator.

verify the report, and likewise to procure specimens; but there was no *montaria*—as canoes hollowed out of a single trunk of a tree are called—and I was told I might probably borrow one at a sitio a little higher up. I accordingly proceeded to this sitio, and found there an old man and his three sons, men of middle age, with their children. Two of the sons had just come in from a distant fishing expedition, the third had his arm in a sling; and on inquiring the cause, I learned that, seven weeks ago, he and his father had been fishing in the very lake I wished to visit, and were embarked in a small *montaria* which remains constantly in the lake, the outlet of which is dried up in summer. They had reached the middle of the lake, and were looking out for fish with their bows and arrows, when, unseen by them, a large jacare came under the *montaria*, gave it a jerk which sent them both into the water, and, seizing the son by the shoulder of the right arm, dived with him at once to the bottom, the lake being about four fathoms deep. In this position of fearful peril, he had sufficient presence of mind to thrust the fingers of his left hand into the monster's eyes, and after rolling over three or four times, the jacare let go his hold, and the poor fellow rose to the surface, though mangled, bleeding, and helpless. His father immediately swam to his assistance, and providentially the two reached the shore without being again attacked. I was shown the wounds: every tooth had told; and some idea may be formed of this one terrible gripe, when I state that the wounds inflicted by it extended from the elbow to the shoulder, and downward as far as the hip. All were now healed except one very bad one in the armpit, where one sinew at least was completely severed. Even this seemed to me in a fair way to heal soon; but although such should be the case, the deep scars and the useless arm—for it seems improbable that he will ever again be able to move his elbow or his shoulder—will remain to tell the tale to his dying day.

"The sight of the wounded man was no encouragement to me to prosecute my enterprise; but I was very anxious to procure the fruit of the Victoria; and as three of the little fellows who were running about offered to row me over, and their grandfather made no objection, I did not hesitate to avail myself of their services. The mouth of the lake was on the opposite side of the Ranos, and a little below the sitio. Having reached it, we entered a dense forest, following the dried bed of the igarape, in which my guides were not slow to detect the recent footsteps of a jacare. Five minutes brought us to the lake, and we embarked in the frail *montaria*, in which it was necessary before starting so to stow ourselves as to preserve an exact balance. We then coasted along toward the Victoria, which appeared at a distance of some one hundred and fifty yards. We had made but a few strokes when we perceived, by the muddy water ahead of us that a jacare had just dived. As we passed cautiously over the troubled water, a large jacare

came to the surface a few yards from the offside of our *montaria*, and then swam along, parallel to our course, apparently watching our motions very closely.' Although the little fellows were frightened at the proximity of the jacare, their piscatorial instincts were so strong, that at the sight of a passing shoal of fish, they threw down their paddles, and seized their mimic bows and arrows—the latter being merely strips of the leaf-stalk of a palm, with a few notches cut near the point—and one of them actually succeeded in piercing and securing an *arnara*, of about eighteen inches long. Our scaly friend still stuck to us, and took no notice of our shouting and splashing in the water. At length, the eldest lad bethought him of a large harpoon which was laid in the bottom of the *montaria*; he held this up and poised it in his hand, and the jacare seemed at once to comprehend its use, for he retreated to the middle, and there remained stationary until we left the lake."

Humboldt records, in his personal narrative, "that he learned of the Indians of San Fernando that scarcely a year passed without several persons, particularly women who fetch water from the river, being devoured by these carnivorous reptiles. They related the history of a young girl of Uritueu, who, by singular intrepidity and presence of mind, saved herself from the jaws of a crocodile. When she felt herself seized, she sought the eyes of the animal, and plunged her fingers into them with such violence that the pain forced the crocodile to let go his hold, but not until after having bitten off the lower part of her left arm. The girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of blood she had lost, swam ashore with the hand that still remained to her. In those desert countries, where man is ever wrestling with nature, discourse daily turns on the best means that may be employed to escape from a tiger, a boa, or a crocodile; every one prepares himself in some sort for the dangers that may await him. 'I knew,' said the young girl of Uritueu coolly, 'that the cayman lets go his hold if you push your fingers into its eyes.' Long after my return to Europe I learned that in the interior of Africa the negroes know and practice the same means of defense. Who does not recollect with lively interest Isaac, the guide of Mungo Park, who was seized twice by a crocodile, and twice escaped from the jaws of the monster, having succeeded in thrusting his fingers into the creature's eyes while under water? The African Isaac and the young Indian girl owed their safety to the same presence of mind, and the same combination of ideas." We can add to the illustrations of the universality of the same method employed to escape from the reptile, that the *Jacksonville Courier*, published in Florida, gives the details of a fight between a young man named Morton and an alligator ten feet long, in which Morton had his arm broken, but by "*gouging*" the animal, he finally succeeded in making his escape.

In Africa the negroes steal upon the alligator,

and dexterously manage to drive a spear through the tail into the ground; while the reptile is thus transfixed they torment it to their hearts' content, and then secure for food such parts as they deem great luxuries. The wonderful escape made by the Rev. John A. Butler, an American missionary in South Africa, from a crocodile, is very thrilling, and characteristic of such encounters. The gentleman was returning from the discharge of his duties in a distant village, and was obliged to cross a river. No natives being present to manage the boat, he ventured to cross on horseback, though the water was deep and turbid. As he went over safely, when he returned the next day he again ventured into the river in the same way. When about two-thirds of the way across, his horse suddenly kicked and plunged, as if to disengage himself from his rider, and the next moment a crocodile seized Mr. Butler's thigh with his horrible jaws. The river at this place is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, if measured at right angles to the current. The water at high tide, and when the river is not swollen, is from four to eight or ten feet deep. On each side, the banks are skirted with high grass and reeds.

Mr. Butler, when he felt the sharp teeth of the crocodile, clung to the mane of his horse with a death-hold. Instantly he was dragged from the saddle, and both he and the horse were floundering in the water, often dragged entirely under, and rapidly going down the stream. At first the crocodile drew them again to the middle of the river; but at last the horse gained shallow water, and approached the shore. As soon as he was within reach, several natives ran to his assistance, and beat off the crocodile with spears and clubs.

Mr. Butler was pierced with five deep gashes, and had lost much blood. He left all his garments, except his shirt and coat, on the opposite shore with a native who was to follow him; but when the struggle commenced, the native returned, and durst not venture into the water again. It was now dark; and, without garments, and weak from loss of blood, he had seven miles to ride. He borrowed a blanket of a native, and after two hours succeeded in reaching the station, more dead than alive.

His horse also was terribly mangled; a foot square of the flesh and skin being torn from his flanks. The animal, it is supposed, first seized his horse, and, when shaken off, he caught Mr. Butler, first below the knee and then in the thigh. There were five or six wounds from two to four inches long, and from one half to two and a half inches wide. After enduring, in addition to his other misfortunes, the pains of a severe fever, he gradually recovered from the frightful contest.

We have frequently heard of the rapacity of the alligator in the rivers and bayous of Louisiana, but it is seldom that an authenticated case is to be met with. We once had a neighbor in Concordia parish who walked out upon a log to dip up some water from the lake, and had his

arm seized and instantly crushed in the jaws of the half-grown reptile. Children playing upon the edges of shallow streams sometimes fall victims; but our experience is, that the American representative is, comparatively speaking, a harmless creature, as will be clearly illustrated by numerous examples.

Chateaubriand had no other than poetical feelings called forth by witnessing the alligator in the lagoon everglades of Florida. Writing of them, he breaks forth in the following picturesque description:

"Whatever," he says, "may be the apparent deformity of the alligator, they possess many traits of the Divine goodness. A crocodile or a serpent is not less tender of its young than a nightingale or a dove. It is a miraculous and touching contrast to see an alligator make her nest and lay her eggs, and after the little monsters are hatched, to notice the solicitude which the dam displays for her family. The amazon keeps vigilant watch while the fires of the day glow upon them. As soon as they are hatched the mother takes them under her protection, leads them to the river, bathes them in the running water, teaches them to swim, catches fish for their subsistence, and protects them from the males, who would devour them as food."

The mother of Moses must have thought the crocodile harmless, when she intrusted her baby-boy among the reeds of the Nile. Pharaoh's daughter and her attendants bathed freely in the stream where the monsters most did congregate. In some parts of Louisiana women and children will, while bathing, take no more notice of the alligators than to splash the water with their hands to drive them off. Even in the terrible Ganges, we learn from an English missionary, that while he was looking at a number of children sporting in the water, he saw a large crocodile proceeding toward the creek; he, in great alarm, screamed, and made signs to some Chinamen near to come to his assistance. The "Celestials" only laughed, and presently the missionary saw the reptile playing among the children.

Audubon, while living in the Louisiana swamps, and studying the habits of the feathered race, became very familiar with the alligator, and they were numerous on Red River, at the time he observed them, almost beyond conception. He says he has seen hundreds at once, the smaller riding on the backs of the larger, groaning and bellowing like so many mad bulls about to meet in fight, and so careless of man, that, unless shot at or disturbed, they remained motionless, or took no notice of boats and canoes passing within a few yards of them. Dr. Lindsey, a gentleman who paid much attention to the habits of the alligator, relates that, with two companions, he was pursuing a wounded deer, ten miles from Baton Rouge, when the party came upon a den of alligators, all of which appeared not only indifferent of their approach, but also incapable of being frightened. The gen-



ALLIGATOR SHOOTING IN THE SWAMPS.

tlemen dismounted, secured their horses, and divided their ammunition, which, though abundant in powder, was restricted in lead to 450 buck-shot. It was, therefore, determined to use only three of the latter at a charge. Each man had, therefore, fifty rounds. The hunters standing very near the reptiles, caused every shot to be fatal. The wounded all died in from three to four minutes after being shot; they jerked, tumbled, turned on one side, held up their quivering hands, and died. When the last shot was fired the survivors lay quietly, unterrified and unconcerned. As deer are only in "fine condition" in the winter, we presume the reptiles mentioned by the Doctor were suffering somewhat from the effects of cold.

The form of the alligator is quite familiar; its hideousness is admitted; yet its elongated, Chinese-looking eyes are so really beautiful, that they called forth from Job one of the most striking figures that can be found in Eastern imagery. Speaking of them, he says, "they are like the eyelids of the morning." Think of having the sun just peeping out between the lines of the horizon, amidst some dewy cloud, suggested by the eye of the alligator; and yet the severely truthful naturalist, Dowler, declares them as worthy the attention of poets as are the eyes of the famed gazelles.

To give a specific idea of its habits and nature is impossible, because of its pacific manner under the most trying experiments. Dr. Dowler permanently prized open its mouth, and it seemed perfectly satisfied; he fastened it helplessly upon a dry platform, and it made no resistance; he buried it with weights under water, and it appeared content; he crowded food down its mouth, and it remained for days undigested; he deprived it of all food for weeks, and it grew in fatness; and probably, if it had been full fed, it would have gone into a decline! At one time the alligator dies because of an apparently harmless scratch; at another time, although terribly mutilated, it seems impossible to destroy its vitality. One time it eats with the voracity of a tiger; then, without any apparent reason, it will reject food for months. It has its humors of courage, and, as with all "braves," if we are to believe good authority, its "seasons of cowardice." The closest study of the alligator gives no clear or satisfactory idea of its desires, appetites, or habits.

The head of the alligator, ill shaped and repulsive as it appears, exhibits in its construction the same wonderful wisdom that characterizes the most charming works of creation. The extreme length of its jaws would render them easily broken if they were of solid bone, as is usually

the case; but instead, they are composed of elongated sections, bound together as the numerous springs of the cross-bow. The teeth, so exceedingly hideous, exhibit, upon examination, some of the most beautiful contrivances in nature. They consist of eighty sharp-pointed ivory-looking cones, nearly equally divided between the upper and lower jaw. By the cunning arrangement of a long tooth and a short one alternating throughout the entire set, they have a fang-like expression, which is increased from the fact that those of the lower jaw come inside of the upper, and enter holes in the roof of the mouth; and having no lips to hide these dental horrors, they are forever glistening upon you in apparent anger, and threatening destruction. These teeth are shed annually; in the spring they are small and sharp, in the fall large and round. If you get the skull, and knock out a tooth, it is always found to rest upon one already protruding out of the socket. The hunters, who have in many instances a taste for rude carving, make beautiful rifle "powder charges" of the largest; and these alligator teeth are often unconsciously met with in jewelers' stores, handsomely set in silver, as ornaments for infants' necks, and agreeable substances on which the juveniles can try their still toothless but aching gums.

Herodotus repeated the idea that the crocodile was tongueless, which caused it to be worshiped as the emblem of mystery, the leading feature of the Egyptian religion. Upon examination of its mouth, there is found in the interior an unformed mass of flesh, *without any development at its tip*, but which enlarges until finally it becomes a valve sufficiently large to cover the throat, and is evidently essential to preserve the stomach from involuntary intrusion, while the animal is pursuing its prey under water. Modern science, no doubt with truth, pronounces this a tongue, but the ancients, judging from appearances alone, seemed to think there was no such organ whatever.

The legs of the alligator are awkwardly set on, and appear wholly disproportionate to the size of the body; they are really feeble, and are easily held so that the reptile can not draw them from your grasp. "Its fore leg is from twelve to eighteen inches long, and is not as thick as a boy's arm of ten year's old. The hind legs are but little larger. There seems to be no credulity implied in the belief of the story, often repeated and pictured even in scientific works, in which a man is represented as mounting on the back of an alligator, and using the two fore legs—which he drew over the reptile's back—as one does the reins of a bridle.

The tail of the alligator is its most efficient weapon of defense and attack. If its assailant can keep out of its way, comparatively little harm may be expected. If any animal it seeks for prey is standing upon the edge of the water, the reptile will take its bearing and swim noiselessly toward the shore, occasionally bringing an eye to the surface for reconnoissance, then

suddenly rising within striking distance, will whirl round its tail with lightning rapidity and generally bring the victim into its jaws. We were fishing on one occasion upon the Bayou Sara, a wild, desolate stream, although flowing through a most populous region of country, and on the opposite bank we noticed a tall crane that for an hour had been standing perfectly still and half-leg deep in the water, either reflecting upon the mutability of ornithological affairs, or watching for minnows. Our attention was also arrested by the apparent phenomenon of a limb of a tree taking upon itself motion, and cautiously moving down the bank of the bayou toward the crane. The alligator—for such it was—by a strange sidelong motion gradually reached its prey, but seemed in no haste to seize it. For a long while it appeared to be sleeping on the bank, when suddenly it contracted itself in a half circle round the bird, opened its jaws, and drove the bird into them with a terrible certainty, and then with a nimble spring disappeared beneath the muddy current.

The principal food of the alligator is fish; it is his "mission," in the order of Providence, to assist in the destruction of those millions of fishes that come up out of the sea, in the annual overflows of the rivers, which might otherwise die, and by their decay breed pestilence throughout the land. The tail is the great adjunct to their mouth in taking their food in the water. The manner has been described as follows: The alligator placed his long body at a suitable distance from the shore, and as soon as the fish came between him and the land the body was curved, the tail run ashore, and the mouth opened under water—the ensnared having no chance for escape, except running the gauntlet of the terrible jaws. The power of this singular appendage was displayed on one occasion by a recently shot, and supposed to be "stone dead," alligator. A novice to their peculiarities of "playing possum," wishing to test the extreme hardness of their coat-of-mail, very innocently attempted to drive his hunting-knife into the fore shoulder of the "body" before him. If the steel had been a galvanic battery it could not have acted more efficiently on the paralyzed but not dead muscles, for round came the tail instinctively to protect the wounded part, cutting off in its sweep an interfering "sapling;" showing too plainly that a slender pair of legs would not have been in the way at all. Fortunately our philosopher struck his blow on the side of the reptile opposite to which he stood, and thus preserved himself from being a cripple for life.

It is difficult to ascertain the probable length of the largest-sized alligators. In speaking of them there is always a disposition to magnify their proportions. A gentleman, who was habitually careful in his expressions, informed us that he once saw the jaws of an alligator which must have opened in the living reptile at least five feet. A distinguished orator of the South-



AN ALLIGATOR SEIZING A CRANE.

west asserted to the day of his death that he once killed an alligator in the waters of Pascagoula Bay, Gulf of Mexico, that was twenty-one feet long. A planter of scientific proclivities, residing in the vicinity of Red River, where it empties into the Mississippi, has in vain for years offered a reward of one hundred dollars for an alligator, dead or alive, over twelve feet long. With the introduction of steamboats and population upon the Lower Mississippi "its ancients" have disappeared, for Audubon mentions one that he destroyed in the vicinity where this reward has since been offered which seemed centuries old, and was seventeen feet in length. We had a good-natured friend who was ever telling about the remains of an alligator he met with in his rambles on the Mexican Gulf coast, which was longer than we will repeat. It is possible there may be something about salt-sea air that produces a race of "gigantic saurians;"



at least all large alligators are located in such regions. Our hero of the long skeleton always concluded his tale by saying he stood inside of the lower jaw, and, while erect, placed the upper one on his head.

In making the nest the female, in the spring, selects a dry place in the swamp, one not liable to overflow, where she makes quite a hillock of dried leaves, pieces of sticks, and whatever soft substances may be convenient that will answer the purpose, in the centre of which she lays from twenty to forty eggs. The process of in-

cubation seems dependent upon the heat of the sun and the fermentation of the materials of the nest. The female, however, always remains in the immediate vicinity, and will fight with maternal valor for her charge. The egg is larger and longer than that of the hen, and has a clear, white appearance: they vary in size, those in some nests being larger than those in others. On one occasion with a hunting party, we were encamped for the night under a huge tree, when we were disturbed by an immense alligator that would approach within the circle of the light, and evidently with hostile intentions. The hunters, familiar with the appearance of the reptile, paid no attention to it until some one discharged a load of buckshot in "its face." All night long the monster was heard in the vicinity blowing and tumbling about in the water; in the morning we discovered that we had actually "squatted" down beside a well-filled



THE YOUNG ALLIGATOR COMING OUT OF THE SHELL

nest! In fact, two or three of the amphibitis were peeping out of their shells, and the remainder had so far advanced beyond the yolk, that—to use the expressive language of one of our party—"thunder couldn't spile 'em!" The moment the young emerge from their prison they immediately hide away, and seldom appear in public unless under the immediate guardianship of their maternal parent. They have innumerable enemies: while in the tenderness of youth, large cranes and voracious fish think them quite a delicacy; while the "old bulls," if they come across them, make no nice distinctions between them and frogs, but "chew them up" with infinite gusto.

The fondness of the female for her young is so great that the responsibilities of parent seems for the time to increase her intelligence. She will make any sacrifice in their defense, and becomes, if disturbed, a foe. When the young are quite small, as a last resort, if danger threaten, they run down the mother's throat to get out of harm's way, and are generally seen clustered upon her scaly back, eying with juvenile curiosity her successful efforts to procure them food. A Spaniard of Florida relates, that having carried off an alligator's brood, which he placed in a basket, borne away by negroes, the mother followed uttering piteous cries. Two of the young ones were put upon the ground, when she immediately began to push them back toward her haunts with her long snout, keeping behind to protect them, and then walking before to show the way. The little reptiles paddled along grunting after their dam, the huge monster meanwhile displaying the most marked satisfaction.

Upon being attacked the alligator "squats" with its head close to the ground, and thus watches the intruder. Feeling themselves disposed to show anger, they gradually rise on their feet, distend themselves, and hiss something like the expiring note of a blacksmith's bellows. A peculiarity of the reptile is, that it will never turn out of its way, even to oblige a scoundrel, as once did John Randolph. If the path be narrow, you must kill the alligator or turn back yourself. A planter friend of ours, who spent much of his time upon the romantic waters of Lake Solitude—so pleasantly described by Sir Charles Lyell—got into his long canoe, and as he settled the oars into the row-locks he discovered a large alligator in the canoe, head toward him, on the point of making his escape. Both parties were mutually embarrassed; yet the immutable law of the alligator, always to go ahead, left no choice but to get out of his way. Springing with his feet upon the gunwale, our friend stood for a moment like the Colossus of Rhodes, intending to let the peacefully-disposed intruder pass between his legs, but his courage

failed him, and he sprang into the water in one direction, and the alligator, evidently rejoiced to get out of the way, disappeared in another.

The power the alligator possesses to exist a long time without food, is one of its most extraordinary peculiarities, and almost exceeds belief. We have known one of good size to be kept six months in a dry yard, without food or water, and seemingly not to suffer from the fast. The reader will therefore not be surprised at the following illustrative anecdotes: Some years ago, while residing in the parish of Concordia, Louisiana, we received through "the post" a letter of portentous appearance, and covered over with stamps, which indicated that it had run the gauntlet through half the powers and principalities of Europe. Upon opening the document, we found a letter from a world-famed professor of Germany, who was—to use his own language—"desirous of obtaining a living specimen of the *Crocodylus Mississippiensis*, for the benefit of sci-



ence, by the better understanding of its habits and anatomy." Provisions were made through different consuls for its safe conveyance and all expenses. We made a public appeal through the press in behalf of "a specimen;" and were not only accommodated by kind neighbors with several of the desirable age and condition, but some one, with commendable pride in the growth of "the staple," had a monster of many extra feet in length, in the dead hour of the night, fastened at our door, whose huge jaws, as exhibited by daylight, opened wide enough to swallow any philosopher who would dare to interfere with his habits or dental fixtures. Two alligators, however, we shipped to Gottingen or its neighborhood. They were simply secured in boxes affording plenty of air, and in this condition started on their travels. By the aid of steamboats, ships, and rail-cars, they finally, after various adventures through the long period of nearly five months, in good health reached the destined owner, and had not, in all that time, lived on else than faith, sunshine, and the dews of heaven.

Between the deer and bear hunters and the alligator there is a confirmed war. Seldom indeed will they miss a chance of knocking over their enemy, even if it is at the expense of losing their more coveted game. In the chase, the difficult to raise and highly-prized pack of hounds most frequently takes to the water, and while thus exposed, the alligator, ever on the watch, the moment he hears the loud bay, sacrifices them without mercy. An interesting and well-authenticated anecdote is told, illustrative of the hound in avoiding its enemy. A gentleman, living in the "Opelensas country," and remarkably fond of hunting, kept a choice pack of dogs, which, in going from the house to the woods, had to cross a stream celebrated for its innumerable alligators. They soon discovered where lay the danger, and when they desired to cross the stream, they would come together on the banks, and utter the most unearthly yells. The alligators in the vicinity would pop up their heads above the water in all directions, and then simultaneously rush to the place where the hounds appeared to be on the point of entering the stream. The hounds, having satisfied themselves that their enemies had come well together, would then suddenly start up the bank, run a few hundred yards and cross, making their ferry before the fooled reptiles could reach them.

Next to that of the dog, swine's flesh seems to be a favorite delicacy with the alligator. Pigs stand but little chance, if once caught too near the edges of the bayous; while thus exposed, if an alligator is espied, a litter of "young roasters" soon disappear. We were very much amused on an occasion, to witness a rash and terrible fight between an alligator of good size and a miserable old hog, known as of the alligator breed. Perhaps there was a real affinity between them, for their heads were strangely alike. However, a pitch battle of some moments ensued, when, to my surprise, the alligator suddenly quit his hold and seemed satisfied to make off with a whole hide. The extraordinary part was, that the victorious and venerable old porker never left the place, but, crowned with its victorious wreaths, quietly disposed of itself in the soft mud, and soon grunted itself into a sound sleep.

The bear is also sometimes a victim to the alligator's prowess: if Bruin be fairly seized and gotten under the water, he seldom escapes. We have heard of many such incidents. A graphic account of such a contest, evidently written by an eye-witness, appeared many years since. Every incident is brought vividly before the mind's eye.

"The witness, while fishing on the banks of a beautiful stream in Western Louisiana, was startled by the roaring of some animal in the cane-break near by, apparently getting ready for action. These notes of preparation were succeeded by the sound of feet, trampling down the cane and scattering the shells on the ground. Rushing to the trysting, instead of there being,

as was supposed, two prairie bulls mixing impetuously in battle, there was a large black bear raised upon his hind legs, his face besmeared with white foam, sprinkled with blood, which, dropping from his mouth, rolled down his shaggy breast. Frantic from the smarting of his wounds he stood gnashing his teeth and growling at his enemy. On a bank of snow-white shells, in battle array, was Bruin's foe—a monster alligator. He looked as if he had just been dipped in the Teche, and had emerged, like Achilles from the Styx, with an invulnerable coat of mail: he was standing on tiptoe, his back curved upward, and his tongueless mouth thrown open, displaying his wide jaws, two large tusks and rows of teeth. His tail, six feet long, raised from the ground, was constantly waving like a boxer's arm to gather force; his big eyes, starting from his head, glared upon Bruin, while sometimes uttering hissing cries, then roaring like a bull.

"Bruin, though evidently baffled, had a firm look, which showed he had not lost confidence in himself. If the difficulty of the undertaking had once deceived him, he was preparing to go at it again. Accordingly, letting himself down upon all fours, he ran furiously at the alligator, which being ready for him, threw his head and body partly round to avoid the onset, and met Bruin half way with a blow of the tail that rolled him on the shells. The bear was not to be put off by one hurt: three times in rapid succession he rushed at the alligator, and was as often repulsed in the same manner, being knocked back by each blow just far enough to give the alligator, before he returned, time to recover the swing of his tail. The tail of the alligator sounded like a flail against the coat of hair on Bruin's head and shoulders, but he bore it without flinching, still pushing on to come to close hold with his scaly foe.

"Finally, he made his fourth charge with a degree of dexterity which those who have never seen this clumsy animal exercising would suppose him incapable of. This time he got so close to the alligator before the tail struck him, that the blow came with but half its usual effect. The alligator was upset by the charge, and before he could recover his feet Bruin grasped him round the body, below the fore legs, and holding him down on his back, seized one of the reptile's legs in his mouth. The alligator was now in a desperate situation; he attempted in vain to bite, for his neck was so stiff that he could not turn his head around. Seized with desperation, the amphibious beast fetched a scream of despair; but being a warrior 'by flood and field,' he was not yet entirely overcome. Writhing his tail in agony, he happened to strike it against a small tree that stood next the bayou—aided by this purchase he made a convulsive flounder, which precipitated himself and Bruin, locked together, into the river.

"The bank from which they fell was four feet high, and the water below seven feet deep. The tranquil stream received the combatants with a



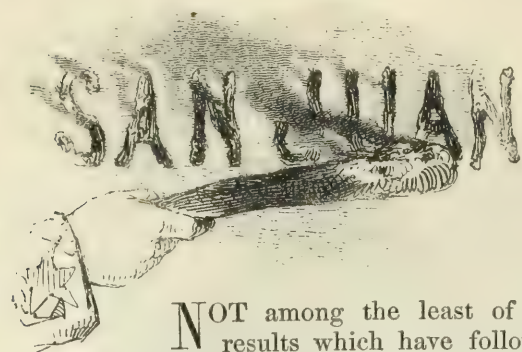
FIGHT BETWEEN THE ALLIGATOR AND BEAR.

loud splash, then closed over them in silence. A volley of ascending bubbles announced their arrival at the bottom, where the battle ended. Presently Bruin rose again, scrambled up the bank, cast a glance back at the river, and, all dripping, made off to the cane-brake."

Some of the popular fables respecting the alligator should now give way to truth. The oft-repeated idea of their hypocrisy in shedding unfeeling tears has had a hold, through poetry, in the world's imagination long enough. The species are honest in their indignation, and shed no tears at all; for their lachrymal fountains have been sought in vain by detestable tobacco-juice, and if they are angry, however imprudent it might be to show it, the alligator will honestly "hiss you to your face." Herodotus, noticing that the crocodile invariably raised its head when opening its mouth, conceived the idea that it moved its upper jaw "down on its lower one." This impression is most natural to every one who sees the monsters in their native haunts; but anatomy proves that the lower jaw, as in all animals, alone moves in a socket.

We conclude our article on alligators by al-

luding to the strange bellowing uttered at times by the "old bulls," as they are termed by the swamper. In the season of nest-making, this strange noise partakes of the lion's roar, and can be heard for many miles, and while you attentively listen you can feel a perceptible vibration of the air. By this terrific noise you can form no idea of the distance the reptiles may be from you; for, at one moment, the "primo basso" comes rolling in with the distinctness of thunder, and then will die away in strange and mysterious cadences, most harmonious with the dark gloom of the forest wilds. Such is the love-song of the alligator, which fills the irreverent of even this age with strange and awe-inspiring emotions, and suggests sublime thoughts of the mysteries of nature. If such be our experience, what must have been the feelings of the ancient people of the Nile, when, in the quiet hours of an Oriental night, they heard their great god waking up from the waters of that still unexplored river, and sending his gigantic voice vibrating through the vaults of their temples, or whispering in soft murmurs among their groves of palm.



NOT among the least of the results which have followed upon the acquisition of California, and the discovery of its golden treasures, is the tropical direction which has incidentally been given to American enterprise. Regions before unknown, or but vaguely known through the wild tales of the buccaneers, where a vertical sun shone down upon high volcanic mountains and forests of rare woods, and where, in later years, a group of anarchical republics had sprung up on the ruins of the semi-barbaric viceroyalties of jealous and exclusive Spain—these strange regions have now become familiar alike to the dwellers on the arid shores of New England and on the banks of the turbid Mississippi. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of active and adventurous men have traversed the seas where, for two hundred years, and almost within the memory of this generation, piracy was the rule rather than the exception. They have crossed the continent in the footsteps of Pizarro and his followers, and given new life and activity to those quaint old towns in which Drake and Morgan, and the rest of the rollicking old freebooters, so often gorged themselves with the spoil of the Spaniard. And, practical as adventurous, their restless gray eyes have marked out new lines of travel, and the sites of new cities, better adapted to the wants of commerce and the requirements of transit than those which for three hundred years had satisfied a humdrum world. With not less of romance than attached to the figurative marriage of Venice to the Adriatic, superadded to practical zeal and Herculean energy, they have bound the Atlantic to the Pacific with an iron band, and are seeking to break down the barriers which divide them, and to mingle their as yet estranged waters.

The undefined terrors of tropical climates, the dangers which were supposed to lurk beneath its inviting exterior—deadly fevers, venomous reptiles, and ferocious beasts of prey—have been found to be little better than idle fictions; and experience has shown that, with rare exceptions, on low coasts, where daily rains, interrupted by fierce intervals of sunshine, have forced vegetable nature into rank exuberance, and created dense, dank jungles, the birth-place and home of malaria—that elsewhere, among the open savannas, on the elevated plains and terraces of the interior, and along the flanks of its mountain ranges, nature has lavished her richest gifts, the products of every zone, and a climate of unequaled salubrity. It was in the high valleys and elevated table-lands of Mexico,

Central America, Bogota, and Peru, that aboriginal civilization reached its highest phase of development, and aboriginal population its greatest numerical strength. And it requires no prescience to discover, in future times, in the course of those great revolutions which no human will or systems of human laws or compacts can control, but which flow inevitably from High Design, that here the great composite race, which in our own country has achieved such marvels of progress, will attain to its highest development and greatest power.

Nor is this result to be contemplated as speculative and remote: it is real and near. Is it not significant that the English language now dominates in Panama, and that an American town terminates that line of transit on the Atlantic—a town raised as by enchantment from the sea, in defiance of every natural obstacle? Steam and the printing-press have acclimated themselves there, in practical and triumphant disproval of those hoary hypotheses which invested the tropics with beauty, and forbade them to civilization—which made them an Eden, and placed Death as an inappeasable sentinel at its portal.

Further to the northward, the great modern magician, Enterprise, and his Cyclop, Work, have effected transformations scarcely less wonderful. The broad and beautiful lakes of Nicaragua are beaten into sparkling foam beneath the wheels of treasure-laden steamers, and the dense forests which line the banks of her rivers now ring back the clangor of the engine and the shrill scream of the steam-whistle, as faithfully as they once echoed the vesper song of the boatman and the dash of his steady oar.

Look down with me from this gentle eminence. Seest thou, in yonder little bay, the graceful forms of many small vessels, whose taper masts and half-furled sails show that they belong to that age which is passing away, when the mariner courted the wind, and depended for prosperous voyages on the favoring breath of heaven? Beside them, in grim contrast, is the black hull and grimed rigging of a Pacific steamer, within whose iron bosom throb the prisoned spirits of fire and water—chained allies of man in his warfare against the elements. Along the crescent shore, relieved against an emerald background of forest, which robes the amphitheatre of hills in eternal green, are white cottages and broad-roofed warehouses, homes of affection and depositories of wealth. What of all this, askest thou, oh reader? Only that he who speaks to thee—his eye is yet undimmed and his brow unwrinkled—stood five years ago where thou standest, and looked down upon this little bay as thou lookest. The forest swept down to the edge of the water, the misanthropic sea-bird mused on the solitary shore, and the waves of the Pacific rolled in silent majesty, unresisted by keel of ship or wheel of steamer. And so it had been forever! This is now the port of San Juan del Sur; and here the adventurer, bound to the golden gates of the Land of Promise, first em-

barks on that placid sea, whose waters alone separate the regions of Cathay, of "Ormuz and the Ind," "crowned with the hoar of centuries," from the irresistible offspring of modern time, the great practical Reality of To-day.

This is San Juan of the South. Two hundred miles away to the eastward, past the lakes of Nicaragua and the wide expanse of forest which covers the Atlantic declivity of the continent, tenanted only by wild beasts and birds of many hues, is another town, San Juan of the North—ancient as this is young, a town of vicissitudes, important in spite of itself, and conspicuous beyond its ambitions. Romance has often portrayed the fate of rustic beauty so unfortunate as to attract the attentions of rank and power; and the yet warm ashes of San Juan bear witness that, with nations as among individuals, the weak are but the pawns which reckless Power plays against unscrupulous Strength.

It is the hypothesis of some philosophers that every word and act of every human being, however humble, leaves its permanent impression on nature, which thus becomes the great registrar of events, typified as the Recording Angel. It is certainly true that events are so indissolubly linked together, that no human ingenuity can accurately define their relations, or in what mode they react upon each other. For nearly three hundred years, from 1529, when the adventurous Diego de Machuca descended the river San Juan from Lake Nicaragua, and indicated the port at its mouth, until 1848, San Juan was almost utterly unknown to the world. Writers on the dreamy project of uniting the two oceans by means of a canal referred to it vaguely as the necessarily eastern terminus of that work, and a few traders sent vessels thither to bring away cargoes of dye-woods, and hides and indigo, which came there in quaint river boats, hollowed from the gigantic trunks of the ceiba tree, manned by tall, half-naked, swarthy men, from some undefined and distant interior. A few dozen huts of thatch, built in a narrow opening in the dense forest which burdened the low shore, comprised all that there was of a town. A small fort of logs, manned by a commandant who wore his shirt outside of his pantaloons, at the head of a dozen soldiers who wore no shirts at all, constituted whatever there was of local government and authority. The world and its movements had no interest to the dwellers in San Juan. An occasional vessel gave them occupation for a few days in loading and unloading, and brought them, what was of more consequence than all, a supply of rum and new strings for their guitars. The vessels went away, and then they had music and enlivening drams, with much dancing, not over-modest, lazy swinging in hammocks, and no end of sleep. And thus the days went on, and weeks, and months and years rolled by. The log fort gradually rotted away, and the guns buried themselves in the sand.

But while the dwellers in San Juan danced,

and drank, and slumbered, Taylor had fought the battles of Monterey and Buena Vista, Scott had planted his flag on the palaces of Mexico, and California had succumbed to American arms. Then came peace, and with it the cession of a new empire on the Pacific, with its vast and unanticipated results, which have since affected the entire relations of the world.

San Juan, in its tropical seclusion and miserable insignificance, one might suppose, would have escaped complication with these great events. But her ample port and important geographical position had long been known and appreciated by a power which is never blind to its material interests, nor scrupulous in promoting them. Her statesmen saw that with the acquisition of California by the United States, the project of an inter-oceanic communication would become invested with an immediate and practical importance. As soon, therefore, as the probabilities of this acquisition became decided, means were taken to grasp the keys to the natural highway between the oceans. Eight days before the treaty of peace with Mexico was signed, two British vessels of war appeared in the harbor of San Juan, and took forcible possession of the place, under the shallow pretext that it pertained to a mythical personage called "the King of Mosquito," of whom Great Britain affected to be the protector.

Nicaragua which, as a province of Spain, and subsequently as an independent Republic, had for more than three hundred years been in unquestioned possession of the port, not only protested against this act of violence, but endeavored fruitlessly to expel the invaders. Her forces were routed, and she was compelled to enter into an engagement not to disturb the usurpers in their occupation of the sole Atlantic terminus of the then supposed only feasible route of communication between the seas. A British officer, under the denomination of "Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General in Mosquito," now assumed the exercise of all legislative and executive power at San Juan—the name of which was changed to "Greytown." He promulgated laws on slips of paper stuck on the cane walls of the hut which, in the absence of other accommodations, he was fain to occupy, and enforced them through the aid of an effective body of armed police, consisting of two negroes from Jamaica! The natives of San Juan marveled greatly at these proceedings, and were outraged in being obliged to coop up their pigs and chickens—in disregard of the prerogatives which those useful animals had enjoyed for time immemorial. But they soon got used to it, and hammocks, drams, and guitars resumed their ancient sway.

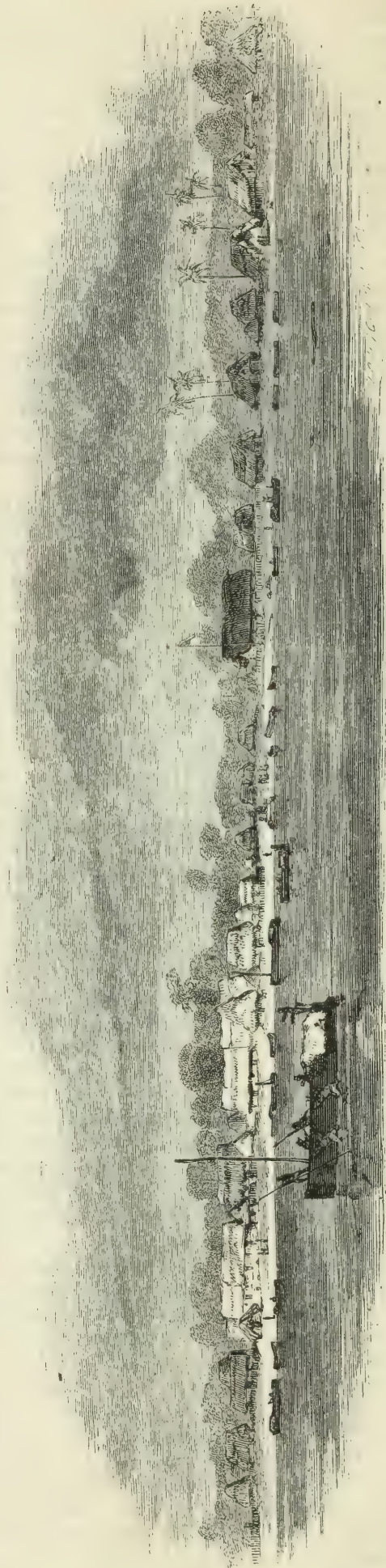
1849.

It was scarcely a year after the seizure above recounted took place, when the writer of this sketch entered the port of San Juan for the first time. It was after a tedious voyage, in a small and uncomfortable vessel, from which

escape to any land, not absolutely a desert, would have been an indescribable relief. Hence it was, perhaps, that even San Juan looked beautiful, although a rigid analysis might have failed to discover wherein its beauties consisted. The shore was low and sandy, and upon it was ranged a line of houses, or rather huts, some built of boards, but most of reeds, and all thatched with palm leaves. Some came down to the water like boat-sheds, as they really were, covering *pitpans* and canoes. Larger contrivances for navigating the San Juan river, called *bongos*, were moored close inshore, and upon each might be seen a number of very long and very black legs, every pair supporting a very short white shirt; for, among the innovations of "H. B. M.'s Consul-General" was a requirement that respectable adult citizens should not dispense with both pantaloons and shirts at one and the same time. Behind the town rose the dense tropical forest. There were no clearings, no lines of road stretching back into the country; nothing but dark solitudes, where the tapir and the wild boar roamed unmolested; where the painted macaw and noisy parrot, flying from one giant tree to another, alone disturbed the silence, and where the many-hued serpents of the tropics coiled among vines loaded with flowers and fragrant with gums.

The arrival of our little brig created a great excitement in San Juan, and when we landed we found the entire population of the town collected on the shore to receive us. The dress of the urchins, from twelve or fourteen downward, consisted generally of a straw-hat and cigar—the latter sometimes unlighted and stuck behind the ear, but oftener lighted and stuck in the mouth; a costume airy, picturesque, and cheap withal! The women had white or flowered skirts, fastened above the hips, and a sort of large vandyke, with holes for the arms, which hung down loosely over the breast. In some cases the latter garment was rather short, and left exposed a strip of skin at the waist, which the wanton wind often made much wider. They all had their hair braided in two long locks, which hung down behind, and gave them a school-girly appearance—quite out of keeping with the cool, deliberate manner in which they smoked their cigars. Their feet were innocent of stockings; but a few suspiciously-fashionable ladies wore slippers of white satin, evidently reserved for some important occasion, such as the arrival of a vessel. A number of them had gaudy-colored *rebosos* thrown over their heads; and altogether the entire group, with an advance-guard of sullen-looking curs, was both novel and picturesque.

We were too glad to get ashore, and too eager to enjoy our new liberty, to stand upon ceremony, and so pushed our way through the crowd of gazers, and started down the principal avenue, which had been called King Street. The doors of the huts were open, and in all of them might be seen hammocks swung so as to



SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA ("GREYTOWN") IN 1849.

catch every passing current of air. In some of these, reclining in attitudes suggestive of intense laziness, were swarthy figures of men, whose apathy even the arrival of a vessel in the port could not disturb. We caught also occasional glimpses of the domestic economy of the inhabitants, and could not help admiring the perfect equality and general good understanding which existed between the pigs, babies, dogs, cats, and chickens. They lay down together in millennial confidence, and the pigs gravely took pieces of tortillas away from the babies, and the babies as gravely took other pieces away from the pigs.

It did not require much time to exhaust the sights of San Juan; and, after passing through its principal and only street, we struck off in a path to the right, followed by a troop of boys and grown-up vagabonds. A few paces brought us to the edge of a beautiful lagoon, fenced in by a bank of verdure, upon the edges of which were a number of women, naked to the waist, who had not yet heard the news. They were engaged in washing clothes; that is to say, they dipped them in the water, squeezed over them the juice of limes, and then placing them on the bottom of an old canoe, beat them vehemently with clubs. Visions of buttonless shirts rose up incontinently before us, in long perspective, as we followed our path, which led along the shores of the lagoon, and invited us to the cool, deep shades of the forest. A flock of chattering parquets fluttered above us, and strange fruits and flowers appeared on every side. We had not gone far before we perceived a strange odor of musk, and directly we heard a heavy plunge in the water. We stopped short and listened; but one of the urchins waved his hand contemptuously, and ejaculated "*Lagartos!*" And sure enough, glancing among the bushes, we saw an enormous alligator leisurely propelling himself through the water! The neighborhood of such gentry was scarcely to our liking, and the urchins, keen enough in observation, noticed our surprise. It only required a suggestion from one of them—a naked little ebon rascal in advance, who looked suspiciously around at the same time—that there were many snakes about, to induce us to turn back, and defer our walk in the woods until another day.

At the time of which I write, the town of San Juan consisted of some fifty or sixty dwellings of the rudest and most primitive construction, scarcely making an approach to what, in the United States, would be called respectable out-houses. They were, in fact, mere palm-thatched sheds, roughly boarded up, or made of a kind of wicker-work of canes, in some cases plastered over with mud. The furniture, consisting of a hammock, a high table, a few chairs, and a hide bed, was in entire keeping with the dwellings. Yet, mean and uninviting as were these structures, they answered a tolerable purpose in a climate where any thing beyond a roof to keep off the rain and sun may almost be regarded as a superfluity. The heavy thatch of palm leaves

or long grass is an effectual protection against these; and though it affords excellent quarters for scorpions, serpents, rats, and other pleasant colonists, yet under the tropics these soon cease to excite apprehension, and, with mice and cockroaches, sink into commonplaces.

The population of San Juan did not exceed three hundred. Besides what might be called the native inhabitants—who had the same characteristics in language, habits, and customs with the lower classes of the interior of Nicaragua—there were a few foreigners and some creoles of pure stock, who resided there as agents or consignees of mercantile houses. The population, therefore, exhibited every variety of race and complexion—whites, Indians, mestizos, negroes, and sambos—black, brown, yellow, foul, and fair—all mingled together in utter disregard of the conventionalities founded on color.

There was neither church nor school-house in San Juan, nor indeed in the whole "Mosquito Kingdom;" although the English Church had been formally proclaimed as the established religion of the monarchy! Previously to the English seizure, the place had been a curacy dependent on the diocese of Nicaragua; but afterward the "*xopilote*" (turkey-buzzards), as the black-robed priests were irreverently called, were rarely seen.

While making arrangements for ascending the river, we took up our quarters in a kind of store-house, used as a depository for the hides, indigo, and tobacco which came down from the interior. Here we swung hammocks, and made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. The first night on shore passed pleasantly, interrupted only by various droppings from the roof, which the active fancies of my companions converted into scorpions and other noxious insects.

We dined regularly with "H. B. M.'s Consul-General," who, as I have intimated, was invested "with full and all manner of power and authority" to administer the government of the port. The Nicaraguans at the castillo on the river, it was alleged, had cut off all supplies from that direction, with a view of starving out their enemies; and, as a consequence, provisions in San Juan were as limited in quantity as poor in quality.

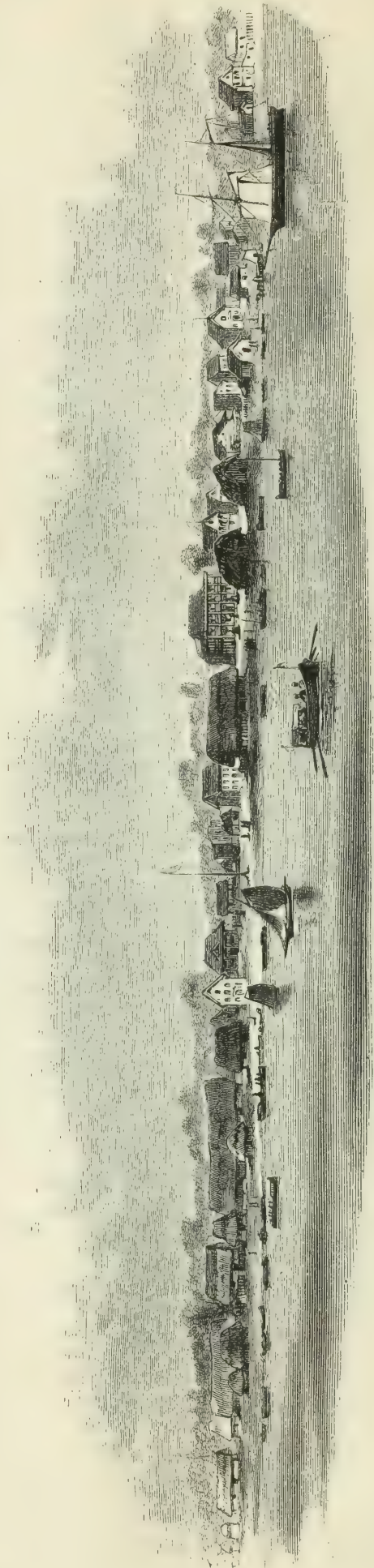
The people of the place, it is true, had divers pigs and chickens; but, animated by the same kind of hostility with their countrymen above, they flatly refused to sell to the new authorities, who were reduced to salt junk and ship biscuit, with a very scant supply of vegetables. In this emergency, "H. B. M.'s Consul-General" hit upon a happy expedient. He promulgated an order declaring that public decency and comfort required that all the pigs and chickens of the place should no longer roam at large, but be "securely cooped and penned," under penalty of being shot and confiscated by Her Majesty's servants. But as the pigs and poultry had always enjoyed unrestrained freedom, and, furthermore, as there were neither coops nor pens, it

followed that this wholesome regulation could be but partially complied with. It became, therefore, the "unpleasant duty" of the police to enforce the law—which they did in a very discreet and proper manner, never shooting more vagrant pigs and chickens than were necessary for the day's consumption at the Consulate. In this wise the laws were vindicated, and the larder of the Consul replenished.

The town of San Juan is situated on the southern side of the harbor, which is separated from the sea by a low sandy strip of land, called Point Arenas. Here the Spaniards erected their defenses for the protection of the port, the ruins of which can still be traced. We visited the Point, a day or two after our arrival, and found encamped there a few families of the Mosquito Indians, who had come down the coast to strike turtle, the shell of which constitutes about their only article of commerce. They were the most squalid wretches imaginable. Their huts consisted of a few poles set in a slanting direction, upon which was thrown a quantity of palm leaves. The sides were open, and altogether each structure must have cost fifteen minutes' labor. Under these rude shelters were crowded a number of half-naked figures, begrimed with dirt, their faces void of expression, and altogether brutish. They were engaged in eating, and only stared at us vacantly when we spoke to them. Their food was the flesh of the alligator and manatee, which had been chopped in large pieces, and then thrown into the fire until the outer portions were completely charred. These they devoured without salt, and with a wolfish greediness disgusting to behold. At a little distance, away from the filth and stench, the huts, with the groups beneath and around them, were really picturesque objects.

Leaving these poor creatures, our boatmen paddled our canoe into the winding channels of the many-mouthed San Juan, studded with numerous low islands, on which, in cool, leafy arbors, we saw many thatched huts, surrounded by bare, hard ground, flecked with the sunlight, which danced in mazes as the wind waved the branches above. Around them were dark naked figures, and before them light canoes drawn close to the bank, filling out the foreground of pictures such as we had imagined in reading the quaint recitals of the early voyagers. Their effects were heightened by the parrots and macaws which fluttered their bright wings on the roofs of the huts, and deafened the spectator with their shrill voices. Occasionally a tame monkey was seen swinging by his tail from the branches of the trees, and making grimaces at us as we passed.

The habits of the natives were unchanged in the space of three hundred years: the scenes we gazed upon were the counterparts of those which Columbus himself had witnessed when he coasted along these shores. Eternal summer reigned here; the wants of the people were few and simple, and Nature supplied them profusely with all the necessities of existence. They little



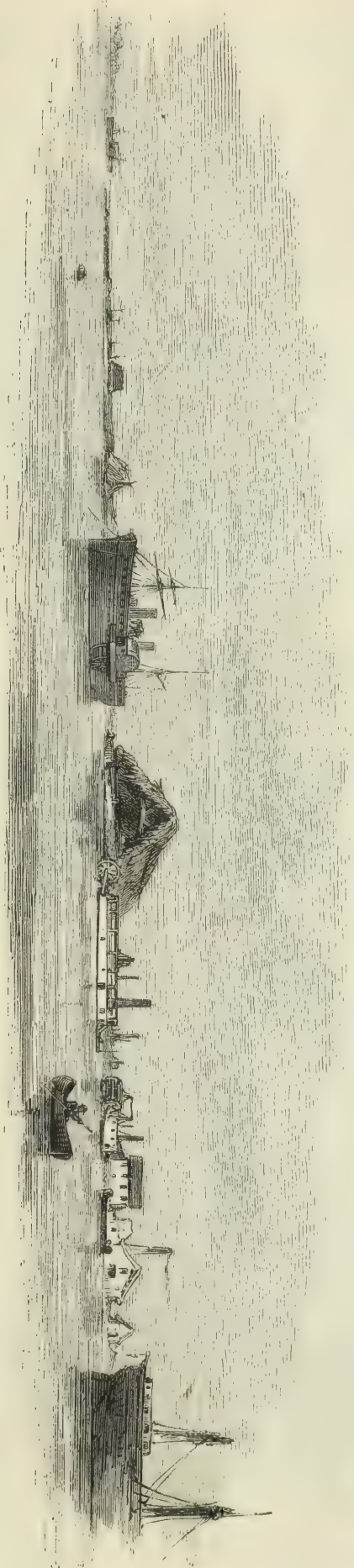
SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA ("GREYTOWN") IN 1853

thought, these dwellers in rude cabins, that the strangers gliding silently before them were there to prepare the way for the clanging steamer and the advent of daring, perhaps unscrupulous enterprise, which should dissolve the spell that had rested upon these slumbering shores for uncounted centuries. They little dreamed that the great world was meditating the Titanic enterprise of laying open their primeval solitudes, grading down their hills, and opening a canal from one great ocean to the other, over which the navies of the world might pass, laden with the treasures of two hemispheres!

1853.

Such was San Juan in 1849. Four years later, on a sunny afternoon in February, the writer again approached the shores of Central America, and again entered the harbor of San Juan. This time, however, a crowded California steamer had replaced the little brig, and we steered boldly into the bay which it had before taken a day of coquetry with the fickle winds to enter. The same low shore, with its monotonous forest, the same good-natured porpoises, and the same heavy pulsations of the Caribbean Sea; but the port itself, how changed! The British Mail-steamer was anchored in the middle of the harbor, surrounded by a number of trading vessels; while close to the eastern shore lay a steamer from New Orleans, densely crowded with passengers, who hailed us with cheers. They had been here two days, sweltering in the hot sun, awaiting our arrival, and the consequent dispatch of the river steamers of the Transit. Point Arenas—where the squalid Mosquito Indians had built their rude huts four years before—was now covered with huge sheds, the workshops of the Company holding the monopoly of transit, and the houses of its officers and workmen. They were rough, rickety structures, raised on the bare sand; for their builders had foolishly cut away the bushes that had protected the Point from the abrasion of the sea, which now encroached upon the peninsula, and even broke over it into the harbor, when the wind was strong from the eastward. There were a few small, dingy steamers, roughly put together at the outset, and roughly treated afterward, strongly resembling the lower order of plebeian steam-tugs in our harbors, innocent of paint, with chimneys variegated with rust, and awnings flapping in tatters like the cloak of an Italian beggar. Two of these—each with a big wheel at the stern, suggestive of overgrown wheel-barrows, were moored to the shore. An old hulk run aground to serve as a receptacle for coal, and the rough skeleton of a new boat designed for the river, with a few workmen pounding lazily at its ribs; a frame-building set up on posts, and leaning heavily to one side, within which we caught the gleaming of a great variety of bottles; a quantity of lumber heaped confusedly on the sand, and a rude attempt at a forge—these only need be mentioned to complete an inventory of the “improvements” at

POINT ARENAS IN 1853



Point Arenas. The water on this side of the harbor is deep, and we came to anchor close inshore, and directly in front of the heterogeneous establishment which I have described.

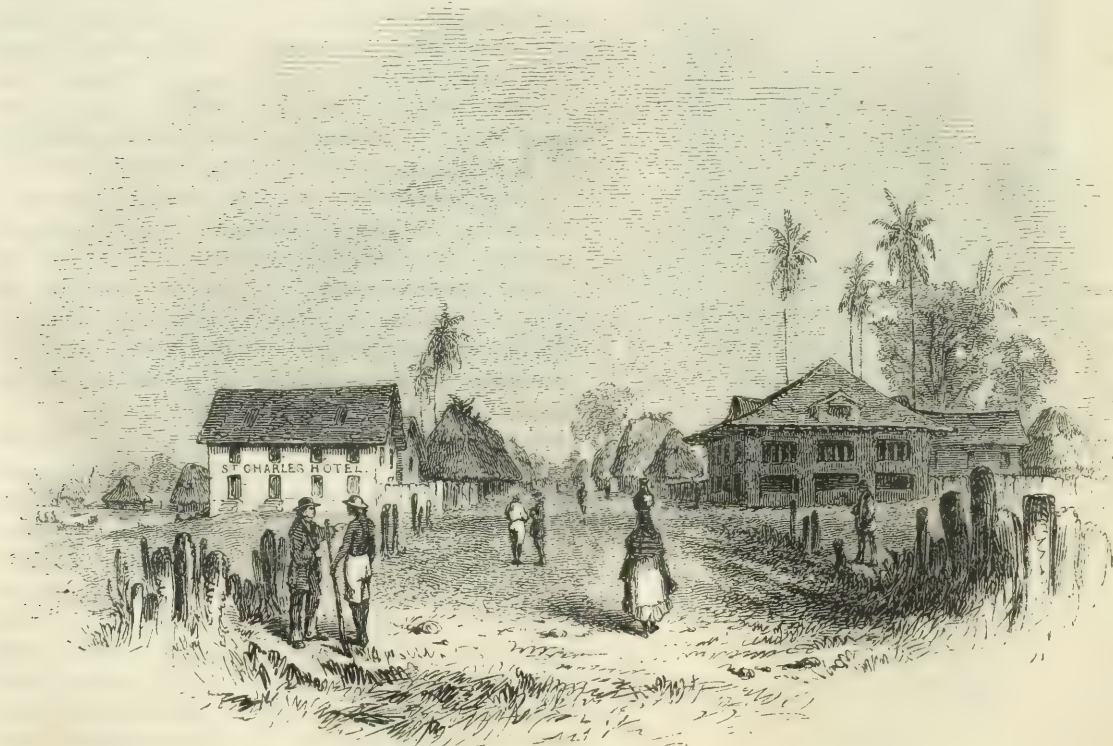
Shortly after a boat came alongside, bringing the agent of the *Transit*, who puffed up the sides, and with an exceedingly red face began an incoherent denunciation of the people and government of San Juan, who were characterized in terms more forcible than elegant. From what we could gather, it seemed that a mortal feud had arisen between the Company and the town, in consequence of the former refusing to land its passengers on the inhabited side of the harbor; thereby depriving the people of the profits which might otherwise accrue to them, and diverting the same into the hands of the Company's favorites and officers. The efforts of the people were consequently directed to procure a transfer of the establishment at Point Arenas to the town; and to this end they required of the Company a rigid compliance with the terms of the concession which they had made to it, and which only contemplated the occupation of the Point as a coal dépôt. The concession furthermore rigidly defined the area which could be used for this purpose. The terms of the concession, it was alleged, having been violated, a judgment against the Company was obtained in the local court, and a process of ejectment served upon its officers. In opposing this suit the agent of the Company had indulged in the largest liberty of speech, and had withal made sundry threats of a personal nature, in consequence of which he had been arrested and compelled to give bonds for his good behavior. This was the origin of the troubles which have since brought the af-

fairs of San Juan so conspicuously before the public.

While the passengers were listening to the angry complaints of the agent, a little boat came alongside, bringing a gentleman quite fantastically tricked out with gilt buttons and gold cord, who came up the side with a gravity appropriate to high official station. He was the Health Officer of the port, and seemed adequately impressed with the dignity and responsibility of his duties. We were a little surprised to find that he was an American!

The feud between the Company and the town had reached such a height that the passengers were kept close prisoners on board the steamers, the officers practically interdicting all communication with the shore, by prohibiting boats from coming alongside. The passengers complained much of this piece of annoyance, especially as the boats which were to take them up the river had not yet come down; but there was no redress. My own party, however, were too old travelers to submit to freaks of this kind, and, hailing a passing boat, in spite of interdict and impertinent subordinates, went on shore.

I have spoken of the change which four years had wrought at Point Arenas; but the transformation on the other side of the harbor was equally great. The thatched huts, which had constituted the old town of San Juan, had disappeared, or were lost in the shadow of the new and more imposing structures which had sprung up. The forest had receded on all sides, and streets, regularly laid out, had superseded the narrow paths which we had threaded on our previous visit. There were no recognizable features left. Where "H. B. M.'s" hospitable



KING STREET, SAN JUAN, LOOKING SOUTHWARD, 1853.



KING STREET, SAN JUAN, LOOKING NORTHWARD, 1853.

Consul-General had entertained us on confiscated pigs and chickens, stood a building of substantial aspect, above which waved the flag of the British Consulate. Near by was a gaunt edifice of pine boards, framed in the United States, and brought out bodily, as it were—a huge tinder-box of two stories, and labeled “ST. CHARLES HOTEL.” Within was a bar and rows of bottles, and plenty of people in check-shirts and straw-hats, with quick, intelligent eyes, ready of speech and swift in action. To the northward, where previously the forest had been densest, a broad avenue, called King Street, presented a perspective of houses of considerable pretensions. Among them was a hotel of large size and good construction, with colonnade and balconies, which would have reflected credit upon any country-town in the United States. Here we established ourselves, in quarters which had all the conveniences and many of the elegancies of civilization.

If the physical changes in San Juan surprised, the political and moral changes astonished us. The authority of “H. B. M.’s Consul-General” had departed, and the place, pending the negotiations concerning it between the United States and Great Britain, had become a *de facto* independent and sovereign municipality. The opening of the Nicaraguan route of transit had directed thither a full tide of American enterprise, and the American element soon began to predominate in all of its affairs. And when the public convenience and safety came to require a more stringent police and a better local administration, the people got together in their sovereign capacity and adopted a constitution, under which a complete political organization

was effected. The American interest, powerful at the first, acquired entire predominance at the second election; and at the time of our visit the government was wholly in American hands. Its trade had taken the same direction, and in its entire aspect it bore the appearance of a new town in the West. There were, nevertheless, many indications of a premature decline, which the people ascribed to the policy of the Transit Company, in cutting off the town from the direct and incidental benefits of the California travel. They were much exasperated against the Company, and loud in expressing their determination to require a rigid fulfillment of the terms under which they had permitted the Company to occupy Point Arenas. Their action, however, had been kept within strictly legal limits, and there is no reason for believing that it would ever have exceeded them.

And here I may be allowed to observe that the charges of disorder and irregularity which have lately been made against the people of San Juan, in terms not fit to be repeated, are both reckless and untrue. Whatever may be said in support or condemnation of the recent occurrences which have called out these expressions, nothing is to be gained to the cause of justice by libels upon a body of men, who, surrounded by conditions the most anomalous and discouraging, organized an effective municipal government, under which justice was regularly and faithfully administered, and order scrupulously maintained. With the first rush of transit, San Juan became the resort of many desperate characters from all parts of the world, but the earliest acts of the government were directed to their extirpation. One or two notorious robbers

were apprehended and hung out of hand; the gamblers and other harpies who had flocked there to prey on unsuspecting Californians were summarily ejected from the place, with emphatic assurances of being whipped and branded if they attempted to return. From that time forward, San Juan was a model of quiet, and nowhere in the world were life and property more secure.

The water in the river was low, and the little river steamers, crowded to suffocation, on which it was difficult to find even standing room, frequently got aground, involving not only detention and discomfort, but hunger and dangerous exposure to the night dews and the rains. In conjunction with other circumstances, these considerations induced our party to ascend the San Juan in a boat of our own. The first time I went up, was in a native *bongo* from the interior; now we embarked in a trim launch, built in the United States, and regularly furnished with awnings and other civilized appliances for keeping off the sun and rain. Our boatmen, however, were little changed from my first visit, except that they were more serious, never sang, and seldom said their prayers. The subordination which the swarthy inferior races must always yield to the white man, had already become established.

The morning of the first of March was fixed for our departure, but it was afternoon before we had fairly embarked. Half an hour afterward we had entered the river, which for some miles has low banks, covered with long grass, and studded with numerous islands barely rising above the stream, and in the rainy season frequently covered by the water. The whole coun-

try around is low, and generally marshy, traversed by creeks, which here and there spread out and form lagoons, which are the resorts of myriads of water birds.

At the distance of five or six miles above San Juan the banks of the river become higher, and are covered with a dense growth of feathery palms, which nod like plumes over the water. Here our oarsmen, in accordance with immemorial custom, hauled in to the bank to cook their evening meal, a very simple, but very protracted operation. There was no variation from what I had witnessed before. Stakes are driven into the ground to support a kettle in which a layer of meat is put, next a layer of peeled green plantains, another layer of beef, a calabash of rice, some salt, and over all sufficient water to fill the kettle. The contents are then thoroughly boiled. While this is going on, the men amuse themselves in roasting bits of meat on the ends of pointed sticks. Nothing can be wilder or more picturesque than a group of naked swarthy figures crouched around the fire, in the deep shadow of the forest, protecting their faces from the heat with their hands, and keeping up the while a most vociferous discussion on some topic interesting only to themselves.

It was nearly sunset when the meal was finished. The boat was pushed out in the stream, and we were once more on our way. Sweeping now under the shadows of the trees on the shore, and anon over the broad glassy reaches where the light was reflected on the water, it was long after night when we came to anchor in the middle of a broad bend in the river, as far as possible away from the shore to avoid the mosquitoes. Six passengers, with boxes, bags, trunks,



KIRKLAND'S ISLAND.

instruments, and provisions, in addition to as many oarsmen and their stores, did not leave much room in our boat for comfortable sleeping at night. It took an hour of experiment to adjust bodies and limbs so as to afford to each one some faint chance of securing slumber; but, after all, the night passed restlessly. Every body complained of cramp from long confinement in constrained positions; and none, I fear, properly appreciated the scenery, doubly beautiful in the early morning. We had reached the point of divergence of the Colorado mouth of the river, where the banks became still higher, and tall trees, draped all over with vines, began to appear towering over the graceful palms. Birds of varied plumage glanced in and out of the forest; cranes and other water-fowl paced soberly along the sand-bars, or flew lazily up the stream as we approached. Occasionally a pair of green macaws fluttered slowly over our heads, almost deafening us with their discordant notes. Mists lurked here and there in the bends of the river and in shadowy nooks; but as the sun arose they gradually dispersed. At eight o'clock the boat was moored under the shadow of a gigantic tree; and soon the fire blazed on the shore, and we forgot, in the grateful odor of our steaming coffee, the discomforts of the night.

The government of San Juan, in default of any other, had extended its jurisdiction far up the river, and its people had made establishments at various points on its banks. About noon we came to a large island, which an enterprising settler had cleared of forest and stocked with plantains, yucas, and other necessities of life. He had erected a neat house, and settled there permanently with his family. The transformation which four years had wrought at the port did not impress me as forcibly as this outpost in the wilderness. Enterprise and industry must always command respect; but when we witness their development under such circumstances, they exact the language of admiration. We could not resist the impulse to stop and congratulate our countryman on his success. We found him, true to the example of his native land, busily occupied with his crops. He felt an honest pride in showing us his improvements, and explaining his plans for the future; and we left him with a conviction that the seeds of civilization sown by such hands must ultimately spring up to the advancement and the glory of humanity.

The day following, after a night of rain, from which our awning failed wholly to protect us, damp and not in the best of tempers, we reached the point where the Nicaraguans had fortified themselves in their final encounter with the English in 1848, at the junction of the river Serapiqui with the San Juan. Here, too, civilization had taken root. An enterprising German, naturalized in the United States, had made extensive clearings on both banks of the river, and, like his neighbor (only twenty miles below), had started a flourishing plantation. It was yet in its infancy, but gave high promise for the future.



HIPPS.

Here we received a cordial welcome, and stopped for dinner. Our friend Hipp, unfortunately, was a bachelor, and had to do his own cooking. But, what with our supplies and his own, we made a dinner that day which a lord might envy. Our dining-hall, it is true, was built of poles and covered with thatch, and the floor was made of the split stems of the palm, while our table consisted of two stray planks placed side by side; but we had what was better than all, cheerfulness and an appetite.

I experienced a feeling almost of triumph in witnessing the enterprise which was thus reclaiming the wilderness. When I first passed up the river, I had contemplated the advent of the ax-bearing pioneer of civilization as an inevitable event, but one which I could hardly hope to witness. A few years only had elapsed, and lo! the hero of Industry was here, and the rich earth, in generous recompense for his toil, gave back a thousand-fold the seed which he had sown in her genial bosom.

Our friend Hipp, even in his isolation, was not entirely exempt from troubles. Before planting his household altars too firmly, he wished to be assured of the titles to his property, and he sought my advice on the subject. In the existing anomalous condition of the country, he was at a loss to know if his lands fell within the jurisdiction of the "King of Mosquito," of the town of San Juan, or the Republic of Nicaragua. To be on the safe side, however, he had made distinct application to each for his titles, and lest, even with these precautions, he might—as he expressed it—"slip up," he had made a

second clearing, and put in crops, on the opposite shore of the river, over which Costa Rica of late years had set up a claim of sovereignty. A few months afterward, a couple of Frenchmen arrived at the mouth of the Serapiqui, and attempted to occupy the clearing which Hipp had made on that side of the river, under authority of an alleged grant from Costa Rica; whereupon our friend denied the pretensions of the latter state, and, constituting himself the supreme law, summarily ejected the Gauls, who were glad to escape to San Juan with no greater damage than black eyes and bloody noses.

When we left Hipp's landing in the afternoon, he ran up the American flag, and we gave him three hearty cheers of encouragement. I presume he is still there, but not alone, unless the letter which he quietly slipped in my hand at the moment of departure, for a dark-eyed damsel in Grenada, failed of its object—a supposition which I should be sorry to entertain.

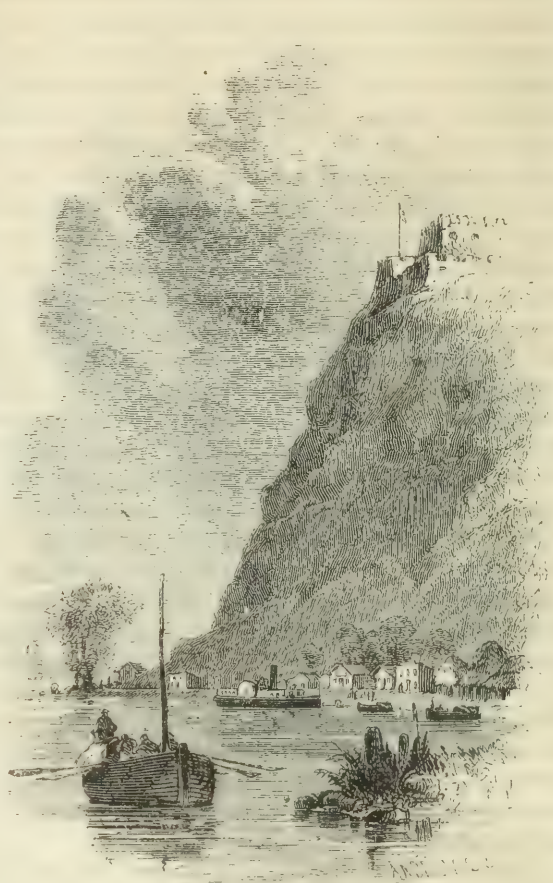
Our progress from Hipp's, until we reached the rapids of Machuca, was unrelieved by any thing worth recording. Here we found an establishment for cutting wood for the steamers, which gave promise of settling down into something more permanent. Upon the Rapids were the wrecks of several steamers, among them that of the "*Orus*," the first steamer I believe that entered the Chagres river, and which was lost in her first attempt to ascend the San Juan. There were a couple other wrecks, and the boat which had left San Juan a few days before us was jammed immovably on the rocks. Here too we encountered numerous native boats, packed with passengers, who were descending the river, without covering, and literally without food, in consequence of an accident to another of the Transit steamers at the rapids of the Castillo.

The river San Juan is utterly unfit for steamer navigation, nor can it ever be made to serve a useful purpose in this respect, except at great labor and expense.

The afternoon of the same day we reached the rapids of the Castillo, so called from the old fort of San Juan, now called "El Castillo Viejo." This fort was taken by the English in 1780, under the command of Captain, afterward Lord Nelson, the naval hero of Great Britain. It was here that he distinguished himself for the first time.

The fort is situated on a considerable hill, with abrupt slopes, precisely at the point where a ledge of rock extending across the river forms a rapid, or rather falls, which it is extremely difficult for boats of any description to pass. Even the cargoes of the native bongos, if heavy, require to be taken out, and the boats themselves tracked up by sheer force. Shortly before our arrival one of the steamers of the Company had been swept over by the current, and many passengers drowned.

In 1849 a solitary hut existed at the Castillo, in which the government of Nicaragua maintained a small guard for the purpose of assisting the boatmen in loading and unloading their



EL CASTILLO VIEJO.

bongos. It was now a place of a couple of hundred inhabitants. A wharf had been built below the falls, from which a piece of railway had been constructed for the transportation of passengers past the portage; and there were a dozen well-built frame houses, besides numerous structures of lesser pretensions. A garrison had been stationed in the old fort, and altogether a transformation effected which, considering the time it had taken, could probably not be paralleled out of that region of Aladdin-like changes—California.

The Castillo was the lowest point on the river where Nicaragua exercised authority. Below, the people of San Juan assumed a *pro tempore* jurisdiction, pending the settlement of the so-called "Mosquito question." At this point, then—as I write only of San Juan—my narrative, for the present at least, must come to a close.

1854.

In the foregoing pages, I have presented a picture of San Juan in 1849, when it was an obscure village, under the petty despotism of an irresponsible foreign agent, holding his post by the simple title of force. I have described it again in 1853, when it was a comparatively large and flourishing town, under a municipal organization springing from the only source of legitimate power, the people themselves. This government arrogated nothing to itself except the preservation of order and the protection of the interests of its citizens. Upon the question of ultimate sovereignty, and the abstract question of territorial right, opinions differed, al-

though a large preponderance of the American population recognized the clear and indubitable rights of Nicaragua. In the settlement of these questions the residents of San Juan could have but little to say; their sole alternative was to abide the course of events, and conform to what they could not control. Meantime, the necessity of a government of some sort was comprehended by all parties, and both England and the United States instructed their officers to recognize the *de facto* authorities. These instructions were scrupulously observed up to 1854, when those authorities were violently resisted in their attempts to investigate a case of alleged homicide committed within their recognized provisional jurisdiction.

The complications arising out of this event, led to the bombardment and entire destruction of San Juan, by the United States ship of war *Cyane*, in the month of June of the present year. Whatever may be the political result of this measure—if it shall lead to the restitution of San Juan to Nicaragua, its legitimate owner, or to the re-assertion and consolidation of British pretensions, remains for the future to disclose. Meanwhile San Juan is rising from its ashes, and the same enterprise which redeemed it from the listless apathy of three hundred years, will work out for it the destiny indicated by the importance of its geographical position, on one of the great highways of nations.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AMONG THE PAINTERS.

WHEN Clive Newcome comes to be old, no doubt he will remember his Roman days as among the happiest which fate ever awarded him. The simplicity of the student's life there, the greatness and friendly splendor of the scenes surrounding him, the delightful nature of the occupation in which he is engaged, the pleasant company of comrades, inspired by a like pleasure over a similar calling, the labor, the meditation, the holiday and the kindly feast afterward, should make the Art-students the happiest of youth, did they but know their good fortune. Their work is for the most part delightfully easy. It does not exercise the brain too much, but gently occupies it, and with a subject most agreeable to the scholar. The mere poetic flame, or jet of invention, needs to be lighted up but very seldom, namely, when the young painter is devising his subject, or settling the composition thereof. The posing of figures and drapery; the dexterous copying of the line; the artful processes of cross-hatching, of stumping, of laying on lights, and what not; the arrangement of color, and the pleasing operations of glazing and the like, are labors for the most part merely manual. These, with the smoking of a proper number of pipes, carry the student through his

day's work. If you pass his door you will very probably hear him singing at his easel. I should like to know what young lawyer, mathematician, or divinity scholar, can sing over his volumes, and at the same time advance with his labor? In every city where Art is practiced there are old gentlemen who never touched a pencil in their lives, but find the occupation and company of artists so agreeable that they are never out of the studios; follow one generation of painters after another; sit by with perfect contentment while Jack is drawing his pifferaro, or Tom designing his cartoon, and years afterward when Jack is established in Newman Street, and Tom a Royal Academician, shall still be found in their rooms, occupied now by fresh painters and pictures, telling the youngsters, their successors, what glorious fellows Jack and Tom were. A poet must retire to privy places and meditate his rhymes in secret; a painter can practice his trade in the company of friends. Your splendid *chef d'école*, a Rubens or a Horace Vernet, may sit with a secretary reading to him; a troop of admiring scholars watching the master's hand; or a company of court ladies and gentlemen (to whom he addresses a few kind words now and again), looking on admiringly; while the humblest painter, be he ever so poor, may have a friend watching at his easel, or a gentle wife sitting by with her work in her lap, and with fond smiles or talk or silence, cheering his labor.

Among all ranks and degrees of painters assembled at Rome, Mr. Clive found companions and friends. The cleverest man was not the best artist very often: the ablest artist not the best critic nor the best companion. Many a man could give no account of the faculty within him, but achieved success because he could not help it; and did, in an hour and without effort, that which another could not effect with half a life's labor. There were young sculptors who had never read a line of Homer, who took on themselves nevertheless to interpret and continue the heroic Greek art. There were young painters with the strongest natural taste for low humor, comic singing, and Cider-Cellar jollifications, who would imitate nothing under Michael Angelo, and whose canvases teemed with tremendous allegories of fates, furies, genii of death and battle. There were long-haired lads who fancied the sublime lay in the Peruginesque manner, and depicted saintly personages with crisp draperies, crude colors, and haloes of gold-leaf. Our friend marked all these practitioners of Art with their various oddities and tastes, and was welcomed in the ateliers of all of them, from the grave dons and seniors, the senators of the French and English Academy, down to the jovial students who railed at the elders over their cheap cups at the Lepre. What a gallant, starving, generous, kindly life, many of them led! What fun in their grotesque airs, what friendship and gentleness in their poverty! How splendidly Carlo talked of the marquis his cousin, and the duke his intimate friend! How great Federigo was on the subject of his wrongs,

* Continued from the November Number.

from the Academy at home, a pack of tradesmen who could not understand high art, and who had never seen a good picture! With what haughtiness Augusto swaggered about at Sir John's soirées, though he was known to have borrowed Fernando's coat, and Luigi's dress-boots! If one or the other was ill, how nobly and generously his companions flocked to comfort him, took turns to nurse the sick man through nights of fever, contributed out of their slender means to help him through his difficulty. Max, who loves fine dresses and the carnival so, gave up a costume and a carriage so as to help Paul. Paul, when he sold his picture (through the agency of Pietro, with whom he had quarreled, and who recommended him to a patron), gave a third of the money back to Max, and took another third portion to Lazaro, with his poor wife and children, who had not got a single order all that winter—and so the story went on. I have heard Clive tell of two noble young Americans who came to Europe to study their art; of whom the one fell sick while the other supported his penniless comrade, and out of sixpence a day absolutely kept but a penny for himself, giving the rest to his sick companion. "I should like to have known that good Samaritan, Sir," our Colonel said, twirling his mustaches, when we saw him again, and his son told him that story.

J. J., in his steady silent way, worked on every day, and for many hours every day. When Clive entered their studio of a morning, he found J. J. there, and there he left him. When the Life Academy was over, at night, and Clive went out to his soirées, J. J. lighted his lamp and continued his happy labor. He did not care for the brawling supper-parties of his comrades; liked better to stay at home than to go into the world, and was seldom abroad of a night except during the illness of Luigi before mentioned, when J. J. spent constant evenings at the other's bed-side. J. J. was fortunate as well as skillful: people in the world took a liking to the modest young man, and he had more than one order for pictures. The Artists' Club, at the Lepre, set him down as close with his money; but a year after he left Rome, Lazaro and his wife, who still remained there, told a different

tale. Clive Newcome, when he heard of their distress, gave them something—as much as he could spare; but J. J. gave more, and Clive was as eager in acknowledging and admiring his friend's generosity as he was in speaking of his genius. His was a fortunate organization indeed. Study was his chief amusement. Self-denial came easily to him. Pleasure, or what is generally called so, had little charm for him. His ordinary companions were pure and sweet thoughts; his out-door enjoyment the contemplation of natural beauty; for recreation, the hundred pleasant dexterities and manipulations of his craft were ceaselessly interesting to him: he would draw every knot in an oak panel, or every leaf in an orange-tree, smiling, and taking a gay delight over the simple feats of skill: whenever you found him he seemed watchful and serene, his modest virgin-lamp always lighted and trim. No gusts of passion extinguished it; no hopeless wandering in the darkness afterward led him astray. Wayfarers through the world, we meet now and again with such purity; and salute it, and hush while it passes on.

We have it under Clive Newcome's own signature, that he intended to pass a couple of years in Italy, devoting himself exclusively to the study of his profession. Other besides professional reasons were working secretly in the young man's mind, causing him to think that absence from England was the best cure for a malady under which he secretly labored. But change of air may cure some sick people more speedily than the sufferers ever hoped; and also it is on record, that young men with the very best intentions respecting study, do not fulfill them, and are led away from their scheme by accident, or pleasure, or necessity, or some good cause. Young Clive worked sedulously two or three months at his vocation at Rome, secretly devouring, no doubt, the pangs of sentimental disappointment under which he labored; and he drew from his models, and he sketched round about every thing that suited his pencil on both sides of Tiber; and he labored at the Life Academy of nights—a model himself to other young students. The symptoms of his sentimental malady began to abate. He took an interest in the affairs of Jack, and



Tom, and Harry round about him: Art exercised its great healing influence on his wounded spirit, which to be sure had never given in. The meeting of the painters at the *Café Greco*, and at their private houses, was very jovial, pleasant, and lively. Clive smoked his pipe, drank his glass of Marsala, sang his song, and took part in the general chorus as gayly as the jolliest of the boys. He was the cock of the whole painting school, the favorite of all; and to be liked by the people, you may be pretty sure that we for our parts must like them.

Then, besides the painters, he had, as he has informed us, the other society of Rome. Every winter there is a gay and pleasant English colony in that capital, of course more or less remarkable for rank, fashion, and agreeability with every varying year. In Clive's year some very pleasant folks set up their winter quarters in the usual foreigners' resort round about the *Piazza di Spagna*. I was amused to find, lately, on looking over the travels of the respectable M. de Pöllnitz, that, a hundred and twenty years ago, the same quarter, the same streets and palaces, scarce changed from those days, were even then polite foreigners' resort. Of one or two of the gentlemen, Clive had made the acquaintance in the hunting-field; others he had met during his brief appearance in the London world. Being a youth of great personal agility, fitted thereby to the graceful performance of polkas, etc.; having good manners, and good looks, and good credit with Prince Polonia, or some other banker, Mr. Newcome was thus made very welcome to the Anglo-Roman society; and as kindly received in genteel houses, where they drank tea and danced the galop, as in those dusky taverns and retired lodgings where his bearded comrades, the painters, held their meetings.

Thrown together every day, and night after night; flocking to the same picture-galleries, statue-galleries, Pincian drives, and church functions, the English colonists at Rome perforce become intimate, and in many cases friendly. They have an English library where the various meets for the week are placarded: on such a day the Vatican galleries are open: the next is the feast of Saint so and so: on Wednesday there will be music and Vespers at the Sistine chapel: on Thursday, the Pope will bless the animals—sheep, horses, and what-not: and flocks of English accordingly rush to witness the benediction of droves of donkeys. In a word, the ancient city of the Cæsars, the august fanes of the Popes, with their splendor and ceremony, are all mapped out and arranged for English diversion; and we run in a crowd to high-mass at St. Peter's, or to the illumination on Easter-day, as we run when the bell rings to the Bosjesmen at Cremorne, or the fireworks at Vaux-hall.

Running to see fireworks alone, rushing off to examine Bosjesmen by one's self, is a dreary work: I should think very few men would have the courage to do it unattended, and personally would not prefer a pipe in their own rooms.

Hence if Clive went to see all these sights, as he did, it is to be concluded that he went in company, and if he went in company and sought it, we may suppose that little affair which annoyed him at Baden no longer tended to hurt his peace of mind very seriously. The truth is, our countrymen are pleasanter abroad than at home; most hospitable, kindly, and eager to be pleased and to please. You see a family half a dozen times in a week in the little Roman circle, whom you shall not meet twice in a season afterward in the enormous London round. When Easter is over and every body is going away at Rome, you and your neighbor shake hands, sincerely sorry to part: in London we are obliged to dilute our kindness so that there is hardly any smack of the original milk. As one by one the pleasant families dropped off with whom Clive had spent his happy winter; as Admiral Freeman's carriage drove away, whose pretty girls he had caught at St. Peter's kissing St. Peter's toe; as Dick Denby's family ark appeared with all Denby's sweet young children kissing farewells to him out of window; as those three charming Miss Baliols with whom he had that glorious day in the Catacombs; as friend after friend quitted the great city with kind greetings, warm pressures of the hand, and hopes of meeting in a yet greater city on the banks of the Thames, young Clive felt a depression of spirit. Rome was Rome, but it was pleasanter to see it in company; our painters are smoking still at the *Café Greco*, but a society all smoke and all painters did not suit him. If Mr. Clive is not a Michael Angelo or a Beethoven, if his genius is not gloomy, solitary, gigantic, shining alone, like a lighthouse, a storm round about him, and breakers dashing at his feet, I can not help myself; he is as heaven made him, brave, honest, gay, and friendly, and persons of a gloomy turn must not look to him as a hero.

So Clive and his companion worked away with all their hearts from November until far into April when Easter came, and the glorious gala with which the Roman church celebrates that holy season. By this time Clive's books were full of sketches. Ruins, imperial and mediæval; peasants and bagpipemen; Passionists with shaven polls; Capuchins and the equally hairy frequenters of the *Café Greco*; painters of all nations who resort there; Cardinals and their queer equipages and attendants; the Holy Father himself (it was Gregory sixteenth of the name); the dandified English on the Pincio and the wonderful Roman members of the hunt—were not all these designed by the young man and admired by his friends in after-days? J. J.'s sketches were few, but he had painted two beautiful little pictures, and sold them for so good a price that Prince Polonia's people were quite civil to him. He had orders for yet more pictures, and having worked very hard, thought himself authorized to accompany Mr. Clive upon a pleasure trip to Naples, which the latter deemed necessary after his own tre-

mendous labors. He for his part had painted no pictures, though he had commenced a dozen and turned them to the wall; but he had sketched, and dined, and smoked, and danced, as we have seen. So the little britzska was put behind horses again, and our two friends set out on their tour, having quite a crowd of brother artists to cheer them, who had assembled and had a breakfast for the purpose at that comfortable osteria, near the Lateran Gate. How the fellows flung their hats up, and shouted, "Lebe wohl," and "Adieu," and "God bless you, old boy," in many languages! Clive was the young swell of the artists of that year, and adored by the whole of the jolly company. His sketches were pronounced on all hands to be admirable: it was agreed that if he chose he might do any thing.

So with promises of a speedy return they left behind them the noble city, which all love who once have seen it, and of which we think afterward ever with the kindness and the regard of home. They dashed across the Campagna and over the beautiful hills of Albano, and sped through the solemn Pontine Marshes, and stopped to roost at Terracina (which was not at all like Fra Diavolo's Terracina at Covent Garden, as J. J. was distressed to remark), and so, galloping onward through a hundred ancient cities that crumbled on the shores of the beautiful Mediterranean, behold, on the second day as they ascended a hill about noon, Vesuvius came in view, its great shape shimmering blue in the distant haze, its banner of smoke in the cloudless sky. And about five o'clock in the evening (as every body will who starts from Terracina early and pays the post-boy well), the travelers came to an ancient city walled and fortified, with drawbridges over the shining moats.

"Here is CAPUA," says J. J., and Clive burst out laughing: thinking of *his* Capua which he had left—how many months—years it seemed ago. From Capua to Naples is a fine straight road, and our travelers were landed at the latter place at supper-time; where, if they had quarters at the Vittoria Hotel, they were as comfortable as any gentlemen painters need wish to be in this world.

The aspect of the place was so charming and delightful to Clive: the beautiful sea stretched before his eyes when waking—Capri, a fairy island, in the distance, in the amethyst rocks of which Syrens might be playing—that fair line of cities skirting the shore glittering white along the purple water—over the whole brilliant scene Vesuvius rising with cloudlets playing round its summit, and the country bursting out into that glorious vegetation with which sumptuous nature decorates every spring—this city and scene of Naples were so much to Clive's liking that I have a letter from him dated a couple of days after the young man's arrival, in which he announces his intention of staying there forever, and gives me an invitation to some fine lodgings in a certain palazzo, on which he has cast his eye. He is so enraptured with the place,

that he says to die and be buried there even would be quite a treat, so charming is the cemetery where the Neapolitan dead repose.

The Fates did not, however, ordain that Clive Newcome should pass all his life at Naples. His Roman banker presently forwarded a few letters to his address; some which had arrived after his departure, others which had been lying at the *Poste Restante*, with his name written in perfectly legible characters, but which the authorities of the post, according to their custom, would not see when Clive sent for them.

It was one of these letters which Clive clutched the most eagerly. It had been lying since October, actually, at the Roman post, though Clive had asked for letters there a hundred times. It was that little letter from Ethel, in reply to his own, whereof we have made mention in a previous chapter. There was not much in the little letter. Nothing, of course, that Virtue or Grandmamma might not read over the young writer's shoulder. It was affectionate, simple, rather melancholy; described in a few words Sir Brian's seizure and present condition; spoke of Lord Kew, who was mending rapidly, as if Clive, of course, was aware of his accident; of the children; of Clive's father; and ended with a hearty "God bless you," to Clive, from his sincere Ethel.

"You boast of its being over. You see it is not over," says Clive's monitor and companion. "Else, why should you have dashed at that letter before all the others, Clive?" J. J. had been watching, not without interest, Clive's blank face as he read the young lady's note.

"How do you know who wrote the letter?" asks Clive.

"I can read the signature in your face," says the other; "and I could almost tell the contents of the note. Why have you such a tell-tale face, Clive?"

"It is over; but when a man has once, you know, gone through an affair like that," says Clive, looking very grave, "he—he's anxious to hear of Alice Gray, and how she's getting on, you see, my good friend." And he began to shout out as of old—

"Her heart it is another's, she—never—can—be—mine," and to laugh at the end of the song. "Well, well," says he; "it is a very kind note, a very proper little note; the expressions is elegant, J. J., the sentiments is most correct. All the little t's is most properly crossed, and all the little i's have dots over their little heads. It's a sort of a prize note, don't you see; and one such as, in the old spelling-book story, the good boy received a plum-cake for writing. Perhaps you weren't educated on the old spelling-book, J. J.? My good old father taught me to read out of his—I say, I think it was a shame to keep the old boy waiting while I have been giving an audience to this young lady. "Dear old father!" and he apostrophized the letter. "I beg your pardon, Sir; Miss Newcome requested five minutes' conversation, and I was obliged, from politeness, you know, to receive.



There's nothing between us; nothing but what's most correct, upon my honor and conscience." And he kissed his father's letter, and calling out again "Dear old father!" proceeded to read as follows:

"Your letters, my dearest Clive, have been the greatest comfort to me. I seem to hear you as I read them. I can't but think that this, the *modern and natural style*, is a great progress upon the *old-fashioned* manner of my day, when we used to begin to our fathers, "Honored Father," or even "Honored Sir" some *precisions* use to write still from Mr. Lord's Academy, at Tooting, where I went before Gray Friars'—though I suspect parents were no more *honored* in those days than nowadays. I know one who had rather be trusted than honored; and you may call me what you please, so as you do that.

"It is not only to me your letters give pleasure. Last week I took yours from Baden Baden, No. 3, September 15, into Calcutta, and could not help showing it at Government House, where I dined. Your sketch of the old Russian Princess and her little boy, gambling,

was *capital*. Colonel Buckmaster, Lord Bagwig's private secretary, knew her, and says it is to a *T*. And I read out to some of my young fellows what you said about play, and how you had given it over. I very much fear some of the young rogues are at dice and brandy-pawnee before tiffin. What you say of young Ridley, I take *cum grano*. His sketches I thought very agreeable; but to compare them to a *certain gentleman's*— Never mind, I shall not try to make him think too well of himself. I kissed dear Ethel's hand in your letter. I write her a long letter by this mail.

"If Paul de Florac in any way resembles his mother, between you and him there ought to be a very warm regard. I knew her when I was a boy, long before you were born or thought of; and in wandering forty years through the world since, I have seen no woman in my eyes so good or so beautiful. Your cousin Ethel reminded me of her; as handsome, but not so *lovely*. Yes; it was that pale lady you saw at Paris, with eyes full of care, and hair streaked with gray. So it will be the turn of you young folks, come eight more *lustres*, and your heads will be bald like

mine, or gray like Madame de Florac's, and bending over the ground where we are lying in quiet. I understand from you that young Paul is not in very flourishing circumstances. If he still is in need, mind and be his banker, and *I will be yours*. Any child of hers must never want when I have a spare guinea. I do not mind telling you, Sir, that I cared for her more than millions of guineas once; and half broke my heart about her when I went to India, as a young chap. So, if any such misfortunes happen to *you*, consider, my boy, you are not the *only* one.

"Binnie writes me word that he has been ailing. I hope you are a good correspondent with him. What made me turn to him just after speaking of unlucky love affairs? Could I be thinking about little Rosey Mackenzie? She is a sweet little lass, and James will leave her a pretty piece of money. *Verbum sap.* I should like you to marry; but God forbid you should marry for a million of gold mohurs.

"And gold mohurs bring me to another subject. Do you know, I narrowly missed losing half a lakh of rupees which I had at an agent's here? And who do you think warned me about him? Our friend Rummun Lal, who has lately been in England, and with whom I made the voyage from Southampton. He is a man of wonderful tact and observation. I used to think meanly of the honesty of natives, and treat them

my friends are longing to have a finger in it; but be sure of this, I shall do nothing rashly and without the very *best advice*.

"I have not been frightened yet by your drafts upon me. Draw as many of these as you please. You know I don't half like the other kind of drawing, except as a *délassement*: but if you chose to be a weaver, like my grandfather, I should not say you nay. Don't stint yourself of money or of honest pleasure. Of what good is money, unless we can make those we love happy with it? There would be no need for me to save, if you were to save too. So, and as you know as well as I what our means are, in every honest way use them. I should like you not to pass the whole of next year in Italy, but to come home and pay a visit to honest James Binnie. I wonder how the old barrack in Fitzroy Square looks without me? Try and go round by Paris on your way home, and pay your visit, and carry your father's fond remembrances to Madame la Comtesse de Florac. I don't say remember me to my brother, as I write Brian by this mail. Adieu mon fils! je t'embrasse! and am always my Clive's affectionate father, T. N."

"Isn't he a noble old trump?" That point had been settled by the young men any time these three years. And now Mr. J. J. remarked that when Clive had read his father's letter once, then he read Ethel's over again, and

put it in his breast-pocket, and was very disturbed in mind that day, pishing and pshawing at the statue gallery which they went to see at the Museo.

"After all," says Clive, "what rubbish these second-rate statues are! what a great hulking abortion is this brute of a Farnese Hercules! There's only one bit in the whole gallery that is worth a twopenny piece."

It was the beautiful fragment called Psyche. J. J. smiled as his comrade spoke in admiration of this statue—in the slim shape, in the delicate for-



haughtily, as I recollect doing this very gentleman at your uncle Newcome's, in Bryanstone Square. He heaped coals of fire on my head by saving my money for me; and I have placed it at interest in his house. If I would but listen to him, my capital might be trebled in a year, he says, and the interest immensely increased. He enjoys the greatest esteem among the moneyed men here; keeps a splendid establishment and house here, in Barrackpore; is princely in his benefactions. He talks to me about the establishment of a bank, of which the profits are so enormous and the scheme so (seemingly) clear, that I don't know whether I mayn't be tempted to take a few shares. *Nous verrons*. Several of

mation of the neck, in the haughty virginal expression, the Psyche is not unlike the Diana of the Louvre—and the Diana of the Louvre we have said was like a certain young lady.

"After all," continues Clive, looking up at the great knotted legs of that clumsy caricatured porter which Glykon the Athenian sculptured in bad times of art surely, "she could not write otherwise than she did—don't you see? Her letter is quite kind and affectionate. You see she says she shall always hear of me with pleasure: hopes I'll come back soon, and bring some good pictures with me, since pictures I will do. She thinks small beer of painters, J. J.—well, we don't think small beer of ourselves, my

noble friend. I—I suppose it must be over by this time, and I may write to her as the Countess of Kew.” The custode of the apartment had seen admiration and wonder expressed by hundreds of visitors to his marble Giant; but he had never known Hercules occasion emotion before, as in the case of the young stranger, who, after staring a while at the statue, dashed his hand across his forehead with a groan, and walked away from before the graven image of the huge Strongman, who had himself been made such a fool by women.

“My father wants me to go and see James and Madame de Florac,” says Clive, as they stride down the street to the Toledo.

J. J. puts his arm through his companion’s, which is deep in the pocket of his velvet paletot. “You must not go home till you hear it is over, Clive,” whispers J. J.

“Of course not, old boy,” says the other, blowing tobacco out of his shaking head.

Not very long after their arrival, we may be sure they went to Pompeii, of which place, as this is not an Italian tour, but a history of Clive Newcome, Esquire, and his most respectable family, we shall offer to give no description. The young man had read Sir Bulwer Lytton’s delightful story, which has become the history of Pompeii, before they came thither, and Pliny’s description, *apud* the Guide Book. Admiring the wonderful ingenuity with which the English writer had illustrated the place by his text, as if the houses were so many pictures to which he had appended a story, Clive, the wag, who was always indulging his vein for caricature, was proposing that they should take the same place, names, people, and make a burlesque story: “What would be a better figure,” says he, “than Pliny’s mother, whom the historian describes as exceedingly corpulent, and walking away from the catastrophe with slaves holding cushions behind her, to shield her plump person from the cinders! Yes, old Mrs. Pliny shall be my heroine!” says Clive. A picture of her on a dark gray paper, and touched up with red at the extremities, exists in Clive’s album to the present day.

As they were laughing, rattling, wondering, mimicking, the cicerone attending them with his nasal twaddle, anon pausing and silent, yielding to the melancholy pity and wonder which the aspect of that strange sad smiling lonely place inspires; behold they come upon another party of English, two young men accompanying a lady.

“What, Clive!” cries one.

“My dear, dear Lord Kew!” shouts the other; and as each young man rushes up and grasps the two hands of the other, they both begin to blush. . . .

Lord Kew and his family resided in a neighboring hotel on the Chiafa at Naples, and that very evening on returning from the Pompeian excursion, the two painters were invited to take tea by those friendly persons. J. J. excused himself, and sate at home drawing all night. Clive

went, and passed a pleasant evening; in which all sorts of future tours and pleasure-parties were projected by the young men. They were to visit Pæstum, Capri, Sicily; why not Malta and the East? asked Lord Kew.

Lady Walham was alarmed. Had not Kew been in the East already? Clive was surprised and agitated too. Could Kew think of going to the East, and making long journeys, when he had—he had other engagements that would necessitate his return home? No, he must not go to the East; Lord Kew’s mother avowed, Kew had promised to stay with her during the summer at Castellammare, and Mr. Newcome must come and paint their portraits there—all their portraits. She would like to have an entire picture-gallery of Kews, if her son would remain at home during the sittings.

At an early hour Lady Walham retired to rest, exacting Clive’s promise to come to Castellammare: and George Barnes disappeared to array himself in an evening costume, and to pay his round of visits as became a young diplomatist. This part of diplomatic duty does not commence until after the opera at Naples; and society begins when the rest of the world has gone to bed.

Kew and Clive sate till one o’clock in the morning, when the latter returned to his hotel. Not one of those fine parties at Pæstum, Sicily, etc., were carried out. Clive did not go to the East at all, and it was J. J. who painted Lord Kew’s portrait that summer, at Castellammare. The next day Clive went for his passport to the embassy; and a steamer departing direct for Marseilles on that very afternoon, behold Mr. Newcome was on board of her; Lord Kew and his brother and J. J. waving their hats to him as the vessel left the shore.

Away went the ship, cleaving swiftly through the azure waters; but not swiftly enough for Clive. J. J. went back with a sigh to his sketch-book and easels. I suppose the other young disciple of Art had heard something which caused him to forsake his sublime mistress, for one who was much more capricious and earthly.

CHAPTER XL.

RETURNS FROM ROME TO PALL MALL.

ONE morning in the month of July, when there was actually sunshine in Lamb Court, and the two gentlemen who occupied the third floor chambers there in partnership, were engaged, as their custom was, over their pipes, their manuscripts, and their “Times” newspaper, behold a fresh sunshine burst into their room in the person of young Clive, with a bronzed face, and a yellow beard and mustaches, and those bright cheerful eyes, the sight of which was always so welcome to both of us. “What, Clive! What, the young one! What, Benjamin!” shout Pen-dennis and Warrington. Clive had obtained a very high place indeed in the latter’s affections; so much so, that if I could have found it in my heart to be jealous of such a generous brave fellow, I might have grudged him his share of



Warrington's regard. He blushed up with pleasure to see us again. Pidgeon, our boy, introduced him with a jubilant countenance; and Flanagan, the laundress, came smirking out of the bed-room, eager to get a nod of recognition from him, and bestow a smile of welcome upon every body's favorite, Clive.

In two minutes an arm-chair full of magazines, slips of copy, and books for review, was emptied over the neighboring coal-scuttle, and Clive was in the seat, a cigar in his mouth, as comfortable as if he had never been away. When did he come? Last night. He was back in Charlotte Street, at his old lodgings: he had been to breakfast in Fitzroy Square that morning; James Binnie chirped for joy at seeing him. His father had written to him desiring him to come back and see James Binnie; pretty Miss Rosey was very well thank you: and Mrs. Mack? Wasn't Mrs. Mackenzie delighted to behold him? "Come, Sir, on your honor and conscience, didn't the widow give you a kiss on your return?" Clive sends an uncut number of the "Pall Mall Gazette" flying across the room at the head of the inquirer; but blushes so sweetly, that I have very little doubt some such pretty meeting had taken place.

What a pity it is he had not been here a short while since for a marriage in high life, to give away his dear Barnes, and sign the book, along with the other dignitaries! We described that ceremony to him, and announced the promotion of his friend, Florac, now our friend also, Director of the Great Anglo-Gallic Railway, the Prince de Montcontour. Then Clive told us of his deeds during the winter; of the good fun he had had at Rome, and the jolly fellows he had met there. Was he going to astonish the world by some grand pictures? He was not. The more he worked, the more discontented he was with his performances somehow: but J. J. was coming out very strong, J. J. was going to be a stunner. We turned with pride and satisfaction to that very number of the "Pall Mall Gazette," which the youth had flung at us, and showed him a fine article by F. Bayham, Esq., in which the picture sent home by J. J. was enthusiastically lauded by the great critic.

So he was back among us, and it seemed but yesterday he had quitted us. To Londoners every thing seems to have happened but yesterday; nobody has time to miss his neighbor who goes away. People go to the Cape, or on a campaign, or on a tour round the world, or to India, and return with a wife and two or three children, and we fancy it was only the other day they left us, so engaged is every man in his individual speculations, studies, struggles; so selfish does our life make us—selfish but not ill-natured. We are glad to see an old friend, though we do not weep when he leaves us. We humbly acknowledge, if fate call us away likewise, that we are no more missed than any other atom.

After talking for a while, Mr. Clive must needs go into the city, whither I accompanied him. His interview with Messrs. Jolly and Baines, at the house in Fog Court, must have been very satisfactory; Clive came out of the parlor with a radiant countenance. "Do you want any money, old boy?" says he; "the dear old governor has placed a jolly sum to my account, and Mr. Baines has told me how delighted Mrs. Baines and the girls will be to see me at dinner." He says my father has made a lucky escape out of one house in India, and a famous investment in another. Nothing could be more civil; how uncommonly kind and friendly every body is in London. Every body! Then bestowing ourselves in a Hansom cab, which had probably just deposited some other capitalist in the City, we made for the West End of the town, where Mr. Clive had some important business to transact with his tailors. He discharged his outstanding little account with easy liberality, blushing as he pulled out of his pocket a new check-book, page 1 of which he bestowed on the delighted artist. From Mr. B.'s shop to Mr. Truefitt's is but a step. Our young friend was induced to enter the hair-dresser's, and leave behind him a great portion of the flowing locks and the yellow beard, which he had brought with him from Rome. With his mustaches he could not be induced to part; painters and cavalry officers having a right to those decorations. And why should not this young fellow wear smart clothes, and a smart mustache, and look handsome, and take his pleasure, and bask in his sun when it shone? Time enough for flannel and a fire when the winter comes; and for gray hair and cork-soled boots in the natural decline of years.

Then we went to pay a visit at a hotel in Jermyn Street to our friend Florac, who was now magnificently lodged there. A powdered giant lolling in the hall, his buttons emblazoned with prodigious coronets, took our cards up to the Prince. As the door of an apartment on the first floor opened, we heard a cry as of joy;

and that nobleman, in a magnificent Persian dressing-gown, rushing from the room, plunged down the stairs and began kissing Clive to the respectful astonishment of the Titan in livery.

"Come that I present you, my friends," our good little Frenchman exclaimed, "to Madame la—to my wife!" We entered the drawing-room; a demure little lady, of near sixty years of age, was seated there, and we were presented in form to Madame la Princesse de Moncontour née Higg, of Manchester. She made us a stiff little courtesy, but looked not ill-natured; indeed, few women could look at Clive Newcome's gallant figure and brave smiling countenance and keep a frown on their own very long.

"I have eard of you from somebodys else besides the Prince," said the lady, with rather a blush. "Your uncle has spoke to me hoften about you, Mr. Clive, and about your good father."

"C'est son Directeur," whispers Florac to me. I wondered which of the firm of Newcome had taken that office upon him.

"Now you are come to England," the lady continued (whose Lancashire pronunciation being once indicated, we shall henceforth, out of respect to the Princess's rank, generally pretermitt)—"now you are come to England, we hope to see you often. Not here in this noisy hotel, which I can't bear, but in the country. Our house is only three miles from Newcome—not such a grand place as your uncle's; but I hope we shall see you there a great deal, and your friend, Mr. Pendennis, if he is passing that way." The invitation to Mr. Pendennis, I am bound to say, was given in terms by no means so warm as those in which the Princess's hospitality to Clive were professed.

"Shall we meet you at your Huncle Odson's?" the lady continued, to Clive; "his wife is a most charming, well-informed woman, has been

most kind and civil, and we dine there to-day. Barnes and his wife is gone to spend the honeymoon at Newcome. Lady Clara is a sweet dear thing, and her pa and ma most affable, I am sure. What a pity Sir Brian couldn't attend the marriage! There was every body there in London, a'most. Sir Harvey Diggs says he is mending very slowly. In life we are in death, Mr. Newcome! Isn't it sad to think of him, in the midst of all his splendor and prosperity, and he so infirm and unable to enjoy them! But let us hope for the best, and that his health will soon come round!"

With these and similar remarks, in which poor Florac took but a very small share (for he seemed dumb and melancholy in the company of the Princess, his elderly spouse), the visit sped on. Mr. Pendennis, to whom very little was said, having leisure to make his silent observations upon the person to whom he had been just presented.

As there lay on the table two neat little packages, addressed "The Princess de Moncontour"—an envelope to the same address, with "The Prescription, No. 9396" further inscribed on the paper, and a sheet of note-paper, bearing cabalistic characters, and the signature of that most fashionable physician, Sir Harvey Diggs, I was led to believe that the lady of Moncontour was, or fancied herself, in a delicate state of health. By the side of the physic for the body was medicine for the soul—a number of pretty little books in middle age bindings, in antique type—many of them, adorned with pictures of the German School, representing demure ecclesiastics, with their heads on one side, children in long starched nightgowns, virgins bearing lilies, and so forth, from which it was to be concluded that the owner of the volumes was not so hostile to Rome as she had been at an earlier period of her religious life; and that she had migrated (in spirit) from Clapham to Knightsbridge, as so many wealthy mercantile families



have likewise done in the body. A long strip of embroidery, of the Gothic pattern, furthermore betrayed her present inclinations; and the person observing these things, while nobody was taking any notice of him, was amused when the accuracy of his conjectures was confirmed by the re-appearance of the gigantic footman, calling out "Mr. Oneyman," in a loud voice, and preceding that divine into the room.

"C'est le Directeur. Venez fumer dans ma chambre, Pen," growled Florac, as Honeyman came sliding over the carpet, his elegant smile changing to a blush when he beheld Clive, his nephew, seated by the Princess's side. This, then, was the uncle who had spoken about Clive and his father to Madame de Florac. Charles seemed in the best condition. He held out two bran-new lavender-colored kid gloves to shake hands with his dear Clive; Florac and Mr. Pendennis vanished out of the room as he appeared, so that no precise account can be given of this affecting interview.

When I quitted the hotel, a brown brougham, with a pair of beautiful horses, the harness and panels emblazoned with the neatest little ducal coronets you ever saw, and a cipher under each crown as easy to read as the arrow-headed inscriptions on one of Mr. Layard's Assyrian chariots, was in waiting, and I presumed that Madame la Princesse was about to take an airing.

Clive had passed the avuncular banking-house in the city, without caring to face his relatives there. Mr. Newcome was now in sole command, Mr. Barnes being absent at Newcome, the Baronet little likely ever to enter bank parlor again. But his bounden duty was to wait on the ladies; and of course, only from duty's sake, he went the very first day and called in Park Lane.

"The family was habesent ever since the marriage simminery last week," the footman, who had accompanied the party to Baden, informed Clive, when he opened the door and recognized that gentleman. "Sir Brian pretty well, thank you, Sir. The family was at Brighting. That is, Miss Newcome is in London staying with her grandmammar in Queen Street, May Fear, Sir." The varnished doors closed upon Jeames within; the brazen knockers grinned their familiar grin at Clive; and he went down the blank steps discomfited. Must it be owned that he went to a Club, and looked in the Directory for the number of Lady Kew's house in Queen Street? Her ladyship had a furnished house for the season. No such noble name was to be found among the inhabitants of Queen Street.

Mr. Hobson was from home; that is, Thomas had orders not to admit strangers on certain days, or before certain hours; so that Aunt Hobson saw Clive without being seen by the young man. I can not say how much he regretted that mischance. His visits of propriety were thus all paid; and he went off to dine dutifully with James Binnie, after which meal

he came to a certain rendezvous given to him by some bachelor friends for the evening.

James Binnie's eyes lightened up with pleasure on beholding his young Clive; the youth, obedient to his father's injunction, had hastened to Fitzroy Square immediately after taking possession of his old lodgings—his, during the time of his absence. The old properties and carved cabinets, the picture of his father looking melancholy out of the canvas, greeted Clive strangely on the afternoon of his arrival. No wonder he was glad to get away from a solitude peopled with a number of dismal recollections, to the near hospitality of Fitzroy Square and his guardian and friend there.

James had not improved in health during Clive's ten months absence. He had never been able to walk well, or take his accustomed exercise, after his fall. He was no more used to riding than the late Mr. Gibbon, whose person James's somewhat resembled, and of whose philosophy our Scottish friend was an admiring scholar. The Colonel gone, James would have arguments with Mr. Honeyman over their claret, bring down the famous XVth and XVIth chapters of the Decline and Fall upon him, and quite get the better of the clergyman. James, like many other skeptics, was very obstinate, and for his part believed that almost all persons had as much belief as the Roman augurs in their ceremonies. Certainly, poor Honeyman, in their controversies, gave up one article after another, flying from James's assault; but the battle over, Charles Honeyman would pick up these accoutrements which he had flung away in his retreat, wipe them dry, and put them on again.

Lamed by his fall, and obliged to remain much within doors, where certain society did not always amuse him, James Binnie sought excitement in the pleasures of the table, partaking of them the more freely now that his health could afford them the less. Clive, the sly rogue, observed a great improvement in the commissariat since his good father's time, ate his dinner with thankfulness, and made no remarks. Nor did he confide to us for awhile his opinion that Mrs. Mack bored the good gentleman most severely; that he pined away under her kindnesses; sneaked off to his study-chair and his nap; was only too glad when some of the widow's friends came, or she went out; seeming to breathe more freely when she was gone, and drink his wine more cheerily when rid of the intolerable weight of her presence.

I protest the great ills of life are nothing—the loss of your fortune is a mere flea-bite; the loss of your wife—how many men have supported it and married comfortably afterward? It is not what you lose, but what you have daily to bear that is hard. I can fancy nothing more cruel, after a long easy life of bachelorhood, than to have to sit day after day with a dull handsome woman opposite; to have to answer her speeches about the weather, house-keeping, and what not; to smile appropriately when she is disposed to be lively (that laughing

at the jokes is the hardest part), and to model your conversation so as to suit her intelligence, knowing that a word used out of its downright signification will not be understood by your fair breakfast-maker. Women go through this simpering and smiling life, and bear it quite easily. Theirs is a life of hypocrisy. What good woman does not laugh at her husband's or father's jokes and stories time after time, and would not laugh at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, if he told them? Flattery is their nature—to coax, flatter, and sweetly befool some one is every woman's business. She is none if she declines this office. But men are not provided with such powers of humbug or endurance—they perish and pine away miserably when bored—or they shrink off to the club or public-house for comfort. I want to say as delicately as I can, and never liking to use rough terms regarding a handsome woman, that Mrs. Mackenzie, herself being in the highest spirits and the best humor, extinguished her half-brother, James Binnie, Esq.; that she was as a malaria to him, poisoning his atmosphere, numbing his limbs, destroying his sleep—that day after day as he sate down at breakfast, and she leveled common-places at her dearest James, her dearest James became more wretched under her. And no one could see what his complaint was. He called in the old physicians at the club. He dosed himself with poppy, and mandragora, and blue pill—lower and lower went poor James's mercury. If he wanted to move to Brighton or Cheltenham, well and good. Whatever were her engagements, or whatever pleasures darling Rosey might have in store, dear thing!—at her age, my dear Mrs. Newcome, would not one do all to make a young creature happy?—under *no* circumstances could I *think* of leaving my poor brother.

Mrs. Mackenzie thought herself a most highly principled woman, Mrs. Newcome had also a great opinion of her. These two ladies had formed a considerable friendship in the past months, the captain's widow having an unaffected reverence for the banker's lady, and thinking her one of the best informed and most superior women in the world. When she had a high opinion of a person Mrs. Mack always wisely told it. Mrs. Newcome in her turn thought Mrs. Mackenzie a very clever, agreeable, lady-like woman—not accomplished, but one could not have every thing. “No, no, my dear,” says simple Hobson, “never would do to have every woman as clever as *you* are, Maria. Women would have it all their own way then.”

Maria, as her custom was, thanked God for being so virtuous and clever, and graciously admitted Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie into the circle of adorers of that supreme virtue and talent. Mr. Newcome took little Rosey and her mother to some parties. When any took place in Bryanstone Square, they were generally allowed to come to tea.

When on the second day of his arrival the dutiful Clive went to dine with Mr. James, the

ladies, in spite of their raptures at his return and delight at seeing him, were going in the evening to his aunt. Their talk was about the Princess all dinner time. The Prince and Princess were to dine in Bryanstone Square. The Princess had ordered such and such things at the jeweller's—the Princess would take rank over an English Earl's daughter—over Lady Ann Newcome for instance. “O dear! I wish the Prince and Princess were smothered in the tower,” growled James Binnie, “since you have got acquainted with 'em I have never heard of any thing else.”

Clive, like a wise man, kept his counsel about the Prince and Princess, with whom we have seen that he had had the honor of an interview that very day. But after dinner Rosey came round and whispered to her mamma, and after Rosey's whisper mamma flung her arms round Rosey's neck and kissed her, and called her a thoughtful darling. “What do you think this creature says, Clive?” said Mrs. Mack, still holding her darling's little hand, “I wonder I had not thought of it myself.”

“What is it, Mrs. Mackenzie?” asks Clive, laughing.

“She says why should not you come to your aunt's with us? We are sure Mrs. Newcome would be most happy to see you.”

Rosey, with a little hand put to mamma's mouth, said, “Why did you tell—you naughty mamma! Isn't she a naughty mamma, Uncle James?” More kisses follow after this sally, of which Uncle James receives one with perfect complacency: mamma crying out as Rosey retires to dress, “That darling child is *always* thinking of others—always!”

Clive says, “he will sit and smoke a cheroot with Mr. Binnie, if they please.” James's countenance falls. “We have left off *that* sort of thing here, my dear Clive, a long time,” cries Mrs. Mackenzie, departing from the dining-room.

“But we have improved the claret, Clive, my boy!” whispers Uncle James. “Let us have another bottle, and we will drink to the dear Colonel's good health and speedy return—God bless him! I say, Clive, Tom seems to have had a most fortunate escape out of Winter's house—thanks to our friend Rummun Lal, and to have got into a capital good thing with this Bumdecund bank. They speak famously of it at Hanover Square, and I see the Hurkara quotes the shares at a premium already.”

Clive did not know any thing about the Bumdecund bank, except a few words in a letter from his father, which he had found in the City this morning, “And an uncommonly liberal remittance the governor has sent me home, Sir;” upon which they fill another bumper to the Colonel's health.

Mamma and Rosey come and show their pretty pink dresses before going to Mrs. Newcome's, and Clive lights a cigar in the hall—and isn't there a jubilation at the Haunt when the young fellow's face appears above the smoke-clouds there?



CHAPTER XLI.

AN OLD STORY.

MANY of Clive's Roman friends were by this time come to London, and the young man renewed his acquaintance with them, and had speedily a considerable circle of his own. He thought fit to allow himself a good horse or two, and appeared in the Park among other young dandies. He and Monsieur de Moncontour were sworn allies. Lord Fareham, who had purchased J. J.'s picture, was Clive's very good friend: Major Pendennis himself pronounced him to be a young fellow of agreeable manners, and very favorably *vu* (as the Major happened to know) in some very good quarters.

Ere many days Clive had been to Brighton to see Lady Ann and Sir Brian, and good Aunt Honeyman, in whose house the Baronet was lodged: and I suppose he found out, by some means or other, where Lady Kew lived in May Fair.

But her Ladyship was not at home, nor was she at home on the second day, nor did there come any note from Ethel to her cousin. She did not ride in the Park as of old. Clive, *bien vu* as he was, did not belong to that great world as yet, in which he would be pretty sure to meet her every night at one of those parties where every body goes. He read her name in the paper morning after morning, as having been present at Lady This's entertainment and Lady That's ministerial *r union*. At first he was too shy to tell what the state of the case was, and took nobody into his confidence regarding his little *tendre*.

There he was riding through Queen Street, May Fair, attired in splendid raiment; never missing the Park; actually going to places of worship in the neighborhood; and frequenting the opera—a waste of time which one would never have expected in a youth of his nurture. At length a certain observer of human nature remarking his state, rightly conjectured that he must be in love, and taxed him with the soft impeachment—on which the young man, no doubt anxious to open his heart to some one, poured out all that story which has before been

narrated; and told how he thought his passion cured, and how it was cured; but when he heard from Kew at Naples that the engagement was over between him and Miss Newcome, Clive found his own flame kindle again with new ardor. He was wild to see her. He dashed off from Naples instantly on receiving the news that she was free. He had been ten days in London without getting a glimpse of her. "That Mrs. Mackenzie bothers me so I hardly know where to turn," said poor Clive, "and poor little Rosey is made to write me a note about some-

thing twice a day. She's a good dear little thing—little Rosey—and I really had thought once of—of—O never mind that! O Pen! I'm up another tree now! and a poor miserable young beggar I am!" In fact Mr. Pendennis was installed as confident *vice J. J.*—absent on leave.

This is a part, which, especially for a few days, the present biographer has always liked well enough. For a while at least, I think almost every man or woman is interesting when in love. If you know of two or three such affairs going on in any soir e to which you may be invited—is not the party straightway amusing? Yonder goes Augustus Tomkins, working his way through the rooms to that far corner where demure Miss Hopkins is seated, to whom the stupid grinning Bumpkins thinks he is making himself agreeable. Yonder sits Miss Fanny *distr ite*, and yet trying to smile as the captain is talking his folly, the parson his glib compliments. And see, her face lights up all of a sudden: her eyes beam with delight at the captain's stories, and at that delightful young clergyman likewise. It is because Augustus has appeared; their eyes only meet for one semi-second, but that is enough for Miss Fanny. Go on, captain, with your twaddle!—Proceed, my reverend friend, with your smirking common-places! In the last two minutes the world has changed for Miss Fanny. That moment has come for which she has been fidgeting and longing and scheming all day! How different an interest, I say, has a meeting of people for a philosopher who knows of a few such little secrets, to that which your vulgar looker-on feels, who comes but to eat the ices, and stare at the ladies' dresses and beauty! There are two frames of mind under which London society is bearable to a man—to be an actor in one of those sentimental performances above hinted at: or to be a spectator and watch it. But as for the mere *dessus de cartes*—would not an arm-chair and the dullest of books be better than that dull game?

So, I not only became Clive's confidant in this affair, but took a pleasure in extracting the

young fellow's secrets from him, or rather in encouraging him to pour them forth. Thus was the great part of the previous tale revealed to me: thus Jack Belsize's misadventures, of the first part of which we had only heard in London (and whither he returned presently to be reconciled to his father, after his elder brother's death). Thus my Lord Kew's secret history came into my possession; let us hope for the public's future delectation, and the chronicler's private advantage. And many a night until daylight did appear, has poor Clive stamped his chamber or my own, pouring his story out to me, his griefs and raptures; recalling, in his wild young way, recollections of Ethel's sayings and doings; uttering descriptions of her beauty: and raging against the cruelty which she exhibited toward him.

As soon as the new confidant heard the name of the young lover's charmer, to do Mr. Pendennis justice, he endeavored to fling as much cold water upon Clive's flame, as a small private engine could be brought to pour on such a conflagration. "Miss Newcome! my dear Clive," says the confidant, "do you know to what you are aspiring? For the last three months Miss Newcome has been the greatest lioness in London: the reigning beauty: the winning horse: the first favorite out of the whole Belgravian harem. No young woman of this year has come near her: those of past seasons she has distanced, and utterly put to shame. Miss Blackcap, Lady Blanch Blackcap's daughter was (as perhaps you are not aware) considered by her mamma the great beauty of last season; and it was considered rather shabby of the young Marquis of Farintosh, to leave town without offering to change Miss Blackcap's name. Heaven bless you! this year Farintosh will not look at Miss Blackcap! *He* finds people at home when (ha! I see you wince, my suffering innocent!)—when he calls in Queen Street; yes, and Lady Kew, who is one of the cleverest women in England, will listen for hours to Lord Farintosh's conversation; than whom, the Rotten Row of Hyde Park can not show a greater booby. Miss Blackcap may retire, like Jephthah's daughter, for all Farintosh will relieve her. Then, my dear fellow, there were, as possibly you do not know, Lady Hermengilde and Lady Yseult, Lady Rackstraw's lovely twins, whose appearance created such a sensation at Lady Hautbois' first—was it her first or was it her second?—yes, it was her second—breakfast. Whom weren't they going to marry? Crackthorpe was mad they said about both. Bustington, Sir John Fobsby, the young baronet with the immense Northern property—the Bishop of Windsor was actually said to be smitten with one of them, but did not like to offer, as her present M—y, like Qu—n El—z—b—th, of gracious memory, is said to object to bishops, as bishops, marrying. Where is Bustington? Where is Crackthorpe? Where is Fobsby, the young Baronet of the North? My dear fellow, when those two girls come into

a room now, they make no more sensation than you or I. Miss Newcome has carried their admirers away from them: Fobsby has actually, it is said, proposed for her: and the *real* reason of that affair between Lord Bustington and Captain Crackthorpe of the Royal Horse Guards Green, was a speech of Bustington's, hinting that Miss Newcome had not behaved well in throwing Lord Kew over. Don't you know what old Lady Kew will do with this girl, Clive? She will marry Miss Newcome to the best man. If a richer and better parti than Lord Farintosh presents himself—then it will be Farintosh's turn to find that Lady Kew is not at home. Is there any young man in the Peerage unmarried and richer than Farintosh? I forget. Why does not some one publish a list of the young male nobility and baronetage, their names, weights, and probable fortunes? I don't mean for the matrons of May Fair—they have the list by heart and study it in secret—but for young men in the world; so that they may know what their chances are, and who naturally has the pull over them. Let me see—there is young Lord Gaunt, who will have a great fortune, and is desirable because you know his father is locked up—but he is only ten years old—no—they can scarcely bring him forward as Farintosh's rival.

"You look astonished, my poor boy? You think it is wicked in me to talk in this brutal way about bargain and sale; and say that your heart's darling is, at this minute, being paced up and down the May Fair market to be taken away by the best bidder. Can you count purses with Sultan Farintosh? Can you compete even with Sir John Fobsby of the North? What I say is wicked and worldly, is it? So it is: but it is true, as true as Tattersall's—as true as Circassia or Virginia. Don't you know that the Circassian girls are proud of their bringing up, and take rank according to the prices which they fetch? And you go and buy yourself some new clothes, and a fifty pound horse, and put a penny rose in your button hole, and ride past her window, and think to win this prize? O, you idiot! A penny rosebud! Put money in your purse. A fifty pound hack when a butcher rides as good a one!—Put money in your purse. A brave young heart, all courage and love and honor! Put money in thy purse—t'other coin don't pass in the market—at least where old Lady Kew has the stall."

By these remonstrances, playful though serious, Clive's adviser sought to teach him wisdom about his love affair; and the advice was received as advice upon those occasions usually is.

After calling thrice, and writing to Miss Newcome, there came a little note from that young lady, saying, "Dear Clive. We were so sorry we were out when you called. We shall be at home to-morrow at lunch, when Lady Kew hopes you will come, and see, yours ever, E. N."

Clive went—poor Clive. He had the satisfaction of shaking Ethel's hand, and a finger of

Lady Kew; of eating a mutton chop in Ethel's presence; of conversing about the state of art at Rome with Lady Kew, and describing the last works of Gibson and Macdonald. The visit lasted but for half an hour. Not for one minute was Clive allowed to see Ethel alone. At three o'clock Lady Kew's carriage was announced and our young gentleman rose to take his leave, and had the pleasure of seeing the most noble Peer, Marquis of Farintosh and Earl of Rossmont, descend from his lordship's brougham and enter at Lady Kew's door, followed by a domestic bearing a small stack of flowers from Covent Garden.

It befell that the good-natured Lady Fareham had a ball in these days; and meeting Clive in the Park, her lord invited him to the entertainment. Mr. Pendennis had also the honor of a card. Accordingly Clive took me up at Bays's, and we proceeded to the ball together.

The lady of the house, smiling upon all her guests, welcomed with particular kindness her young friend from Rome. "Are you related to the Miss Newcome, Lady Ann Newcome's daughter? Her cousin? She will be here to-night." Very likely Lady Fareham did not see Clive wince and blush at this announcement, her ladyship having to occupy herself with a thousand other people. Clive found a dozen of his Roman friends in the room, ladies young and middle aged, plain and handsome, all glad to see his kind face. The house was splendid; the ladies magnificently dressed; the ball beautiful, though it appeared a little dull until that event took place whereof we treated two pages back (in the allegory of Mr. Tomkins and Miss Hopkins), and Lady Kew and her granddaughter made their appearance.

That old woman, who began to look more and more like the wicked fairy of the stories, who is not invited to the Princess's Christening Feast, had this advantage over her likeness, that she was invited every where; though how she, at her age, could fly about to so many parties, unless she was a fairy, no one could say. Behind the fairy, up the marble stairs, came the most noble Farintosh, with that vacuous leer which distinguishes his lordship. Ethel seemed to be carrying the stack of flowers which the marquis had sent to her. The noble Bustington (Viscount Bustington, I need scarcely tell the reader, is the heir of the house of Podbury), the Baronet of the North, the gallant Crackthorpe, the first men in town, in a word, gathered round the young beauty forming her court; and little Dick Hitchin, who goes every where, you may be sure was near her with a compliment and a smile. Ere this arrival, the twins had been giving themselves great airs in the room—the poor twins! when Ethel appeared they sank into shuddering insignificance, and had to put up with the conversation and attentions of second-rate men, belonging to second-rate clubs, in heavy dragoon regiments. One of them actually walked with a dancing barris-

ter; but he was related to a duke, and it was expected the Lord Chancellor would give him something very good.

Before he saw Ethel, Clive vowed he was aware of her. Indeed, had not Lady Fareham told him Miss Newcome was coming? Ethel, on the contrary, not expecting him, or not having the prescience of love, exhibited signs of surprise when she beheld him, her eyebrows arching, her eyes darting looks of pleasure. When grandmamma happened to be in another room, she beckoned Clive to her, dismissing Crackthorpe and Fobsby, Farintosh and Bustington, the amorous youth who around her bowed, and summoning Mr. Clive up to an audience with the air of a young princess.

And so she was a princess; and this the region of her special dominion. The wittiest and handsomest, she deserved to reign in such a place, by right of merit and by general election. Clive felt her superiority, and his own shortcomings; he came up to her as to a superior person. Perhaps she was not sorry to let him see how she ordered away grandees and splendid Bustingtons, informing them, with a superb manner, that she wished to speak to her cousin—that handsome young man with the light mustache yonder.

"Do you know many people? This is your first appearance in society? Shall I introduce you to some nice girls to dance with? What very pretty buttons!"

"Is that what you wanted to say?" asked Clive, rather bewildered.

"What does one say at a ball? One talks conversation suited to the place. If I were to say to Captain Crackthorpe, 'What pretty buttons!' he would be delighted. But you—you have a soul above buttons, I suppose."

"Being, as you say, a stranger in this sort of society, you see I am not accustomed to—to the exceeding brilliancy of its conversation," said Clive.

"What! you want to go away, and we haven't seen each other for near a year," cries Ethel, in quite a natural voice. "Sir John Fobsby, I'm very sorry—but do let me off this dance. I have just met my cousin, whom I have not seen for a whole year, and I want to talk to him."

"It was not my fault that you did not see me sooner. I wrote to you that I only got your letter a month ago. You never answered the second I wrote you from Rome. Your letter lay there at the post ever so long, and was forwarded to me at Naples."

"Where?" asked Ethel.

"I saw Lord Kew there." Ethel was smiling with all her might, and kissing her hand to the twins, who passed at this moment with their mamma. "O, indeed, you saw—how do you do?—Lord Kew."

"And, having seen him, I came over to England," said Clive.

Ethel looked at him, gravely. "What am I to understand by that, Clive?—You came over because it was very hot at Naples, and because

you wanted to see your friends here, n'est-ce pas? How glad mamma was to see you! You know she loves you as if you were her own son."

"What, as much as that angel, Barnes!" cries Clive, bitterly; "impossible."

Ethel looked once more. Her present mood and desire was to treat Clive as a chit, as a young fellow without consequence—a thirteenth younger brother. But in his looks and behavior there was that which seemed to say not too many liberties were to be taken with him.

"Why weren't you here a month sooner, and you might have seen the marriage? It was a very pretty thing. Every body was there. Clara, and so did Barnes really, looked quite handsome."

"It must have been beautiful," continued Clive; "quite a touching sight, I am sure. Poor Charles Belsize could not be present because his brother was dead; and—"

"And what else, pray, Mr. Newcome!" cries Miss, in great wrath, her pink nostrils beginning to quiver. "I did not think, really, that when we met after so many months, I was to be—insulted; yes, insulted, by the mention of that name."

"I most humbly ask pardon," said Clive, with a grave bow. "Heaven forbid that I should wound your sensibility, Ethel! It is, as you say, my first appearance in society. I talk about things or persons that I should not mention. I should talk about buttons, should I? which you were good enough to tell me was the proper subject of conversation. Mayn't I even speak of connections of the family? Mr. Belsize, through this marriage, has the honor of being connected with you; and even I, in a remote degree, may boast of a sort of an ever-so-distant cousinship with him. What an honor for me!"

"Pray what is the meaning of all this?" cries Miss Ethel, surprised, and perhaps alarmed. Indeed, Clive scarcely knew. He had been chafing all the while he talked with her; smothering anger as he saw the young men round about her; revolting against himself for the very humility of his obedience, and angry at the eagerness and delight with which he had come at her call.

"The meaning is, Ethel"—he broke out, seizing the opportunity—"that when a man comes a thousand miles to see you, and shake your hand, you should give it him a little more cordially than you choose to do to me; that when a kinsman knocks at your door, time after time, you should try and admit him; and that when you meet him you should treat him like an old friend: not as you treated me when my Lady Kew vouchsafed to give me admittance: not as you treat these fools that are fribbling round about you," cries Mr. Clive, in a great rage, folding his arms, and glaring round on a number of the most innocent young swells; and he continued looking as if he would like to knock a dozen of their heads together. "Am I keeping Miss Newcome's admirers from her?"

"That is not for me to say," she said, quite gently. He was; but to see him angry did not displease Miss Newcome.

"That young man who came for you just now," Clive went on—"that Sir John—"

"Are you angry with me because I sent him away?" said Ethel, putting out a hand. "Hark! there is the music. Take me in and waltz with me. Don't you know it is not *my* door at which you knocked?" she said, looking up into his face as simply and kindly as of old. She whirled round the dancing room with him in triumph, the other beauties dwindling before her; she looked more and more beautiful with each rapid move of the waltz, her color heightening and her eyes seeming to brighten. Not till the music stopped did she sink down on a seat, panting, and smiling radiant—as many, many hundred years ago I remember to have seen Taglioni, after a conquering *pas seul*. She nodded a thank you to Clive. It seemed that there was a perfect reconciliation. Lady Kew came in just at the end of the dance, scowling when she beheld Ethel's partner; but in reply to her remonstrances Ethel shrugged her fair shoulders; with a look which seemed to say *je le veux*, gave an arm to her grandmother, and walked off, saucily protecting her.

Clive's friend had been looking on observingly and curiously as the scene between them had taken place, and at the dance with which the reconciliation had been celebrated. I must tell you that this arch young creature had formed the object of my observation for some months past, and that I watched her as I have watched a beautiful panther at the Zoological Gardens, so bright of eye, so sleek of coat, so slim in form, so swift and agile in her spring.

A more brilliant young coquette than Miss Newcome, in her second season, these eyes never looked upon, that is the truth. In her first year, being engaged to Lord Kew, she was perhaps a little more reserved and quiet. Besides, her mother went out with her that first season, to whom Miss Newcome, except for a little occasional flightiness, was invariably obedient and ready to come to call. But when Lady Kew appeared as her Duenna, the girl's delight seemed to be to plague the old lady, and she would dance with the very youngest sons merely to put grandmamma in a passion. In this way poor young Cubley (who has two hundred a year of allowance, besides eighty, and an annual rise of five in the Treasury) actually thought that Ethel was in love with him, and consulted with the young men in his room in Downing Street, whether two hundred and eighty a year, with five pound more next year, would be enough for them to keep house on? Young Tandy of the Temple, Lord Skibbereen's younger son, who sate in the House for some time on the Irish Catholic side, was also deeply smitten, and many a night in our walks home from the parties at the other end of the town, would entertain me with his admiration and passion for her.

"If you have such a passion for her, why not propose?" it was asked of Mr. Tandy.

"Propose! propose to a Russian Archduchess," cries young Tandy. "She's beautiful, she's delightful, she's witty. I have never seen any thing like her eyes; they send me wild—wild," says Tandy—(slapping his waistcoat under Temple Bar)—but a more audacious little flirt never existed since the days of Cleopatra."

With this opinion likewise in my mind, I had been looking on during Clive's proceedings with Miss Ethel—not I say without admiration of the young lady who was leading him such a dance. The waltz over, I congratulated him on his own performance. His continental practice had greatly improved him. "And as for your partner, it is delightful to see her," I went on. "I always like to be by when Miss Newcome dances. I had sooner see her than any body since Taglioni. Look at her now, with her neck up, and her little foot out, just as she is preparing to start! Happy Lord Bustington!"

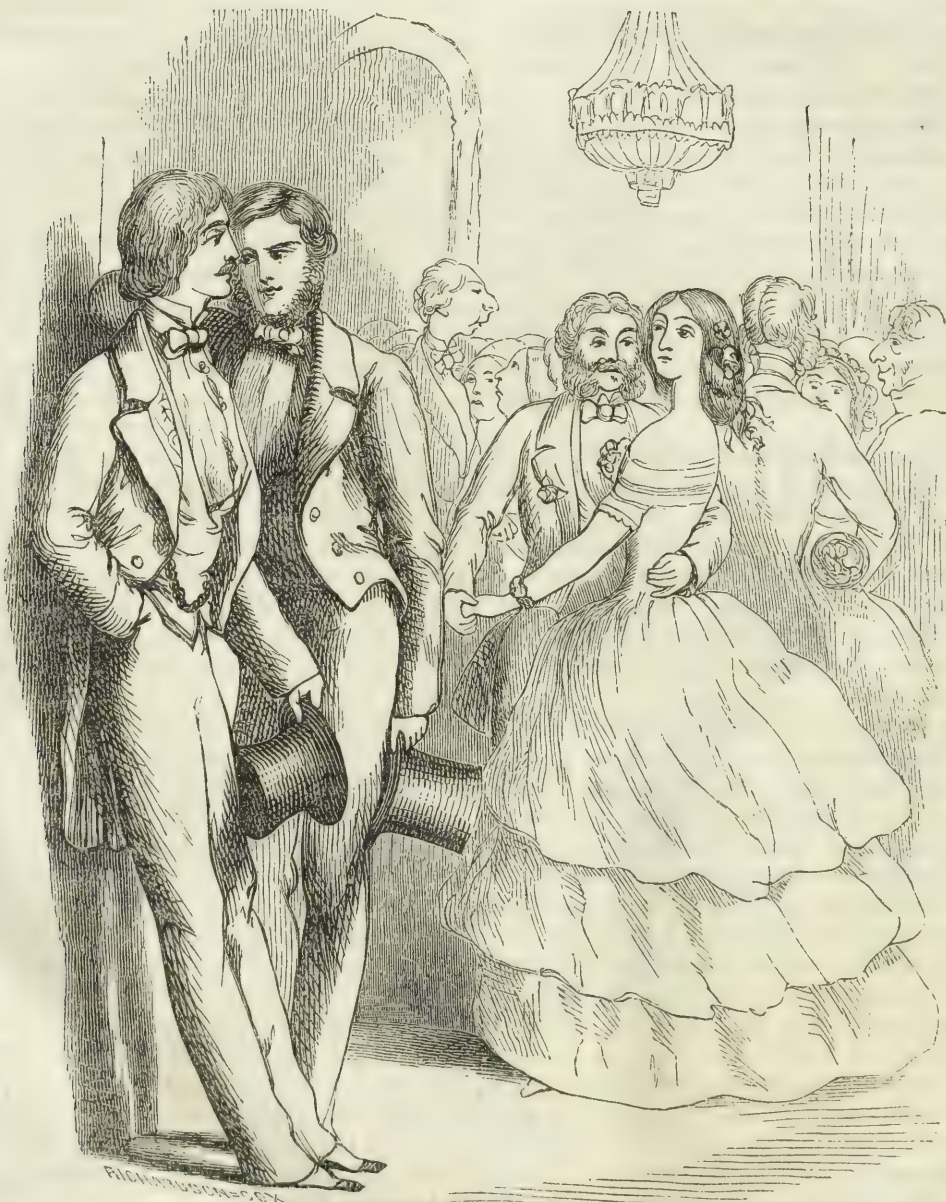
"You are angry with her because she cut you," growls Clive. "You know you said she

cut you, or forgot you; and your vanity's wounded; that is why you are so satirical."

"How can Miss Newcome remember all the men who are presented to her?" says the other. "Last year she talked to me because she wanted to know about you. This year she doesn't talk; because I suppose she doesn't want to know about you any more."

"Hang it. Do—on't, Pen," cries Clive, as a schoolboy cries out to another not to hit him.

"She does not pretend to observe; and is in full conversation with the amiable Bustington. Delicious interchange of noble thoughts! But she is observing us talking, and knows that we are talking about her. If ever you marry her, Clive, which is absurd, I shall lose you for a friend. You will infallibly tell her what I think of her; and she will order you to give me up." Clive had gone off in a brown study, as his interlocutor continued. "Yes, she is a flirt. She can't help her nature. She tries to vanquish every one who comes near her. She is a little out of breath from waltzing, and so she pretends to be listening to poor Bustington, who is out of breath



too, but puffs out his best in order to make himself agreeable. With what a pretty air she appears to listen! Her eyes actually seem to brighten."

"What?" says Clive, with a start.

I could not comprehend the meaning of the start; nor did I care much to know, supposing that the young man was waking up from some lover's reverie; and the evening sped away, Clive not quitting the ball until Miss Newcome and the Countess of Kew had departed. No further communication appeared to take place between the cousins that evening. I think it was Captain Crackthorpe who gave the young lady an arm into her carriage; Sir John Fobsby having the happiness to conduct the old Countess, and carrying the pink bag for the shawls, wrappers, etc., on which her Ladyship's coronet and initials were emblazoned. Clive may have made a movement as if to step forward, but a single finger from Miss Newcome warned him back.

Clive and his two friends in Lamb Court had made an engagement for the next Saturday to dine at Greenwich; but on the morning of that day there came a note from him to say that he thought of going down to see his aunt, Miss Honeyman, and begged to recall his promise to us. Saturday is a holiday with gentlemen of our profession. We had invited F. Bayham, Esquire, and promised ourselves a merry evening, and were unwilling to balk ourselves of the pleasure on account of the absence of our young Roman. So we three went to London Bridge Station at an early hour, proposing to breathe the fresh air of Greenwich Park before dinner. And at London Bridge, by the most singular coincidence, Lady Kew's carriage drove up to the Brighton entrance, and Miss Ethel and her maid stepped out of the brougham.

When Miss Newcome and her maid entered the Brighton station, did Mr. Clive, by another singular coincidence, happen also to be there? What more natural and dutiful than that he should go and see his aunt, Miss Honeyman? What more proper than that Miss Ethel should pass the Saturday and Sunday with her sick father; and take a couple of wholesome nights' rest after those five weary past evenings, for each of which we may reckon a couple of soirées and a ball? And that relations should travel together, the young lady being protected by her *femme-de-chambre*; that surely, as every one must allow, was perfectly right and proper.

That a biographer should profess to know every thing which passes, even in a confidential talk in a first-class carriage between two lovers, seems perfectly absurd; not that grave historians do not pretend to the same wonderful degree of knowledge—reporting meetings the most occult of conspirators; private interviews between monarchs and their ministers, even the secret thoughts and motives of those personages, which possibly the persons themselves did not know—all for which the present writer will pledge his

known character for veracity is, that on a certain day certain parties had a conversation of which the upshot was so and so. He guesses, of course, at a great deal of what took place; knowing the characters, and being informed at some time of their meeting. You do not suppose that I bribed the *femme-de-chambre*, or that those two city gents, who sate in the same carriage with our young friends, and could not hear a word they said, reported their talk to me? If Clive and Ethel had had a coupé to themselves, I would yet boldly tell what took place, but the coupé was taken by other three young city gents, who smoked the whole way.

"Well, then," the bonnet begins close up to the hat, "tell me, Sir, is it true that you were so very much *épris* of the Miss Freemans at Rome; and that afterward you were so wonderfully attentive to the third Miss Baliol? Did you draw her portrait? You know you drew her portrait? You painters always pretend to admire girls with auburn hair, because Titian and Raphael painted it. Has the Fornarina red hair? Why we are at Croydon, I declare!"

"The Fornarina"—the hat replies to the bonnet, "if that picture at the Borghese palace be an original, or a likeness of her—is not a handsome woman, with vulgar eyes and mouth, and altogether a most mahogany-colored person. She is so plain, in fact, I think that very likely it is the real woman; for it is with their own fancies that men fall in love—or rather every woman is handsome to the lover. You know how old Helen must have been."

"I don't know any such thing, or any thing about her. Who was Helen?" asks the bonnet; and indeed she did not know.

"It's a long story, and such an old scandal now, that there is no use in repeating it," says Clive.

"You only talk about Helen because you wish to turn away the conversation from Miss Freeman," cries the young lady—"from Miss Baliol, I mean."

"We will talk about whichever you please. Which shall we begin to pull to pieces?" says Clive. You see, to be in this carriage—to be actually with *her*—to be looking into those wonderful lucid eyes—to see her sweet mouth dimpling, and hear her sweet voice ringing with its delicious laughter—to have that hour and a half his own, in spite of all the world-dragons, grandmothers, *convenances*, the future—made the young fellow so happy, filled his whole frame and spirit with a delight so keen, that no wonder he was gay, and brisk, and lively.

"And so you knew of my goings on?" he asked. O me! they were at Reigate by this time; there was Gatton Park flying before them on the wings of the wind.

"I know of a number of things," says the bonnet, nodding with ambrosial curls.

"And you would not answer the second letter I wrote to you?"

"We were in great perplexity. One can not be always answering young gentlemen's letters.

I had considerable doubt about answering a note I got from Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square," says the lady's chapeau. "No, Clive, we must not write to one another," she continued more gravely, "or only very, very seldom. Nay, my meeting you here to-day is by the merest chance I am sure; for when I mentioned at Lady Fareham's the other evening that I was going to see papa at Brighton to-day, I never for *one moment* thought of seeing *you* in the train. But as you are here, it can't be helped; and I may as well tell you that there are obstacles."

"What, *other* obstacles?" Clive gasped out.

"Nonsense—you silly boy! No other obstacles but those which always have existed, and must. When we parted—that is, when you left us at Baden, you knew it was for the best. You had your profession to follow, and could not go on idling about—about a family of sick people and children. Every man has his profession, and you yours, as you would have it. We are so nearly allied that we may—we may like each other like brother and sister almost. I don't know what Barnes would say if he heard me? Wherever you and your father are, how can I ever think of you but—but you know how? I always shall, always. There are certain feelings we have which I hope never can change; though, if you please, about them I intend never to speak any more. Neither you nor I can alter our conditions, but must make the best of them. You shall be a fine clever painter; and I—who knows what will happen to me? I know what is going to happen to-day; I am going to see papa and mamma, and be as happy as I can till Monday morning."

"I know what I wish would happen now," said Clive—they were going screaming through a tunnel.

"What?" said the bonnet in the darkness; and the engine was roaring so loudly, that he was obliged to put his head quite close to say—

"I wish the tunnel would fall in and close upon us, or that we might travel on forever and ever."

Here there was a great jar of the carriage, and the lady's maid, and I think Miss Ethel, gave a shriek. The lamp above was so dim that the carriage was almost totally dark. No wonder the lady's maid was frightened! but the daylight came streaming in, and all poor Clive's wishes of rolling and rolling on forever were put an end to by the implacable sun in a minute.

Ah, why was it the quick train? Suppose it had been the parliamentary train?—even that too would have come to an end. They came and said, "Tickets, please," and Clive held out the three of their party—his, and Ethel's, and her maid's. I think for such a ride as that he was right to give up Greenwich. Mr. Kuhn was in waiting with a carriage for Miss Ethel. She shook hands with Clive, returning his pressure.

"I may come and see you?" he said.

"You may come and see mamma—yes."

"And where are you staying?"

"Bless my soul—they were staying at Miss Honeyman's!" Clive burst into a laugh. Why he was going there too! Of course Aunt Honeyman had no room for him, her house being quite full with the other Newcomes.

It was a most curious coincidence their meeting; but altogether Lady Ann thought it was best to say nothing about the circumstance to grandmamma. I myself am puzzled to say which would have been the better course to pursue under the circumstances; there were so many courses open. As they had gone so far, should they go on farther together? Suppose they were going to the same house at Brighton, oughtn't they to have gone in the same carriage, with Kuhn and the maid of course? Suppose they met by chance at the station, ought they to have traveled in separate carriages? I ask any gentleman and father of a family, when he was immensely smitten with his present wife, Mrs. Brown, if he had met her traveling with her maid, in the mail, when there was a vacant place, what would he himself have done?

A RUSSIAN REMINISCENCE.

UPON one of the coldest days of February, 1853, I left Paris by the Orleans Railway. The weather was extremely severe, the frozen snow lay thick in the streets, the asphalt of the boulevards was slippery as glass, sledges scoured the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne. An icy wind whistled round the train as we quitted the shelter of the station, and I regretted, as I buttoned myself to the chin, and shrank into my corner, that the carriage was not full, instead of having but one occupant besides myself.

Opposite to me sat a hale man of about sixty-five, with a quick bright eye, an intelligent, good-humored countenance—somewhat weather-beaten—and the red rosette of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole. During the first half hour he pored over a letter, whose contents, judging from the animated expression of his physiognomy, interested him strongly. He seemed scarcely aware of my presence. At last he put up the letter, and then for the first time looked me in the face. I had been but a few days out of a sick bed, and was sensitive to the cold, and doubtless my appearance was chilly and woebegone enough, for I detected a slight approach to a smile at the corners of the stranger's mouth. To one or two commonplace remarks he replied courteously but laconically, like a man who is neither unsociable nor averse to conversation, but who prefers his own thoughts to that bald talk with which travelers sometimes weary each other rather than sit silent. So our dialogue soon dropped. The cold increased, my feet were benumbed, and I stamped them on the floor of the carriage to revive the circulation. My companion observed my proceedings with a comical look, as if he thought me a very tender traveler.

"This carriage must be badly closed," I remarked. "It is bitter cold to the feet."

"For that discomfort I have little pity," re-

plied the Frenchman. "A ride on the railway is soon over, and a good fire or a brisk walk is a quick and easy remedy. Mine is a different case. For forty years I have never known warm feet."

"For forty years?" I repeated, thinking I had misunderstood him.

"Yes, Sir, forty years; since the winter of 1812—the winter of the Russian campaign."

"You were in that terrible campaign?" I inquired, in a tone of interest and curiosity. My companion, previously taciturn, suddenly became communicative.

"All through it, Sir," he replied; "from the Niemen to the Kremlin, and back again. It was my first campaign, and was near being my last. I was in others afterward; in Germany in 1813, when the combined Germans and Russians drove us before them, for want of the brave fellows we had left in Muscovy's snows; in France in 1814, when the Emperor made his gallant struggle against overwhelming forces; and at the closing scene in Flanders: but not all those three campaigns put together, nor, as I believe, all that this century has witnessed, can match the horrors of that dreadful winter in Russia."

He paused, and, leaning back in his corner, seemed to revolve in his mind events of powerful interest long gone by. I waited a while, in hopes he would resume the subject. As he did not do so, I asked him to what arm he belonged when in Russia.

"I was assistant-surgeon in a regiment of hussars," he answered, "and in my medical capacity I had abundant opportunity to make acquaintance with the horrors of war. On the 7th of September, for instance, at the Moskwa—Heavens! what a shambles that was! Ah, it was fine to see such valor on both sides—for the Russians fought well—gallantly, Sir, or where would have been the glory of beating them? But Ney! Ney! Oh! he was splendid that day! His whole countenance gleamed, as he again and again led the bloody charge, exposing himself as freely as any corporal in the ranks. And Eugene, the Viceroy, with what vigor he hurled his masses against that terrible redoubt! When at last it was his, what a sight was there! The ground was not strewn with dead; it was heaped, piled with them. They had been shot down by whole ranks, and there they lay, prostrate, in line as they had stood."

The surgeon paused. I thought of Byron's beautiful lines, beginning,

"Even as they fell, in files they lay;"

but I said nothing, for I saw that my companion was now fairly started, and needed no spurring.

"*Monsieur*," he presently resumed, "all those things have been brought strongly to my mind by the letter you saw me just now reading. It is from an old friend, a captain in 1812, a general now, who went through the campaign, and whom I was so fortunate as to save from a grave in those infernal plains where most of our poor comrades perished. I will tell you how it hap-

pened. We were talking of the battle of Borodino. Seventy thousand men, it is said, were killed and wounded in that murderous fight. We surgeons, as you may well think, had our hands full, and still could not suffice for a tithe of the sufferers. It was a rough breaking-in for a young hand, as I then was. Such frightful wounds as were there, of every kind and description—from shot, shell, and bullet, pike and sabre. Well, Sir, all the misery and suffering I then saw, all that vast amount of human agony and bloodshed, whose steam, ascending to Heaven, might well have brought down God's malediction on His creatures, who could thus destroy and deface each other, was nothing compared with the horrible misery we witnessed on our retreat. I have read every thing that has appeared in France concerning that campaign—Ségur, Lebaume, and other writers. Their narratives are shocking enough, but nothing to the reality. They would have sickened their readers had they told all they saw. If any body who went through the campaign could remember and set down all he witnessed, he would make the most heart-rending book that ever yet was printed, and would be accused of gross exaggeration. Exaggeration, indeed! there was no need to heighten the horrors of the winter of 1812. All that frost and famine, lead and steel, could inflict, was then endured; all the crimes that reckless despair and ruthless cruelty could prompt were then perpetrated."

"And how," I asked, "did you escape, when so many, doubtless as strong and courageous, and more enured to hardship, miserably perished?"

"Under Providence I owed my preservation to the trustiest and most faithful servant ever master had. Paul had been several years in the hussars—was an old soldier, in fact, although still a young man; and at a time when all discipline and subordination were at an end, when soldiers heeded not their officers, officers avoided their generals, and servants and masters were all alike and upon a level, Paul proved true as steel. As if cold and the Cossacks were not enough, hunger was added to our sufferings: there was no longer a commissariat or distribution of rations—rations, forsooth!—dead horse was a luxury I have seen men fight for till death, lean meat though it was, for the poor brutes were as starved as their riders. What little there was to eat in the villages we passed through fell to the share of the first comers. Empty larders—often smoking ruins—were all that remained for those who came behind. Well, Sir, when things were at the worst, and provender at the scarcest, Paul always had something for me in his haversack. One day it would be a bit of bread, on the morrow a handful of grain or some edible roots, now and then a slice of horse-beef—and how delicious that seemed, grilled over our smoky scanty fires! There was never enough to satisfy my hunger, but there was always a *something*—enough to keep body and soul together. Paul, as I afterward discovered, husbanded his stores,

for he well knew that if he gave me all at once I should leave nothing, and then I must have fasted for days, and perhaps have fallen from my horse for weakness. But think of the courage and affection of the poor fellow, himself half-starved, to carry food about him day after day, and refrain from devouring the share secretly set aside for me! There were not many men in the army, even of general's rank, capable of such devotion to the dearest friend they had, for extreme misery had induced a ferocious selfishness, which made us more like hyenas than Christians."

"I should think the cold must have been even worse to endure than hunger," said I, screwing up my chilly extremities, which the interest of the doctor's conversation had almost made me forget.

"It was, Sir, harder and more fatal—at least a greater number died of it; although, to say the truth, frost and famine there worked hand in hand, and with such unity of action, that it was often hard to say which was the cause of death. But it was a shocking sight, of a morning, to see the poor fellows lying dead round the bivouac fires. Unable to resist fatigue and the drowsy influence of the cold, they yielded to slumber, and passed from sleep unto death. For, there, sleep *was* death."

"But how then," I asked, "did any ever escape from Russia, for all must have slept at times?"

"I do not believe that any who escaped *did* sleep, at least not of a night, at the bivouac. We used to rouse each other continually, to prevent our giving way, and then get up and walk as briskly as we could, to quicken the sluggish circulation. We slept upon the march, in our saddles, and, strange as it may seem to you, even those on foot slept when marching. They marched in groups or clusters, and those in the centre slept, propped and supported by their companions, and moving their legs mechanically. I do not say that it was a sound, deep sleep, but rather a sort of feverish dozing. Such as it was, however, it was better than nothing, and assuredly saved some who would otherwise have sunk. Others, who would have given way to weariness upon the long monotonous march, were kept from utter despair and self-abandonment only by the repeated harrassing attacks of the Cossacks. The excitement of the skirmish warmed their blood, and gave them, as it seemed, fresh hold upon life. In one of those skirmishes, or rather in a sharp combat, a dear friend of mine, a captain in the same regiment, had his left arm carried off by a cannon-shot. After the affair was over I came suddenly upon him, where he lay moaning by the roadside, his face ashy pale, his arm still hanging by the sinews. His horse had either galloped away, or been taken by the fugitives.

"*Ah, mon ami!*" he cried, when he saw me, 'all is over—I can go no further. I shall never see France again!'

"I saw that, like the majority of those who

received severe wounds in that retreat, his moral courage was subdued, and had given way to despair. I was terribly shocked, for I felt how slight was his chance of escape. I need hardly tell you there was very little dressing of wounds during that latter part of the retreat; most of the surgeons were dead, the hospital-wagons with medicine and instruments had been left on the road; transport for the sick was out of the question. I assumed as cheerful a countenance as I could.

"*'Why, Préville,'* I cried, 'this will not do; we must get you along somehow. Come! courage, my friend! You *shall* see France again, in spite of all.'

"*'Ah! doctor,'* replied he, in piteous tones, 'it is no use. Here I shall die. All you can do for me is to blow my brains out, and save me from the Cossack lances.'

"By this time I had dismounted, and was by his side. The intense cold had stopped the bleeding of his wound. I saw that there was no lack of vitality in him, and that, but for this mishap, few would have got out of the campaign in better plight. Even now, his despondency was perhaps his greatest danger. I reminded him of his wife and child (he had been married little more than a year, and news of the birth of a daughter had reached him on our forward march), of his happy home, his old mother—of all the ties, in short, that bound him to life. While speaking, I severed the sinews that still retained his shattered arm, and bound it up as best I might. He still despaired and moaned, but suffered me to do as I would. He was like an infant in my hands—that man who, in the hour of battle, was a very lion for courage. But long suffering and the sudden shock—occurring, too, when we seemed on the verge of safety—had overcome his fortitude. With Paul's help I got him upon my horse. The poor brute was in no case to carry double, so I walked and led it, although at that time I could hardly hobble.

"*'It is all useless, my dear doctor,'* Préville said; 'this is my last day; I feel that. Far better shoot me, or leave me by the roadside, than risk your life for my sake.'

"I took no heed, but tried to cheer him. Those unclean beasts, the Cossacks, were hovering around us as usual, and at times the bullets fell pretty thick. Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed since I set Préville on my horse, when a shot struck his right eye—not entering the head, but glancing across the globe, and completely destroying the sight. Well, Sir, then there occurred a physiological phenomenon which I have never been able satisfactorily to account for. This man, whom the loss of an arm had reduced to despair, seemed to derive fresh courage from the loss of an eye. At any rate, from that moment he complained no more of his fate, resumed his usual manly tone, and bore up like a hero. Paul was lucky enough to catch a riderless horse, which I mounted. The worst was over, and we soon got a respite. Without troubling you with details, and incred-

ible though it may seem to you, my poor friend escaped with life, although with a limb and an eye the less."

"There must have been many extraordinary escapes from that campaign," I remarked.

"Innumerable. There was a sergeant of dragoons, a former comrade of my servant's, who, for many days, marched beside me and Paul. He received a severe wound. There were some vehicles still with us at that time, and we got him a place in one of them, and made him as comfortable as we could. The following night we stopped at a town. In the morning, as we were about to march, the Cossacks came down. There was great confusion; several baggage-carts were captured in the street, and some of the wounded were abandoned in the houses where they had passed the night. Among these was Sergeant Fritz. Not many houses in the town were still in good condition—most of them had been burned and knocked to pieces by the soldiers. The house in which Fritz lay had still its doors and windows, and was one of the most comfortable in the place, on which account it had been converted into a temporary hospital. Well, the Russians came in, brought their wounded, and turned out our poor fellows to make room for them. Some, who could not move quickly enough, were brutally pitched through a low window into a garden behind the house, there to perish miserably. Fritz was one of these. Only just able to crawl, he made his way round the garden, seeking egress. He reached a gate communicating with another garden. It was locked, and pain and weakness forbade his climbing over. He sat close to the gate, propped against it, and looking wistfully through the bars at the windows of a house, and at the cheerful glow of a fire, when he was perceived by a young girl. She came out and opened the gate, and helped him into the house. Her father was a German clockmaker, long settled in Russia, and Fritz, a Swiss, spoke German well. The kind people put him to bed, hid his uniform, and tended him like a son. When, in the following spring, his health was restored, and he would have left them, the German proposed to him to remain and assist him in his trade. He accepted the offer, married the German's daughter, and remained in Russia until his father-in-law's death, when he was taken with a longing to revisit his native mountains, and returned to Switzerland with his wife and family. I met him since at Paris, and he told me his story. But although his escape was narrow, and romantic enough, there must have been others much more remarkable. Most of the prisoners made by the Russians, and who survived severe cold and harsh treatment, were sent to Moscow, to labor at rebuilding the city. When the fine season came, some of them managed to escape, and to make their way, in various disguises, and through countless adventures, back to their own country."

I have set down but the most striking por-

tions of our conversation—or rather, of the doctor's narrative, since I did little but listen; and occasionally, by a question or remark, direct his communicativeness into the channel I wished it to take. We were now near Orleans.

"The letter I was reading when we started," said my companion, "and which has brought back to my memory all that I have told you—at risk, perhaps, of wearying you," he added with a slight bow and smile, "and a host of other circumstances, to me of thrilling and everlasting interest, is from General Prévile, who lives in the south of France, but has come unexpectedly to Orleans to pass a month with me. That is his way. He lives happily with a married daughter; but now and then the desire to see an old comrade, and to fight old battles over again, comes so strongly upon him, that he has his valise packed at an hour's notice, and takes me by surprise. He knows well that 'The General's Room' and an affectionate reception always await him. I received his letter—full of references to old times—yesterday evening, and am now hurrying back to Orleans to see him. He may very likely be waiting for me at the station; and you will see that, for a man who gave himself up for dead forty years ago in the snows of Russia, and begged, as a favor, a bullet through his brain, he looks tolerably hearty and satisfied to live."

"There is one thing, *Monsieur le Docteur*," I said, "which you have not yet explained to me, and which I do not understand. Did you mean literally what you said, that since the Russian campaign you have never had your feet warm?"

"Literally and truly, Sir. When we got to Orcha, where Jomini was in command, and where the heroic Ney, who had been separated from the army, rejoined us with the skeleton of his corps—having cut his way, by sheer valor and soldiership, through clouds of Platoff's Cossacks—we took a day's rest. It was the 20th of November, the last day of any thing approaching to comfort which we were to enjoy before crossing the Russian frontier. True, we made one more halt, at Molodetschino, whence Napoleon dated his bulletin of our terrible disasters, but then only a portion of us could find lodging; we were sick, half frozen, and numbers died in the streets. At Orcha we found shelter and tranquillity; the governor had provided provisions against our passage, the enemy left us quiet, and we enjoyed a day of complete repose. My baggage had long since been lost, and my only pair of boots were torn to shreds. I had been riding with fragments of a soldier's jacket tied round my feet, which I usually kept out of the stirrups, the contact of the iron increasing the cold. At Orcha, the invaluable Paul brought me a Jew (the Jews were our chief purveyors on that retreat) with boots for sale. I selected a pair and threw away my old ones, which for many days I had not taken off. My feet were already in a bad state, sore and livid. I bathed them, put on fresh stockings and my new boots, and contrived with a pair

of old trousers, a sort of leggings or overalls, closed at the bottom, and to be worn over the boots. From that day till we got beyond the Niemen, a distance of one hundred and ten leagues, which we took three weeks to perform, I never took off any part of my dress. During that time I suffered greatly from my feet; they swelled till my boots were too tight for me, and at times I was in agony. When we at last were comparatively in safety, and I found myself, for the first time since I left Orcha, in a warm room, with a bed to lie upon and water to wash, I called Paul to pull off my boots. Sir, with them came off my stockings, and the entire skin of both feet. A flayer's knife could hardly have done the thing more completely. For a moment I gave myself up as lost. I had seen enough of this kind of thing to know that my feet were on the verge of mortification. There was scarcely time to amputate, had any been at hand to do it, and had I been willing to preserve life at such a price. Only one thing could save me, and I resolved to try it. I ordered Paul to bring a bottle of brandy; I put a piece of silver between my teeth, and bade him pour the spirits over my feet. I can give you no idea of the excruciating torture I then endured. While it lasted, assuredly no martyr's sufferings ever exceeded mine. It was agony—but it was safety. I bit the florin nearly in two, and broke this tooth." (Here the Doctor drew up his lip and exhibited a defective tooth, in company with some very white and powerful grinders.) "The martyrdom saved me; I recovered, but the new integuments, which in time covered my scarred feet, seem chilled by the recollection of their predecessors' sufferings, and from that day to this I have never had my feet otherwise than cold. But here we are at Orleans, Sir, and yonder, as I expected, stands my old Préville."

The train stopped as he concluded, and a fine-looking veteran, with white hair, an empty sleeve, and a silken patch over one eye, peered inquisitively into the carriages. I have a particular aversion to the Continental fashion of men kissing and hugging each other, but I confess I beheld with interest and sympathy the cordial embrace of these two old comrades, who then quickly separated, and, with hands grasped, looked joyously and affectionately into each other's faces, while a thousand recollections of old kindness and long comradeship were evidently swelling at their hearts.

LOSS AND GAIN: A TALE OF LYNN.

I.

EVERYBODY, possibly, does not know that there is a place on the sea-shore, nine miles from Boston, called Lynn. It has been duly chartered by Act of Legislature as a city. I am an Anglo-Saxon, and am not supposed to lack the chronic reverence for parchment peculiar to that race. But when I think of Lynn as a city, I can not forbear a smile at the assumption. I have the utmost possible regard

for the Legislature of my State; the act of incorporation was read three times, and passed to be engrossed by a sufficient vote of both Houses; every thing *was* done that *could* be done, I have no doubt; but human nature, even in the Anglo-Saxon bosom, is not to be legislated down *always*. When Babylon and Nineveh stand imperial in your imagination—when New York and Boston stretch vast, noisy, and dirty to a degree, in your memory—what is the use of looking at quiet, beautiful, rustic Lynn, and persuading yourself that it is a city, even if a large majority *has* agreed that way? This is one of the points on which I agree with Sydney Smith, that it is better to be ruled by a minority for another century. At the expiration of that period, I have no doubt Lynn will be in a fit condition to claim the title I should like meanwhile to deny her. A city is, properly, an idea. In connection with a great number of edifices and paved streets, you must have a profound impression of confusion, noise, dirt, wickedness, and sadness, to form that idea. You do not get it at Lynn! There are gardens on the skirts of the streets from which the summer sunshine draws an invisible vapor of perfume, and scents the air for miles away; there are white houses in the gardens which are luminous in the transparent fire of the sunlight; there are long reaches of green waving pines stretching in a semicircle around the deep west, and shaking their balsamic odors upon the western wind as it runs over the purple sea. Do you have such things in New York or Boston? Deacon Titcomb remarked to me the other day, with a face like the chief mourner's at a funeral, that Lynn was clean gi'n over to Satan, and was a-gittin' wicked every day. I do not deny it, although the Deacon's opinion was formed while brooding over the larceny of a Shanghai rooster from his hencoop, by some unknown vagabond, and was therefore not entirely free from the suspicion of prejudice. But if he was right, and the progress continues, what I consider to be false as history, is only true as prophecy. Prophetically, Lynn may be a city. Certainly the chartered fact before you needs to be looked at through Jacob Böhmen's (or some other mystic's) glasses to favor such a construction. I think the Legislature made a mistake—it is not at all uncommon in that body, and the Venerable Codfish who presides over their orations knows it!—I think they made a mistake when they agreed that Lynn was bad enough to make a city of. It is not, yet; but, Deacon Titcomb being witness, it is getting up to the proper civilization mark, and may soon be even equal to the total depravity of a daily newspaper!

Meanwhile the citizens make great quantities of boots and shoes there. The odor of their industry is in the streets. I mentioned just now that the air was rich with perfume from the flower gardens. So it is, but there is at certain seasons a more penetrant perfume. Walk down Common Street, or Summer Street, in

the month of June, and the scent of leather floats out of the open doors and windows of the shops, and traverses the golden air in all directions. I like it. It is fragrant with New England enterprise. Down by the railroad you smell the tanneries. It was some time before I could open my conviction to the fact that there were a few shops that were not shoe manufactories. But the shoe-trade is the special occupation and interest of the majority of the citizens, and all things rotate around it. A friend of mine declares stoutly that the city authorities are leagued with the manufacturers with a view to the special maintenance of that business. He bases his opinion on the fact that the unpaved sidewalks of the place are covered with a layer of knobby gravel, which no personal economy in the matter of boots can survive. We had debated why the streets were not paved. A day or two after he brought in his new boots with the soles worn through. "Behold!" said he, "I smell a rat!" It was tinctured with the town odor of leather! Moreover, the city authorities themselves are in the shoe-business, and if they do not cobble old boots, they sell new ones. My friend has a story, which he uses, I believe, as a safety valve to prevent the explosion which might otherwise ensue, when he thinks of the mayor and aldermen in this connection. He says (but I doubt the rogue) that he was expressing his amazement to a townsman at the number of persons engaged in the business: "Why," said he, "there's a manufactory even next to the meeting-house yonder!" "Yes," replied the ingenuous townsman, "that's Mr. B——'s, the Methodist minister's shop." "The Methodist m-in-i-st-er's s-h-o-p!" trailed out of the open mouth of my astonished friend. "For the Lord's sake, Cap'n, don't any body do any thing here but make shoes?" "O yes," answered the other, "there's Mr. F——, the *Orthodox* minister jest below; HE makes BOOTS!" My friend commonly concludes this anecdote with an extra flourish about having swooned away at that stage of the dialogue, and not coming to for twenty-four hours, which I do not advise any one to believe.

I do not purpose taking upon myself the office of town historian just now; else I might enrich these pages with much like the foregoing. Indeed, my previous remarks bear but a cousin-german relation to the narrative I am about to put down lightly here. The return of the rich June weather, which blooms and glows around me as I write, is the magic that calls up some ghostlike memories. For it was in the month of June in a year gone by, that, escaped from my clerkly duties in my father's counting-room, I found myself there in Lynn, in the house of an old friend of his—Captain John Martin by name—commonly called Cap'n Martin by the townsfolk. I consider the fact of my being at his house there and then the nucleus of my story, and now I gather every thing around it.

We were all at dinner. That is to say, we had dined, and were yet lingering at the table. I was in that mood of pensive cheerfulness which usually succeeds a good repast. A light wind waved the curtains of the windows, and stirred the leaves of the geraniums on the sill. One million-moted ray of sunshine stretched its oblique line of light from the upper corner of a window, and gilded a small fly that had been resting for some time, undisturbed, on the snub end of Cap'n Phineas D. Bugbee's nose. Cap'n Bugbee's rough face was upturned to the ceiling, and both eyes were fixed thereon in a stolid stare. Next to him was little Turly Martin (short for Thurlow), gravely endeavoring to fish a fly from a tumbler of water with a fork, and sweet-faced May Martin watching him with a soft shadow of reverie in her dear blue eyes. Aunt Huldah looked benignantly from the frill of her mob-cap (the only mob-cap in Lynn!) upon nothing in particular, and patted her withered hands together in unconscious approval of every thing. Mrs. Martin, as usual, sedate and patient—it was not unusual for her to be silent. My quiet, roving eye took in the whole group, and rested upon Captain Martin. I always liked to look at him—the broad-shouldered, stalwart man. His was a fine, rude countenance, and grandly honest. The sun of many a latitude had given his rugged features their tint of iron brown. Weather of all kinds had beaten him, but he was none the worse for it. Time had marked crows-feet around his frank blue eyes—seamed his sinewy cheeks with rifts and lines—made his knobby forehead knobbier, and touched his crisp dark hair with a little gray. Here was one whom the buffeting world had attacked sorely, found unconquerable, and left in peace, a strong, simple, tender-hearted man. There was his friend, Captain Phineas D. Bugbee, opposite him. The sun of many latitudes, time, and the buffeting world had worked on him too: made him brown, and bluff, and doggedly genial, but had taken the childlike nature out of Captain Martin. You saw it in his mild blue eyes and frank face. Look at Cap'n Bugbee, and his burly figure suggested Cape Cod, and a whole fleet of sea-boats, from a fishing dory up to a merchantman. Hear him gruffly mumble out his hoarse speech, and you heard a whole beach of tumbling surges. His big mouth reminded you of the gills of a codfish. I think he was born in canvas ducks and a pea-jacket. You could not rid yourself of the notion for your life, if you saw him once. Summer and winter he wore a pea-jacket and canvas trowsers—I think he slept in them. Somebody told me once that in Swedenborg's Heaven people keep the manners and costumes, as well as the professions, of earth—only spiritualized a little. Perhaps Swedenborg's view was misrepresented to me. But I always favored it on account of Cap'n Bugbee. It was impossible to imagine him, even in his celestial state, out of canvas ducks and a mon-

key-jacket. I am sure that when he gets to heaven—and if genuine good-heartedness can recommend a man for future bliss, I am sure that he *will* get there—his earthly garb will be unchanged. As for the common idea of wings, in his case it is impossible—though I am not so sure about fins.

The silence into which we had all lapsed was broken by little Turly springing up from the table, throwing himself into a dramatic attitude, and rattling off in a shrill voice,

"Ah—ah—de nix cum rowse, de bollhotchet, de criune, de spruce and de colokena, a-chased de mouse all round de house—"

"ThurLOW Martin!" exclaimed his astonished mother; "you little Simon Magus!"

I laughed in spite of myself to hear this sudden volley of gibberish from the lips of the child. Captain Martin laughed too, and the stolid Bugbee tumbled out of his musings, with a dab at the fly on his nose, and gave a snort of mirth, quenched in a kind of a groan. Every body looked at Turly, and Turly, looking at every body, said, plaintively—"Now, what have I bin a-doing?"

"O ThurLOW Martin!" ejaculated Aunt HulDAH, with a mild horror in her benevolent face, "how kin you be a-repeatin' the talk of them wicked critters at the *suckus*—how kin you! It's a d'rect flyin' in the face of Providence!"—"And Newport," mumbled the mirthful Bugbee, with another snort.

"I'll put a stop to his going to the circus," said Mrs. Martin, severely.

Turly began to whimper, and said he "hadn't done nawthin'—only made a little fun—that's all!"

"I *wunt* have such fun," declared his mother.

"Now, don't be hard on him, Mary," said the good-natured Captain Martin; "don't you do it agin, Turly; that's all. It ain't proper."

Nevertheless Turly was taken in hand, and went through a regular course of admonition on the spot. The large Bugbee rolled out of the room, hoarsely chuckling, in the midst of it, and I thought it a good opportunity to slip away too. I stopped in the entry, and beckoned to May. She came. I shaded my face with my Panama hat for a minute, and then, looking in her smiling eyes, said,

"I am going over there, May-blossom. Any message?"

How her fair face saddened! She turned away for a moment—

"No, Charley, nothing. Yes—wait a minute." I waited. She came back presently with a white rose-bud.

"Give him this, Charley. Good-by."

She flitted away. I put the bud in my button-hole, and tried to whistle an air from *Ernani*, as I softly opened the street-door; but it died on my lips.—Now, by the tomb of the Capulets! here is a lovely kettle of fish!

The very first object on which my eyes rested was the broad figure of Captain Martin leaning on the garden gate with his back toward me!

It was evident—he had left the dining-room by the back door, gone round the garden, and there he was. What was to be done? I had no intention of letting *him* know where I was going—nor that I *was* going any where. But I smiled a summery smile under the shadow of my Panama, and went down the steps to him.

"Where are you going, Captain?" I asked. I knew—down to the shop, of course—he said so.

"Where are *you* going, Charley?" he asked. I replied, diplomatically, that I was disposed for a stroll "this way," and my hand indicated a western prospect ranging from Lover's Leap to Saugus.

"Well," said the Captain, changing his mind, "s'posin' we do."

And he stepped off so suddenly in my direction that I had nothing to do but follow him. I was out-generaled! A cloud sailed over the summer of my smile beneath the Panama. I thought of Sinbad with the Old Man of the Sea on his despairing back. It was the symbol of my condition! However, I submitted with a semi-civilized grace to what I really felt was a dispensation, for I wanted to be off on my own private excursion. I submitted; I mean by that phrase, that, as we walked up the rustic street with its pleasant houses and gardens—the Captain meanwhile chatting in his cheery, affectionate way—I, with some qualms of conscience very much to my credit, was plotting ways and means for a retrieval of my discomfited attempt at a solitary exit. In this manner we reached the Salem road, and saw, northeasterly, old High Rock far up and away in the hazy air, with the little pagoda set like a wisdom-cap on the top of his bald head. It was the dawn of a new inspiration. "I'll land the Captain at his own shop-door, and then for Swampscot!" was my idea. So down a side street I turned him.

"Now then, Charley, what tack is this 'ere you're on?" curiously surmised the Captain; for if we originally intended to reach the shoe-manufactory, we certainly *had* been going out of our way.

"Captain," I answered, with a very grave face, "didn't you tell me you were going down to the shop?—and isn't this the nearest way?"

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Captain, "and so I did. I *did* tell yo' so, but I didn't calc'late workin' sech a Tom Cox's traverse on yo', Charley, my boy, though it looks mighty like it. I own I *was* a leadin' yo' wrong; but I didn't guess yo' meant to steer for the shop, when yo' p'inted thereaway yonder; an' I forgot to think yo' might easy miss the course, seein' that it's three months sence yo' were here, and it's not likely yo' *would* have an eye for out-of-town bearings. All right; we're straight now."

This was rich! Here was the Captain laboring under the delusion that I did not know the way to his shop. Don't I, Captain? I'll show *you* where brogans are made, my fine man, and you'll supervise the making! Once there, you're anchored, and I'll slip my own moorings for an-

other bight of the stream. No eye for out-of-town bearings?—Haven't I though? We'll see.

We reached the main street, with its long green common reaching down, between a double fringe of white houses, gardens, and fresh trees, to Lynn Centre. The ocean seen by glimpses from the eastern streets was level sapphire, flecked with dancing and dazzling gleams.

"That 'ere sea looks bright and blue to-day, Charley," remarked the Captain, with a sad gravity in his mellow voice, "but it's got a hungry maw. What's the chance a ship and crew 'd find down this 'ere coast in the November gales? Ask Captain Bugbee! *He* knows. That's the water kin bile right smart in cold weather, and cook your duff for yo'. Cape Horn arn't a suck-umstance. 'Twont compare for stress of foul weather. I've weathered the Horn many's the time, and *know*. Captain Bugbee 'd tell yo' there's no danger *there* worth mention, if yo' don't manage ship like a cook's mate; but *here* you've got to look sharp for your soul. Ah! they're dreadful gales, and that's a fact."

And the Captain sighed, and lapsed into a kind of anxious reverie. I had an intuition that he was thinking of his son—Frank Martin, a fine lad who had gone to sea some three years before, and was now, if rumor said rightly, on his homeward way. It seemed to me, as I watched the pensive sadness that brooded upon his brown visage, that the great, tender heart was yearning for the boy. So I remarked quietly,

"When do you expect him home, Captain?"

"Well, we've ben a looking for him this—" He stopped short—jerked up the rim of his straw hat from his forehead, and fixed his blue eyes upon me with a solemn stare.

"How'd yo' guess I was mindful of Frank, Charley? Answer up, yo' witch!"

"Captain—I saw it in your eye," I believe was my explanation.

"Um-m—well, it's not unlikely. You're cute, Charley: in my eye it *was*, maybe—mind like-wise. Well, Frank ought to be home'ard bound about now. Charles, I feel dre'fful oneasy 'bout him, times—I *do*."

"He will come home safely, Captain," I suggested; "never fear that."

"Ah, well; yes. The middle sea's safe as the harbor, for the Lord's over all. But my mind frbodes somethin', and I feel onrestful like, times. Now I know some folks say it's all stuff and nonsense, though the Bible's full of it, but—d'ye ever trust *dreams*, Charley?—that's the question."

"No, I don't, Captain: why?"

"*Don't*?—Sho! Now, I'll *tell* yo' the reason why. Tother night I dreamed I saw Frank aboard ship. Ship bowlin' along in a runnin' sea. Right afore my eyes the youngster scuds up the rattlins, and perches h'self clean out on the tip end of the main-yard. There he sot."

"Well, Captain," said I, "what does that signify?"

"Peril! Hark yo', Charles, and don't call

me an owl." And the Captain laid the big forefinger of his right hand in the big palm of his left, in a demonstrative sort of a way, and lowered his voice to a hushed bass—"When I was in the fo'castle of the Nancy—off Madagascar—I dreamed that of a shipmet—a great lubberly Manxman. Next day that chap was a man overboard, and afore we could pick him up, the sharks had him. Fact! they *did*. Hark yo' agin. When I was first mate of the John Darvil, merchantm'n, in the Bay of Biscay, I dreamed that dream. I saw a man perched up there, but I couldn't make'm out—though I knew he was one of our crew. Next day a white squall struck us, and blew that m'nsail clean out of the bolt-ropes, and down come the yard, and hit a New York fellow, named Jervis, on the head, and knocked the life out of him! I never *hed* that dream but somethin' happened—*never*! Last time but one, I was Cap'n of the Ann Arbor—brig with produce and lumber from Bangor. That time it was *m'self* that sot up there on the m'nyard. Sure enough—"

"Hold on, Captain," I interrupted, "did you say it was *yourself* you dreamed sat up there on the yard? How is that? *You* are not dead, you know—at least you *look* as if you were alive."

"Ah, well," replied the Captain, smiling grimly, "I was comin' to that. Off the Isle of Shoals, the Ann Arbor went ashore in a *tremenjous* gale, and stove to flinders on the rocks of White Island. We all made out to git clear with our souls in our buddies *that* time; but, I tell *you*, 'twas a close chance. Besides, the eventooal consequences of that wrack to me, might be counted in."

"Captain," I said, not noticing his last sentence, "*you* got clear in spite of the dream; so will Frank. Don't be anxious; don't borrow trouble."

"Ah, well," replied the Captain, musing aloud with a sad face, "he's in the hands of the Lord, and that's my anchor. Eighteen years, come next October—and it's little short of your own age, Charles. In the hands of the Lord—that's a best bower. But anxiety's human and nateral."

What could I say? I was touched with his solicitude for Frank, and tried to mould a speech that would show him my sympathy. While I meditated to this effect, my good intentions were suddenly ended by a question—

"Now, Charley, what yo' goin' to do with yourself this afternoon?"

How my heart jumped! Shall I tell him? Feeling carried the day. I threw disguise to the winds.

"Captain, I am going over to Swampscot." His face paled a little beneath its swarthy brown.

"I am going to visit Gervayse Phillips. Captain, don't you want me to go?"

A flush came to the brown visage, and his eye sparkled. He answered quickly,

"Of course I do. He's your friend, Charley,

and its nateral you'd want to see him. Do yo' know old man Phillips?"

"Not much; I have met him several times."

"It's all right, Charles. I've no dislike to young Vayse; he's a fine fellow, but his father—oh! his father's a villain—a cold, hard, proud, mean villain! There, God forgive me. I didn't mean to say it; it's not talk fit for a Christian man, but I can't help it."

"Oh, Captain Martin, don't speak so. Don't let your antipathy for the father prejudice the son in your eyes. Now hear—"

"Entipathy I've *num*—leastways for Vayse," he broke in with nervous energy; "but look here, Charles—I see through yo', and I don't dislike yo' for't. It's nateral for yo' to be spokesman for your friend. But hark yo', no son of that family shall ever be husband to my darter, and if my word's law, May Martin shall be took to her grave afore she treads up the church-aisle with Gervayse Phillips. It's said and done. Charles, he's your friend—tell him *that*. I don't dislike *him*, and my sperit's sorely grieved for May; but it's fixed, and there's the end on't."

His face glowed, and his firm lip trembled, but there was grief in his passion. I could not account for this strong aversion to the elder Phillips. I had been long aware of it, and I knew it lay at the base of his opposition to the intimacy between May and Gervayse, but I had never been able to discover its motive. I was determined to discover it now.

"Captain," said I, "will you tell me why you entertain so bad an opinion of Mr. Phillips? Did he ever injure you—or what is his fault?"

He hesitated. He had grown very pale, and a great struggle worked beneath his fine, rude features. His lip quivered as he spoke.

"Charles, why do yo' ask me? I didn't mean ever to speak of this. Your father knows all about it. Did *he* never tell yo'? He didn't; well, I will. Here's the shop—come in."

We had reached the manufactory, and now entered the neat counting-room, which was partitioned off from the ample space in which the workmen plied their trade. There was no one in the counting-room but ourselves, and we sat down. I was now in no hurry to be off; I wanted to hear the Captain's relation. Besides, it was only a few minutes past one o'clock, and the long summer afternoon was before me. My heart fluttered under my gay vest like a bird in the hand, as the Captain sat wiping away a light perspiration from his forehead, and smoothing his iron-gray hair in silence. A great elm tree stood near the open window, and all its pendent leaves were trembling in the still summer air, and listening. The confused tapping and clicking of the workmen's tools in the outer room, seemed faint and far away. I fanned myself with my Panama until I began to grow warm, and then desisted.

"It's a long story, Charley," he began at last, "but I'll make it a short one. Listen, boy.

Fifteen year ago, I was skipper of the brig Ann Arbor. That's the vess'l I told yo' was wracked off the Isles of Shoals—d'yo' remember?

"Yes, Captain; the lumberman you spoke of."

"The same. Brig with produce and timber from Bangor to Boston. The owner of that craft and cargo was Squire Phillips. Yes, sir; Squire Phillips was the owner—that was one of his ventures, and I was Cap'n of the brig. Mark yo', Charles, Squire Phillips was a rich merchant even then; he was wuth full twenty thousand dollars—he's taxed for seventy thousand now. I was nothin' but a poor seaman, servin' his interest, and keepin' my family above water with my pay. Frank and May were two and five year old babies. Young Turly wasn't born. One afore that time, and one sence, of our children, we laid down sorrowful in Lynn churchyard. Hard times were they, and m'urnful with us, but they're gone. Squire Phillips did all he could to make 'em harder.

"I'll tell yo' how. That vess'l, in as mad a gale as ever blew, lost her fo'mast and tiller, and was thrown up on the rocks of White Island, where she lay with her hull beatin' the stones, and the awful surge breakin' over us. There was a light-house, yo' know, on that island, and fearful it was in the howlin' gale and the black night to lie right under the dim light of the beacon—jest bright enough to show us our perilous state—and the brig goin' to pieces, and we grappled to the riggin'. But that saved us, ennyhow. A mighty sea lifted us a rod from there, and sendin' the craft inland, down she came smash, with her hull jammed into the rocks. That wave had sent her on to the edge of a kind of cove, and *druv* her up a leetle under the lee of a cliff, so that she didn't feel the *swell* so much, though the surge poured over the rocks onto her in torrents every minute. Now right under the p'int, about twenty yard from us, was a narrow ledge runnin' out from the landin'. The beacon showed it, all mad with foam and spray. It was our only chance, but we never could hev reached it; for if we trusted ourselves overboard in that crazy sea, we should hev ben dashed to death on the rocks, or swep' off by the undertow. That's what we *thought*. But one of us *did* try it. He was a nigger fellow, and did the cookin'—a mighty powerful-built man, and brave. Lord! how the feller jumped down deep into my heart! He actilly went overboard on the resk, and though he was gashed some, he *did* reach that ledge. He wedged h'self into a split of the rock to keep from bein' swep' away—for the water broke over there from the p'int under our lee to wind'ard, at times clean coverin' him—and we made out to get him a rope at last. We saw him try to make his end of the line fast to the crags, but he couldn't do it; and at last that fellow wound it round and round his buddy, and braced himself. He was a brave nigger, and we owed him our lives. He sung out to haul taut on the rope, and lash ourselves to it one by one. That we

did, and us aboard keepin' the line as taut as possible—so that the fellow slung to it shouldn't be split to nothin' on the rocks—the nigger hauled us in, we payin' out the line gradual, and keepin' her taut. Jest as soon as a man gained the ledge, he unslung himself from the rope, and watchin' his chance, when the undertow swep' the reef bare, he struggled in upon the beach. In that way the whole crew, seven in number, werè got ashore, bruised bad, but none lost. I was the last to leave the brig; and havin' no one to keep the line taut, I was hauled in loose, and got bruised considerable on the rocks. But we were all saved, and got sheltered in the light-house, and doctored up by the keeper.

"Next day the wind hed hauled off to the south'ard, and the storm hed broke. We went, some of us, down on the beach. A strong off-shore breeze had flattened the ocean pretty smooth. But no sign of that brig, or a bit of her cargo, could we see: She had gone to pieces in the night, and we never found enny thing belongin' to her but the anchor, which was lyin' among the breakers, atween rocks. Nothin' was saved but the brig's papers: I hed brought 'em ashore in my bosom. She was about half insured.

"Well, we got up to Boston at last, and the first thing I did was to call on Squire Phillips. He was very kind; didn't seem much grieved for the loss. He knew I hed done my duty like a seaman and a man, and he said so. He mentioned that he was so trustful of me, that another vess'l would be placed under my charge in two or three weeks—a coaster. I made up my mind to take the skipper's berth offered me, and told him. I was mighty stiff and sore with my bruises on White Island rocks. I come down here to Lynn, and Mrs. Martin was rejicèd greatly at my safety. She was stayin' with her mother then and the two babes. And there and then she persuaded me to quit seafarin' for reason of the danger, and to begin in this business. It wasn't hard pleadin', for I felt sick of the sea jest then, and promised easy. Besides, I knew somethin' about shoe-makin', and more about shoe-dealin', and thought I should make out. Well, it needed some capital for a start, and I made my calculations on what was owin' me from Mr. Phillips. I'd ben Cap'n for him several years, and hed let my account run up pretty much with him—only drawin' jest what my wife wanted for her use—and there was quite a balance in my favor. I calculated on that. So I looked up a shop; I got a month's credit for my stock, kit of tools, and so on, and made ready ginerally. Then I went up to Boston, and saw Squire Phillips.

"It was one morning, and he was alone in the counting-room. I told him I'd concluded to give up seafarin', and mentioned my intentions in regard to the shoe-trade. He seemed a leetle disappointed at first, and said he was sorry my interests were to deprive him of a good Cap'n, who had been always so prompt and sure

for him. But he wished me all manner of success in my new occupation, and said he'd be glad to do enny thing for me if I wanted it. Well, at last I spoke about a settlement, and he jumped up, and said he was ready, and at my service. His books told how the account stood in a few minutes. There was a clear balance in my favor of twelve hundred dollars. Squire Phillips looked a-kinder thoughtful as I made out my bill for that amount, and resated it. 'Captain Martin,' says he, 'I owe you a larger sum than I expected. Now I'm a leetle pressed for money just at present, and if yo' *can* without inconvenience let this stand for a couple of weeks, you'll oblige me. But if you want the money *now*, I'll give yo' a check at once. Only say the word.' I'd hev done enny thing to oblige him; he'd always treated me well, and I told him so, and let the debt stand. Amen! God forgive him!"

The Captain paused, and wiped his damp forehead. There was that in his voice and in his face that made my heart throb thick and fast. I felt timid under the mild and sad look of his eyes, and looked away to the street. The pendant leaves of the elm still seemed to listen, and then, as a light wind swept through the tree, they were a mass of agitations, and tremblings, and low sighs, and murmuring voices, over the divination of a secret and a shame.

"Charles, that man has prospered in this world. He's got wealth and worldly goods; but there's a sin at his heart, and he wunt be a thrivin' man when he comes afore his God. Listen, boy: I was a poor man then, toilin' for my wife and babes, and that money was hard to lose. But it isn't *that* I consider now—it's the baseness and fraud. It's the mean act that moves me. I felt it then like madness; but that's gone, and I've tried sence to forget and forgive, like a Christian man; but I can't forget it! I came back to Lynn with a trustful sperit, and commenced business. At the very outset I was prosp'rous; I got a good connection for my trade, and all promised fair. I told yo' that I hed my stock, kit of tools, and so forth, on a month's credit. I couldn't git more at first, for I wasn't known, and I trusted sure on my wages to meet that bill. Three week went by, and in another my creditor—he's a man of this town, and a close man, but honorable—he'd be after his lawful due. Well, I went up to Boston town, and saw Squire Phillips. He was very smooth and kind, and asked after my business; and I told him jest how matters stood, and mentioned that I hed come, agreeable to request, after my money. I didn't know what made him look so puzzled, and I thought he'd not understood me; so I told him over. The blood in my buddy chilled cold in me when he said, 'Hev you *another* demand against me, Captain Martin?' I thought he was jokin' at first, but he looked so proud and cold that I knew better in a minute. 'Mr. Phillips,' I said, 'I never hed but *one*, and *that* ain't canceled. Yo' don't mean to say you're not owin' me twelve hundred dollars?' He looked at me

with his proud, stern face for a long minute, and then he said slowly, 'Captain Martin, I want you to understand that I never pay the same bill twice.' 'What do yo' mean, Sir?' I said, in a fury, for I saw the villainy. 'What do *you* mean?' thunders he: 'do you mean to deny your own resate, man?' And he jumped up to the desk, and took out a paper, and held it before my eyes. I saw it all! I'd put my head in the noose. I told yo', Charles, that the first day I called on him, three weeks before, I'd made out my bill, and signed it in full for all demands to date, thinkin' that I was to get the money *then*. And that resate I'd left on his desk, and forgotten! Never remembered aught about it till then! There it was, in his hands. Not a witness—not a grain of evidence—to help me to my right! Says he, 'If this resate is not enough, I can prove that I sent a check to the bank with your name on it for this amount, on the very day you were here, and drew the money. Do yo' recollect the circumstance?' says he to a clerk. The young man said yes. No doubt he'd carried the check, and got it cashed, but the sum had went into Mr. Phillips's pocket. 'The check is in the bank,' says he, 'and kin be produced if necessary: here's *my* voucher that the money was paid you,' holdin' up the resate. I was a ruined man!

"Charles, the feelin' that my claim was under that man's foot—the thought that wife, and children, and business were beggared and bankrupt, if he chose—made me meek. I humbled myself to that proud swindler. I told him of my state. I told him that my business—the bread for my family—depended on that money. I *begged* it of him! He heard me for a time. I'll credit him for not makin' me doubtful that somethin' of the feelin' that makes every human man—the wust and the best—own up to the hand of the Lord that made him—was in *him*; for by the twitchin' of his face, and his changin' color, I saw that his conscience was grapplin' with his lie and fraud. Then, at last, it ended; and he told me to leave the office! The cuss that was in my heart never came to my lips, and I went and left him.

"Fifteen year have passed sence then. Often have I met him, and I see him 'times now. And when I pass him, silent, I see shame and trouble in the proud face where I saw aforetime uprightness and honor; and I know there's a sin at his heart, and a worm that'll never die! And now his son—a fine, brave boy, with a face that makes me m'urn in secret for the likeness to his father's afore he wronged me, and m'urnful for the world's sin that may change it—he comes a-courtin' my May; and he don't know—for his father 'll keep his own counsel on that matter from his boy—he don't know why I tell him he can't have my consent to his marryin' my gal. I've seen him lookin' troubled when he saw by my face my heart was kindly to him, and I knew he was tryin' to think out the riddle, and couldn't. And May, too—she's pale; and my gal's happiness is dear to me. Don't I know

he'd make her a good husband, manly and true, with great store of the world's goods for house and home—don't I know it? And May's not poor; for her father's independent, spite of all; and her mother goes in favor of the match, in her love for the child, and her forgiveness for what's past; but I can't forget the injury done against me by that man, and I'll never bring a cuss upon my child by consentin' that the unrepented sin of that father, visited on his son, shall be shared by her and the babes unborn who'll call her mother. I'm *sot* against it. It's my dooty. The wust wrong Squire Phillips could do me he did, and I never harmed him; and he knew 'twould be my mortal hurt and ruin. I can't look with favor on his son for the memory. Charles, yo' can't blame me."

"No, no," I said, with my heart swelling, and dimness blotting out the sight from my eyes, "I can not blame you. It was base—it was unmanly. He was a rich man, and he spoiled the feeble fortunes of the poor. The father of my friend! O Captain, I never thought Mr. Phillips capable of an act like this! No honor—no reparation. It was base. No, no; I understand your feeling, and I must respect it. I am sorry for Vayse and for May, but I can not blame you."

My voice failed me, and I choked down a sob that rose from my heart. How still the room was—how dim the sound of the workmen's tools without—how the green leaves trembled on the tree.

"Look up, boy, and don't yo' grieve. You're a true friend, and Gervayse Phillips ought to be proud of *you*. Glad would I be to sink the reef on which these young hearts are wrackin', for I mind the time when I was young. I can't! It's a wide, sharp, solid ledge of wrong. I've seen sorrow and trouble; but this is wild, and wust of all, and I shall bear it heavy on my sperit till I go down to the low moorings in Lynn churchyard, and anchor close by my dead babes. I can't but think of that man's wrong, and its ruin to the love of his own boy!"

A long silence followed. I could not but feel that in his opposition to the union of his daughter with my friend, if there was not a particle of logic, there was all the reason in the world. I felt too that their love was without hope or promise—the fruitless blossom was to wither on the tree.

"Captain," I said at length, anxious to divert my mind from the thought, "you told me that when Phillips defrauded you, your property in trade was at the mercy of your creditor. Did you lose it? Of course you *did*, I suppose."

A sudden flush blazed out on his sun-browned face; a glisten in his blue eyes. His lip trembled once, and then was firm again under the dilating nostril, and still, in the strange stir of his features. And when he spoke, a blind, agonized feeling in my bosom rose up, and groped toward his meaning at the gathering thrill that quivered in his hoarse and earnest voice.

"Charles, shall I mention what befell? Listen. I waited patiently for the day of my ruin. I could in no fashion make up that sum. I waited, and on the day afore that bill came due, when I must go and say I couldn't meet it—I found a friend. In the street I met him, and I hadn't seen him for long, though we'd ben boys together. And he met me so cordial, that my heart warmed in my despair. So when he asked me why I looked so down-hearted, a feelin' came that made me tell him all, though I never counted on his bein' able or willin' to help me. I never told that story out of my family to aught but him and you; and I told him then. And that good man saved me! Prompt was he; and he said it musn't be so, and that he'd lend me the money, and, if need be, twice the money; and he sot me up straight. He did; and I've never forgot it!"

A cloud had darkened my brain—a sudden light burst through it. I divined the spirit in his eyes—the emotion on his face—the meaning that kindled in his words, and shot through the electric currents of my frame with an inspiration, and a triumph, and a pride. I rose to my feet.

"It was—"

I stopped. He had risen with me, and his hands were on my head. A great change worked in his large features, and the glisten in his eyes went out in brimming tears.

"God bless yo', boy. There's truth and honor in your bright eyes and your honest forehead. It's his blood that's warm in your face, and his soul's in *you*. Ay, Charles, it was him that rescued me. It was your own father."

Over that revelation long minutes passed away. The tears dried from my eyes. I was filled with a calm sense of satisfaction, but my heart was too full to speak. I sat and watched the waving of the tree, which now swayed musically in the west wind of the afternoon. I remember that a spotted butterfly fluttered down upon a twig near the window, and poised a tilt upon its balancing, slowly moving its gorgeous wings, like the brilliant spirit of the summer. And then, when it flitted away into the sunshine, a bright blue-bird swooped suddenly from the air, and, resting in the green agitation of the branches, warbled out a clear brief trill that was hope and happiness to hear, and flew away.

"Captain, I will go," I said. "We have talked long enough, and I want to think of what you have told me, and settle my mind."

"Yes, Charley," said the Captain cheerily, "it's nigh on to two o'clock; I feel yo' had better leave me, for I'm thoughtful in spirit with these recollections. But, now—not a word to your friend about what's ben said—not a word to Vayse!"

"Not a word, Captain," I replied; "I will not speak of it. Good-by, Captain."

"Farewell, Charley; come home to tea."

On the steps I saw, rolling along toward the shop, the great Bugbee. Straw hat pushed back, neckerchief untied, monkey-jacket all fly-

ing. Bugbee was in a tropical heat. There was a red mark from the hard rim of his hat on his swarthy forehead; his face was wet with perspiration; he was holy-stoning it with his rough sleeve.

"Hullo!" he said, with a hoarse, subdued roar, "'Taint hot. Ain't it, though? *I'm* briled. Back's hot's a roast hog, and the hide's cracklin'. I'm done—eat me!"

"Cap'n Bugbee," I ventured, "why in the world don't you put on a thin coat?"

He careened, and rolled off with a growl: "Thin coat! Hoo! Thin coat be ——" No matter what he said about the thin coat.

II.

Off I went. Gervayse Phillips's house was out behind the town of Swampscot, which, as every body knows, lies northeast of Lynn. I went that way, musing on all I had heard, and was just going by old High Rock, lost in a trance of reverie, when two firm hands were laid upon my shoulders, and, from a proud and noble face, with a flush of pleasure lighting up the golden brown of its healthy tan, two large hazel eyes, with real star-fire in their liquid shadows, looked straight into mine. My heart leaped up to greet him.

"O Vayse! I was just going over to your house," I shouted, with his strong grasp in my ardent hand.

"And I was going after you," said Gervayse Phillips. "Father saw you in the cars from Boston yesterday afternoon (though you did not see him), and as you did not come over to *me* this forenoon, I made up my mind that you were, as usual, at Captain Martin's, and came over to *you*. A special Fate directed my route, for here you are."

"And right glad I am to see you," was my impulsive retort. "You are as strong as ever, *I feel*," for his grasp had hurt my hand. "Now then, whose horse and carriage is that? Yours, I think. And what cloud did you drop out of?"

"My dear Charley, there is not a cloud in the sky, therefore it is fair to presume I drove soberly on the road. It is strange you did not see me; but I noticed that you were blind with meditation. Come, what were you thinking of?"

"You, of course. Love is always blind," I said, with a gay laugh.

"Really!" he replied with his grave smile; "And is love deaf too? for you might have heard the carriage wheels, at all events. If love had been blind on both sides, you might be marching over to Swampscot on a vain look-out, and I driving over to West Lynn—"

"Without this," I interrupted, handing him May's white rosebud from my button-hole.

"Ah! for me?" he said slowly, his face changing to a dusky pallor, from which the beautiful eyes glinted their starry lustre; "do you know the language of flowers? This, for instance, means—Hopeless Love." He held the rose to his fine, thin nostrils; but I am sure, if I had not looked at him, he would have pressed it to his lips.

"Yes," said I, "hopeless love."

The illuminating flush had died away. He was very pale. I hardly noticed then that, during the three months which had elapsed since I had last seen him, a quiet sadness had stolen into his face, and a more pensive tone into the clear, grave music of his voice. I only noticed the same inexpressible delicacy and nobility of face and figure which had so often charmed me. The proud and graceful demeanor of the head, with its chivalrous fall of dark waving hair—the dark brilliant eyes, under the calm arch of their black brows, giving light and soul to the sun-tinted, august features—the broad, full chest—the piled muscle of arm and thigh, and the whole lithe, elegant outline of the elastic frame, unconcealed by its close-fitting garments, made up an image from the days of the cavaliers. It seemed to me then the perfect ideal of manly beauty. It was the dream of gallant Richard Lovelace, with the graver grace of Philip Sidney, realized in the New England sunlight, beneath the Puritan shadow of old High Rock. So fabled the imagination. Yet, as the memory of what the Captain had told me a little while before glided into my mind, and the silent sorrow of the face slowly revealed itself to me, I hooded the eyes of vision, and remembered that this was Gervayse Phillips, with the white rosebud in his fingers, and the truth of which it was the symbol, cold and silent in his heart. And I, with my counsel, was to aid Time, and medicine that hopeless love to its cure—renunciation and forgetfulness.

So we entered the carriage and drove over to his father's house, behind Swampscot. Behind Swampscot meant a mile back from that town. His father's house meant, on the outside, a fine square wooden mansion, gabled and ornamented, standing near a carriage-road that ran past thick green pine-woods, with an everlasting murmur and a song in their Gothic branches. It meant stables and barns, with horses and cows, and fowls of all descriptions, from the arrogant turkey-gobbler to the stilted Shanghai hen; and an ample range of farm, and orchard, and meadow-land, girdling its precincts. On the inside, it meant all that is elegant and tasteful in the way of rich furniture, pictures, and delicate perfume pervading its cloistered air. Perhaps it included the gentle, quiet lady that came forward to welcome me, whom I saluted as Mrs. Phillips; and the fair young girl, the daughter, Clara—so beautiful and saintly—who gave me her small white hand, with a thrill in it that stole quietly to my heart, and smiled a greeting from the mystical deeps of her brown eyes.

Now, I am not going to be minute. I should like to present you a finished and carefully tinted picture, instead of this uncolored sketch, whose scenes and figures are only traced in outline, and no more. These outlines you must fill up for yourselves. When I say that I passed a very pleasant afternoon, let it suffice. Part of the time I sat with Gervayse in a little summer-house in the garden, advising him earnestly to

renounce his passion for May Martin. He answered with his usual eloquence; but every thing he said was an evasion of my counsel, and an effort to lead me into some disclosure of the reason for Captain Martin's opposition to his suit. He knew well that I could tell him, but I was on my guard, and he learned nothing. I felt that it was better for him to remain in ignorance. But I told him there was earnest truth in May's rosebud, and that Captain Martin was as inflexible as granite; urging him to be wise, and let the love of hope pass silently into the love of memory. It pained me deeply to say this, but I said it.

His last answer was a mystic smile that stole slowly over his face, and passed away in a sombre cloud of dark reverie, which overcast his calm white forehead, and dimmed the brilliance of his shadowy eyes. My own reflections took a deeper color, as I saw the tall figure of Mr. Phillips, black and silent—the head bent upon the chest—walk slowly up the sun-lit avenue with his hands behind him, and his long shadow going before. He entered the house without seeing us. Strange, I mused, that that man can know of his son's love for the child of one whom he has so deeply wronged, and yet never discountenance it! Or is it cold wisdom on his part, and does he know that the matter will cure itself without his interference? A few minutes after we went into the mansion.

Mr. Phillips was reclining on an ottoman. I had made up my mind that I could not now meet him without aversion. But he rose, and gave me his hand with so much of the irresistible magnetism of the gentleman in his demeanor—so mild a smile upon his proud, sallow countenance—that I could not, for my soul, help respecting him. Though I loathed the sin, I could not despise the sinner. He excused himself for the position in my presence—he was weary and unwell, he said—and again lay down upon the couch. There was a secret pain in his thin, worn visage—for the welcoming smile had faded. I thought of Captain Martin's words—"There's a sin at his heart, and a worm that'll never die!" It was true. I pitied him.

We had conversed but a few minutes, when Gervayse left us, remarking that he would return soon. We were alone. I felt uneasy in the hush of the perfumed air. The white and crimson draperies of the windows drifted to and fro in the light wind. I saw his wife and daughter walking in the garden under the sun-flecked shadow of the trees. The pale and saintly face of Clara was turned toward the window. I knew that she could not see me, but it seemed as if she looked at me like a warning spirit. I turned my head away, and met the sad and brooding gaze of his dark eyes. He dropped them when I looked at him, and spoke in his calm, distinct voice:

"Mr. Seymour," said he, "you are stopping at Captain Martin's house, I believe?"

I rejoiced that he did not look at me when he said this, for a burning flush shot up on my

forehead; but I answered, "Yes." A long pause ensued.

"Gervayse tells me," he resumed, "that his suit does not advance with Captain Martin's daughter. You look startled. Gervayse confides his troubles to me always. This matter is no secret."

"Mr. Phillips," I said, "you surprise me. I know that Gervayse has told you of his feelings toward Miss Martin. Do you countenance this affair?"

"Why not?" he replied, fixing his melancholy eyes on my face—"why not? You do not answer. I love my son. I think him best competent to choose his own wife. I will never interpose my parental authority between the loves of these young people."

"Well, Sir," I said, "I suppose you think that the matter does not require your interference."

This was a rash speech, and for a moment I regretted it. Mr. Phillips was silent. A perverse audacity was the birth of that silence in my brain.

"You do not intend that Gervayse shall enter into mercantile pursuits, Sir?" I remarked.

"With my consent—no!" he answered, "You may think my tone in relation to what is held to be an honorable profession, somewhat fanatical. Well, you are a young man, Mr. Seymour, and I—am no longer young. God makes human nature noble, but the foul fiend of Trade leads it into mean paths, thickly sown with pitfalls of temptation, and destroys it. No: Gervayse will probably be a physician—he must never be a merchant."

"Surely, Sir," said I, "you do not think that a merchant must of necessity be dishonest?"

He fixed his eyes on my face with a look that searched my soul. I schooled my features into an expression of stolid simplicity.

"Mr. Seymour," he remarked, "I did not mean, of course, to imply that. But if commerce does not always break the mirror, its breath always stains it. The principles of the counting-house are cold and mean, at best. I have found them so, and I have no wish to train my son by them. I speak of things as I see them. Study the character of our New England ancestry! Then look at the life and character of our people to-day! We are now little better than a tribe of peddlers. What has wrought the change? The love of gain! It has absorbed every noble passion, and every generous instinct. We are energetic at nothing but making money. The blood of the Puritans has been sopped up from our veins with bank-notes. The heart of the nation has been crushed out with dollars. You think I am morbid? No: I am sound. Professions at last become institutions in the life of every people. Art—Literature—Mechanics—do they not foster certain tendencies common to every mind, until they become ruling passions, and vital forces in the man? The merchant's profession too, has become an institution. It nurtures greed—avarice! Do you know how many natures—

upright, honorable, proud natures—have foundered on those rocks of Trade?"

His face was calm when he said this, though the expression of remorseful pain had deepened on it like a shadow; but a strange, subdued passion seemed to writhe and groan in the cold, still tones of his voice.

"Mr. Phillips"—I spoke now with a religious fervor mantling in my veins like liquid fire—"you are undoubtedly correct; but then, I have been taught to believe that no profession in life is without its temptations, and that the best of us are liable to fall. But I also feel that no nature indeed upright and honorable will be content with mere regret or remorse for its past sin, when it can practice the redeeming virtue—which includes reparation—**REPENTANCE!**"

He rose from his recumbent posture and looked at me. His face was livid, but not with anger. The melancholy pain was woven with a frightful smile. I felt then that this was an erring, not a bad man.

"Mr. Seymour," said he at last, "they used to say of the sermons of an old English preacher, that there was a congregation at the end of every line. You too, I see, shape your sermons to the comprehension of your auditory. Well, Sir, at least you are frank and honest."

At this moment Gervayse entered the room, followed by Mrs. Phillips and Clara. Mr. Phillips resumed his former position on the ottoman. We all began to converse with vivacity, and he bore his part in the conversation with apparent ease. At last the slanting shafts of the sunlight warned me to depart. I rose to go. Mr. Phillips came forward and gave me his hand. There was nothing but kindness in the firm clasp. He said he should always be happy to see me at his house. They were going to Newport next week for the summer months; if my inclinations led me thither, he would be glad to see me there. So said Mrs. Phillips—so said the gentle Clara. Gervayse insisted on driving me to Lynn. Jim Blake the natty groom came up to the gate in a few minutes with the horse and carriage. While I lingered at the hall-door, speaking with Mrs. Phillips, and dying my death under the sweet, brown eyes of Clara, Jim Blake aforesaid went through a course of dramatic posturing at the horse's head. We relieved him at last, and drove away. Little was said on either side until we came to Lynn Centre. There I insisted on getting out and walking the rest of the way. Gervayse stopped the horse, and we both descended from the vehicle, and stood with clasped hands on the narrow path by the Common.

"Charles," said he, with his fine eyes steadfastly fixed on mine, "what were you and father talking about this afternoon when I came in? You were pale, and he was dead-white."

"Gervayse Phillips," I answered, with an energy that made him lift his calm eyebrows in wonder, "if you love me never urge that question! I can not answer it! My heart is full of grief for you. I am going back to Boston."

Resign all hope for May; she loves you, but it is all in vain."

His beautiful face colored to a fiery crimson, and his earnest eyes tried to search my mystery. But no! Then he said that it was strange, and he took a little note from his breast-pocket, and asked me to give it to her. I took it. We clasped firm hands and parted. When I had gone a hundred paces, I turned with a swelling heart to look after him. He was standing in the same place. The elegant figure—the graceful head, with its locks drooping from under one of the most cavalierish of brown Panamas—all in all, it was a form worthy of a place with the fairest of our dream-pictures of the gallant rufflers of old days. He lifted his hat in token of adieu, and I saw him no more.

Captain Martin's yellow house, and garden, and full-foliaged trees were radiant in the glorious sunset when I stopped before the door. A great hull of dark cloud lay anchored on the edge of the horizon. The upper sky was full of crimson vapors like floating pennons. A vast purple cloud, fringed with brilliant gold, rested between the streamers and the lowest mass, like a sail; and the sun descending, as I gazed, behind it, rained down his rays, like golden cords, into the moveless bulk below, and completed the splendid phantasma of the Ship of Sunset! As I looked, Captain Martin put his large hand on my shoulder from behind.

"Ah, Captain! isn't that beautiful?" said I.

"Lovely, Charley. The sun's settin' up his shrouds and backstays. That's what we called it at sea."

I admired the Captain's phrase very much. It described the appearance admirably. By-and-by, I went around the house into the garden. Near a dwarf lilac-tree—one of many that freshly scented the air—with some of its flowers in her hand, stood May. With her slight, graceful figure—her fair tresses lightly bound, and touched with pale gold from the sunset—she looked like the spirit of the Lilac. Her white forehead was bent over the flowers in her hand, and she did not see me.

"Come here, O Fair One with the Golden Locks," said I; "come here and be lectured."

She came lightly, with an innocent smile in her violet eyes.

"Now, Mr. Charley, what are you calling me names for?"

"For fun, May-blossom. That was a nice errand you sent by me to-day. O, if I had known your flower-language, never a thorn of your white rosebud would I have planted in Gervayse's bosom! But here is the answer;" and I gave her the note.

The lightest tint of scarlet suffused her fair face as she put it in her bosom—the lightest shade of sadness succeeded.

"Come, now; that's good, I declare. You're not going to read that billet aloud to me then?"

"Hush, Charley; here's Aunt Huldah." Captain Martin's sister came from the back door into the garden. An old maid! It is the

world's flippant gibe. I think it is the flesh and the devil's too. At any rate, I never had any patience or sympathy with it. Apart from the poetic reverence which I love to throw around the sacred image of virginal Age—apart from the Ideal, there is the homage due to the Fact. They are, as a class, the best women in this wicked world. Aunt Huldah was the gathered excellence of the species.

"Good evening, Aunt Huldah," said I—she was not *my* aunt, but I always called her so—"it is a beautiful evening."

"Beautiful evenin', Charley," replied Aunt, with a benignant smile lighting her wrinkled face to the crimped border of her white mob-cap, "smells sweet as pennyr'yal out here."

Round the garden I went with Aunt Huldah, and learned the names of the flowers and herbs. May flitted off into the house to read her note. Down by the hen-coop the fowls recognized the mob-cap, and a yellow clucking hen, evidently schooled liberally on the subject of Hens' Rights, acted as chief spokesman, and petitioned for corn. Aunt Huldah, like a wise legislator, took it by handfuls from her ample pocket, amidst general satisfaction, and threw it in. The yellow hen croaked out "luck, luck," as plainly as a hen could, when we went away. Slowly the last gold of sunset melted from the sky. Out of the east arose, large and yellow, and rounding up in pearl and purple vapor, the early moon. Young Turly Martin came running out with the thin summons of his childish treble, and fided us in to tea.

The evening passed agreeably. May joined her pleasant voice to the music she touched from the piano, and Mrs. Martin's tenor, and young Turly's treble, flowed together in one harmony that made the songs, plaintive or gay, soften the heart like the dear hymns of childhood. Not out of place either was the monotonous undertone of Cap'n Bugbee's bass. It growled in finely. But Cap'n Bugbee's mind was always throwing up old grievances, and he stopped the concert with one of his hoarse chucklings of inner mirth, and said "It allers riled him to think on't." "What's now, Bugbee?" questioned Captain Martin, smiling at the rough Cape Codder, who was surging about on the sofa in a tumult of oceanic merriment. "It's that peep of a mate, Sprague," roared Bugbee, choking with laughter, "and it riles me awful. There, right off Nantucket—last winter—hoo! what'n ugly sea, an' night a-comin' on pitch black, and the Borax pitchin' about till ye'd think judgment's comin'."

I interrupted him for a minute by laughing vehemently at the idea of his bursting in upon us with a story about something that happened to him *last winter*! His stories, however, never dated any nearer.

"Board o' the schooner, yo' know, we'd shingles, an' a pile o' notions, an' a load o' pigs; an' some of the pigs were *mine*, and t'others warn't. Schooner pitched 'bout till ary thin' got knocked round noways, an' the pigs got loose, and mixed

'bout yelpin' and gruntin'. So I seed things was in a brile, an' next thing I shouldn't know *my* pigs from next man's. So I sings out to Sprague to fetch the paint-pot from b'low decks, so's I could mark *my* pigs; then let 'em *mix*, I thought, and I'll know 'em 'n mornin' enny way. Long time comin' with the pot, I thought, and the pigs gittin' wus an' wus, an' more of it. So I shuffles down arter Sprague, an' the fust thing I hears him a-tellin' on to Jim Brown in his cussed squeak of a v'ice—says he, 'Bless'd if I ever heerd the like o' Cap'n Bugbee. Here's the schooner likely to go to the Old Scratch ary minit, an' Cap'n Bugbee's so cussed greedy he wants the paint-pot to mark his pigs so's he'll know 'em in Eternity!' Darned if it didn't upshot me! The ugly mink! An' I ony wantin' to score the pigs so I'd know 'em in the mornin'!"

Cap'n Bugbee's uncouth mirth struck the key-note for a general burst of merriment. The story lasted him all the evening. He had exhausted himself, and could not tell another. But Captain Martin told us some, with a genial humor that made them mellow as light. Aunt Huldah, too, gave us some experience of her feelings during a voyage from Martha's Vineyard in a sloop with a very Sinbad of a skipper, who falsified all the known rules of navigation, and had hurricanes that blew the anchors into the cross-trees, storming through all his narrations of the perils of the coast, until her nerves and credulity gave way together.

Ten o'clock came, and we all retired. All but me. I sat alone at the eastern window of my chamber, thinking vaguely of all the day had revealed to me. At last I became restless—I wanted to be out in the dewy silence and moonlight for a night ramble. To get out without going down stairs was not possible without disturbing the sleepers. But directly under my window was the sloping roof of the woodshed. I took my hat, gained the roof silently, and, dropping lightly into the garden, in a minute I was in the street. I lit a cigar, and walked away from the house. The night was very beautiful. The moon that rose so large and yellow, had lessened into an orb of silver lustre, and soared slowly up the blue zenith. Its quiet glory lay softly on the sleeping town like a veil of charms and slumber, and rested dimly in languor and beauty on the Saugus hills. Far out upon the melancholy sea the red brilliance of the Light-house glowed like the Great Car-buncle of the legend. In a faint murmur the surge breaking on the distant beach, and around the rocky bases of Nahant, sang lullaby to the dreaming air. Heavy balm drifted up from the gardens. The night-dew steeped out the rich spice of rose-carnations—the perfume of heliotropes and roses, and the fragrance of pine and cedar trees. Light and noiseless winds flitted about in the trance of the summer moonlight, laden with their odors. I wandered about like the sole phantom of an enchanted land—lost in the vaguest musings.

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So, at last I found myself returned to the house—languid with a delicious weariness. I stood in the shadow of the lilac trees in the front garden, leaning on the fence. I looked at my watch; it was just ten minutes of twelve. As I turned to enter the gate I saw a figure emerge from the bend of a dark street at some distance, into the moonlight, and approach the house. Quicker than thought I was in the garden behind the leafy screen of the lilacs and rose-bushes, peering out at the coming stranger. Something in the proud, erect demeanor of his form made me start when I first saw him, without precisely knowing why. Could it be? In a couple of minutes he came up to the outside of the open fence behind whose foliage I was lurking, and stood in the shadow within two feet of me. It was Gervayse Phillips!

I was petrified. What brought him here from his distant home at such an hour? He stood very quietly. I got a glimpse of his face through the leaves, and saw his dilated eyes, slightly luminous under the shadow of a broad felt hat, fixed intently on the door. Instinctively I turned my head toward it. The moonlight rested on the fluted pillars of the porch, which cast a shadow on the upper portion of the dark panels. As I gazed, I saw the shadow creep slowly down, and then pause. The door was opening! I sank down like a dew drop into the wet grass. The next instant the white and sylph-like figure of May glided out into the moonlight, and passed noiselessly through the gate, under the shadow of the lilacs. The note! I saw it all.

Couched in the dewy grass, and peering through the leaves of the bushes within a yard of them, I saw her go quickly into his arms. No word was spoken. Then she suddenly disengaged herself with a low sob. I saw her face, white and sad in the shade. A thin ray of moonlight, floating softly through the leaves, touched her tresses with a golden glory, and rested on the graceful outline of her white drapery. Then her sweet voice, low and calm, filled the silence:

"Gervayse, I must go in. It is wrong to be here. I came because you urged me, but only to see you once more, and for the last time. Now you must go, and try to forget me."

"I shall never forget you, May," said Gervayse, "never—never!"

"Be good and happy, Gervayse, for my sake," said the sad, sweet voice, "and promise me that you will never see me again. Promise! I must not disobey my father. My heart is breaking to leave you—but you must never see me again. Promise me, Gervayse!"

"Oh! May, May!" said Gervayse—his calm voice passionate and broken—"I *will* not promise—I can not! You will kill me! Tell me why your father opposes our love—tell me, I implore you. Charles Seymour knows, and he will not tell his friend. And your father knows, and will not tell me—and *you* will not. Every one knows but me. Tell me, May—tell me!"

My heart was swelling to agony in my hiding-place. I longed to be away—but I dared not move.

"Gervayse, I can not tell you. Forgive me, Gervayse—forget me! And now go. Promise never to see me again, till I meet you in heaven. I shall wait for you there. Now I must go in."

He took her to his arms with a passionate clasp. The light figure was still—the fair head rested on his bosom. I cowered in my concealment, with my straining eyes spell-bound to the pair, and my wild heart beating. She lifted up her patient face to his. The gleam of moonlight stole across it, and showed it white and wet with streaming tears.

"Farewell, lost May," said Gervayse. "Life has lost every thing but memory in losing you."

The answer was low and sweet, though it rose from the agony of a broken spirit—

"I shall love you forever!"

Their lips met in one long, silent kiss, and the whole night was still. The moon passed behind a cloud—the magic light faded from the garden. A low wind passed through the shadow of the air with a weird sigh, and darkness filled the chambers of my brain. Then—a faint rustle—the spot where they had stood was vacant, and I saw her glide into the house, like a noiseless ghost through the door of a tomb. The minutes passed away. I rose from the ground. Weak, and crushed with emotion, I gained my chamber as I had left it. Once there, I threw myself on the bed and wept freely. Sleep, mournful and dreamless, came and soothed that sorrow.

III.

The afternoon sunshine of the following day found me in my father's counting-room in Boston—deeply absorbed in (if Mr. Phillips's views of commerce were correct) the Black Art of Double Entry. The summer waned drearily away. That day and night at Lynn had cast a shadow over it. I received one or two letters from Gervayse, dated at Newport—brief, blank, calm letters, that were painful to read. He found no pleasure in the ghostly fopperies of that watering-place, he said, and longed to be at home again. He purposed going to Europe, to continue his studies as a physician. I saw him for a day in Boston in the early autumn. He was sorrowful and careworn. The lustre of his eyes was fed from a consuming fire in his heart. He said nothing of the love which had dissolved into an eternal memory, and a dream of the dream which had passed. The beauty of his youth was withering.

In the month of November—during a storm which held out nearly a week, and strewed the Atlantic seaboard with wrecks—I went to Salem on business, expecting to be absent from the counting-house for two or three days. When I reached that city, the gale was at its height. Houses were blown down—trees torn up by the roots—the wharves and cellars flooded, and every few hours brought intelligence of vessels

foundered or driven ashore along the coast by the fury of the tempest. The streets were dangerous to pedestrians, with falling slates, and signs, and toppling chimneys. It was a time of panic and peril. An unforeseen circumstance enabled me to complete my affair at Salem much sooner than I had anticipated. I set out for Boston the following morning in the cars. As they rattled over the tram-road, my thoughts were busy in reveries of May and Gervayse, mingled with the rushing of the rain and the wailing of the wind. When the wheezy engine stood, panting and snorting as if from the speed of its course, at West Lynn, I yielded to my impulse and got out. The rain came down steadily from the brown clouds, but the wind seemed to have lulled somewhat, although a whirling blast now and then swept the drenched fallen leaves from their shelter, and blew the rain in my face. I walked through the wet and dreary streets, now disenchanted of their summer beauty, to Captain Martin's shop, and was welcomed heartily. The Captain vowed that I should not go on to Boston until the next day on any consideration; and, at last, I abandoned my intention of only staying a few hours, and acceded to his wishes.

Going home with him at dinner-time, I astonished Mrs. Martin and Aunt Huldah very much. Aunt said she would as soon have expected "a seraphim" as me in the month of November. May greeted me with a hectic bloom on her pale face—it faded soon, and I saw there was deep and patient suffering there. She was dressed in black, which made her pallor almost spiritual by contrast, and relieved the pale gold of the curls that rested on her sable drapery. But she spoke very cheerfully, and almost charmed me out of my anxiety for her.

And now, these reminiscences are nearly ended. What happened afterward came very suddenly upon us all. Whenever I think of it, I am reminded of the stories they relate of the East Indian jugglers. They put, it is said, two or three seeds in the dark, sad ground—cover the spot for an instant, and then, uncovering it, up shoots a little tree, which in a moment bears leaves and blossoms, and in another you eat fruit therefrom. So Destiny, out of our darkness and sadness, juggled up a sudden tree of Life and Love, and gave us the golden apples of the Hesperides! In this way:

We had tea very early that evening. If Cap'n Bugbee had been on the premises, I might have staid in and studied him. But he was gone to Nantucket. So, about six o'clock in the stormy gloaming, I took it into my head to go out. Out I went, and up street. The rain had ceased. The gale was rushing and howling about the streets like an invisible maniac, and the low, sullen sky was full of shadows that fled in pallor and darkness to the horizon, like an army of chased ghosts. The air was chill, but not cold. In the fitful pauses of the wind I could hear the dull, continuous roar of the breakers on the beach. They were

loud that night. All muffled up, I walked down the main street by the Common. There were lights in the houses and the stores—some, dim and dismal, in the windows of the shoe-shops; but I hardly saw a single person in the streets. As long as there was no rain, I had no care for any thing else in the ordinary way of tempest.

I was going along very placidly when I heard a carriage behind me. As it came abreast, the horse, trotting quite rapidly, and guided by a slack bridle, suddenly slipped on the miry road and tumbled headlong on his knees. I sprang into the street, and caught his head as he staggered up again under the firm check of the rein.

"I am much obliged to you, Sir," said the occupant of the carriage, descending; "I was driving very carelessly."

I turned round with a great start, and caught him in my arms. I knew that grave, distinct voice immediately.

"Vayse! by all that's wonderful!" I cried.

"Charley! And in Lynn! This is worth any thing on the right side of a broken neck!"

We embraced like two girls, for the manner of the thing; for the ardor, like two bears! He broke the crystal of my watch in my vest pocket with the strength and closeness of his clasp; and, if I had been on the right side, I would have broke the crystal of his with the energy of mine. Locomotive—not a bad name for a horse who went down on the road!—was not hurt; his forelegs were well daubed with mud—that was all. We entered the carriage and drove on. Gervayse had driven from East Boston, and was on his way home. I told him how I happened to be in Lynn, and we agreed that it was a fortunate meeting. Taking the sequel into account, I think it was.

Talking very rapidly, we turned the curve of the long street near Lynn Centre, when the full sweep of the blast came down from High Rock into our faces, with a force that shook the carriage beneath us in its motion. At the same moment we became sensible of some new movement in the street. First some men passed us, all running in one direction; then others came out of the shops, and stood looking after them, or followed in full chase. We drove up under the lee of the Exchange Building, and reined in. Gervayse leaned from the carriage, and accosted a man who stood in the doorway of a basement store:

"What is the matter, Mr. Brown?"

"Ah, Mr. Phillips! It's a vessel going ashore on the coast."

How the answer thrilled us! We drove at full speed down to the Railroad House, and put the horse up. Then we ran down Ocean Street to the beach, with the heavy thunder of the surge sounding in our ears, and the mad wind shrieking and rushing past us. In the distance we saw the wild glare of fires kindled on the Nahant road, lighting up the low, dark ridge of dwarf pines along the coast, between them and the roaring sea. It was not until we passed the last houses on our left, and ran down the

slope of the street to the dead level of the low land, that the full fury of the wind pounced upon us. For a moment we paused, and turned our backs to it. Then we rushed on blindly, with the frantic gale yelling and staggering down from the northeast, and rushing about us in a wild vortex of confusion, and the tremendous uproar of the breakers hoarsely tearing through it, and growing louder as we neared them. Dark figures passed to and fro, or stood grouped about the fires, with their long shadows waving and flickering on the lurid flats, and dancing on the flashing sheets of wild light shaken out upon the barrier of stunted trees, from the writhing and leaping flames. The very ground shook beneath our feet with the tremendous concussion of the surges, as we gained the sea-wall, and paused breathless among the excited crowd by the fires. In a few minutes I recovered my self-possession sufficiently to observe the scene around me in its details. Two drenched sailors, who had got ashore, crouched near the flames. Presently a small body of men came rushing from the opening in the trees, dripping wet, and bearing two more. They were thoroughly exhausted with their desperate struggle in the breakers, and sank down feebly on the wet sand. Some one had brandy for them; others threw tar-barrels and driftwood on the hissing fire, which shot up anew around the inflammable fuel in volumes of black smoke and blood-red flame. What with the bristling heat—the wild splendors swaying about from the fiery piles—the yelling of the wind—the crashing din of the waters—the quakings of the earth under the solid blows of the surf—the pallid faces of the cowering mariners—and the multitude hurrying and crowding around them—every one shrieking (for every one was talking, and, to be heard, you had to scream at the top of your voice)—it was a spectacle that reminded one of the hideous Hells of the Dantean Inferno!

Presently Gervayse, who stood by me, caught me by the arm, and shouted in my ear, "Come and see the ship!" We ran along the barrier till we reached the opening, and plunged through into full sight of the vast and heaving mass of turbulence swinging in thunder on the shore, within twenty feet of us. For a moment I saw nothing, for the spray and small pebbles and sand were dashed in my face, and blinded me. I was wet through in an instant, and cowered down, half expecting to be submerged under a black and weltering wall that rose in the air crested with white foam, and stood gathering and swaying above me. The next moment it toppled down with a blind and heavy crash that shook the beach, and rushed out seaward in seething spray. It was not until we reached a group of men who stood up the strand toward Nahant, that the awful sublimity of the scene burst upon me. The vast shadows, black and livid, fled in torn masses across the wild sky. Through the raking scud of spray and flying sand I saw the ocean—an avalanche of dark and thundering water, that

came drifting and rushing to the shore, with a sweep and a roar of gathering foam, and fell down upon the strand, shattered into a frantic mass of tumbling surges, that leaped and poured over each other, and spoomed up in white madness to the sky, until they were swept off by the boiling undertow. The howling of the wind, whose ponderous currents swayed above us, filled up the pauses of the tremendous din. I could not see the vessel at first, and was about to scream out a question about her, when some men around me made a rush to the water, and pulled out a man who was floundering in the shallow breakers. He was carried off at once to the fires which shot out their lurid gleams through the dark screen of dwarf pines behind us. Just then I saw the vessel, careened on the summit of a gigantic surge. It was a brig: her masts were stumps; and as she rose I saw a hamper of spar and canvas lifting against the dark hull. The next moment she plunged headlong to the shore, staggering wildly in the swell. Then it combed from under her, and I heard the heavy thump of her hull as she struck, and saw the waves pour over her in torrents. She lay very near the shore, with her bows jammed into the sands, and her stern lifting heavily. Another fire had now been lit on our side of the sea-wall. By its light we saw her deck, and a few figures clinging to the bulwarks, at times completely covered by the surges that broke over them. Two or three men set off for ropes to aid them in venturing near the breakers—it was perilous work without them. Before they got back, there was a catastrophe!

By the strong glare of the fire, we saw a figure drop from the side into the rising trough of a coming wave, and plunged forward for the land. We lost sight of him an instant after. I felt a wild excitement as I saw him emerge, struggling or swimming gallantly. The mounting wave swept over him, and rushed on the shore. When it broke he was floundering in the foam. Two men sprang forward and caught him. As they turned to regain the beach, a second wave combed over the three, and then a third. A long minute passed. Out of the mad tumble I saw two men stagger blindly and reach the sands. The sailor was not with them! He was swept out to sea!

An awful pity filled my heart. Gervayse stood by me, white in the darkness, with his long hair wet with spray and streaming in the gale under his slouched hat. Suddenly he caught my arm with a grasp that hurt me, and pointed to the ocean. I looked—there was the sailor again! He was swimming convulsively. No one stirred to save him. The men were intimidated by the danger they had escaped so narrowly in their last effort. They shrank away from the coming surge, shaking their heads. I felt at once that he must perish. By the light of the flames, I saw his livid face in the black sea, and the energetic struggles he made for life. The waves rushed over him. He emerged again. Again the waters covered him, and then in the wild

tumble upon the shore I saw him battle—and yield! That instant, Gervayse Phillips, stripped to the waist, rushed past me with the spring of a tiger into the breakers, and clutched him in his arms. My heart stood still. It was only one masterly exertion, and with the body heaved to his left shoulder, and his vigorous arm clasped around it, he plunged forward with the water to his knees, when suddenly he slipped, and fell with his burden in the seething undertow. The wave combed over him with a stunning roar—swept back—he was gone! I stood palsied and aghast. I looked around me—there was horror on every face. The mad fright that rose up in me suddenly changed into a flood of excitement that poured through every vein like molten fire. Right out of the black and awful sheen of a weltering mass of foamless surge rushing inland, I saw him rise, with his naked breast sheer above water, and saw a single powerful sweep of his right arm. There was but one impulse in the group—we all sprang forward to save him. The surge crashed down—there was a struggle in its roaring roll—a plunge—and he tore through, with an overleaping wave behind him, into the shallow breakers—the body in his arms. A dozen hands clutched him—he broke away from all in the desperate impetus of his passage, and never paused till he bore his burden twenty feet up the beach, and sank fainting beside it.

We took them up and carried them hurriedly behind the sea-wall to the fires. On the way we met a crowd, cheering lustily, with a double file of men in their midst running along with something on their shoulders. It was the Swampscot fishermen bearing the life-boat. We joined in the cheer as they passed us, but we did not pause until we reached the fire. Gervayse revived in a few minutes under the usual restoratives, and began very leisurely to put on his wet clothes, which some one had brought him. He was thoroughly exhausted with his effort. I had often seen his feats in Boston, when he was the foremost athlete of the gymnasium, and matched the best of the German Turners at their play, but I never saw him make such an exertion of skill and strength as this in all my life. When he rushed by me from the water, and I ran along with him, his very stature seemed dilated with his energy, and the muscles and veins of his frame were swollen and starting like balls and cords. He had at that moment the steel thews of a Titan. His first lift of the body *looked* like the slight effort of one catching up a child. Brave, gallant Vayse!—I was too glad to speak to him.

The sailor lay insensible on the ground in the arms of those who were laboring to restore him. For a long time their assiduities were fruitless. Gervayse knelt down with them, and lent his aid to chafe the cold limbs till their pulses began to beat again in the flow of the life-current. He recovered slowly, and looked about him in fear, for his last thought of desperate terror in the surf was the first memory of returning life. He was a young man, seem-

ingly about twenty years of age; of a slight but muscular mould. His face was well-featured, and swarthy even in its pallor, like that of one who had cruised in warm latitudes. He recognized Vayse with a bewildered smile; then fainted again. One fellow near me, with a face which reminded me of a pig and a hatchet, piped out in a shrieking voice;

"Guess he ain't got much stiddy grit in him; ain't rugged, and good to bear."

"Yuh damned blubber!" roared up a guttural voice from the brown and hairy chest of a weather-battered seaman, with an intense disgust in his rough features—"ef it arn't enough to make a man green-sick to harken to ye! Had yuh ben bowed about in that swash like young Frank here, yu'd feel *your* grit scuttlin' too, yuh blue lan'shark!"

"Frank!" I said quickly—the fact was, the young sailor's face had been haunting me. I yelled into the old tar's red conch-shell of an ear—"What's your shipmate's name?"

"Frankey Martin!" he roared back into mine.

I nearly fainted myself. In the pale, swart face of the young man, just looking out of its swoon, I recognized the Captain's son, as I saw him three years before! I remembered the dream—the man perched out on the main-yard! Then I made one stride, caught hold of Gervayse, pulled him through the group with a force that nearly upset him, and screamed out the discovery. He stared at me, with his hands clasped in mine, and his firm lips set. But the scarlet shot up into his pale face, as I shouted, wild with hope and joy—

"May's brother; do you hear?—*her* brother! O Vayse, you've saved his life—you've risked your own! It's coming right—hurra!"

I ran off, with a shout, ten steps; then I walked back calm, and told him that we must bring Frank home—and told him to have him carried as far as the first houses on the road, where I would fetch the carriage. Off I dashed at full speed—reached the hotel, and drove the vehicle from thence to the place appointed, where I met Gervayse, and two or three men, with Frank in their arms, just coming up the slope in the streaming wind. We lifted him into the back seat—(it was a four-wheeled, double-seated, covered carry-all)—Vayse got in beside him, and I, taking the front, seized the reins and turned the horse's head for West Lynn. It was a great relief to get away from the full stress of the gale, and the thundering din of the waves. We could talk now without screaming, as we went along at a tolerably rapid pace over the road. Frank told us how it chanced that he was cast ashore so strangely in a coasting brig on the beach of his native town. I may as well tell that story here, as it is a short one. He had sailed from Boston in the merchant-ship *Salome*, bound for Liverpool, and from thence to Calcutta. She was an old vessel, and a bad sailer. In addition to the two ports above-mentioned, she had been heard from at Fayal in the Azores, and at the Cape of Good Hope.

From the Cape she was expected homeward. She was obliged to put in at St. Helena for repairs. It appears she sailed from thence to New Orleans, her last destination before she reached Boston. Homeward bound at last, she sprang a leak in the Gulf Stream, and was forced to put in at Norfolk, Virginia. There she was condemned as unseaworthy, and the crew discharged. Frank found a berth in the coasting brig *Judith*, bound from Norfolk to Boston. The *Judith* had lain beating about in the gale, and was finally driven in upon Lynn beach, a total wreck. It appeared subsequently that all the crew got ashore—the Swampscot fishermen man their life-boat well! I saw the hull of the brig afterward, lying high and dry on the sands in the summer sunshine, and the sea playing with the pebbles on the shore, like a gray sloth that could not be roused.

We were all silent as we reached the house. As we drove slowly at a walk up to the garden-gate, Frank again fainted from weakness and agitation. Gervayse took him in his strong arms like a child, and descended from the carriage, telling me to push open the gate, and open the hall door. I accordingly swung the gate back, and running quickly up the short walk, mounted the steps with a bound, and pushed the door ajar. He was coming slowly up the path with his burden. There was a light shining from the parlor-windows on the left side of the house. The windows were on a range with the steps, and the curtains were undrawn. I leaned over from the porch, holding to the fluted pillar near me, and looked in. I saw Captain Martin standing in the centre of the room—his arms folded—the lamplight shining full on his face—the face sadly fixed toward me. I should have wondered at the attitude and expression, if I had not seen instantly a dark figure seated near the window, with its back to me—the head bent low upon the bosom. Great Heaven! It was Mr. Phillips!

A frozen sweat started on my forehead. What had happened! I turned just as Gervayse entered the house with Frank in his arms. I sprang after him—threw open the parlor door, and entering the room before him, crossed behind the Captain. The pause could not have been more than a second, but there was a pause. Then Gervayse, erect and pale, passed the threshold with his load, and crossing the chamber, laid it on the sofa.

"Captain Martin, do not be alarmed; it is your son."

He turned. Mr. Phillips had risen with the deathliest face I ever saw. Front to front with him—their gaze bound to each other—stood Gervayse in his drenched garments, his wet hair hanging by his pallid countenance, and a shadowy light moveless in his dark, dilated eyes. Captain Martin stared at them aghast. Behind him, I watched them all. Not a word was spoken in that rigid trance of wonder. I opened the door near me, and stood in the adjoining room. Mrs. Martin was on her knees

weeping. May stood by her, pale as death. I whispered to them that Frank was there! They vanished past me into the parlor with a cry; then all was lost in a confusion of words inarticulate to me, and sobs and tumult.

I stood silently with my beating heart in the chamber they had left. In the dimly lighted gloom a rigid form sat bolt upright, surmounted by a white mob-cap. Her face too was ashen in the crimped border that encircled it. Not a wrinkle on it moved.

"Aunt Huldah," said I, "Frank has come home."

"Lor! Charley," she sighed, putting her trembling hands to her bosom, and looking at the dim ceiling, "you don't say! O what a fluster I'm in. I shall die sure."

"Aunt, what is Mr. Phillips here for? What has happened?"

"Don't ask me," she said, getting excited, "it's done! John Martin kin read his title clear to mansions in the skies! Charles, he *hes* forgiven him—he *hes*. Sech a time. He *hes* forgiven him. Hallelujah! By Jemime!"

It was the first time I ever heard Aunt Huldah swear. In her excitement she mixed up a drop of profanity in her well-spring of piety. I rather liked the flavor.

"Aunt, Frank has been shipwrecked on the coast. Vayse Phillips saved him, and brought him home. Frank is in a swoon. You must doctor him."

Up she started. Penny'yal, sage, catnip tea, peppermint, aniseed, ginger, a little composition, hot bricks for his feet, hot blankets, carry him to bed this minute! These were the leading items of the prescription she poured out with a torrent-rush of excited garrulity in the next room, whither I had followed her. Frank had revived; his parents bent over him. Gervayse had sunk into a seat, silent and bewildered. Mr. Phillips stood mute, with his colorless face fixed upon the group. The slight figure of May in its black dress drooped over her brother. It was she who discovered that his clothes were dripping with sea-water. Aunt Huldah's last command was instantly obeyed—he was borne off to bed. But before he went his tremulous hands were stretched to Gervayse, who came to his side, and took them in his own.

"I owe him my life," said the husky and broken voice; "father—mother—he saved me. Thank him—thank him."

The failing voice wandered into a hoarse murmur. Captain Martin, with his lips compressed, and the tears streaming on his brown face, grasped the hand of Gervayse—I saw how they both trembled. Mr. Phillips came over, and said they had better go: he would call on Captain Martin again when it would not be intrusion. But the Captain asked him to stay a few minutes, and he sat down. Frank was led off to rest and medical treatment. Aunt Huldah vowed that Vayse and myself would perish in our wet clothes, and but for our

assurances to the contrary we would have been carried away, filled to the lips with cordials, and smothered in hot blankets, for aught I know.

They all came back, except Mrs. Martin, who would not leave her son—and Mr. Phillips was the first to ask for an explanation of all this. And I told them the whole story of the wreck as I have told it here—only with a ten-fold vigor and enthusiasm, and with a pictorial effect of expression and gesture which illustrated my words, and made all their meaning plain. Mr. Phillips listened in apparent calmness, but I knew by the still lustre burning in his sad eyes that he was proud of his son. Captain Martin could not speak, but he clasped the hand of my friend with a fervor of gratitude which was more than speech.

Mr. Phillips stood up. His face was mournful and humbled, but I could see no shadow of the secret pain that once brooded there.

"Captain Martin," said he, "there is no one present who is not familiar with the mean wrong I once did you, except my own son. I have yet to tell him of that shame—not all a shame, now that it is repented of. The four-fold reparation I have offered, and you refused—forgiving me freely, you will not decline—you *must* not—you *shall* not. I do not deserve your forgiveness, but you have given it in your charity, and I take it as such. Sir, I have told you that it was my one sin; it has been the bosom-sin of of my life. I have told you the temptations that led me to it. I have carried it in my heart for fifteen years. Pride kept it there. Pride steeled me against my conscience. Pride delayed repentance. It is over now. Pity me from your soul, and, if you can, forgive me."

He paused. How the words thrilled me from the lips of that cold, proud man! Was it alone the remorse of fifteen years that had been at work, building up a new nature in the silence of his being—this nature, nobler than that which had fallen into ruins by the blasting magic of a single sin! Silently it had grown behind the obdurate, concealing barrier of pride. Yes; but in a night, a hand from the unearthly had thrown down the outward shell; a spirit, not of earth, had crowned the structure with the granite of repentance. The man stood ennobled and redeemed; but he confessed the hand of the shadowy Master who perfects mortal life! The touch, never felt on earth but once, was cold at his heart. The still, small voice, so awful to us all, and never heard on earth but once, had spoken to him!

His son sat with his pale cheek resting on his hand—an unearthly brilliance in his shadowy eyes. I felt as if some tranquil and awful Presence stood unseen in the silence of the air and blessed us.

"Mr. Phillips," said the Captain, "I have forgiven all. It's never to be remembered against yo'. God alone knows the stress of our temptations, and their power to drive us. I forgive yo'—may He be merciful to us all!

You have canceled my m'urnful remembrance; your brave boy has given me back my son from the hungry maw of the sea. Let fifteen year ago be forgotten."

Clasped hands. A proud head sunk upon a heaving breast. A bronzed face bright with heavenly compassion. Deep and hushed, and awfuller than all, that sense of a tranquil Presence shadowing the quite air.

"Come here, May. Your face is pale, my girl; it's grieved me long. Stand by me, *Gervayse*; I've mourned for the fever in your eye, and the whiteness of your cheek, but the sorrow's passing. Mr. Phillips, I know your spirit's will; yo' can bless this night for your boy and my daughter. Their hearts hev ben married for long."

Silently the pale man took his son's hand, and laid it in the little palm that rested on the Captain's brown fingers. The other hand lay upon his son's head, and his trembling lips were moving in prayer. The old seaman's eyes were glistening. But May and Gervayse! The erect and gallant figure bore a head whose eyes were filled with flashing star-fire, and the carmine of youth had leaped up radiantly to his cheeks from the rich, red blood of heart and vein! The fair face of May had a faint stain of spiritual crimson in its halo of golden hair, which the loveliest tint of the light-red rose never had, and, in the brilliant light of the room, her graceful figure in its sable robe, stood like the spirit of mild Love! Soft, rich, mellow words of old Jean Paul—you came like music to my memory then! "Two pure heavens had opened in two pure hearts, and there was nothing in them but love, peace, and joy, and the little tear-drop of earth that hangs upon all our flowers."

"O, it's awful!" ejaculated Aunt Huldah, with her apron over her mob-capped head; "it's par-factly consumin'. I shall die, as I hope to live and be saved. Hosanna!"

No one heard this singular ebullition of joy but I, who stood near the old lady, and chuckled in secret.

"Faith, Captain," I remarked, "if you had any more Mays to give away, I'd be urging my claim! As it is, I must resign myself to the doom of a bachelor."

"Ah! Mr. Charley," said Gervayse, "you look like it! Whose eyes charmed your fluttering fancy one day last summer at Swampscot? Who was it you asked after so often in Boston a couple of months since?"

This was a retort with a vengeance. I was completely unmasked, and blushed like a fool.

"Mr. Seymour," said Mr. Phillips, "will be well received at Swampscot, if he will come. I shall be grateful to him if he always speaks his mind as freely to Gervayse as he did to me last summer."

I succumbed, and went off to bring Mrs. Martin down. She came. Always a quiet woman, she was speechless under strong emotion. She only held her daughter to her heart, and wept. We were all very happy.

A moment, and I am done. Mr. Phillips had risen to go, and Gervayse with him. One carriage still stood at the door—there was another at the hotel. Captain Martin gave him his hand. He grasped it firmly, with a sad and mild smile on his wan face.

"Good-night, Captain. I feel light at heart. A strange feeling, Sir. I have not felt it since boyhood. I have sinned. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

"Amen!" said the Captain, solemnly; "to us all!"

They were gone. An invisible shape seemed to have passed with them, and taken away some light from the slowly saddening room.

Five months after there was a gay bridal at Captain Martin's house. I stood groomsman to Gervayse. Clara was May's bridesmaid. Her mystical brown eyes smiled so during the ceremony, that I grew dizzy, and shortly afterward, at Swampscot, lost the bacheloric equipoise. There was another bridal a year afterward—but not there.

Not there! The invisible Presence had darkened the house with its shadow, and it lay there long. Cold and strange would have been the festal glory on walls where the solemn and benignant Phantom, who comes but once to all, had left its icy breath. A proud spirit, humbled and broken, and purged, as I trust, from all the sins and stains of earth, had gone home to God. The wedding throng that met there in joy, and gallant raiment, came again a month after in sorrow and in funeral robes. The April rains were heavy upon land and sea when we stood by his tomb. And when the mourners were all gone, I still lingered in the place of sepulture, and saw, with a solemn heart, among the brown weather-stains upon the granite portal of the vault, one which my sombre fancy fashioned to the semblance of a worm. Yet, as I mused upon the mournful symbol of our littleness and mortality, I saw, with a feeling gliding over my spirit like a soft rebuke, rising, in the same brown tracery, from the body of the creature, the faint and shadowy outline of two wings!—Farewell.

SICK BODY, SICK BRAIN.

OCCASIONAL illustrations of the superstition of the middle ages have led writers to remark on the great prevalence of insanity, caused in the good old times by the mixture of horrible thoughts and lumps of diseased fancy with the ideas common among the people. Of the wretched position of unhappy lunatics, persecuted, maimed, tortured, and burnt by neighbors and magistrates, who accepted as facts all their delusions, and convicted them by the testimony of their own wild words, illustrations are common. But the region of superstition that remains yet to be sketched is very rich in produce of this kind. I do not mean to pass into that region now, because it was not by superstition only, or only by that and the oppressive forms of a debased church system, that the minds

of men were broken down, powerful agencies as they both were. These moral pestilences acted upon brains that had been first weakened by the physical plagues to which bodies were subject.

We are not free from such afflictions yet. We are at this hour shrinking from the breath of cholera. It comes home to the poor. It comes home to the minister of state. He may sacrifice sanitary legislation to the first comer who attempts to sneer it down, and journey home to find the grateful plague sitting in his own hall, ready with the only thanks that it can offer. At this we sincerely grieve, and perhaps tremble; but we know nothing of the terror of a plague as it was terrible in the old times of famine among the poor, wrong living and bad housing among the rich, of townships altogether drainless, of filth, ignorance, and horrible neglect. The ravages made formerly in Europe by the small-pox or measles, the dreadful spread of leprosy, the devastation on the path of the black death and the sweating sickness, have no parallel in our day. Extreme as are the sufferings of our poor in the hungry winter season, we understand but faintly the intensity and extent of the distress which the old poet had often seen who wrote—

Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace:

Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?

Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,

And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.

From winter, plague and pestilence, good Lord,
deliver us!

I particularly wish to show how in the good old times men's bodies were wasted, and how there was produced out of such wasting a weakening and wasting of their minds. We can not study rightly sickness of the mind without bringing sickness of the body into question. It is necessary to begin with that.

There was one disease called the black death, the black plague, or the great mortality. The most dreadful visitation of it was one that began in China, spread over Asia, and in the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight entered Europe. Europe was then, however, not unused to plagues. Six others had made themselves famous during the preceding eight-and-forty years. The black plague spread from the south of Europe to the north, occupying about three years in its passage. In two years it had reached Sweden; in three years it had conquered Russia. The fatal influence came among men ripe to receive it. Europe was full of petty war; citizens were immured in cities, in unwholesome houses overlooking filthy streets, as in beleaguered fortresses; for robbers, if not armies, occupied the roads beyond their gates; husbandmen were starving feudal slaves; religion was mainly superstition; ignorance was dense, and morals were debased; little control was set upon the passions. To such men came the pestilence, which was said to have slain thirteen millions of Chinese, to have depopulated India, to have destroyed in Cairo fifteen thousand lives a day. Those were exaggerated statements, but they were credited, and terrified

the people. Certainly vessels with dead crews drifted about in the Mediterranean, and brought corruption and infection to the shores on which they stranded.

In what spirit did the people, superstitious as they were in those old times, meet the calamity? Many committed suicide in frenzy; merchants and rich men, seeking to divert the wrath of Heaven from themselves, carried their treasure to the churches and the monasteries; where, if the monks, fearing to receive infection with it, shut their gates against any such offering, it was desperately thrown to them over their walls. Even sound men, corroded by anxiety, wandered about livid as the dead. Houses quitted by their inhabitants tumbled to ruin. By plague and by the flight of terrified inhabitants many thousand villages were left absolutely empty, silent as the woods and fields. The Pope, in Avignon, was forced, because all the churchyards were full, to consecrate as a burial-place the river Rhone, and assure to the faithful an interment, if not in holy ground, at least in holy water. How the dead were carted out of towns for burial in pits, and how the terror of the people coined the fancy that through indecent haste many were hurried out and thrown into those pits while living, every one knows; it was the incident of plague at all times. Italy was reported to have lost half its inhabitants. The Venetians fled to the islands and forsook their city, losing three men in four; and in Padua, when the plague ceased, two thirds of the inhabitants were missing. This is the black death, which began toward the close of the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight to ravage England; and of which Antony Wood says extravagantly, that, at the close of it, scarcely a tenth part of the people of that country remained living.

Churches were shunned as places of infection, but enriched with mad donations and bequests; what little instruction had before been imparted ceased; covetousness increased, and when health returned men were amazed to observe how largely the proportion of lawyers to the rest of the community had been augmented. So many sudden deaths had begotten endless disputes about inheritance. Brothers deserted brothers; even parents fled from their children, leaving them to die untended. The sick were nursed, when they were nursed at all, by greedy hirelings at enormous charge. The wealthy lady, noble of birth, trained in the best refinement of her time, as pure and modest perhaps as she was beautiful, could sometimes hire no better nurse than a street ruffian to minister to her in her mortal sickness. It appears most probable that this pestilence, which historians often dismiss in a paragraph, destroyed a fourth part of the inhabitants of Europe. The curious fact follows, which accords with one of the most mysterious of all the certain laws of nature, that the numbers of the people were in some degree replenished by a very marked increase in the fruitfulness of marriage. We know how the poor, lodged in places dangerous to life, surround themselves with lit-

tle families, and how births multiply as deaths increase among them. To this natural law the attention of men was strongly forced, even at the time of the black plague.

But lesser local pestilences arose incessantly, and the bodies of multitudes who were not slain were weakened by the influences that destroyed so many, while, at the same time, few minds escaped the influence of superstitious dread, arising out of such calamities. The best physicians ascribed the black plague to the grand conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars in the sign of Aquarius, which took place about Lady-day, in the year thirteen hundred and forty-five. Such conjunctions always foreboded horrors to men, and every plague was in this way connected with the stars. Many a deed that proved the dignity and beauty of man's nature was done quietly during those days of trial; bands of Sisters of Charity at Paris perished in the work of mercy to the sick, and were supplied with unfailing troops of new recruits; but bigotry and folly had the loudest voices, and took possession of the public ear.

Then arose in Hungary, and afterward in Germany, the Brotherhood of the Flagellants—men and even women and children of all ranks entering the order, marched about towns in procession, each flagellant with a red cross on the breast, back, and cap, and carrying a triple scourge, and all recommended to attention by the pomp of tapers and superb banners of velvet and cloth of gold. They multiplied so fast, and claimed rights so independent—for they even absolved each other—that they came to be regarded by the Church as dangerous. They were put down at last by persecution, the enthusiasm of the populace in their behalf being converted into a relentless rage against them.

The rage of the populace was felt most severely by the Jews. Pestilence was ascribed usually in those days to poisoned wells, and the wells, it was said commonly, were poisoned by the Jews. So it was at the time of the black plague. The persecution of the Jews began in those days at Chillon, and spread from Switzerland through Europe. Tortured and maddened, many poor Jews confessed all that men would have had confessed by them, and told horrible tales of powdered basilisk, and of the bags of poison sent among the faithful of Israel from the great Rabbi at Toledo. All the Jews in Basle were shut up in a wooden building, and therein smothered and burnt alive. The same fate happened to the Jews at Freyburg. In acquiescence with the popular idea, wells had been bricked over and buckets removed. If, therefore, in any town, a man rose to plead for the unhappy children of Israel, the populace asked why it was, if they were not guilty, that the authorities had covered up the wells. But there was not wanting other evidence: poison-bags, which Christians had thrown there, were found in springs. At Spire, the Jews withdrew into their houses, and, setting fire to them, burnt themselves and all they had, with their own hands. At Stras-

burg, two thousand Jews were burnt alive in their own burial ground—those who, in frantic terror, broke their bonds and fled, being pursued and murdered in the street. Only in Lithuania this afflicted people found a place of safety. There they were protected by King Casimir the Great, who loved a Jewish Esther, and the Lithuanian Jews still form a large body of men who have lived in much seclusion, and retained many of the manners of the middle ages.

It was among people weakened physically and mentally by desperate afflictions and emotions, that there arose certain dancing manias, which formed a fresh disease, affecting both the body and the mind. The same generation that had seen the terrors of the black death, saw, some twenty years afterward, men and women dancing in a ring; shrieking, and calling wildly on St. John the Baptist; and at last, as if seized with an epileptic fit, tumbling on the ground, where they desired to be trodden upon and kicked, and were most cheerfully and freely trodden upon and kicked by the by-standers. Their wild ways infected others with diseased bodies and minds, and the disease called St. John's Dance, which was supposed to be a form of demoniacal possession, spread over the Netherlands. The St. John's dancers were exorcised and made wonderful confessions. If they had not put themselves under the patronage of St. John (to whose festival pagan rites and dances had been transferred by the Germans) they would have been racked and burnt. Their number increased so fast that men were afraid of them; they communicated to each other morbid fancies; such as a furious hatred of the red color, with the bull's desire to tear every red cloth to rags, and a detestation of pointed shoes, against which, and other matters of fashion, the priests had declaimed often from their pulpits. The St. John's dancers became so numerous and so violent that, in Liège, the authorities were intimidated; and, in deference to the prejudices of the dancers, an ordinance was issued to the effect that no one should wear any but square-toed shoes. This madness appeared also at Metz, and Cologne, and extended through the cities of the Rhine.

A similar lunacy broke out some time afterward at Strasburg, where the dancers were cared for by the town council, and conducted to the chapel of St. Vitus, a youthful saint, martyred in the time of Diocletian. For this saint, because little was known of him, a legend could be made suited to the emergency, in evidence that he, and he alone, was able to cure the dancing plague. The plague, however, spread; and, as the physicians regarded it as a purely spiritual question, it was left to the care of the Church, and even a century later, on St. Vitus's day, women went to the chapel of St. Vitus to dance off the fever that had accumulated in them during the past twelvemonth. But at that time the lunacy was near its end, for I need not say that it had little in common with the disease known as St. Vitus's Dance by the phy-

sicians of the present day. In its first years it attacked violently people of all ranks, especially those leading sedentary lives, and impelled them to dance even to death sometimes, to dash their brains out against walls, or to plunge into rivers.

Every one has heard of a madness of this kind that arose in Apulia, among people who had been, or fancied that they had been bitten by a ground spider, called the tarantula. Those who were bitten were said to have become melancholy, very open to the influence of music, given to wild joyous fits of dancing, or to miserable fits of weeping, morbid longings, and fatal paroxysms either of laughter or of sobs. At the close of the fifteenth century the fear of this malady had spread beyond Apulia. The poison of the tarantula, it was believed, could only be worked off by those in whom it begot a violent energy of dancing—it passed out then with the perspiration; but if any lingered in the blood, the disorder became chronic or intermittent; and the afflicted person would be liable to suffering and melancholy, which, whenever it reached a certain height, would be relieved by dancing. The tarantati, or persons bitten by the tarantula, had various whims, and they also had violent preferences for and antipathies to colors. Most of them were wild in love of red, many were excited by green objects, and so forth. They could only dance to music, and to the music of certain tunes which were called tarantellas, and one man's tarantella would not always suit another. Some needed a quick tune, others a melancholy measure, others a suggestion of green fields in the music as well as in the words that always went with it. Nearly all tarantati required some reference to water, were mad in longing for the sea, and would be ecstatic at the sight of water in a pan. Some even would dance with a cup of water in their hands, or plunge their heads after dancing in a tub of water, set for them, and trimmed with rushes. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the cure of the tarantati was attempted on a grand scale. Bands of musicians went among the villages, playing tarantellas; and the women were so especially interested in this way of bringing relief to the afflicted, that the period of tarantella-playing was called "the women's little carnival." The good creatures saved up their spare money to pay for the dances, and deserted their household duties to assist at them. One rich lady, Mita Lupa, spent her whole fortune on these works of charity.

A direction was often given by this little carnival to the thoughts of hysterical women. They sickened as it approached, danced, and were for a season whole; but the tarantati included quite as many men as women. Even the skeptic could not shake off the influence of general credulity. Gianbatista Quinzato, Bishop of Foligno, suffered himself, in bravado, to be bitten by a tarantula; but, to the shame of his episcopal gravity, he could obtain a cure only by dancing.

When bodies are ill-housed or ill-nourished,

or by late sickness or other cause depressed, as most men's bodies were in the middle ages, minds are apt to receive morbid impressions. The examples just given show how rapidly across such tinder the fire of a lunatic fancy spreads. People abounded who were even glad to persuade themselves that they were changed into wolves every night, that they were witches, or that they were possessed by demons.

About fifty years ago, a young woman of strong frame visited a friend in one of the Berlin hospitals. On entering a ward she fell down in strong convulsion. Six female patients who saw her became at once convulsed in the same way; and, by degrees, eight others passed into the same condition for four months; during which time two of the nurses followed their example. They were all between sixteen and twenty-five years old.

Other madnesses of this kind will occur to the minds of many readers. They are contemporary illustrations, each on a small scale, of a kind of mental disorder which was one of the most universal of the sorrows of the middle ages. Men were liable in masses to delusions so absurd, and so sincere, that it is impossible to exclude from a fair study of the social life of our forefathers a constant reference to such unsound conditions of their minds.

WHAT DO YOUNG MEN MARRY?

A VERY important question this, and well deserving of profound attention and a serious answer. Truly, marriage is itself so serious a matter, that it is a pity any one should for a moment attempt to view it as ought else. And, indeed, none but the most confirmed kind of bachelors—who know not "what marriage means"—can ever do so.

Joke about rheumatism if you will; jest on toothaches as you list; make merry upon the subject of Chancery proceedings; be facetious about your income-tax; but eschew levity when writing, speaking, thinking about matrimony. Of all serious subjects place this at the head.

But if to marry be so serious a business, the question, What do young men marry? can not be an unimportant one. Now, methinks, some of my readers—if I may be allowed to credit myself with readers—have already answered the inquiry in their own minds, or at least have concluded it to be one mightily easily answered. Not so fast, fair Sir or Madam. No, not "wives," certainly; for while a man *may* not marry his grandmother, paternal or maternal, nor yet some others of his relatives, he *can not* marry his wife, for being his wife, they are already wedded, neither can he legally marry his neighbor's wife. And have but a little patience, kind reader, and you may find that you are just as completely at a nonplus to answer the question, in some cases, as we are ourselves; and, we assure you, cases have come within the range of our observation, in which we were fairly puzzled to say, or to see, what a young man married—or what for.

Take notice, we confine the question to young men. We might indeed include elderly men; but we purposely exclude what are known as middle-aged men. We give them credit for usually forming judicious matrimonial connections, and for being able and ready to give a reason for their selection of a life partner.

Once more. What do young men marry? We reply—any thing, every thing, the most extraordinary things conceivable: *e.g.* my cousin, Fred Courtenay, a young man of small fortune, practicing a good profession, a rising young man, went to a gipsying party—and married a gipsy? Oh no, madam; pray, hear me out—a pic-nic, “just a few friends, you know,” that sort of thing. There he met Fanny Harley, who was on a visit to her aunt. Fanny wore curls, which, on this occasion, combs and bandoline were ineffective to confine. Especially one ringlet, in spite of her thousand coquettish attempts to secure the stray lock, would wave in the light breeze, and dance with each zephyr that fanned her cheek. ’Twas charming; so graceful, so, so— Fred glanced at this curl again and again, admired *it*, thought of *it*, after he had parted with her for the night, dreamt of *it*, called in the morning to see *it*, courted *it*. But it was not to be too easily carried off. Fred found to his deep concern that he had a rival. When he went to pay his wonted visit, there he was, seated, chatting away gayly. And his co-competitor for this prize was one of those careless, easy, good-natured fellows, who are the most disagreeable and intolerable of all rivals, inasmuch as they are never disconcerted at the appearance of another candidate in the field, and never risk their position in the lady’s esteem, or affection, as the case may be, by becoming melancholy and moody at the presence of a rival. Nay, Fred’s tormentor actually made friendly overtures to him, and insisted on making him his confidant. Fred did his best to retain his equanimity under the infliction, but, like all true lovers must have done, he succeeded but ill. He endured all his rival’s cold-blooded commendation of Fanny with praiseworthy, and, under the circumstances, extraordinary patience, until one day the loquacious youth, after expatiating on the beauty of his mistress’s eyebrows, eyes, nose, lips, and other features, which Fred listened to with an indifferent affectation of ease, unfortunately introduced the particular curl which was the object of Fred’s semi-adoration. This was too much. He could have borne any thing short of this. This maddened him. He felt the bitter pangs of jealousy. He retired from the field. He armed himself with heroic pride. He fortified himself with noble resolutions. “What!” said he, “shall I succumb to a daughter of Eve—to a smiling face—to a—to a glossy curl? Shall I yield even to a curl? He walked forth in his newly-regained freedom—elate, triumphant. But, somehow or other, these unworthy trammels, as he called them, were not to be so easily broken from. He had over-estimated his power. In vain did he determine to banish the

recollection of the past. Go where he would, the curl accompanied him. It waved in every tendril; it visited him in his dreams by night, and in his thick-coming fancies by day; it was ever present; it haunted him in solitude, and he could not forget it in company. His resolution failed him; he returned to the pursuit with redoubled ardor; the fair one—moved by such evident fondness—relented; again he was received into favor; again he courted his curl; fairly made love to *it*. Shame fall on me, to be so reluctant to write the truth, the whole truth, and what is nothing but the truth—he married *it*! Fortunately for him, it was attached to a nice, sensible, affectionate girl, and things did not turn out so badly as might have been expected from such a beginning. But the fact remains—he married a curl. To all intents and purposes did Mr. F. Courtenay wed a ringlet. He was enamored of it; and I verily believe would have worn his hair long, gone about with his hands in his pockets, sighed, hummed sentimental tunes, refused his due sustenance, and, in short, have manifested the customary symptoms of unrequited affection, had this curl passed into the possession of some happier bridegroom, just as regularly and orderly as though he had lost some fervently-loved, worthy young woman.

Singular case! say you. Nay, that is just the point at issue. I say it was the commonest, every-dayest thing imaginable. Take another instance.

You remember Tom. No—oh, yes, you *must* remember Tom. Well, he married an ankle. A fact, upon my word. A foot and ankle—the latter principally. He saw it, followed it about—danced with it; and, in fine, was so pleased with it, that nothing would serve but he must make it his own. He could see nothing else; he wanted nothing else; he cared for nothing else; he thought not of aught else. It served him for head and heart, for waist and shoulders, for eyes, and nose, and mouth, for soul and body. He wrote a proper allowable lover’s sonnet, which would pass muster in any collection of amatory effusions—on it and to it, commencing “Oh ankle.” He cautiously approached it, made himself agreeable to it, wooed it, won it, and bore it off in triumph to his home—if home it could be called, for poor Tom was woefully disappointed. He had concluded that every thing must be comprised in, or, at least, conjoined with such an ankle. Alas! he was deceived! There was nothing but ankle—no warm heart, no sympathy, no intelligence. He has no *wife*. He has what he married, and that was an ankle. He has a grate, and a good fire in it; a fender, poker, tongs, shovel, a hearth-rug, and a lounging-chair; but he has no *fireside*. He has no real, no complete home. He has no helpmate. And yet he is not a widower: he has a house of his own, and an ankle and family.

In like manner we have known a young man marry an eye. Charles Wilson was smitten by a hand; and the lady to whom it belonged

kindly and liberally gave it to him. It was all she had to give him, for heart she had none.

One young friend of ours married a nose, another a lip, and a third allied himself to an eyebrow. The nose made a very good wife, but this was purely accidental.

What George Bateson married, we may, perhaps, be excused for not being able to make out, since George does not seem to know himself exactly. Questioned very closely on the subject, George will say—"Eh! Well, you know, there was a something about Jane that—eh! you see we can't very well tell what it was—a sort of indescribable kind of, eh!—you know what I mean?" Curiously enough, whatever this was which George wedded, it made him, on the whole, a fair enough sort of wife.

Some young men marry dimples, some ears; one I know married a beauty-spot made of court-plaster, while a second cousin of my wife's married an expression—I believe an amiable expression.

It is difficult, in the absence of any accurate statistics on the subject, to say, decidedly, which feature is most frequently sought in marriage. The contest, however, certainly lies between the eyes and the hair. The mouth too, is occasionally married; the chin not so often.

Poor partners these, you will own; but what will you say to Will Carson, who actually married a blue ribbon—neither more nor less? It was employed to bind up some bonny brown hair. Will liked it, and, scorning all those antiquated saws which tell us that "Like blood, like good, and like ages, make the happiest marriages," and the counsel of a friend who advised him to seek a more suitable match, he clung honorably and firmly to the humble object of his affection, and married his bunch of blue ribbons.

Only the other day, a very sensible young fellow of my acquaintance fell over head and ears in love with a braid—*braid*, I believe, young ladies style that mass of hair that, descending from the forehead, forms a sort of mouse's nest over the ear. He was so far gone in his infatuation, that he became engaged to this braid, but the Eugénie mode of hair-dressing coming in just then, the charm was dissolved, and the match was happily broken off, and there is no present appearance of its being renewed.

What do young men marry? Why, they marry all these and many other bits and scraps of a *wife*, instead of the true thing. Some, more sagacious than the ordinary run, are not content with an eye or a lip, but marry a set of teeth, a head of hair, and a neat foot and ankle, all at once. Some marry a fortune, and as Providence sends a female with it, they wed her too. Some marry a silk dress, and others a pretty bonnet, and yet others a pair of gloves. One youth was so fond of cards, that meeting with a girl whose mother was a good hand at whist, he married the lass, and so may be said to have married his mother-in-law.

So young men marry, and so they settle; and

such as the marriage is, such is the after-life; and then, after wedding such features, or possessions, or attributes, or what not of females, they are surprised to find that, though married, they have no *wives*. He that would have a *wife* must marry a *woman*. If he can meet with one of equal social position, like education, similar disposition, kindred sympathies, and habits congenial to his own, let him marry. But let him beware of wedding an instep, of marrying a bust, however fair, or a neck, however swanlike, or a voice, however melodious.

Young ladies do also make some queer matches, and unite themselves to whiskers and imperials, to waistcoats and breastpins; but it is unnecessary to enter into details; and, besides, much may be said in extenuation of their folly, and this much at least, that, commonly, they do not, as young men do, go forth, courting and to court, but rather wait to be sought for; and having, generally, so much narrower a circle to choose from than the sterner sex, they may be the more readily excused when perhaps their best choice does not nearly equal their best imaginings. But fare thee well. And fare thee well, courteous reader!

ADAM BENNETT'S HEIRS.

PEACEFUL and beautiful beyond description was the face of Adam Bennett, as he lay dead in his old house. There was none of the agony of death left on the countenance; there was, indeed, none of the agony of life there, for his life had much of pain, sorrow, and anguish, and it would not have been strange, now that all his years were added up, and the sum of them lay there in the coffin, had there been more appearance of the sorrow of the past than of the joy into which they hoped he had entered. But it was not so, for the light, as if of the better country of glorious lights, was on his forehead, and the outline of his marked and strikingly beautiful features shone, gleamed, fairly radiated that splendor which we have sometimes read of as indicating the complete blessedness of the righteous dead.

Adam Bennett had been a good man. It were perhaps as well to add that he had been a great man. For greatness is relative, and, measured by ordinary standards, it is possible that he might have been esteemed an ordinary person or even less; but measured by a soul measure, the measure of the stature of a noble man, living for his fellow-men, loving and laboring for them, honored and beloved by them, Adam Bennett stood head and shoulders above every one in the country around.

His house was an old straggling farm-house, built at different periods, and in different styles, overgrown with a dark mass of trees, underneath which the grass grew long, and rank, and slender, where you could see the grass, for the ground was mostly covered with a tangled mass of roses and vines of various sorts, which grew much to wood in the shade, but which blossomed luxuriantly in the spring.

It was late spring when the old man died. All the farmers in the neighborhood were just finishing their spring work, and the brief space of comparative leisure which precedes harvest was approaching, and to the old farmer came a period of leisure that was not altogether welcome at the first, but which, when he knew that it was the rest he was required to take, preparatory to the great journey, seemed to him a space of calm and blessedness such as he had never before known, such as he had not dreamed that this world could offer. It would have been a time of perfect and triumphant joy to the good man, surveying the life in which he had struggled much, suffered much, and accomplished much, and looking into the life where he was confident his reward was awaiting him, but for one consideration which saddened and disturbed him. It was this:

In his youth he had loved and married, and lost and buried a young, gentle, and lovely wife, whose memory never failed to bless the twilight of every day from her burial, until the last twilight, the dimness of the eyes, and the fading of the earth-light which preceded his death. She left him one child, a son; like his mother in his childhood, more like her in his boyhood, and dearer than words can express to the heart of the strong man on whose breast he lay for many years.

It has been said that the children of good men turn out oftenest to be themselves unworthy. It is not so; but the few instances of this kind are so striking, and cause so much observation and pity, and remark, that men have gotten to speaking of them as illustrations of the rule instead of the exceptions.

As he grew older, the boy George grew to be disobedient, thoughtless, and reckless. Even in the early years of school life he was the leader of the worst boys in the village; and not unfrequently his father's heart was wrung with pain at reports of his juvenile iniquities. But when he was twenty years old he disappeared from home, nor could all the exertions of his father and of the entire community prevail to ascertain his whereabouts; and the old man, prematurely old though in the prime of life, mourned for his lost boy in unutterable grief.

Years passed, and the wanderer came not. The old farm-house grew older; the trees grew over it; the roses ran riot, and grew into wild masses of uncultivated beauty; the moss gathered on the rocks about the spring; the robins, that had built for years in the old apple-tree, ceased to return, having doubtless died in another land; and the old man went about his labor, hither and thither over his farm, with slow, feeble steps, wondering whether his boy were living or dead, homeless or happy, outcast or clothed and loved; and so the time approached—steadily, calmly, peacefully—when he must depart, and leave a world—a broad, boundless world—with the wanderer still in it, without a father, without a mother; he trembled when he added, without a God.

He had been ill a week—nearly two weeks—and an evening of unusual quiet and lustrous

beauty of moon and stars was coming down on the country side. He lay in his own large room, with the doors and windows open, and as he lay he could look out and down toward the church and church-yard, where lay the wife of his bosom, who had now slept for more than thirty years in the village burial-ground. And as he looked, the thought of meeting her again took possession of his whole soul; and he grew not only calm, but happy and exultant, and broke out into a song of rejoicing, the words of which had been favorite words with her, the dead wife. And while he sang, there came down the road two persons, a man leading by the hand a child; the man walking feebly and with pain, the child occasionally lifting her eyes to his face, and apparently encouraging him. The old man did not cease to sing, and as the strangers approached the house, his voice, clear and distinct, floated on the night air, and seemed, broken though it was, to be musical, and soft as the moonlight. The two, who were drawing near, suddenly paused as they heard that voice, and the words fell on their ears with surprising distinctness:

"Through sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the thickening gloom,
We soldiers of an injured King
Are marching to the tomb."

The child felt the hand which held her own suddenly tighten. She looked up, and saw that the face of her companion was pale—ashy—in the moonshine, and she stopped suddenly, and said, "You are ill, father!"

"Whose voice was that?" asked the sick old man in his room. For the child's voice had penetrated the thicket which surrounded the house.

No one could reply, for no one had seen the approach of the strangers. The man did not notice the child's voice or question, but standing for a moment silent, gazed into the mass of trees and flowers which skirted the roadside and shut in the view of the old house, and then staggering a few steps further on, grasped feebly at the bars of the gate, and failing to take hold of them, fell heavily on the ground.

A child's shrill cry of distress startled the inhabitants of the old house, and rushing out into the road they found a man lying in the dust, and a child of ten or twelve years with her arms around him, weeping bitterly, and exerting all her strength to lift him, while she alternately sobbed and called him father, and begged him to rise.

They brought him in and laid him on the porch, in the doorway, and he breathed for a little time heavily, and moaned once; while the child constantly wept, and begged him to wake—to speak to her.

The old man grew violently excited as the sounds of the child's voice came in to his room, and at length bade them lift him to the door.

He stood there, with his white locks streaming about his face, on which the moonlight trembled and glanced through the trees; and the white sheet wrapped around his form gave him

a wierd, unearthly aspect. He looked down at the figure of the man, and the upturned face of the child, who was awed into silence by this strange apparition, and at this moment the stranger opened his eyes.

There was a visible shudder passing through his body, and his gaze for one instant clung wildly to the eyes of the old man—that thrilling, piercing, agonizing gaze—and then he said, in a broken voice, full of anguish, penitence, and woe, “Father—father—my child—Annie—forgive—my father!” and he straightened his tall form suddenly, and compressed his limbs rigidly, and his arms fell, one on each side, and his hands were clinched and then relaxed, and a swift tremor passed through his frame, and remained about his lips after all else was hushed, and the son lay dead in the old doorway, with his face turned up to the stars that had shone on him in the long gone years, a child playing before his father on the same old door-stone.

And now Adam Bennett was ready to be gone. The instant that he saw his dead son, and knew that the world no longer contained him a wanderer over its inhospitable surface, he was ready to depart, and anxious to be away. This was the first impulsive thought; but before the dead son was buried by his mother, the old man, lying on his bed, had learned to love Annie Bennett, his grandchild, and to grow anxious for life that he might devote it to her. During the few weeks that he lived after that night of sorrow, his whole heart grew to the child; and although he was now content to depart, and his desire was toward the other and better country, he still had much fear and much anxiety about the child, and he sought advice from his pastor and friend, the old clergyman, and made every preparation that was possible for her benefit, thus to be left alone in the world.

The old farmer was wealthy for a farmer, and his broad lands were located where a few years promised to make them of double or treble value, from the steady approach of the growing city. He had made a will, giving his property to a brother, with whom he had not been on good terms in early years, or rather, it should be said, who had not been on good terms with him; for Adam was too gentle to retain a thought of anger, and had even desired thus in dying to leave his still estranged brother the evidence of his love. But now he changed his will, and gave his entire property to Annie, his grandchild, and made the clergyman her guardian, who, with the old judge, his neighbor, were to be executors of his will. And when all was arranged, his will was executed, and in the presence of the same witnesses he destroyed the old will.

And having arranged all this, the old man went quietly to his rest. There was no one with him but Annie and the old servants when he died. He called her up in the night-time from her light slumber, which she always took in his room; and when she crept up to his bed, and saw the pallor of his countenance—reminding her of that which preceded her father’s death—

she threw her arms around his neck and pressed her cheek close to his; and with that tight clasp close around him, the old man slept, dreaming of the clasping arms of his beloved wife, and woke in her embrace.

Seven years passed swiftly over Annie Bennett in the parsonage, and she had grown into rare and perfect beauty. The good pastor was well worthy the charge he had undertaken, and he had well performed his duty. She was as gentle as beautiful, and the whole country was full of her praises.

Wealth and beauty united are seldom likely to fail in winning admiration; but the throng of suitors who surrounded her, after the pastor permitted her to receive guests in his house, met poor encouragement from her universal kindness and gentleness. No one could feel himself in any way distinguished above his fellows, and none dared say he had more of her smiles than another.

Judge Morton, the other executor of the will of Adam Bennett, had a son, who was sent to college at just about the period of the old man’s death, and although he was at home occasionally during his four years at Princeton, he never saw Annie Bennett. Immediately after graduating he was sent to travel in Europe, and becoming enamored of life in one of the German universities, he had remained there for several winters; and great were the wonders expressed in the village at his quiet and comical letters describing the raw beef-steaks, and as raw brandy, which, if he were serious, formed the main support of life in Heidelberg.

The brother of Adam Bennett also had a son, whom he had educated with the utmost care and expense, and who was now a student at law in the neighboring city, and one of the most devoted suitors for Annie’s favor. For some reason which she would not explain, perhaps could not, she had a great dislike, amounting even to aversion, for her cousin John. It was not his personal appearance, for he was remarkably elegant and manly in form and feature. But there was doubtless an intuitive knowledge of his real character, an involuntary dislike to the bad heart which he concealed under a smiling and affable manner.

A pleasant party was gotten up one summer morning for a pic-nic on the mountain, and the day passed off with the accustomed amount of merriment and gayety. Toward evening a muttering of distant thunder warned them homeward, and there was a swift gathering to the carriages and horses, and the entire party hastened away as rapidly as they could procure seats in the conveyances. Annie Bennett was on horseback, and, accepting a proffered hand, she sprang into the saddle and hastened down the road at a long gallop, not waiting for the gentlemen to mount, who were her guardians for the time, but leaving them to follow as they might.

She reached a place where the road for a mile or more ran along the creek, flowing swift

and deep under high banks, and was still considerably in advance of John Bennett, who led the young men that were following her on their horses, when a sudden, blinding flash of lightning startled her horse into fury, and at a second flash, no less vivid, he sprang over the bank into the rushing stream.

A cry of horror broke from the crowd of pursuers who came up on the instant; but no one of them ventured into the flood to save the girl, whose horse was seen breasting the current while she was nowhere visible.

While the stupefied men were gazing at one another and into the stream, they suddenly perceived a man urging a splendid horse at a furious pace down the road which ran along the opposite bank of the creek. When he reached a point nearly opposite to them he rode down the bank, and plunged into the water. All this had passed in a moment, and the next instant they saw the stranger quit his horse, and strike out boldly for a point in the stream where a mass of clothing indicated that he would find the object of his search; and in a few minutes he stood on the bank, bearing the senseless form of the most beautiful girl his eyes had ever seen. Resigning her to the care of her acquaintances, and without uttering an audible word, he caught his horse—which had crossed the river with him—sprang on him, and was out of sight in a few moments, riding furiously down the road. Those who saw him, soaked, muddy, and hatless—his long hair over his eyes and matted on his face—would hardly recognize him again if they met him in decent dress.

Great was the astonishment of the family of Judge Morton when William, who had arrived at home only the day previous, returned from his afternoon ride in such condition, and greater still when he imposed strict secrecy on all concerning his adventure. It was not difficult to ascertain who was the lady he had rescued, for the whole village and country rang with the story of the unknown rescuer, and nothing complimentary to John Bennett or his companions was added to the account. On the contrary, it was frankly stated, much to their discredit, that Annie Bennett would have drowned but for the boldness of the stranger, who was described as a common-looking, gaunt, ill-visaged fellow, whose sudden appearance and departure were not to his credit.

It is not possible within the limits of this story to describe the growth of love between William Morton and Annie Bennett. He was such a man as she had never before seen—far above the herd by whom she was surrounded—accomplished, learned, dignified, while he was at the same time the soul of kindness and gentleness.

The instant that this love became apparent to strangers, John Bennett, convinced that his own prospects of success with his cousin were gone, began to consider the possibility of laying siege to her fortune in some other way.

"Who was her mother?" had been a question

very often put to Annie Bennett by others, still more frequently by herself, but hitherto unanswered. She had, it is true, dim recollections, indistinct memories of a distant country, of strange scenes, of a childhood which had for its companion and guide a beautiful and beloved nurse, whom in her uncertain visions of the past she called "mother." She had dreams that were more clear and vivid. But dreams, visions, and memories, alike failed to locate the place where her childhood was passed, or to name or describe her mother.

John Bennett made a discovery. It was his forte. He was of no value as a law clerk or student, but he was given to finding flaws in titles which he could make pecuniarily valuable by buying up claims of which owners did not know the value.

He found a flaw in the execution of Adam Bennett's will. Slight indeed as it appeared at first, but fatal to the probate and to the will as it proved to be on examination. In fact the will was worthless under our statutes, which are clear and remarkably stern on the subject of last wills, and the property must descend to the heir-at-law of the old man, as if no will existed. This heir was, clearly enough, Annie, but where was the evidence of her paternity? It consisted wholly in the scene at the time of her father's death, and there was no legal evidence there on which to hang a claim as grandchild and heir-at-law.

Hence there was little hope of resisting the claim now set up by the brother of Adam Bennett, and when at this period I was introduced to the parties, I found it impossible to afford them any encouragement, deeply as I became interested in Miss Bennett and her cause. My suggestion of a settlement was met by Judge Morton and his son with a decided refusal, they asserting that the proofs of her birth were of ten-fold more importance to them than her property.

The prospect was as dark for a defense as is often known in a lawyer's office, and when, after exhausting our ingenuity for delays, we were at length driven to trial and defeat, we had a bill of exceptions long enough to occupy appellate courts for a short life-time, while we did not slacken our exertions to trace the footsteps of the wandering son of Adam Bennett. In this search no labor nor expense was spared, and ultimate success rewarded us fully.

It was no easy matter to follow the steps of the truant boy, especially after the lapse of so many years. But we found him at the very start shipped on a vessel which traded regularly with Germany for a long period, and we found that, after the lapse of several years, he left the ship on the other side of the water.

The ship-owner in whose employ he sailed was in many respects a singular man, and one of his peculiarities consisted in a devotion to statistics, which led him to keep a record of every passenger, deck or cabin, that had ever crossed the ocean in one of his vessels. It was

by means of this record that we learned that the boy, now grown to a young man, had recrossed the sea, but in the cabin instead of before the mast, and at a period some years later than his sailor life. Still no trace of his marriage could be found. But a sharp clerk in our employ had observed that in the same vessel which had brought him to America, there came as cabin passengers, a German gentleman and his two daughters. This clerk revolved in his own mind the probable results of a long passage on ship-board with young ladies in company; and, with our permission, though we laughed at the feeble foundation of his notions, he pursued the plan of search he had laid.

Arguing that a German clergyman would be most likely to be applied to, under the circumstances, to marry them, he obtained without difficulty a list of the German clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic, at that time in the city, and then hunted them down, man by man. As each failed to aid him, and his list grew smaller, instead of being discouraged he was only the more sanguine of his near approach to the discovery; and at length he had but one man to look for, and he was confident that this man could solve the mystery.

Two years passed before he obtained intelligence of this person, who was a poor Lutheran clergyman, and who, it at length appeared, had returned to Germany and died about ten years previously.

Morton, the younger, had become much interested in young Stephenson's search, and had imbibed faith in its success. We ridiculed the idea of wasting money on its prosecution; but he determined so to do, and authorized Stephenson to go to Germany, and hunt up the dead pastor's note-books and memoranda.

I pass over the particulars of his examination. To our astonishment he was perfectly successful. He not only ascertained the date and place of the marriage, and the names of the witnesses present, but he ascertained the name of the bride, and the place of her residence in Germany, and he forthwith set out to seek her family. None remained but an uncle, who told him their whole history. His brother was a learned man, but not rich, and had emigrated, hoping for better success in America. On ship-board his elder daughter Meta had met an American, whom she loved, and, on reaching New York, married. The entire family went to the West, and here, after a lapse of five years, Meta died, leaving her child to her husband and sister. Another year passed, and the two sisters were lying side by side in the dust of a strange land. From that time the uncle could tell nothing of Meta's husband. His brother, the old man, was living, very poor, earning a precarious livelihood by teaching in the city to which he had returned.

Great was the astonishment, great the incredulity of the good people of —, when it was announced that the grandfather of Annie Bennett was coming to see and claim her. The story

was changed and magnified from lip to lip, so that it was at length made to include her mother, and some half dozen relatives on the maternal side, all of whom were summed up in the weak and weary old man who accompanied me to the village to see a granddaughter, whom he fully expected to clasp in his arms and take on his knee, as he did the day her mother died. The old man was not prepared for the vision of beauty which broke on his sight when we reached the old parsonage. It was to him a resurrection from the grave. It was Meta, the child of his love, the image of one that lay on his breast lovingly, confidently, in the long gone years in Fatherland. He paused and trembled before he dared address her, and she stood waiting his approach, and not understanding his delay. At length he uttered some words in a broken voice and a foreign tongue, and reached out his arms to her. She sprang into them, and replied in the same language, and the old man held her on his heart. The astonishment of the by-standers may be imagined at hearing her converse in a language which no one had heard her use before, and which she herself was totally unaware of her ability to speak. But the memories of her childhood now returned with vividness and clearness, and, with the aid of the gentle old man's suggestions, she recalled every thing, even to the death of her mother, her parting kiss, her farewell words.

This story is told. A new trial, on the ground of new testimony, and a different verdict from the former, were now almost a matter of course. The old man found himself transformed into the grandfather and protector of a wealthy heiress, and no longer the poor German teacher, wandering from door to door.

Morton and our client were married within a few weeks after the discovery of the grandfather.

An occurrence which took place a few weeks after the marriage, enhanced the bitterness of the controversy between the two branches of the family. Morton had on that morning communicated to his wife, for the first time, the fact that he was her unknown rescuer, and with many a laugh at the descriptions of his uncouth appearance, which had been circulated at the time of the occurrence, they rode out together to view the spot where the rescue had taken place.

John Bennett's evil genius led him along the same road, at the moment that Morton and his wife had dismounted and were looking at the dark flow of the stream. Bennett was essentially a blackguard, and it appeared perfectly natural for him to pause, and invent insulting language and insinuations, to provoke the anger of his opponents. Unfortunately for him, it was equally natural for Morton to resent an insult on the spot; and John Bennett was never able to explain by what process he was transferred from the back of his horse to the bed of the river. The next instant Morton was obliged to plunge in and rescue the poor wretch, who could not swim a stroke, and who would have inevitably been insured against the gallows he merited,

if his enemy had not been generous to save him.

Hence ensued a complaint for assault and battery, which was tried at the following Court of Sessions. Never was greater crowd in a courtroom. All anticipated fun, and they had it to their hearts' content. John Bennett was the sole witness for the prosecution, and he actually lied so much, that all hesitation as to our course in the defense vanished at once, and we went into it *con amore*.

Our theory to the jury was that John Bennett had often threatened vengeance on Morton as his successful rival; and this we proved by a dozen witnesses. Then that he had fallen into the stream, and would have been drowned but for Morton, who nobly rescued him; and this we proved by a fortunate passer-by, a farmer, who had seen Morton plunge in to the rescue, but who was utterly blinded to all previous occurrences by a bend in the road. Then we demolished John Bennett's character piece-meal by piece-meal, till we did not leave him a rag to cover his hideous moral deformity. Witnesses fairly crowded forward volunteering to aid us in this part of our defense; and when we had whitewashed Morton as quiet, calm, gentle, unoffending—in point of fact a rather soft and milk-and-water sort of character—we let the

jury consider the case, which they did without leaving their seats. John Bennett has never been seen in the village since that day. The old German teacher has grown marvelously old, and may be seen any pleasant day walking around the old farm-house, which still stands; and, following him, you will generally see two or three glorious-eyed children, who are likely to be Adam Bennett's heirs.

And in still and calm nights, when the moon lies on the western horizon, leaving the world in that dark gloom which is more solemn than is the night when the stars are alone—in such nights the country people fancy there are ghosts around the old house. They say a man, pale, ghastly, and sad, unutterably sad, peers through the bars of the old gate, and looks longingly for admission to the vine-clad porch, where sits, in calm and quiet dignity, an old and weary but stately man, who sees not the wanderer at the gate, but whose steadfast gaze is beyond the stars, and who sometimes gives utterance to the words and notes of a brave old psalm.

The inhabitants within the old house heed nothing of these idle tales, but sleep all the long nights; and Annie Morton, the matron, sometimes dreams of an angel mother, and oftener of a noble old man, the father of her father, who bends over her as she sleeps.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE State Elections have engrossed attention during the past month. In New York, Illinois, and Michigan they occurred on the 7th of November, and at the moment of closing this Record nothing more is known of the issue than general results, so that accurate statistics must be reserved for the next Number. It may be stated generally, however, in reference to all of them, that partisan divisions have been less rigid than usual, that old party lines have been broken down—in some States by a union of elements hostile to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and in others by the advent of a new party, having a secret organization, and having its operations based upon the native American element. In Delaware, where a State Election is still to be held, the Whigs have disbanded, and have merged themselves in this new American organization, the objects of which, so far as they are general, have been more distinctly stated in a speech made in Delaware City by Hon. John M. Clayton, on the 1st of November, than in any other paper that has come to our notice. Mr. Clayton insisted that those provisions of several of our State Constitutions which permit aliens to vote before they have become citizens of the United States, are contrary to just principles and sound policy, and ought to be removed. He urged also that, while he would proscribe no man on account of his birth-place, preference should be given, in filling the offices of the country, to native-born Americans, and that the influence of the foreign element upon our politics should be diminished. He expressed his hostility to the repeal of the Missouri

Compromise embodied in the Nebraska bill, but declared that he would not vote for the repeal of the repealing clause. That measure he believed would bring about a more serious and menacing collision between the North and the South than any we have witnessed hitherto; and he thought it, therefore, highly desirable that we should have a party strong enough to overbear these sectional animosities, and sustain the Government in the preservation of the public peace. Such a party he believed would be found in this new organization, and he had no doubt that the appeal it would make to the American sentiment of the people would meet with a decisive and hearty response.

The election in Indiana for State officers and Members of Congress, which took place on the 1st of October, resulted in the election of State officers by the Republican or Anti-Nebraska party—made up of Whigs and Democratic opponents of the Nebraska bill, and in the return of nine Republican and two Democratic members of Congress. The following are the official returns of the vote on the State ticket:

	Republican.	Democratic.	Majority.
Sec. of State... Collins...	98,259	Hayden. 85,636	12,623
Att. of State... Talbot...	95,842	Dunn... 86,208	9,634
Tr. of State... Nofsinger	98,658	Newland 85,592	13,066
Judge S. Ct.... Gookings	98,622	Hovey.. 85,357	13,265
Sup. of P. In.. Mills....	99,857	Larrabee 85,835	14,022

From Pennsylvania, in which the election was held on the same day, we have returns which show the election of eighteen Whig and seven Democratic members of Congress, and give the following aggregates of the vote for State officers:

GOVERNOR.	
James Pollock, Whig and American.....	204,088
William Bigler, Democrat.....	167,001
B. Rush Bradford.....	1,508
Pollock's majority over Bigler.....	37,087
CANAL COMMISSIONER.	
Henry S. Mott, Democrat and American.....	274,074
George Darsie, Whig.....	83,331
B. M. Spicer, American.....	1,244
Mott's majority over Darsie.....	190,743
JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT.	
Jeremiah S. Black, Democrat.....	167,010
Thomas H. Baird, American.....	83,331
Daniel Smyser, Whig.....	73,751
Black's majority over Baird.....	46,414
PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW.	
Against a Prohibitory Law.....	163,510
For a Prohibitory Law.....	158,342
Majority against a Prohibitory Law.....	5,168

From *California* we have intelligence to the 15th of October. The steam-ship *Yankee Blade*, which left San Francisco on the 30th of September for Panama, on the next day struck a reef of rocks off Point Arguilla, while running in a fog, and within half an hour sunk below her promenade deck. The captain, Randall, took about thirty passengers ashore in one of the boats, but did not return to the wreck. The first officer also went ashore in a boat, which was, however, stranded in landing, and a large number of those on board were drowned. During the night nothing further could be done for the rescue of the passengers, as the fog was very thick. Great confusion prevailed on board. The next morning the steamer *Goliath* came alongside and took off over six hundred passengers, and landed them at San Diego. About thirty lives were lost, mainly women and children.—Great excitement prevailed in San Francisco in consequence of the discovery that Henry Meigs had forged the new City Comptroller's warrants to the amount of over a million of dollars, and had left the country, in company with his brother, on board a yacht they had previously fitted up, and in which they had sailed, as is supposed, for Australia.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Public attention in England has been almost wholly absorbed by the news from the seat of war. The exultation at the victories of the Alma, and especially at the gallant conduct of the British troops, is profound and universal. Men of all parties vie with each other in the warmth of their eulogies and congratulations, and the position of the Ministry has been immensely strengthened by the fortunate issue of their plans. Leading statesmen have seized the opportunity which events have offered of declaring their sentiments upon the subject. Sir William Molesworth, on the 30th of September, received the compliment of the freedom of the City of Edinburgh, and spoke at some length, in acknowledging the honor, of the government of which he is a member. In the conduct of the war, he said France and England had three objects to accomplish: first, to prevent the armies of Russia from dismembering Turkey and marching on Constantinople; second, to prevent the fleets of Russia from injuring their trade and commerce; and third, to strike such a blow at Russia as would compel the Czar to desist from his designs on the Ottoman dominions. The first two objects had been already attained; the last was to be accomplished by the seizure of Sebastopol. He cautioned them against being impatient for instant victories, and said that, even if nothing further should be accomplished,

two results had already been achieved of immense importance to the civilized world—one of which was the frank, firm, and cordial union of the people, the governments, the armies and navies of France and England in the same cause; and the other was the mitigation of the evils of war by the establishment of the maritime rights of neutrals on the firm and solid basis of reason and justice—a step in civilization the importance of which could scarcely be overestimated.—In Aberdeen, Mr. Hume was made the recipient of similar honors, and replied in a long speech upon political topics, the salient points of which related to the war and the government. No man could detest war more cordially than he did; but he had supported the Ministry in declaring it, from a conviction that the liberties of Europe were in danger from the ambition of Russia, and that this danger could be arrested in no other way. He spoke very warmly of Lord Aberdeen, the only man, in his opinion, who could have kept the Cabinet together under existing circumstances, and who, he thought, had been most unjustly assailed.—Mr. Murray Dunlop, a Member of Parliament for Greenock, addressed his constituents on the second of October, censuring the Ministry for having done so little for reform and other important interests of the country, but praising them for the prudence and energy with which they had carried on the war. The real question at issue, he said, was whether Europe should be ruled by dynastic despotism, or by Constitutional liberty. That was the only ground on which the war with Russia could be justified, and yet it was not the ground on which it had been put by the government—and it was the absence of any such declaration which had made him distrustful of the alliance with Austria. He had no objection to that alliance; but would, indeed, rather desire it, if she could be enlisted on the side of the Constitutional monarchies of Europe. But it was of no importance if she was to remain on the side of the dynastic despotisms. She might resist Russia in her endeavor to get more territory; but when it should become a question whether Constitutional freedom or despotic government should rule over Europe, the two would be joined hand in hand. He would say, therefore, to Austria, that if she would give a Constitution to Hungary, and liberal institutions to her own people, and set free the Italians, Great Britain would strengthen her against the Czar; but if she persisted in joining the Czar in the oppression of the people, she should be left to struggle with the difficulties of her position alone.—Lord Aberdeen himself made an extended political address at Aberdeen on the 9th of October, in which he reviewed the history and achievements of the war, without, however, saying any thing new upon the subject, or throwing any new light on the future.—Earl Granville made a speech in Staffordshire on the 6th, in which he insisted on the necessity of taking and either holding or destroying Sebastopol, if they hoped to deprive Russia of the means of menacing and dismembering Turkey.—Mr. Disraeli, in a recent speech, has insisted on the necessity of a more vigorous resistance to Roman Catholic encroachments than is shown by the present Ministry. This sentiment, and the manner in which it has been received in various quarters, is regarded as indicating a purpose to make Protestantism the rallying cry of the Opposition. Mr. Disraeli has also intimated a willingness to undertake the championship of the Licensed

Victualers, who complain of the operation of the new act putting more stringent regulations on the sale of intoxicating liquors.—The fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions has been ascertained. Dr. Rae, who has been for several years prosecuting the search of the Arctic zone, has arrived in England with the intelligence, that while on the western coast of Boothia he learned, from a party of Esquimaux, that, in the spring of 1850, they saw a party of white men pushing for the northern coast of America. Somewhat later in the season they found the bodies of over thirty, who had evidently perished from starvation. Dr. Rae obtained from the Indians a great variety of articles which they had taken from the bodies; some of which contained Sir John's name, and all bore unmistakable evidence of having belonged to the party. The bodies were found near the confluence of Back river with the sea.

FRANCE.

The Emperor left the camp of the Army of the North, and returned to Paris on the 1st of October. In his parting speech to the troops, he said that the camp had been created to bring French soldiers near the coast, so that when needed they might the more readily join their English allies; to show to Europe that a hundred thousand men could be assembled on the frontiers without leaving the centre of France exposed to any danger, and to accustom the troops to the labors, hardships, and habits of military life.—An extract of a private letter from the Republican Barbes, who has been in prison ever since the *coup d'état*, was communicated to the Emperor, in which he said he craved victory for the French—he longed to have the glory of the nation enhanced by conquest; and declared that he pitied the Republican party if there were any among them who thought differently. On receiving this letter, Napoleon inclosed it to the Minister of the Interior, with orders for the immediate release of Barbes, saying that “a prisoner who preserves, in spite of long sufferings, such patriotic sentiments, could not in his reign remain in prison.” On receiving the order for his release, Barbes refused to accept any favor at the hands of a usurper, and declared he would not leave the prison. He was forcibly removed, and formally demanded to be restored, threatening to quit France if his request was not acceded to within twenty-four hours. No notice being taken of it, he went to England.—M. Soulé, the United States Minister in Spain, on attempting to return to that country from England, was forbidden to enter France. The incident excited a strong sensation among the Americans in Europe.

THE GERMAN STATES.

Some further diplomatic correspondence has taken place between Austria and Prussia, the only importance of which grows out of the indication afforded that while Austria inclines more and more toward an alliance with the Western Powers, Prussia remains fixed in her purpose of maintaining a neutrality favorable to Russia. On the 21st of September Baron Manteuffel replied to the Austrian circular of the 14th, in which he expresses satisfaction at the explanations afforded, but indicates a wish for further assurances as to the means taken to prevent the German States from being involved in the war. The fact of the evacuation of the Principalities by Russia is regarded as setting aside the danger of a conflict with Austria; but it is suggested that the interests of Germany would be forwarded if those Principalities could be

excluded from the territories accessible to military operations. Seeing in the evacuation a proof of the compulsive force of the treaty of April 20, the Prussian government desires to give validity to that policy by having the treaty confirmed and rendered binding by the Diet, so that Russia, as long as Austria does not attack her, shall not make an inroad of war against Austria for occupying the Principalities without finding her sustained by all the German States. In such an event as that supposed, the importance of German local interests to be protected on the lower Danube by the entry of Austrian troops into the Principalities, would have to be weighed against general German interests as involved in a participation in the war. The admission of foreign armies into the Principalities is complained of, and assurances on these points are asked. The Austrian government in reply, insists that German interests are manaced so long as Russia does not give guarantees for the restoration of a sure and lasting peace, and very plainly intimates that if Prussia maintains much longer her position of indecision, Austria will be prepared to act independently, and may perhaps bring forward only such propositions as are calculated to bring the situation of the German Bund into accord with her own.—Another indication that Austria is more and more disposed to join the Western Powers, is found in the fact that Baron Hubner, her minister in Paris, presented to the Emperor the official congratulations of his government upon the victory of the allied Powers over the Russians on the Alma.—The Russian Czar, meantime, not indifferent to these demonstrations, is advancing the Imperial Guards from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, and is raising new levies in Russia, which are regarded as symptoms of meditated attack upon the Gallician frontier of Austria.

THE EASTERN WAR.

The military operations in the Crimea have made a decided and important advance since our last record. The landing of the allied armies was effected at the Bay of Eupatoria on the 14th September, the French being the first to go on shore. No enemy was in sight, nor was any opposition whatever offered to their landing. The French troops disembarked numbered 23,600, and the English 27,000. Marshal St. Arnaud issued a general order, congratulating the French army under his command upon their arrival in the Crimea, and exhorting them to contend with their English allies for superiority in efficiency and good conduct. Lord Raglan, the English general, in an order of the day, exhorted the troops under his command to protect the inhabitants of the country in their persons and their property. On the 19th the allied armies broke up their encampment, and bivouacked for the night on the left bank of the Bulgavac, having decided to attack the Russians, who were strongly intrenched on the heights of the Alma river. After about an hour's march the Russians opened a fire of artillery upon the English cavalry in advance, which was returned, and the Russian squadron withdrew. The day's march had been fatiguing, and the troops bivouacked for the night. The next morning both armies moved toward the Russians, who were very strongly intrenched behind the steep and rugged banks of the Alma, their front extending over two miles, artillery having been planted upon the sharpest heights, and the slopes of the hills covered with dense masses of infantry. A trench had been dug between the

strongest point and the river, and every possible preparation had been made for an obstinate defense. About mid-day the Allies drew up within sight, but not in range; the French being on the right, and leaning on the sea. It had been arranged that the Russian position should be turned on both flanks; the French taking the left and the British the right. The battle began about half-past twelve, and was fought from right to left. The French, under General Bosquet, crossed the Alma, climbed the heights, and in the face of a very heavy fire established themselves, to the extent of several thousand men, on the left flank of the Russians. They were soon reinforced by two other brigades under General Canrobert and Prince Napoleon, and the battle rolled toward the centre. The French brigades rushed forward with impetuosity, being covered by their artillery, which had been brought to bear, and being soon supported by their second line, won the battle on the Russian left by two o'clock. Meantime the British divisions, halted behind the village of Burlink, were awaiting the moment for an attack on the Russian centre, replying with artillery to the heavy fire kept up by the Russians. About one o'clock the latter set the village on fire, and by its smoke and blaze retarded the operations of the enemy. At length Lord Raglan gave the signal for advance, and the light division under Sir George Brown crossed the river, the troops wading across, climbing over the trees that had been felled to oppose their progress, and under a withering fire. The Russian batteries were brought to bear with great precision upon them before they could form; round after round of shot swept through them; their officers began to go to the ground; and as they rushed up the steep, the ranks were broken by grape, canister, and musketry. But nothing could arrest them. Steadily and sternly each regiment formed as it best could; and, led by Brigadier Codrington and Sir George Brown, conspicuous on a gray charger, rushed right against the battery. On their right fought the left brigade of the second division, who were hotly engaged against the Russian centre. Sweeping up the hills, they were met by a terrible fire; and as their shattered lines neared the battery of thirty-two pounders in their front, a sheet of lead "swept through them like a sword." Brigadier Pennefather, their brave commander, drew them back to form them anew; and the Russian infantry, emboldened by this appearance of success, leaped out of the battery and began to charge down-hill. The three regiments turned upon their foes, and hunted them up the hill at the point of the bayonet, followed them with a storm of bullets, and sent them flying over the hill beyond. It was at this stage that the crisis of the battle had arrived. The advanced brigade of the light division had crowned the slope, and had seized the battery, when, mistaking for French a dark column of infantry marching toward them, the three regiments ceased firing. Immediately a volley of musketry undeceived them, and forced them to retire with awful loss. But now the First Division, the Highland Brigade under Sir Colin Campbell, and the Guards under General Bentinck, were approaching, with all the regularity and calmness of a review. Their lines were dressed as they came grandly on. The men of the Light Division complained that the Guards were losing time in dressing-up! But the dressing-up did not interfere with their advance. They met and

covered the retiring regiments of the Light Division: but they were exposed to a tremendous fire, and the men fell fast. A large square of Russians was advancing toward the battery, but appeared to hesitate. At this moment, Lord Raglan, who with his staff had crossed the river, and who stood in the heat of the fire, ordered up two guns to bear upon the advancing Russians. The guns were speedily in their place; speedily they got the range over the heads of the Guards and Highlanders who still swept on; long lanes of dead were rapidly bored through the Russian ranks; the enemy wavered and fled. On went the Guards and Highlanders. The Duke of Cambridge encouraged his men by voice and example. "Highlanders!" cried Sir Colin Campbell, before they came to the charge, "don't pull a trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians!" They charged, and well they obeyed their chieftain's wish: Sir Colin's horse was shot under him, but his men took the battery at a bound. The Russians rushed out, leaving multitudes of dead behind them. The Second and Light Divisions crowned the heights. The French turned the guns on the hill against the flying masses, which the cavalry in vain tried to cover. A few faint struggles from the scattered infantry, a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the enemy fled to the southeast, leaving three generals, three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4000 wounded behind them. The battle of the Alma was won. The loss of the Allies in this engagement was 606 killed and 2699 wounded. The Russian wounded were cared for by the victors as well as possible, though the surgeons and attendants provided by the British army were entirely inadequate to their own necessities. The Russian army was commanded by Prince Menschikoff in person, but after the battle it suffered a total rout; it was divided, the left wing marching on Bakchi Sarai, and the right on Belbek, toward Sebastopol. Marshal de St. Arnaud, whose health had been very feeble for some weeks, kept his horse twelve hours on the day of battle, though suffering the most acute pain, so that at last he was obliged to be supported by two soldiers. Two days after, though suffering intensely, he still attended to the duties of his post, but on the 26th he could hold out no longer, and issued a general order, announcing his serious illness, and handing over his command to General Canrobert. He died at sea on the 29th. His body was deposited with great pomp in the Invalides, at Paris.

The allied armies remained on the scene of the battle, burying the dead and succoring the wounded, until the 23d, when the British troops were again in motion. On the 25th they seized and occupied Balaklava, encountering slight resistance. The next day they were joined by the French. On the 27th two divisions of each army made a *reconnaissance* in the direction of Sebastopol. On the 28th the British fleet began disembarking its siege artillery, and on the 9th of October the siege of Sebastopol commenced. Up to our latest dates from that place (the 21st), no serious impression had been made on the fortress, which was held by a large force. The Russians were again concentrating their troops on the Upper Belbek, and were threatening the besieging force. They had sunk eight vessels of their fleet in the harbor, thus rendering the fleet of the Allies useless in the siege. —In the Baltic, the English and French fleet has been ordered into winter quarters, and most of the ships will return home.

Editor's Table.

HOW HAVE WE BEEN EDUCATED? Our history has disappointed certain classes of thinkers. Men of imaginative art, devoted to the beautiful culture of Poetry and the rapt enjoyment of Romance, have mourned over it as though they had been defrauded of a portion of their inheritance. If their favorite circumstances could have surrounded us; if there had been a twilight age in our existence; there can be no doubt that this continent would have supplied a most appropriate scene for mystic figures and heroic impersonations. Every thing here on such a grand scale; magnitude exciting the senses, and magnificence overpowering the intellect; caves forming subterranean worlds, and lakes swelling into oceans; rivers, whose waters chill at the Pole and warm at the Equator; and vast mountains, stretching a girdle from Terra del Fuego to Arctic regions; what a panorama would all these have afforded, if a classic antiquity could have shed its grace over them! But it has been denied us. Higher laws than the conditions of poetry have been executed. Directed by an unseen hand, circumstances interposed a sovereign sway, and shut out the Western Hemisphere from the realms of imagination. No seductive mythology was allowed to spread its idolatries over the awaiting home of Christian freemen. No gorgeous fables were to be embodied here in captivating rituals. Not even chivalry and feudalism were permitted to have their knights and troubadors, representatives of valor and of song, in these hidden wilds. A new form of culture was to be assigned to man; a new volume of Providence was to be opened; a new series of wonders was to arise on the visions of our race; and hence, the continent was reserved for the maturing stage of humanity.

There is no philosophy in wishing that things had been otherwise. Reviewing the annals of the past, we see how admirably the Old World was fitted to be the nursery of the human family. Whatever could awaken thought and inspire sentiment; whatever could organize social instincts and develop massive power; whatever could fasten in men's minds the great sentiment of an overruling Providence, and engage their attention to the supreme interests of virtue and religion, was bestowed upon its successive generations. And yet it was chiefly the experience of types and shadows through which it passed. The religious culture of the Jew, while it occupied its own select ground and held a sullen reserve to all the rest of mankind, was indicative of the intellectual and political systems of antiquity. As the former appealed to the senses, and stimulated the imagination, so the latter trained the mind to think rather than to enjoy, to anticipate but not to realize. The childhood of our race must undergo just such a moral and social treatment. Not only in its spiritual but in its earthly connections, must it walk amidst mysteries, and commune with prefiguring symbols. Unconscious prophecies of the future were always around the Greek and the Roman—prophecies in statuary, in architecture, in splendid highways, in conquering eagles—picturesque anticipations of what man should be in the high attainment of his renovating glory. The greatness of the Greek in the presence of material nature; the grandeur of the Roman in the presence

of men; and last, but more significant than they, the elect Jew, called to the priesthood of truth and the service of love, were the foreshadowings of a culture that should combine all their distinctive beauty, and of a condition that should unite their separate contributions in one calm and completed whole. It advent past, Christianity assimilated whatever was worthy in these various agencies, and entered on the conquest of the world. The ancient institutions of civilized life crumbled away, and as the barbarian gathered about its cross, the true faith and a goodness above the earth were made known. Centuries of conflict followed. The spirit of the Greek, the Roman, the Jew still struggled for the mastery. Men loved carnal worship, and sought its gratifications. But the age of imaginative discipline waxed old and perished. Side by side, a Christian polity for the State and a Christian creed for the Church, a Christian spirit in art and a Christian truth in literature, arose and transformed the nations. It was then that the world had a westward direction given to its pilgrimage. Its imaginative zeal had expired in seeking the East with its hallowed soil and sepulchre; and now, its conscience aroused by the stern realities of truth, and its genuine heart enlisted in nobler duties, it was ready to follow the hand that traced its pathway toward the setting sun. It was still unconscious of its destiny. The part it was acting was concealed from its eye. Amidst all the wonders of that movement, nothing is so wonderful as the unconsciousness of its most memorable actions. It tried to retain the past; labored to perpetuate old prejudices and passions; celebrated ancient and honored festivals; and strove to keep its hereditary memories fresh and fragrant. Exiled in person but not in feeling, the founders of a new empire sought to stretch their cords across the sea, and bind themselves with their posterity to the land that had given them birth and strength. The future was to be the past purified. But their plans were defeated. A dim conjecture that they were engaged in a strange drama, impelled by unseen forces, and sustained by a mighty arm; a conjecture that took no shape from logic, and yet far removed from shapelessness, was fulfilled, while all their deliberate purposes were doomed to disappointment. One cycle had closed forever; another was now to begin. Despite of themselves, our fathers were torn from all former associations, and set apart for a special task. They were anointed as men had never been—they were anointed for the future. If at Plymouth Rock or at Jamestown they could but have seen, what a vision would have opened! What a finished series of providences! what a completed scroll of historic deeds! what results from slight causes as majestic as miracles! And yet, all end in liberating and ennobling Mind. A single power, Imagination, had always been the herald of a coming regeneration; but centuries of sorrow had to waste the hearts of men, and centuries of effort had to train their returning life, ere the image could be changed into a thought, the aspiration into a sentiment, the beautiful promise into a glad possession. In Politics, idealizing in Plato; in Song, beginning with the blind man of Greece and closing with the blind man of England; in Heroism, wandering as a weeper from

Thermopylæ, but reappearing in joy at Runnymede and Marston Moor; in Devotion, uttering its strains in early prophets, and afterward, the summons lost, recovering its magic words in the fiery Luther; Imagination beholds the training of our race complete, and resigns its long-cherished charge to another guardianship.

If we were to specify the fact which, above all others, has been most favorable to the growth of our national mind, we should select its separation from those circumstances which hitherto had excited the imagination. Viewed in its social relations, this great faculty has been ordained to perform a preparatory work in the progress of mankind. It is the symbol, not the substance; and hence, while its office is essential to qualify and fit men to enter upon a high state of civilization, the laws of its action, considered in a social aspect, forbid its permanent continuance. Nothing, therefore, in our history has been more fortunate than this withdrawal from scenes, habits, and associations which nourished the sentiments and impulses of the imagination. It put us in a position to be a solid and substantial race; to feel the moral sublimity of our duty; to choose materials of strength instead of beauty for the superstructure of society. Had we been devoted to imaginative pursuit, fond of its pleasures, and eager to seek its gilded shows, where would have been the enterprise, the hardihood, the mighty endurance, which have been so conspicuous in the building up of an American empire! A love of sculpture, painting, music, and other fine arts, would have incapacitated us for a civilization that was destined to rise on the fresh sods of a wilderness, and to secure its triumphs by the severe exactions of skill, patience, and industry. Nor must we overlook the truth, that the experience which we acquired in the service of material nature, was a main element in our education for freedom. It was virtually a return to the normal state of humanity. Labor and life were restored to their original conditions. There was not a single institution between man and the earth. The soil was his property, and the hand of toil was unfettered. Necessity conspired with principle, the physical and the moral law united, to teach him the sacredness of labor. By this means he learned to rely upon himself, and to trust in the wisdom of that divine economy which ruled over him. If his circumstances brought him so near to the universe, the instrument of feeding, clothing, and sustaining him, they also drew him close to the bosom of Providence; and thus industry was in fellowship with reverence to inspire confidence and exalt agency. Our fathers owed almost every thing to this rigorous discipline. Inherited wisdom and borrowed science would never have made men of them. They were, indeed, indebted to the past; but they had nobler teachers than Hampden, and Milton, and Sidney. Cold and heat, sterile lands and scanty crops, swollen rivers and impassable mountains, poverty and suffering, barbarism hanging upon their borders and often descending upon their exposed habitations, tyranny in the mother country, the absence of sympathy and the loneliness of solitude, trained them to feel that they were competent to govern themselves. Never before was there such an illustration of the fact, that the purpose of Providence is to instruct man in the art of self-government, by directing him to subdue and regulate the outer world; and never before was witnessed the

spectacle of Agriculture, Commerce, Art, Republicanism, and Christianity starting, side by side, in a career of harmony and splendor.

The circumstances of our position, as we have indicated, strongly tended to individualize our character, and urge us forward in a new pathway. Columbus was not more of a discoverer in the physical geography of the globe, than our fathers were in the practical science of administrative life. Transfer the genius of that extraordinary man from the ship to the soil, from mutinous sailors to discontented citizens, from the perils of the ocean to the dangers of the land; turn his eye from the faithful compass to the great sentiment of human rights, and in place of rising and setting stars, give him those vicissitudes which move through the circle of mortal experience, and nothing is wanted to complete the picture of a representative type of American statesmanship. A host of Columbus-like heroes, these sturdy pioneers stood ready in their sphere to do the bidding of a heavenly word, or surrender their lives in its service. Fit successors to his manly faith and serene courage, born of the same spirit and baptized in the same suffering, they were worthy to consummate his wondrous work by finding another world within the one which he had rescued to civilization from the concealing waters of the deep. At the root of all their virtues lay the principle of obedience, and it gave a conscientious uniformity to their actions. Pliant in nothing else, they thought and labored as the creatures of Infinite Wisdom. The law of reconciliation was their law. Better still, it was their love and joy. And hence, they were prepared to appreciate the conditions of restraint under which the hope of their hearts was to realize its slow fulfillment. It was not an enterprise of cheerful promise and prompt reward that they had in hand. It was not an inviting field for the speculations of mammon or the ambition of fame. Every circumstance was calculated to repress the impulsive feelings of our nature. Dangers abounded. Difficulties were numerous and formidable. The climate was a foe—the savage was an enemy—the spirit of the age was hostile to their success. And yet, it is to this law of restraint that we are most signally indebted for the best lessons of American freedom. If it prevented an excess of emigration from abroad, it was still more fortunate in its effects at home. It led to a compact state of society. It colonized the Atlantic shores, and settled the white man in those sections of the continent where the aborigines were least likely to be permanently disturbed. It educated them to the sea, and early pointed out one of the chief sources of wealth and power. Above all else, it originated and matured at once a thorough system of colonization, and put them on the true line of social progress. The agency of Providence in reserving the continent for an age that could send a band of suitable men to occupy it, is apparent. But that was only a precautionary measure. Look at the watchful guardianship that rested not by day or slumbered by night, and that sustained so many means in operation to develop the country in perfect subordination to the just philosophy of moral and political growth. Had prosperity been rapid, it must have been fictitious and fugitive. If the length and breadth of the land had been open to adventure, the delights of novelty, and the excitements of feverish change would have introduced the destructive elements of instability into every movement. De Sotos and

De Leons, followed by deluded thousands, would have scattered themselves far and wide. Imagination would have repeated the mockeries of the crusades, and every true interest of social life would have perished in gay revelry or licentious turbulence. Happy for them and us the severe restraints of physical circumstances had so much of Omnipotence infused into them. Idle superstitions could not burst through these iron barriers. Illusory dreams could not mislead them. The fabled waters of Colophon could not tempt them to search the wilderness, nor the visions of alchemists haunt their humble toil. Firm and faithful, they kept to their work as though it were a sacrament—intent on the present, and yet mindful of the future—like Abraham, reading their posterity in the stars of heaven, and content for the sure mercies of time to vindicate their tranquil trust.

If the reader will now recall our argument, he will see that, in respect to the elementary discipline of American mind, we have attached a special importance to the absence of imaginative sentiments from the experience of our forefathers, their separation from long-established institutions and seclusive position on a new continent, their dependence on personal agency in harmony with the laws of nature and the restraints of providential circumstances. Placed in the attitude they were, it was the demand of necessity that they should be prudent in foresight, sagacious in plans, resolute in peril, united in council, and untiring in exertions. The pressure of urgent motives was irresistible. If this had been all, if no higher destiny had been unfolded before them, their heroism would soon have been exhausted; character would have been dwarfed; the glory of the morning would not have ascended to the zenith and spread its meridian fullness around the firmament. Another era in their history was soon introduced. It was the era of independent thought and original action. A certain degree of adjustment to their physical condition having been attained—a groundwork of training laid—they were now ready for one more gigantic step in the process of civilization. They had acquired the arts of trade, the endearments of home, the institutions of learning and religion. They had learned to wait, and by waiting to triumph. They had been taught to suffer, and by suffering to be strong. The inspiration of the new hemisphere came upon them. It was the gift of tongues, for they spake a new language. It was the gift of social regeneration, for they entered on a new existence. It was the Pentecost of freedom. How suddenly the former types and shadows vanished away—how clear and cool was the light that bathed their brows—how quick the descent of a renewing spirit! Plymouth Rock and Jamestown revealed their hidden meaning. Carver and Mather—Roger Williams and William Penn—Calvert and Smith—what tragic personages were they in that strange radiance which poured back upon their forms and features! And as the stream of splendor pierced the gloom of ages past, the mysteries of history were explained—mysteries of Star Chambers and Inquisitions—the secrets of Bunyan's prison and Rogers's martyrdom.

The facts of our Revolution show that the issue was one of pure principle. None of the grievances complained of by the Colonies were intolerable. Worse evils have been patiently endured. The struggle was for political rights, and not a retaliation

for personal and social wrongs. Nothing could have been more fortunate than that the controversy assumed this peculiar shape. Had it been a resistance to the grosser forms of tyranny, the most vindictive passions must have been aroused. Goaded to desperation, men would have forgotten their allegiance to truth and virtue. It would have necessarily been a licentious warfare. If successful, what a penalty would have been paid! The moral effect must have proved disastrous to the mind of our country; the fearful extent to which it must have interfered with the subsequent establishment of a wise government can scarcely be imagined. As it was, our fathers came out of it—MEN. The whole contest was an exception—a marked exception—to the usual course of war. It did not debauch them; and hence, when the time came to organize institutions for the protection of personal and relative rights, they were left with calm judgments and subdued feelings for the great work. In brief, the war of the Revolution continued the same high and heroic discipline that had previously developed the strength and excellence of their character. All through, from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers to the surrender at Yorktown—from the settlement on James River to the treaty of peace—it was the same struggle; inspired by one motive, directed by one sentiment; supported by one hope, consecrated to one end. Standing then at this point, let us review the ground that has been traversed. The most unlike things are brought together by some strange affinity, and harmonized into a perfect system. Instruments are selected from all departments of nature, and combined into a mighty machinery. The infinite resources of Providence contribute their chosen agencies, and ere men are aware, they are encircled in a miniature Universe, where every element of force and every orb of movement gravitates toward a common centre. The rigors of climate harden their muscles, and the toil of the fields braces their nerves. Summer night-dews and winter frosts impress the lesson of care and prudence, while forest and flood invite to danger and reward courage. Newfoundland fisheries and mountain clearings, the heights of Quebec and the wilds of the Alleghanies, conflicts with Frenchmen and surprises from Indians, train eye and hand for future need. Different social castes—cavaliers, criminals, redemptionists: unlike tastes, such as separated gay courtiers from sober Puritans; precise Quakers and loose worldlings; polished Huguenots and sturdy Germans; Englishmen of the spirit of Charles, and Englishmen of the spirit of Cromwell; men who venerated Lord Baltimore, and men who followed Anne Huteson; natives of hostile countries; antagonists in taste and temper, as well as antipodes in religion; are all fused into a common mass, and qualified for the enjoyment of a common citizenship. And, as in chaos, each discordant element was set free from the convulsive strife, and gathered to its domain—as the light leaped to the sky and sphered itself in perpetual beauty—as the waters, chafed no more, laid themselves to rest in the hollows of the continents, and the winds, listening to the strain of the "*morning stars*," soothed themselves into the gentle melody—the earth all fair, and the firmament all fadeless—so here, in humbler measure, but beneath the same disposing arm, another world arose from the deep of ages, and entered on the circuit of its shining.

There is now an American Society, an American Government, an American Life. Institutions to protect person, property, and pursuit, acknowledging the supreme authority of God and the inherent civil sovereignty of man, have been established. The oath of ratification, the first act of an enfranchised people, has been formally, deliberately, solemnly sworn, and henceforth a nation becomes a partner with Providence in the advancement of truth, justice, and benevolence among men. And yet, in this very moment, when the nation assumed the highest of all earthly responsibilities, it is evident that the system is better than the subjects. A forward movement, in reference to Europe, we often call it, but let us not forget that it was also a forward movement with respect to ourselves. In a general point of view, it was adapted to our character and condition. But nevertheless, it was a heavy draft upon the future. Allowing for its stringent checks—for the wise parsimony with which it dealt out power—for the balance of one interest against another in the well-poised scales of justice—for simple duties and defined objects—allowing for all these provisions of ripe intelligence and mature experience, it was still an experiment, not on what man was, but on what he might become. Poetry can not monopolize all the ideals of the world. Science, as well as poetry, has its hours of communion with the Infinite Beauty. So has Truth, whenever it discloses its perfect majesty and challenges the reverence of the heart. Such ideals as these came to Newton in the solitary orchard—to Columbus in the night-watches of the ocean—to Luther in the monastery of Erfurth—to Socrates in his meditative musings on immortality. And among them, though rigidly deduced from consciousness and historical facts, we place the American system. It was not the Republic of Plato nor the Utopia of More, and yet it was a prophetic anticipation of the brighter days of humanity. Instincts, sentiments, hopes—ideas of equality and brotherhood—millennial adumbrations in partial outline—were embodied therein for the first time in the career of the world. The great problem was—*Can men live up to such a standard?* This question could be answered with an *à priori* affirmative, if one condition could be determined, and that is, whether the institutions themselves, in connection with the tendencies of public opinion and the circumstances of the people, had a sufficient degree of disciplinary power to raise the nation to their own level. But it is obvious that, reason as we may, the only sure test in such a matter is experience.

There was less contrariety between the theory and the practice of our government than any one would have imagined. Inconsistencies did arise and threaten serious dangers. Some of our greatest men were suspicious of popular rights. One party leaned toward England, another toward France. The trustworthiness of the people continued in debate for years, and on both sides the logical argument was exhausted. Anti-republican and extra-republican measures were advocated. Mind met mind in earnest collision. All this was inevitable. For the remnants of the past still existed among us. Private prejudices and personal predilections had not departed, nor had the mighty bias of early education been altogether set aside. No wonder, then, that this conflict between opposing elements was so warmly maintained. Viewed in a philosophic light, it was essential to the ad-

justment of our national mind to its institutions, and without it there could have been no real progress in strength and greatness. It was that sort of diversity in sentiment which never fails to produce final unity in action, and consequently a practical policy was developed that brought the heart of the people into a living relation to the American system. Our early timidity, springing from a profound sense of responsibilities, was a natural product of the occasion; and though, in some instances, it generated too much hesitancy, and yielded more of hope than was manly to a morbid apprehension, yet it must be confessed that it performed a most salutary part in cultivating our national sensibilities. Time put all things right. If, at first, our national ideas lacked completeness and force; if, indeed, our independence was but partially realized; the lapse of a quarter of a century from the birth of the Constitution furnished us with an opportunity to test our strength. The second war with England was far more than a conflict between the interests of one hemisphere and the ambition of the other. It was a warfare at home. Men who reasoned from the logic of history, and men who consulted their native impulses, were then in fierce debate. One class of thinkers looked at our youth, weakness, and physical inferiority; the other relied on impulse and prowess. One wanted heroes ready-made for the emergency; the other trusted to the emergency to create heroes. Divested of its circumstantial incidents, it was a struggle between the spirit of the past and the spirit of the future. How that struggle went on, how true-hearted patriots differed, how eloquence pleaded and courage fought, how dangers were braved and disasters endured, how the country came out victorious, are well-known facts. A new era commenced. Party zeal subsided. The best feelings of the nation were awakened, and the bands of brotherhood were more firmly riveted. It was the great trial of confidence. The strength of the government, the strength of public opinion, the strength of the people, were all subjected to no ordinary test, and the result did more to organize a just national sentiment, to correct errors, to conquer prejudices, and to inspire hope in the perpetuity of our institutions, than any thing which we have experienced. And especially is it to be noticed, that commerce and colonization—the former gathering its immense revenue from the sea, and the latter from the ocean-like prairies of the West—were then set free from all artificial restraints, and allowed to act their part as the most important auxiliaries to national prosperity.

Let us now take the last thirty-five years of our existence, and see how we have been educated. Our progress in developing the material resources which the hand of the Creator has put within our reach, has been unexampled. But this fact, taken as a simple illustration of successful industry, would lose much of its moral significance. The main thing for us to study is the effect of this accumulating wealth on our social relations, and its bearings on other sections of the world. And here, every observant man must be struck with the phenomenon of the day, viz., the perfect harmony between the materialism (so called) of our civilization and the political system which governs us. The masses of the people have been the great recipients of these advantages. Sovereigns in the eye of our republican philosophy, what else have they proved themselves to be in demanding the

tribute of universal nature! Had they been content with the sceptre of political authority, they might have played a part in a pantomime, and added one more pageant to the delusive shows of the senses. But see! That sceptre has waved over the dreary sand-beds of our coast—over bald, bleak hills—over beds of mineral ore and vast forests of timber; and it has demonstrated a practical sovereignty in every realm of matter that it has claimed. The means of enterprise have multiplied; the sources of wealth have been augmented, as well as the ratio of its distribution; and whole classes of society, which most needed the aid of material comfort and luxury to elevate their position and strengthen their influence, have been most abundantly favored by the physical growth of the country. Popular power, moving along its line of constitutional government and popular wealth, enriching the hands of honest toil and soothing the age of active enterprise, have been, in an extraordinary degree, coincident. Few circumstances in our history have been more conducive to the stability of free institutions. Poverty is always an evil. It drags man down to the dust, crushes the glowing aspirations of his heart, and ordains him to the companionship of sorrow and suffering. But poverty in a country like ours, where the condition of the people must express itself, where bitterness, ignorance, and discontent would find so many channels to flow through, and spread themselves out far and wide over the surface of political life, would be vastly more pernicious to society than we commonly suppose. If our wealth pampered an idle, exclusive class, it would be a terrible curse. If one portion of society grew rich at the expense of another, that would prove the cause of weakness, disorder, misery. But whenever industry reaps its own rewards, it is entitled to enjoy them; and we may be sure that in all such cases wealth will show itself to be a providential instrument for the improvement of mankind. For what, among earthly things, is a stronger argument to make a freeman think, vote, act like an intelligent being, than the consciousness that he has a happy home, a substantial income, a cheerful future, to be affected by the legislative policy of his country? Idealists may laugh at such motives, and certain refinements of morality may deride them, but God governs the world by availing himself of the operations of men's senses and appetites, as well as their conscience and reason. And hence we rejoice that the laborer, the artisan, the mechanic, the farmer, have shared so largely in the progressive wealth of the land. The brightest picture in our history is the advancement of the workingman into the front rank of distinction and influence. Look into our monetary institutions—benevolent movements—churches; look into chambers of commerce and halls of legislation; and there you see the wisdom, the practical sagacity, the conservative prudence to which we are so signally indebted. And on this account, so far, at least, as our native population is concerned, the same classes of the community that elsewhere are most dreaded as fomenters of strife and unbridled revolutionists, are among the best safeguards for our protection.

By what other means have we been educated? First in order are the sectional peculiarities of our industry. It was a master stroke of statesmanship to combine thirteen states into one system. The truth of our principle of union has been verified in the addition of eighteen more; and experience

has satisfactorily proven, that if the integrity of our government can be maintained, there is nothing to fear on the score of territory. We find a beautiful analogy to this fact in the diversity of our productive labor. Breadth of space, variety of climate, and multiplicity of interests, are our natural bonds of union. As supplements to our political ties, as instruments to mature and perfect our brotherhood, they can not be too highly estimated. If it were not for our local politics, for the township, the city, the state, and the education that they afford us in managing the immediate concerns of civil life, it is easy to perceive that our national citizenship would be deprived of its most salutary and effective culture. The same truth applies to the relations of our industry. The different arts which we cultivate not only train our hands to individual skill, but they insure completeness to the social fabric by drawing us closely together. It is all a divine lesson of fraternal peace. It is the moral of Israel's chosen tribes, dividing the land of the olive and the vine, and dwelling each in its own possession, beneath the same smiling sky. Speculate as dreamers may, the law of essential and permanent diversity is the reliance of all solid civilization, and the security for all substantial government. But for the necessity for internal commerce and social interchange that it devolves on us, our country could have no title to grandeur. Imagine a United States North or South, East or West. Divide our territory to lines of separation, and insulate each portion by itself, what sort of a picture would this be! What type could represent it! What symbol could the universe give to be stamped upon their shields, and emblazoned on their banners! If one flesh—one blood—one spirit—one life—can not unite us together, it is madness to think that we can exist independently of one another. The wild beast has his solitary lair; the lion, his desert; the tiger, his jungle; but to us, endowed with a heavenly image, and anointed to live in the offices of true and trustful love, God has appointed "the bounds of our habitation." The decree of His providence has gone forth, and it can not be evaded. If we disobey its precepts and defy its warnings, can we find another Protector and Defense? Can we substitute commercial treaties and international agreements in the place of His law and order? Can we form a new Providence out of statesmanship, and put our science on the throne of the world? Savages have their idolatries, and France, smitten with woes, rushed to the shrine of Harlotry. But to us, no such refuge would remain. The slaughtering Demon, that mocks its eternal thirst in the blood of its victims, would seize us as outcasts from virtue and hope.

The laws of industry and trade are usually assigned to a distinct branch of political economy. But the progress of society tends to introduce them into a higher department of science. The moralist, the Christian philosopher, see that their workings evolve interests beyond themselves, and finally penetrate the very heart of national existence. To such meditations the history of our civilization summons us. Year after year, and generation after generation, a disposing hand has been arranging the physical materials of our hemisphere into a compact system, and compelling them to subserve a general end. First of all, invention has come to its aid. A student of the best and quickest means, following nature wherever she indicates a new

method, learning secrets from dynamic, chemical, and magnetic forces, investigating the motions of winds and waves, toiling away from the haunts of men to open the spheres of art, and to repeat on an humble scale the instructive and dazzling wonders of the universe, it has succeeded in improving almost every form of human power, and strengthening the relations of mind to matter. Invention has given the cotton-gin to the South, the steamboat to the sea, the railroad to the remote West, the telegraph to the whole land. It has given his most effective implements to the farmer, the miner, and the manufacturer. A new anatomy of flesh and blood, it has created muscles to lift the rock from deep quarries, to transfer the forest to the ship-yard, to endow the steam-press with intelligence, and make its fingers move with the exactness of calculating consciousness. And yet more wondrous in its skill, it has imitated the nerves of animal life, spread a fine net-work of wires over the country, and taught it to move with every thought of the busy brain or quiver with the passions of the heart. Not with the pride of Mammon do we contemplate these things. No; they utter another meaning. The true moral of one and all is, the beautiful parallel that they have instituted between our political and social circumstances, and the mighty agency which they have in perfecting the bonds of union established by Republicanism and Christianity. And let it be observed in the next place, that this system of industry covers the entire ground of civilization. Either directly or indirectly it meets all human necessities. If it yielded only food and clothing, comfort and luxury, it might be resigned to an humble sphere in the economy of life. But who can limit it within such bounds? The wisdom that labor develops can not be confined to material pursuit, nor can the virtue which it inspires be exhausted in its service. The glad hours of leisure; the charms of literature and social intercourse; the sanctity of the Sabbath and the purity of divine worship; home with its blessings, and heaven with its beatitudes; will all spread their welcoming invitations before the intellect that has thus been trained by the presence of truth and goodness in the works of nature and the institutions of society.

How, then, have we been educated? The wealth of Europe did not give its capital, the mind of Europe did not send forth its genius, the pride of Europe did not contribute its gallant knighthood, to found an empire on these shores. And yet, its richest treasures were gathered here. The stern monk, who recovered the Ark and its hallowed deposit; the earnest Keplers and Galileos, who toiled among the stars, and opened the paths of science to their radiance; the Napiers, who put figures to new uses, and the Bacons, who restored facts to the service of philosophy; Milton with his song, and Hampden with his sword; Baxter with his prolific pen, and Bunyan with his gorgeous dream; all gave utterance to thoughts that were destined to find a high and illustrious vocation here. Crownless princes they, and martyred, too, to their own wisdom, but reappearing in a race that should realize their fondest aspirations. The seed-thoughts that they scattered—what a genial soil was ready here! And how many clouds, rising from distant seas, and floating on from remotest skies—how many dews, that the night of adversity has shaken from its chill airs—have dropped their moisture on the tender shoots! And with what

kindliness has the sunshine quickened their growth, and how tenderly has the encircling atmosphere bathed their foliage! But this is not all. Debtors are we to Europe, but debtors, in a still greater sense, to our own hemisphere. Derived power has created original power. The ministry of Nature and Providence, of Government and Society, of Education and Religion, has here shaped itself to the sublime work. Our own agencies have been the most successful in forming our character. None of them have been gigantic—so much the better. None of them have been glittering to the eye or resplendent to the fancy—so much the better. They look like atoms, and yet they are worlds. How small in compass, and insensible in operation, yet, on these same accounts, so much the more potent and divine! Had we had Phidiases in Sculpture, Raphaels in Painting, Shakespeares in Poetry, Handels in Music, Bonapartes in Action, our imagination might have grown intenser; our devotion to taste and beauty might have glowed more warmly; and our piety, catching the images of curling vines, crested waves, and curving skies, might have raised a magnificent architecture to the Infinite; but sure are we, that all these splendors would have deluded us from the homely toil to which we were appointed, and cheated us of our high and holy destiny. Not Art nor Literature, not grand conceptions nor startling deeds, have been our work; not these, our clear-spoken calling; but to other and fresher fields, where the watchful angels of duty wear not their faces veiled, and shadows mimic substance no longer, have our footsteps been directed.

HOW, THEN, HAVE WE BEEN EDUCATED?

By the Land, groaning under the curse of early sin, yet groaning to be delivered. By the Ax, that has felled forest, and then fashioned them into homes. By the Rifle, that has driven out the wild beasts, and made the wilderness habitable. By the Plow, piercing the soil, and laying bare the sod to the sunshine long unknown. By the Machinery, that has converted the flax and cotton of the plantation into serviceable fabrics for mankind. By the Quarry and the Mine; by the chemistry of the seasons; by the grain harvest of the Summer and the ice harvest of the Winter. By the Banks of Newfoundland; by the Gulf Stream, that wandering tropic of the sea; by the waters of the Pacific, where the hardy mariner takes the whale. By Commerce on every ocean; by Trade with every people. By the Common School and the College, dispensing knowledge and virtue to millions of recipients. By the Press, that daily tongue, which speaks all languages, reports all transactions, and carries its swift eloquence into every corner of the land. By the Pulpit, where the gospel of revelation proclaims the message of "*Peace on earth; good-will to man.*" And yet more. Call over the men who have caught the glimpses of the future, and told them in burning words. Call over the splendid roll of those who have been wise in counsel, fearless in trust, rich in hope, bold in command, intrepid in deed—martyr-spirits, with or without the seal of fire. These—a hallowed group—have taught us. But not alone. Hidden from the public eye, and sheltered within calm retreats, the ministry of another priesthood has blessed us with the wisdom of love and purity. Gentle be the tone, even as an audible breathing of the heart, and fervent the gratitude that utters it—THE PRIESTHOOD OF WOMAN.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the national wail which has not yet died away, the thoughtful ear seems to hear a Rachel mourning for her children. There are certain great and striking crises when men feel their direct brotherhood most strongly, and emancipate themselves from the conventional separation necessitated by society. Such crises are not only the terrible tragedy, like that of the *Arctic*, but the universal shock of terror and sympathy among those who may be in no way related to any of the victims. How well we remember when the news of the safety of the *Atlantic*, three or four years since, arrived in the city. It was at evening, and the *Extras*, in a moment, sowed the exciting news broadcast over the town. Men stopped each other in the streets, and told the glad tidings as of some great victory which had secured peace and prosperity to the land. Crowds gathered under the lanterns, while some loud voice read out the happy news. People looked in at shops and up at windows, saying, "The *Atlantic* is safe!" In the theatres the managers rushed upon the stage in the midst of the performance, and announced to the audience what every one was rejoiced to hear. For that evening men stood upon the ground of a common manhood, sure of individual sympathy, in the universal joy.

It was different the other day. The fate of the *Arctic* will be one of the dark spots in all our memories. It is not alone terrible for the awful suffering and sudden fate of all those human beings so full of life and hope in the moment of their ending; nor for the desolating reach of the blow into thousands of families, whose grief shall never be known nor suspected; not for the inevitable agonies of such a tragedy alone, is it terrible; but for that deeper and more solemn mystery which it casts upon the ocean voyage. So common has it now become, so regularly thronged a highway is the sea, that its old terrors, the colossal fear which girded it like a horizon, warning the bravest mariners away, had gradually been veiled, or had receded into a remote conviction that science and skill had fully mastered its dangers.

But at high noon a stout, swift steamer, one of the largest and strongest of vessels, is struck with so little shock, that the jar is scarcely perceived in the cabin, and long before sunset a few drifting spars, tossing upon the waves, are all the relics of that stately ship. Who can wonder that the public heart stood still? Who can doubt that secret founts of unsuspected pity gushed in hearts that were surprised by their own tenderness? Who does not know how at morning and in the night the thought of so terrible a thing stole into his mind, and touched his life with humility? Who can not well believe that, as a survivor reported, when the insatiate sea closed forever over the ruins of that bark of precious lives, a hollow sigh, a groan (from the steam and heat, perhaps, in the boilers) rose over the wreck, and mingled with the dying cry of human despair?

One such event restores all the ancient terror to the sea, and compels every man who steps upon a ship to reflect upon the solemnity of his undertaking. It is not that accidents are not as common upon land, nor that the chances of life are at all paralyzed by the water. But there is a sense of solitude, of separation, of necessity, upon the sea, which is never felt upon the land. Beyond the limits of your vessel there is little safety, and that vessel is

but a chip in a maelstrom, when danger threatens. It is not strange that when a storm is rising men gather in the cabin, and, as the ship begins to heave and pitch in the billows, tell wild and startling stories of shipwreck. A fearful sympathy holds them to the theme. Like children telling ghost stories in a haunted house, every sound and movement gives only too fearful a reality to their words.

But here was no storm, no long suspense, no fluctuating hope. Without doubt, it was only at the last moment that the passengers really supposed that the last moment had arrived. Suddenly, in the very flush of life, they were confronted with death; and let us believe that they met it calmly, nobly, trustfully, like men. For at such times every man is apt to be a hero. If there is any latent nobility in his character, it is developed and takes the mastery. When some weak and effeminate Louis XVI. mounts the scaffold, his behavior is so beautiful that he will have the sympathy of the world forever. A Charles I. hears so serenely the noisy building of his scaffold, and stands upon it so gravely and patiently, that history is almost ready to wish the revolution unfought. If such illustrious instances of the port of men not really great are so refreshing, even when they had every reason and occasion to seem heroic, whether they really were so or not, think of that solitary and lost multitude, that hecatomb of brave victims, sinking in the sea, without a cause to support, without a party to applaud, with no muse to catch their names, with no future of renown and expiatory praise; yet—for who can doubt it who has seen similar and sudden crises?—calm, and sweet, and gentle, and lying down, with true heroism, in the remorseless and unyielding sea.

We can look at this great misfortune quietly from this distance of time. The daily papers have not failed to suggest scores of means of escape which did not occur to the victims—which were, perhaps, not possible in the actual circumstances of the case. The captain, who was so providentially saved, was received by exulting crowds like a monarch returning triumphant. Ill-judging enthusiasm proposed a hundred things which a sailor's good sense declined. At most he had done his duty. A thoughtful man is saddened to see that heroism and devotion to duty are considered worthy an especial ovation. A general who falls victorious at the head of his advancing army is held in long and sweet remembrance in his country's heart. But his conduct is not considered to be a subject of compliment. Suppose he had fled? What a peal of disgust would have rung through the world!

Every great accident at sea not only reminds us how grave and awful are the chances of the ocean, but it puts those who are absent further away. So easy and pleasant had the Atlantic passage become, that Switzerland seemed quite near enough for a summer ramble, and Rome for a winter visit. But now Switzerland and Italy are thrust into a deeper and more inaccessible distance, and all the friends who are traveling there seem much further away. In view of these colossal calamities one can well understand the timid mariners creeping along the shores of the Mediterranean, and dreading the open sea. That cloudy waste of water—that race-course of the winds—that arena of tempests—why should we tempt it, we who love the solid, green earth, and the limitations of the landscape?

But since it must be—since Death and sad disaster haunt the shore also—it is foolish to indulge

any extravagant apprehension, or to suppose the sea less safe because the *Arctic* is lost. It is wiser to consider that speed is not safety—that it is better to arrive in New York a day later than not to arrive at all, but to perish hopelessly at the very portals of home. It is wiser to remember that there may be guilt where no crime is intended—that there are things too precious to be bought by any kind of outward success—that it is better to keep three hundred passengers three months upon the ocean, rather than that the family of one should suffer unavailingly over his unnecessary loss. There are wiser things to do, when great catastrophes occur, than returning thanks to officials, and exculpating men in authority. Let us bethink ourselves that human life is costly and dear in many senses, and that each man in society is, to a certain degree, responsible for every other. The moral of every event seems to be charity. For those who have escaped the terrible tragedy of the *Arctic*, there is sympathy and consideration. For those who have perished, the most tender and regretful remembrance of the many, and the life-long sorrow of the few. But how deeply we shall all be guilty if such events occur again! This was not an unavoidable accident. Two ships, upon a part of the ocean where ships are thickest, are sailing at a rapid rate in a fog so dense that they can not be perceived until they strike. The echo of that collision is the wild wail of broken hearts, much more than the death-cry of the sufferers. Shall it have no other echo, no other influence? Shall it be that our wives, and children, and friends are to be exposed to a recklessness which is not excusable because it is the custom? Or are we all so little interested in the true well-being of society, that we will submit to these fearful possibilities without an effort?

We are glad that from our Easy Chair we can prolong the thoughtfulness into which this event has plunged the public mind. And you, good friend, whose eye falls here, what can *you* do to help or to avert such things? Do not wait until the bitter moment of doubt, struggle, and despair, when you ask yourself the question, "Why did I not feel that it *was* my business?" Whatever tends to cheapen human life, is the serious business of every man.

SINCE the sudden demise of the Art Union, there has been less attention called to pictures and painters. In truth Art finds America an ungenial soil. There are plenty of earnest and devoted men engaged in painting; but the studios are not necessary places of resort as in Europe. When strangers—as in the autumn—throng the city, they do not inquire for the pictures hanging upon the walls of the painters as they do for the theatre and the opera. The Earl of Ellesmere did differently. He did, as all cultivated gentlemen in Europe do, he remembered that the intellectual and æsthetic condition of a civilization is to be seen and studied in its art, and he naturally sought the studios. We have formerly mentioned that he commissioned several pictures here, from Kensett, Church, and others—some of which have arrived, and adorn the Bridgewater Gallery in London.

But although the private studios are not much frequented, there are not wanting public opportunities of seeing and enjoying fine works of art; and, indeed, the course of the empire of Art seems to be tending slowly westward. We have had the most

illustrious of contemporary singers, and instrumental virtuosos—Paul Delaroche's Napoleon has found his way here; Landseer is desirous that America should see his dogs and deer; and the finest picture of the chief school of Germany, Leutze's Washington at Monmouth, is a permanent possession here. We can not but consider the presence of such works public advantages. The enjoyment of the great things of Art is a matter of cultivation; and it is pleasant to go to school to such masters as the best contemporary Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen.

Washington at Monmouth is in many respects the most important and interesting picture we have ever seen in this country. It is a work of universal interest, because we can not escape the commanding charm of every thing that represents great events in the life of our great hero. That Mr. Leutze should have selected this especial subject, shows not only a fine perception of the historical picturesque, but a bold confidence in his ability to present, and in the public patience to tolerate, a moment in the career of Washington entirely different from any other, and totally at variance with the general estimate of his character.

The placid, wigged, and knee-breeched gentleman, with a sword at his side and books and papers upon a neighboring table, whom we are accustomed to recognize as the Father of his country—or indeed the grave and beneficent historical image of the hero, the Roman fortitude, the incorruptible integrity, the severe simplicity, the punctilious politeness—all the points and principles which combine to make up an idea of the model man of the century and of history, are not in every respect corroborated by personal tradition. It seems to be well authenticated that he was a man of very hasty temper, although he held it firmly under control. But not so much so, it appears, that it did not sometimes break out and master him. Lately we have heard an anecdote illustrative of this fact. When Stuart was painting Washington's portrait, he was rallied one day by the General for his slow work. The painter protested that the picture could not advance until the canvas was dry, and that there must be yet some delay. Upon arriving the next morning, Stuart turned his canvas and discovered, to his great horror, that the picture was spoiled.

"General," said he, "somebody has held this picture to the fire."

Washington summoned his negro valet, Sam, and demanded of him, in great indignation, who had dared to touch the portrait. The trembling Sam replied, that, chancing to overhear Washington's expression of impatience at the slowness of the work, and the response of the artist that it must be dry before he could go on, he had ventured to put the canvas before the fire. Washington, with great anger, dismissed him, and told him not to show his face again.

But the next day, after Stuart had arrived and was preparing to work, Washington rang the bell, and sent for Sam. He came in abashed and trembling. The President drew a new silver watch from his pocket, and said:

"Come here, Sam. Take this watch, and whenever you look at it, remember that your master, in a moment of passion, said to you what he now regrets, and that he was not ashamed to confess that he had done so."

Many similar anecdotes live in tradition. But

the one great instance—which may be called the historical instance—of his expression of violent passion, was that of the battle of Monmouth, when General Lee, leading his troops in full retreat, was met by Washington, who, totally unable to control himself, called Lee fiercely to account, even swore at him, and then repelled, by the energy of his own example, appealing to the shame of the army, the hasty and disorderly retreat.

The artist has shown great discrimination in selecting a subject where Washington, being in full action, was, at the same moment, strictly within universal human sympathy. We can all understand the hearty indignation of a hero at cowardice, and the irrepressible contempt of a brave leader for a subordinate who retires without reason. The picture is so fine, and so well worth seeing by those of our friends who come to the city from a distance, that we will try to give them some idea of it.

Every picture should tell its own story—an axiom which implies certain conditions. A picture of the Crucifixion tells its story only to those who know the Christian history. To any other observer it is only a man in agony. So with a historical picture, the men and the circumstances must be known, or the picture has no meaning. Thus in Horace Vernet's great picture at Versailles, the spectator who recognizes the French soldiers, perceives instantly that it is a modern French battle in Algiers; and if he is familiar with the history, he will easily determine what battle it is. In like manner a student of American history, which we all are, confronted with this picture of Leutze's, and knowing it to be what it is, an incident in the life of Washington, responds, at a glance, *Washington at Monmouth*. This is its first great success. It is unmistakable. It tells its story.

The battle of Monmouth was fought upon a burning midsummer day. It was supposed that as many died from heat as from the chance of battle. Washington had sent forward an advance-guard with General Lee, his second in command. The command had at first been given to Lafayette, for Lee was so much opposed to the battle that he did not care to take part in it. But finding Washington resolved, he claimed his position. He had gone on to meet the enemy and commence the engagement, while Washington came up with the main army. The attack was made near Monmouth court-house. There was confusion but great bravery upon the American side, until, perplexed and uncertain, General Lee ordered a retreat at the wrong moment. The militia immediately commenced crossing a morass which lay between them and the main body, which was advancing under Washington. Suddenly he perceived the tumultuous approach of the militia, swarming in wild confusion across the swamp. Perceiving in a moment the moral influence upon the main body of such a reckless retreat of the advance-guard—foreseeing the panic and flight, and the consequent incalculable detriment to the Continental cause, he buried his spurs in his horse's flanks, and dashed on the full run across the morass straight toward the hurrying and disorderly mass. The heat was unspeakable; the sand rolled in clouds—the militia were fainting and falling overpowered at every step. General Lee was riding in front of the column, and Washington rode directly at him. He called him to account in the severest manner—flung at him an oath of contempt; but perceiving

that the immediate evil to be obviated was the retreat itself, he swept on into the midst of the militia, and with the impetuous energy of rage, and the conviction of an imminent danger to the great cause impending, he succeeded in stemming the retreat. The wilted soldiers revived at the sight of their General, and recoiled before his scornful rebuke. He inspired them with his own consciousness of a disgrace hanging over them, and a vital misfortune threatening the cause. They rallied, took heart, and advanced again. The day was won: Washington was justified, and Lee forever disgraced.

Here are all the elements of a fine historical picture, and the artist who so clearly saw, has known equally well how to use them.

The picture is about as large as the *Washington crossing the Delaware*. It is crowded with figures and full of action, but there is not the slightest confusion. The eye is at once master of the scene. The centre of the foreground is a pool in the marsh, fringed with long grass and reeds. A dog is plunging in and lapping the water. In the left foreground come in the hurrying militia. One youth, death-stricken, and with glazed eyes, reaches feebly forward toward the pool. He clings to a rough backwoodsman, who supports his dying son, and looks absorbingly at Washington. Behind them is the multitude thronging through the swamp, and streaming across the picture from the left corner of the foreground to the upper right corner of the background. One of the finest figures in the left is a youth, evidently a gentleman, who, abashed by the eagle eye of the chief, and reproved by his own shame, stands leaning back upon the crowd, with both arms outstretched to restrain their flight, and half glancing from under his brows at the indignant face he dare not fully front. Behind him the great mass pushes on.

Washington occupies the centre of the picture. His horse springs at full gallop over the edge of the pool toward the left foreground. His rider's left hand curbs him, and his right is stretched straight up in the air brandishing his sword, in the furious conflict of his feelings, to wave backward the retreat. This action gives a breadth to his movement. It makes his intention more manifest. It multiplies and enlarges his presence. It is simple, instinctive, natural, and not in the least melodramatic. The face of Washington is that of a man violently excited by anger. It is hardly recognizable as the Washington of the usual portraits. But there is a fine scorn in the mouth, and an eagerness of defiance against the retreat, which fill the face with expression. The figure, for some reason, perhaps faulty drawing, and perhaps the long lappels of the waistcoat would necessarily produce such an effect, seems too solid and short for Washington.

His action is not directed to an individual, but to the whole retreating mass. This has been noticed as a fault. It was contended that the proper historic moment was the rebuke to Lee, who caused the retreat. And that therefore the movement of Washington should have been directed to Lee.

But clearly the great point is the retreat itself, not its leader; and Washington's great act is stemming the retreat, not cursing the chief who allowed it. Perfect justice is done to this claim. The scornful wrath at the inconstant General yet lingers upon the lips which curl with a larger and

impersonal indignation at the flying army. General Lee sits upon a white horse in the middle distance, just before Washington. His head sinks sullenly. His eyes have the dull sulkiness of a snake. His whole mien indicates a man utterly abashed and ashamed, with a consciousness of guilt. He is withdrawn into the middle distance by design, for he is only in the middle distance of interest. Washington transfixes him with contempt, and instantly waving him aside, sweeps around to his task.

Lafayette and Hamilton press on immediately behind Washington. The bland, courteous, but formal and far from forcible face of Lafayette, is strained toward the retreating columns and General Lee. Hamilton's small, concentrated, and intense face, drawn in so as to throw the brow forward, is as full of thought as Lafayette's of curiosity. These two heads are finely contrasted. In the right foreground is another carefully-considered group. A drummer boy recoils from the heels of Washington's horse. A farmer youth, with his musket resting upon his shoulder, waves his hat enthusiastically, greeting his chief. Another youth, just wounded, falls back in mortal agony, supported by a grave older man, while a comrade stoops over the pool and dips water for his dying friend.

The central background of the picture is a knoll or little hill, upon the top of which a company of flying artillery is just wheeling into play. The brisk action of the horses and soldiers in this group carry on completely the movement of the picture, and impress the spectator with the conviction that the battle is still going on. On the extreme right background stand the main body of the Continental troops. In the extreme left the English regulars or Hessians are showing themselves upon the edge of a wood.

The faults that strike us in this work, and we are by no means sure that longer study would not remove them, are an appearance of flatness in the figures of the middle distance, a want of round flesh-and-blood outline; and too cold an atmosphere. The distance has a bluish, thin look, more autumnal than the fervor of midsummer.

But, for the rest, it is a stirring, spirited work, without any thing too fine or over-wrought, nothing finical, or symbolical in a small way. The scene was simple, the emotions were strong, and simple and strong the painter has made them. If it be asked what great moral or intellectual significance has such a picture, we must remember before we reply, that every work representing a strictly historical event, a mere circumstance, is great by the magnitude of the results that depend upon the single action represented. The pictures of martyrdoms, as for instance that of Huss, can not represent any result; they can only deal with the circumstance of a moment. The grandeur which invests in imagination Rubens's *Descent from the Cross*, and the same picture of Daniele de Volterra, lies in the solemn remembrance of the mind which regards it of the sublime significance of the words—"It is finished." The picture shows a corpse taken from a cross, by careful hands, while weeping friends are near. But great pictures are painted for "my mind's eye, Horatio."

In the same way this picture represents the moment in which the battle of Monmouth was won. It is Monmouth victory in its last analysis. For when the retreat was stopped, the triumph was made possible. The artist has seized the most pregnant mo-

ment of the occasion: there was scarcely one more so in the whole war.

We are glad that we can so heartily admire this work, and we have the more pleasure in expressing our admiration, because we know how prone we sitters in Easy Chairs are to find fault, and show our smartness in following small scents. *Peccavimus!* What sinner in an Easy Chair does not plead guilty to the charge? There is a sad disproportion in our fault-finding. Why can we not maintain some kind of relation between ourselves and our judgments? To see that a thing might be different, is not necessarily to see that it might be better. And in matters where the canons are still so undetermined as those of Art, why so furious to insist upon your taste and your convictions as the final criterion? For ourselves, we are convinced that when men pass the grand climacteric, and sit down in Easy Chairs to survey life and the world, they can not find so soft a cushion as charity. It is pleasanter to love than to hate—pleasanter to praise than to condemn. And if we come to criticism, are there not enough who assert that one leg of the Apollo is longer than the other—that the children of the Laocoon are little old men—that the Venus de Medici is a plump nymph—that the Transfiguration is two pictures—that the Last Judgment is unchristian—that Domenichino is a dauber, and Claude a botcher, and Perugino wooden? Yet who shall conceive the delicate ministry to human happiness of all the lovely pictures and the noble statues? There are imperfect roses whose scent breathes all the summer back, nor would they do more were every petal fresh. He is much to be pitied whose regret at the imperfect leaf prevents his enjoyment of the perfect odor.

At last Lady Franklin's long watchings are over. The secret so long locked up in frozen seas escapes. The dream of an upper ocean, calm and open, supplied with food and flowing around the pole, dissolves. The adventurers among the icy ribs of the earth return; only a few ships remain among the icy wastes. But stranded forever and ever upon a desert more dreadful than that of the tropics, the bones of brave men bleach in the cold gloom of eternal winter.

The Northwest Passage is discovered, and Sir John Franklin is dead. We have all read those early books. We have all hung enchanted upon Captain Franklin's story and Captain Parry's. To our young imagination they were hardly less mythical than Ajax and Achilles. Who of us supposed that, after the fervor of youthful fancy had declined, he should read in the cold columns of newspapers that the heroic voyager had died at what we may well call his post?

It seems a life wasted; a bitter sacrifice to a useless curiosity. At best, what could have come of it? Now that it is known, who is the better for it? The problem is solved. Men and money, brave men, in a world where heroes are rare, have been sacrificed in the solution. But there is another view to which we have once alluded. Human heroism grappled with a problem, the solution of which increased the store of human knowledge. Is it not fine that it did not let go? Is it not noble that man could not be finally conquered by cold, nor ice, nor desolation; but wrested from the lonely pole its secret, and scorned the danger of the effort? In this moment, while none but churls can harshly speak of Franklin, we can point to this as the result

of all Arctic adventure, that it is another proof of the untiring persistence of human heroism. It was not merely Quixotic. Nobody supposed we should get tea and sugar sooner. But here was something in geography that we did not know—and every thing is worth discovering. Every body is more a man for Franklin, and M'Clure, and Kane. For the same reason that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," does each brave aim of every man touch every other man with pride and pleasure.

Arctic exploration is now, undoubtedly, forever over; but it is not enough, nor does it tell the whole story, to call it foolhardy. Respectable men, in warm coats and comfortable offices, draw their dividends, put on their India-rubbers, and go safely home to bed. They take the evening paper with their tea or their wine, and read of Franklin's fate. In eight of such men out of ten the chief feeling is a kind of contemptuous pity that any man should go on such a fool's errand. And yet—for here is the moral—the spectacle of heroism displayed in one such career as that of Franklin, is worth more to mankind at large—not to his family, who want the dividends—than the life of our friend in the warm coat multiplied by a hundred.

Our American explorer, Dr. Kane, is the only one who now remains among the primeval ice. He is followed by the hopes of two nations, and by the respect of the world. We owe to him, in his *Grinnell Expedition*, the clearest account of the grim realities of the Pole. May he return to us successful and well. He will not, indeed, bring news of Sir John Franklin, as he hoped; but let him bring himself, fresh from his manly endeavor, and we shall all be gainers by the return we hail.

WE have had our Chair wheeled up to the new Opera-House, and although all our friends who happen in of a morning have seen it, there will be many with whom we converse, who have not seen it, and who will be glad to hear of it.

It is very large, very heavy, perhaps clumsy, very brilliant, and, in general effect, despite the quarrel with details, very festal and handsome. Compared with any foreign opera-house, it is extremely gay. The sagacious complain that the heavy columns intercept too much view of the stage; and there is some truth in the complaint, for from the boxes at the back of the second tier, the eye falls down a precipice of seats, and dodging about the massive columns, catches glimpses of the singers. The shape of the house is unpardonable. Nothing can excuse an architect for building a house, designed as an auditorium for certain spectacles upon a stage, in such a manner that, from many parts of the house the stage is not visible. It is the same kind of mistake as if he were to build a dwelling-house, and have the ceilings of the rooms so low that he could not stand in them. It is mere stupidity.

The house is very high, and the steep pitch of every tier toward the front displays the audience to the most brilliant advantage. It is much superior to all foreign theatres in this respect. The boxes of the Italian opera-houses are literally boxes. They are entirely separated from the adjoining boxes, so that each is a room by itself. This is a charming social arrangement, because a party can talk and laugh without disturbing others. But it destroys the effect of what is called "the house." On the other hand, it offers a gallery of

single pictures, for a beautiful woman, beautifully dressed, and sitting in the front of such a box, relieved by the dark background, tells more to the eye than a mass of fine toilets.

These things are to be considered in the case of every opera-house, for the opera is a social institution as well as a matter of art. One great defect in our new house, and it will undoubtedly prove a bar to its perfect success, is the difficulty of access to the various parts of the house. The seats are so closely packed, and the passages so few, that where you sit you must remain, or put all your neighbors to the greatest inconvenience. Originally there was no passage down the centre of the parquette. There was an unbroken line of fifty seats, and if you chanced to have taken the middle seat, you were compelled to disturb twenty-four persons before you could reach it. Such parsimonious and mean mistakes as this—this desperate American effort to blend elegance and economy, incline the spectator to a harsh judgment of the whole. In a house of the scope, and splendor, and intention which this has, there should have been the utmost facility offered for moving about, and in every way the social convenience should have been considered. We will only distantly allude to the seats that fly at a man's coat skirts like Cerberus.

With all these complaints, and with all allowance for the satire upon "gingerbread," and "papier-mache," and "gilt," it can not be denied that the whole effect of the new house is spacious, festive, and elegant. And when, as in *Semiramide*, there are carefully-considered costumes, and well-painted scenery, and a stage covered with a crowd of priests, soldiers, and people, the spectacle is more superb than any thing we have ever seen in the country. We take the first night of *Semiramide* to have been the most brilliant opera evening in America.

For some reason the audience is not enthusiastic. Grisi is received coldly, and many of her grandest points fall unacknowledged, if not unrecognized. "I expected to find them cold," she is reported to have said, "but I find them icy." Perhaps it is the splendor of the place which restrains the applause, or is it that there is some disappointment with the singers?

It should have been remembered that we had heard the best of the time. Jenny Lind, Alboni, and Sontag, had all sung to us; and the moderate success of the latter should have taught the friends of Grisi that her triumph was not entirely secure. There are comparisons drawn doubtless between her voice and Jenny Lind's and Alboni's. It is remembered that Alboni sang quietly at the Broadway and at Niblo's, without any flourish, and with no imitation of a former excitement. It is not forgotten that we heard the delicious vocalization of Sontag at Niblo's for a long season. To surpass these, and to fill with enthusiasm an immense house at an immense price, demanded something more than Grisi, fine as she yet is, and Mario, although now in his prime. The result shows that this is so. There was a Jenny Lind party, a Sontag party, an Alboni party; but where is the Grisi party? She has created no enthusiasm, she has not crowded her houses, she has not borne us away with *furore*; and yet she has sung as only Grisi can now sing. She has been the *Norma* that only Grisi can be. She has been *Semiramis*, with Assyrian grandeur; and *Lucrezia*, with Venetian splendor. In her and Mario, and Susini, we have had

an opera troupe with which no other ever among us is to be named, and there has been really less demonstration of pleasure than in the days of Benedetti and Truffi. They have sung to us in a house remarkable for its exquisite power of transmitting the airiest sound—a house which for size and effect is among the best in the world, and our hearts have pined for Astor Place and the departed delights of song.

We can not but feel that if these singers go to the South they will find their laurels blooming again, and learn that even on this side of the sea there can be the warmest appreciation of what is best in its kind. The ardor of sympathy which they sought here in vain will there enclose them like a warm atmosphere, and secure them the confidence which conquers success. Even here, as the cold winter settles gloomily around our Chair, we can hear in fancy the warm shouts and prolonged murmur with which our more susceptible and impetuous Southern neighbors express their delight. The theatre is thronged by the lovely, languid Creole beauties. A Spanish splendor lightens the boxes. There are flowers, lights, perfumes; a gay and graceful company, to whom the opera is dear, who love music as a part of life. The curtain rises, and as the house hushes and the warm scented air breathes in upon the Druidess, she moves to the front with a more majestic step; she culls the herbs with a more melancholy grace, and as she raises her voice to *Casta Diva*, there is a trembling tenderness in its sweetness—for in thought she is across the ocean, in thought she renews her early and unquestioned triumphs; twenty years melt from her mind, from her eye, from her voice, and, touched by the warm magic of the South, the priestess dreams she is in Paris, and forgets forever the boreal climate of Irving Place.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE seize our gossip as we can; sometimes sifting the journals, and coaxing from them enough of dainty paragraphs to furbish into record; and again, availing ourselves of some kindly observer, who tells us, letterwise, what has ruled the European tongue and thought. To such an observer, who has spent the season past in Continental rambles, we are indebted now; and we give up our pages to his careless but good-natured pen, which thus epitomizes the European summer and autumn:

"MY DEAR H—,

"You thought that, in these war times, I should have a dull summer in Europe; that people would wear gloomy faces and keep themselves within doors; that the hotels would be empty, and the roads untraveled. You never were more mistaken in your life. First of all, our own countrymen have been swarming, not only in the cities, but at the springs, and by Lake Geneva; and in the Pyrenees; and even in my way, by crazy diligence from Florence to Mantua, there were two lean men, in black dress-coats, from some court township of Illinois, who chewed tobacco, and wore satin waistcoats!

"I wish I had come to Europe in those old days when the voyage made a man's reputation at home, and he was looked up to always after as a kind of Nestor, who knew all about pictures and architecture, and delivered opinions, *ex cathedra*, which were quoted, and regarded as authority. I remember meeting with a prim single lady of this

stamp when I was a lad, who was the wonder of a large neighborhood, and who at every evening party told a story of having been robbed by brigands, and of going up to the Montanvert under circumstances of danger from precipices and avalanches, which made her a heroine. How I envied that woman!

"There is no hope now of any thing of the sort; or if there were, ten chances to one your next door neighbor, who is a clergyman, and has traveled for the *bronchitis*, can correct your statements, and draw off half the wonder upon himself. Even the milliner women are beginning to come over to buy their ribbons, and to get a 'fall' style of hats. Paris is not so much as New York or Philadelphia used to be in the old days; and the tailors in the metropolitan city of the French will give you his prices in dollars—American currency.

"In fact the man who can not talk about Baden, and Aix-la-Chapelle, and Hombourg, nowadays, currently, can make no pretensions to *mode* whatever. I can remember the time (you know the years don't fail me) when a man was pointed out of by-standers, at evening gatherings and other-whereas, as one who had traveled abroad. Who thinks of such *niaiserie* now? Who can win reputation by a European tour—least of all, if he forgets himself so far as to plume himself upon it; or (still worse) to print the story of it?

"Mrs. Stowe's was, indeed, an exceptional matter; and people had to learn how the maker of the Uncle Tom story was fêted, and how the eyes which had seen such fearful things across the Ohio river, at Cincinnati, would look at the Duke of Sutherland's castaway tenantry.

"And this reminds me—of what you have possibly seen—that some good British democrat stoutly denies all which the authoress says of the good management of the Sutherland estates, and appeals to personal observation as proof against the good report which Mrs. Stowe received from the town-factor of the Duke.

"At all events, it would have been more satisfactory if the good woman in the 'courls' had indulged in a little inquisitive chat with the Scottish cottagers themselves, instead of receiving all her information under the rose-colored lights of the Sutherland Palace in London. There is enough of evil with us to be sure; but, God knows, it's not all the evil in the world.

"For the novelty of the thing, I have myself broken barley bread with stout Lancashire reapers, who told me a deal of hardinesses received, and labors unrequited. And as for the English miners, their woes are crying over the world.

"But I began to talk of travel, and the war. One thought that money would be sparingly spent, and that the tokens of luxury and of extravagance would grow rarer; but the signs are quite otherwise; and railway carriages and Continental inns were never so thronged as during the season whose last leaves are now whistling in the November winds. What think you of a night passed in the diligence, for want of quarters, even in so well-conducted a town as that of Geneva? Yet so it was—not a chamber was to be found far or near; and for a fee, the Swiss conductor left me snuggled in the corner of the coupé which brought me from Berne. At Vevay it was nearly as bad; and the great inn by the lake was turned almost into an American barrack. And let me tell you that the quarters one falls into thereabout have very much

to do with the enjoyment of the scenery. You will scarce believe it when I tell you, that only one hotel in the whole town of Vevay has a good look upon the water and the mountains; and that, failing of lodgings here, you are condemned to some dingy quarter, whence you look on courts begrimed with mud, with only women in sabots to entertain your eye, and the chase of myriad fleas to entertain your thought.

"Such was my bitter experience on as bright a Sunday as ever broke upon the lake of Leman—or rather would have been, if I had not resolutely shaken the dust of the town from my shoes, and coquetted with the morning in the pleasant orchards which lie between Vevay and Montreux. You have seen the spire of Montreux, in any chance view you may have had under your eye of Chillon and the upper end of the Geneva lake. It seems to sentinel the road which borders the water; but in reality it stands two hundred feet or more above it, upon a ledge of the west mountains, all fringed with green walnut trees, and here and there an aspiring poplar. From its inclosing yard you look down on sloping vineyards and gardens, edged by the white ribbon of road which skirts the lake, and winds on by Chillon, and Villeneuve, and Aix, through the sombre upper valley of the Rhine.

"There are sermons out of doors in Switzerland; as, indeed, I think there are every where else where mountains are high, and water glancing in their shadows. Mont Blanc was my preacher that morning; his pulpit was the other side of the lake; his head was white as snow, and stood out boldly against the blue of the church ceiling, which was arched over in the form of a dome, and a few clouds of incense were floating below. A company of church elders, in the shape of Savoyard mountains, very much battered with years, and with faces seamed over, and shaggy eyebrows sprinkled with white, supported the preacher, and filled up the east end of the church. There was a baptismal font between them and myself, which caught a rich blue reflection from the ceiling of the church, and mirrored the hoary head of the preacher. The people of twenty towns thereabout, lying along the sides of the hills above Vevay, attended church with me; and a few steeple bells ringing together made a solemn chorus for the service. It lasted until the incense-bearers closed the doors on the Savoyard elders, and on the stately preacher. But a bright gleam of sunshine in the west announced that the service would be repeated the next day. Indeed, a worshipful man may find perpetual service among those valleys which divide the Alps. That very night which curtailed the Sabbath ceremony I just now told you of, gave me the hearing of a great psalm-gust, the like of which belongs to no cathedral choir, and no organ loft but Nature's.

"I was upon the heights of the Dent de Jaman, which, like a jagged tooth, is rooted in the mountains that hang over the northwest skirt of Leman. It is not so high but that the turf grows green to within a hundred feet of its summit; then a bold cliff rises, with ledges for trailing wild flowers, that fling out odors only to the birds who live in the tops of the fir-trees.

"I had gone up the path which winds thither late in the day; and the villagers who have their hamlets nearest told me it was too late to cross the mountain, and that darkness would overtake me in the wild pasturage slopes. So I found a home for the night in a little chalet, which was one of

perhaps half a score that stood perched on a plateau of green upon a shoulder of the mountain, two thousand feet above the lake, in whose edge the great chateau of Chillon hung floating like a painted toy.

"The good woman of the chalet stewed me a slice from the haunch of smoked mutton that hung to the rafters of her house, while I sat under the walnut trees, listening to the tinkle of the bells upon the necks of browsing goats, and looking across upon the gaunt Savoyard mountains, half hidden by cloud patches, and blotched here and there with reflections of the red sunset.

"They told me as evening darkened, and I had finished my supper of mutton, that a storm was coming, though from what quarter I could not tell. Those mountain people see signs in straws; and they promised me a wet foot-way on the morrow, though it seemed to me that the clouds grouped lazily over the heights as if no frolic was in them.

"A burst of thunder woke me at ten; but I dropped asleep again, and may have remained in my doze for two hours, when there was a rattling of my chamber-door, and my hostess came, in a loose undress, and screaming to me to get up at once, as the chalet was in terrible danger, rushed out of the room as hastily as she had entered.

"There was no light for me but the fearful gleam of the lightning, which lit up the narrow slopes of the hills, and shone by streams on the distant snow-mountains of Savoy. Blaze and thunder came together in dazzling crashes; and the clouds seemed breaking on the very tree-tops.

"I hurried on my clothes, and went out upon a little balcony of the chalet, which was partially protected by the broad-eaved roof. Below, and not ten yards from the house, was a fierce torrent raging every moment nearer and nearer, and bringing down rocks, and broken trees, and debris of harvests from the highlands above. The evening before there had been not even a brook where a river was now foaming over the bed of the mountain pathway. As the blazes of lightning flamed in the sky, I could see the wretched villagers grouped upon the knolls, on either side of the fierce torrent, watching its progress, or making such feeble barricades as they could to divert it from their homes.

"Upon the nearer side there were only my hostess and two brown-faced herdsmen. The poor woman stood wringing her hands, and crying out to the neighbors to save her home. But the bravest of those who were looking on would not have dared to cross the torrent; or could they have come over, little could have been done for the protection of the chalet. A green knoll, which was fast washing away by the force of the water, still diverted the current from the foundation walls of the chalet. The barrier might hold out an hour longer; if it went wholly, there was no hope for the chalet in which I had taken up my night quarters.

"To add to the poor woman's distress, her husband was with his flock upon a higher slope of the mountains, where the storm seemed even fiercer. The neighbors had seen the bodies of sheep and goats go floating down in the wreck of the torrent. The poor herdsman himself might be in danger. From time to time, moreover, there was heard the crash of trees and of timbers from below, telling dreadful stories of wrecked chalets further down.

"I shall never forget the grouping of the peasants, men, women, and children, upon the other side of

this storm-torrent, shouting and running here and there, as the gleams of lightning played over the frightened crowd. Beyond, too, and beyond the trees which glittered in the blaze and the wet, I could see the heights of the snow-mountains upon the other side of the Lake of Geneva, shining for a moment, as they shine by day, and then buried in the rain and the night. The lake itself, too, caught pale gleams of lightning, and showed a surface foaming with the storm.

"With my Mackintosh thrown over my shoulders, and my felt hat dripping streams, I passed an hour looking on anxiously as the rest. After this the storm happily abated its force. The torrent grew less angry in its flow; the chalet of my hostess was out of danger. I left the mountain people grappling with the timbers which still came down with the current; and, to the lullaby of thunder echoing still among the mountains, and dying away in hoarse murmurs on the lake below, I fell asleep once more.

"And this was the mountain-psalm I told you of.

"When morning came, the sun was as soft as a valley summer; but the wreck of the fields and the crops was terrific. Whole acres of what was smiling greensward the night before, were now swept away. Uprooted trees lay across the paths; and often the paths themselves were gone; and I was compelled to grope my way through the muddied bottom of a ravine, which the storm of a single night had furrowed in the hills.

"It was what they call a cloud-break in the mountains; and as offering something different from the everyday journalings of a foot-traveler in Switzerland, I have thought it worth my while to jot it down for you.

"After this, shall I say any thing of the peals from the great organ of Friburg, which I listened to, two days after, and which are reckoned the loudest that come from any church instrument of Central Europe? The storm (as the organist played it) would have been grand, had it not come so near the greater one of my night in the chalet. I fear I hardly did justice to the organist of Friburg; I know I paid him his fee as if he had not earned his money.

"The diligence which goes from Vevay to Berne, stops a half hour at Friburg, and the passengers dine there. Like all stage-coach meals, this is a very hurried one; and had I not 'booked' myself in advance, and dined at my leisure, I am sure I should have added to my dyspepsia by the diligence dinner at Friburg. As it was, I amused myself with the hurry of the coach people, when the conductor gave the word to set off, leaving a fat French lady and a cool couple of English travelers in the heat of dessert. As you go out of Friburg, on the way to Berne, there is a swinging bridge of iron cables to be passed over, which hangs some two hundred feet above a ravine, and shakes with the weight of a diligence in a way to scare nervous people exceedingly.

"Now we had but half got over this tremulous roadway, when the cool English couple came shouting after, followed by the fat French lady, who had seized upon a half-emptied bottle of wine, gesticulating and puffing in a way that put all the diligence company in a roar.

"The coachman cracked his whip; the Englishman and wife screamed in terrible French phrase; the fat lady brandished her bottle threateningly; the bridge undulated more and more under the

quicken step of the horses; nor did the comedy end until the conductor ordered the coachman to draw up upon the other side of the ravine.

"And here again there was an unexpected trouble; the English woman was 'booked' for a place beside her husband in the *banquette* upon the top of the diligence; there was no ladder by which she could mount; she tried the wheel and a 'boost' of the conductor; but it was in vain. The husband mounted before her and tried the effect of a lift; but she was too heavy.

"'But, my dear, you *must* get up,' said the husband.

"'But, my dear, I *can't*,' said the woman in despair.

"'But, my dear, make an effort.'

"'But, my dear, I *have*' (*crescendo*).

"In short, the matter could only be arranged by an amicable compromise with some of the parties inside, by which the unfortunate English lady was separated from her husband until the next stage.

"By virtue of the change, I found myself brought into near neighborhood of the fat lady, who had made good her short dinner by bearing off the bottle of wine. She was eloquent in her denunciations of the thieving propensities of hotel-keepers; it was all an arrangement, she was satisfied, with the conductor, by which people, after paying, should be despoiled of their dinner. For her own part, she was not to be abused in that way; she always made amends for a hurried dinner (as one might have judged from her rotund figure). If she preferred chicken, she took chicken; if wine, she took wine; and here drawing gracefully a little patent-leather cup from her reticule, she poured out a glass, and drank it off as composedly as she could have done at the table of our host.

"I like these little diligence meetings of travel; they open a world of character to the eye; they put an edge on one's habit of observation; they make droll memories for after-dinner laughs at a home table. But it is all passing away, you know. Even in Switzerland they have a project of 'tapping the Alps' with a railway tunnel. The engineers are out. Their crimson bunting is flying on the heights. The subscription-books are open at Basle.

"They talk of a ten-mile tunnel not far away from the Pass of St. Bernard; and the road is to wind along the Upper Rhone, between the sombre, death-like cliffs, and among the wretched cretins and goitres of Sion, and afterward to burrow under the hospice, and to bring its convoy to day again in sight of Aosta and the beautiful and decrepit Italy.

"But, thank Heaven, years must slip before this work is done; and you will have time to beat your mule by moonlight, on the zigzag path that conducts to the hospitable door of the monks, before the monks and the dogs are driven away from their mountain employ.

"Among the *on dits* of the Swiss summer, is the rumor of the imprisonment of an American traveler, who was arrested and confined on suspicion of being no less a personage than the ubiquitous Mazzini. It would appear that the subject of the mistake was not so far flattered by the error as to rest contented with the dungeon durance; and in addition to our other diplomatic negotiations, we have now afoot the claims for false imprisonment upon the Helvetic Republic. It would be odd indeed if, some fine day, the *Cyane*, or some such vessel, should

be dispatched up the Rhine, for the blockade of Basle and the Alps!

"When I was at Chamouni, people were talking of the new ascent of Mont Blanc by an English lady, the third who ever accomplished this task; and who did it (the guides said) without flurry or fatigue. Albert Smith has, I see, alluded to the matter in a complimentary way, in his closing lecture-room 'ascent' for the season, and interested his auditors by announcing the fact that the intrepid woman had honored him that evening with her presence. Of course all eyes were turned to the box of honor (formed by a Swiss window in the chalet that fronts the scene), when the blushing lady received the applause of the evening.

"The romantic danger that of old belonged to the ascent seems now wholly to have gone by; people speak of it only (at Chamouni) as an expensive and doubtful gratification: expensive, because a dozen guides must be well tempted with fees; and doubtful, because a clear evening in these high neighborhoods may be followed by mist and darkness.

"The lady in question reported a charming view; and so did a young English traveler who repeated the journey a fortnight after. And if one may judge from what meets the eye in looking from the lesser height of the Breven, the view must be grand indeed. I suspect that, by dint of cordage and ladders deposited here and there in safe nooks of the rocks, they will arrive in time at an easy way of carrying people of tender nerves to the top of the monarch; and when that day comes, and supplies of the white Neuchâtel or of Moët are frequent, I may be myself tempted to hazard the visit.

"There are springs, you know, in Switzerland; and they have had, the summer past, their usual flow of—salts and of people. But they are generally of the cast of St. Ronan's Well—gone-by places, whose lamentable history is writ, not by Scott, but by stories of gray moss and lichen, on crumbling roofs. Yet they are curious enough places to visit, to see what kind of invalid race still clings to the traditionary virtue of the mountain waters. First of all there is St. Gervais, which you reach by going to the right a little way off from the traveled track which leads people from Geneva to Chamouni. It is a wild cleft in the mountains, with a long-sided house dismally shaded by the reeking cliffs, and faint, pale garden grounds lingering around it, under the short play of a mid-day sun. Decrepit old men and women go there to drink in health and strength; gay young Swiss bourgeois people too, in the mirth of new matrimony, wander to St. Gervais for honeymoon quietude, and for undisturbed strolls in the mountain paths which lead high up on the hills that shadow the springs.

"Riotous young fellows with knapsacks, singing German songs over their after-breakfast Altenheimer, clink their glasses at the table of mine host of the St. Gervais, and plot hair-brained scrambles to the glaciers that gleam, cold and grim, atop the St. Gervais mountains.

"It is a place withal, to visit once, but not to linger at, unless you would replace dyspepsia with rheumatic twinges and the blue devils.

"On the Simplon road again (or a little way off from it to the left), is the queer 'spring' place of Leuk. Every body has heard of it, and a great many have passed through the town, on their way across the wild pass of the Gemmi, which rises straight up the rocks within a league of the water-courses which give renown to Leuk. The notice-

able thing (medicinally) about the springs is their warmth; and they gush as warm from the earth as an egg-boiling pot, and go steaming and vaporing through the little village on either side the road, in a way quite curious to behold.

"When I first saw the phenomenon, I thought all the town world had just emptied their kettles; but presently I saw a group of stout-armed women at a village trough—all steaming—washing their foul linen in the kettle-water of nature's furnishing. One would think washing might be cheap; but my bill of the *Leuk-Baden* says—no.

"The bath-houses are matters worth seeing: people go to them, not to bathe, but to *soak*. The physicians prescribe variously, as ages or constitutions vary, three and four, and even five hours. And people make a frolic of the healing, and wear coquettish water-gowns, and have floating tables round them, and sit in conclave, buried to their chins, and chatting, and doing needle-work, and reading newspapers, and drinking cherry-rum punches.

"A queer place, very, is Leuk.

"Then there is a Swiss Baden not far away from Zurich, a very pretty place indeed, with a sweet valley and fresh streams of water in it, and high green hills towering about it, from whence, looking off in fine weather, you can see that glorious array of white mountain heights which are before your eyes at Zurich. It is a charming place to linger at, with unobtrusive people in the great spring house, who allow you to 'gang your own gate,' and meet you in the hill paths with a kindly look of recognition. By a charming bit of railway—the only bit Switzerland yet boasts of—you can go from this village to the laughing shores of Zurich, and eat such a dinner at the Hotel Baur as would delight a hungry man in the best city in the world.

"If you come, be sure and take lodgings in the house that sits in a garden on the very edge of the lake. Such a place for saunter as it is—that garden—with the mountains all stretching in crystal chain before you, and the flowers flaming and scattering perfume at your elbow, is not found otherwheres in Europe!

"One more 'spring' place of Switzerland I must not forget. You go there by the way of Constance, and the memory of the Constance martyrs. It lies near to Ragatz, in a German-talking country, far up a brook course, which they call the Tamina, and the baths are the 'Baths of Pfeffers.' You seem going out of the world when you go there, and wholly out when you arrive there. A little, narrow *char-à-banc* road leads along the banks of the stream, through a dim ravine, all shaded by firs and dank foliage. Nor is there lack of danger to 'sublime' this one-horse drive, for your wheel frets here and there the edge of a precipice, beneath which, a hundred feet, the Tamina goes raging uneasily among the fallen rocks; and the hill-side, too, threatens every moment to dislodge black fragments of trap to crush you, or hurry you into the bottom of the defile. Jets of waterfalls race down in clefts, and spatter you with spray, and dive under deep culverts, and fall with a crash into the basin below.

"With such accompaniments, making very dreary music, you reach at last a moss-covered old building, seated under the very shoulder of the rocks, and at the extreme end of the defile. The sun only reaches it two hours of the longest days of summer, and it is damp winter there even in later August.

"A few hopeful and hobbling invalids move about the sunken floors of the hobgoblin house, like relics. They bathe thrice a day in wooden tubs, and the walls all reek with the drip of the cliffs and the year long shadiness.

"If you would see the springs, you must take a lantern and a Mackintosh, and follow a wheezing guide into the heart of the mountain. A wild cleft makes the portal by which you enter. A crazy wooden staging makes your uncertain pathway. The Tamina, raging and foaming, you see forty feet below you; and only a glimpse of sky through the cleft, a thousand feet above you. The sides are bare wall of dripping rock, and the path you walk on is only hung against the side by oaken brackets that quiver with your weight. As you go on, lantern in hand, the cleft narrows, so as scarce to leave room for the crazy bridge. Still the Tamina is roaring forty feet below you; and the skylight is utterly shut off by the foliage on the top of the mountain.

"On you go, feeling your way on the slippery and shaking planks; the air full of the noise of rushing waters, and the darkness growing deeper and deeper. Presently you feel a puff of hot steam on your face that half blinds you. The guide takes your hand, steadies your footing, tells you to be bold, and fumbling at a padlock, unlocks a wooden door in the side of the cleft, and shows you the boiling source which supplies the bath tubs of the Pfeffers Hotel.

"He screams in your ear to tell you of its warmth; the steam blinds you; the bats flap around the lanterns; the Tamina roars fearfully, as you grope back to a sight of sky again, with a hearty feeling of gratitude.

"I took a bath at Pfeffers and a lunch; then I climbed the side of the gorge by a rude foot-path; and by the hour of sunset, was where I could see a mountain horizon thirty miles away. I would not advise hypochondriacs to go to the baths of Pfeffers.

"What a gay, lightsome change from all this, to the charming walks of Baden-Baden! And what a contrast with the hobgoblin people of Pfeffers, did the ladies make who sat at the table d'hôte of the pleasant Hotel de Russie!

"Of all the mid-Europe places to loiter in, through a season of sunny idleness, give me Baden-Baden. People imagined (as I said) that the summer's war would take off the edge of its merri-ment, and the fullness from the houses; but the place was never merrier, and never fuller than through the season which closes with the great victory of Alma, and the fall of the Russian power in the Black Sea.

"There have been concerts (Alboni lending her great voice), and torchlight processions through the woods that clothe the hills, in honor of some princely fête; and there have been brilliant crowds at the tables of roulette and of *trente et un*. (among them figuring the pale head and fine features of the unworthy son of the greatest Englishman of his time); beside all, there has been the usual *quantum* of piquant gossip. Among the rest, they tell us of a chance marriage, which closed the season in true romantic fashion. The bride a widow; the groom a prince and millionaire (for a German). The last owned a pretty villa outside the town; a few miles of country road, often driven over, led to it. The widow, in company with cousins and other kin, chanced to pass it one day, early after her arrival.

"She did not know its occupant, nor did she know the envious stories of the prince's selfishness and of his misanthropy. Her companions were as ignorant as she. They chatted, as they passed under the shadow of a pretty pavilion which crowned the garden gateway, of the taste which ruled the place, and of the enviable lot of whomsoever might possess it.

"The widow (who was pretty) was loudest in her praises, and grew warm in her jealous zeal to know who might be the happy owner of such a suburban paradise. She ventured the suggestion that all of its parterres were wasted upon some lonely-living bachelor, who had no right thus to cut off the fairest part of humanity from a share in the beauties his wealth and taste had created.

"The friends rallied her—the proprietor, concealed behind the curtain of his pavilion, overheard her. He watched her fine figure as the group moved on. He grew curious in his turn. The voice was a charming voice; the motion was graceful; the dress was tasteful; he followed and traced the party unperceived to their lodgings.

"Through the ready *valets de place* he pressed his inquiries; he sought acquaintance; he showed the pretty widow the interior as well as exterior of his charming lodge without the town; and in a month, the *quidnunc* world of Baden was startled by the announcement that the Prince — was presently to marry the blooming Madame —, and the bachelor establishment without the town to receive a mistress.

"I give you the matter as it was told to me. I know only that the villa — is a pretty one; and that blooming widows at the tables of Baden are neither rare nor coy.

"You know, perhaps, that our matter of 'excursion trains' has found its way into European habit; and there are companies in Paris which advertise (or did the summer past) to carry travelers to the Rhine, to allow them a week of driving about, upon certain given routes, and then to take them safely back to Paris, either by Brussels or Strasbourg, for a very moderate sum. Thousands have availed themselves of this the season past, and half the French travelers you met with in the railway carriages were under the charge of this guardian company. If the party was crushed, of course nothing was to pay.

"A still wider excursion was projected, and, I believe, carried out, in virtue of which parties to the traveling compact were conducted, under the advices of an accomplished courier, to the Great Exhibition of Munich, were furnished with seats at the Opera two nights in the week, were carried over the Tyrol to Prague—given a sight of Dresden and the Elbe—furnished with meals and lodgings at the best hotels—offered free use of the baths at Hombourg and Wiesbaden, and landed again at their doors in Paris for a certain fixed sum, surprisingly small.

"Will not some enterprising firm in your city take the matter up, and organize, next year, a European excursion, to take nervous people throughout England and France—clear their luggage—pay their bills—talk their French—provide their guides—see to their passports and purchases—for a sum known and measurable at the outset? Could not bachelors be put down, for the *belle* season, at a thousand dollars apiece, exclusive of wines? And ladies at two thousand, who were limited to five trunks and four bandboxes?

"You know before this, of course, that Rachel, the great tragedienne, is certainly going to America; and what, pray, do you think of her probable success? Will people make her the fashion? If not, I fear there is little hope for her.

"She is great to be sure, and always will be, while her vigor lasts; but it seems essential that auditors should have some reasonable knowledge of what a tragedian is saying. Will those whose ears are apt to catch French be enough to supply her with houses? or will the furor be so great as to draw in those who know nothing of it?

"I saw, the other evening, a stout, sensible man (American), with a stout and (I dare say) sensible wife, leave their seats at the *Théâtre Français*, in the middle of one of her choicest performances, with a vacant air on their faces—as if their twenty francs had much better have gone for one of Lucy Hocquet's hats. I fear there will be a good many jobbers at New York who will stare vacantly on the plays their daughters may decoy them to.

"It is the fashion here, specially among the English, to decry Rachel's performance of modern tragedy—as if the cold classicism of Racine's rhyme were all she should ever utter. I hope this sort of affectation will not belong to the newspaper writers with you; and that she will be appreciated most warmly where appreciation is most natural—in those plays which express passion in honest prose, and in the hearty language which French people use to-day.

"A spicy writer of the Paris *feuilletons* deplotes and condemns the action of Rachel, in going, for ever so short a time, among that 'dollar-people, who made fools of themselves over Elssler and Jenny Lind, and who do not speak French.'

"Can the paragraphist be aiming a blow at our diplomatic brotherhood?

"Another matter of mention you may have remarked in the journals; it is the publication, day by day, of the life of 'George Sand,' written by herself. The world was expecting in it a deal of scandal, and has been sharply on the look out for months past; but thus far she does not promise to gratify them. She writes, like all French people, in evident good humor with herself, and applies her subtle analytic power to the fathoming of her own passions and actions. Aside from this, and Lamartine's new History of Turkey, there is nothing to put an ink-line about, in the whole range of Paris letters.

"The returning world (from the summer resorts) is now fairly back in its old place. Here and there signs of mourning for the dead in the Crimea are visible; but oftenest these signs are confined to humble life and far-away homes in the provinces.

"The *beau-monde* of Paris does not furnish battle-heroes; and the only army-man of that class who is talked of now, is a young lieutenant, who has just startled all staid mammas by marrying a pretty actress of the *Variétés*.

"The theatres, all of them, are full in these coming wet nights of later autumn. Even the talk of Chantilly, where the English horses were worsted, is dying away in the mention of balls and of intrigues. Flaming equipages have multiplied, and jockeys in blue and silver delight the maids and their masters.

"Country houses of England are full of gay company, riotous with pheasant shooting and dinners that last till midnight. London is deserted, save of strangers; and there is little promise of returning gayety for a year to come—so heavily

hangs the war-list of slain and wounded upon the hearts and the homes of thousands.

"But you, across the water, with your fevers, and cholera, and shipwrecks, and storms, and money crashes, have had your sorrows too; and the European summer, take it all in all, has worn more constant gayety than the home one which has broken on me in letters.—Adieu."

Editor's Drawer.

DECEMBER—ay, ay: WINTER is upon us. Let not "the milk of human kindness" be frozen in our bosoms in this inclement season. As we sit by our cheerful fires, surrounded by all the comforts, if not the luxuries, of a great and rich city, let us not forget those who are suffering for the bare necessities of life. Let us "give of our abundance" to the poor and needy, when even the Elements have made a league with Sickness and Poverty, to try them still further in the furnace of affliction!

But, in the mean time, let us not forget also the blessings, the delights of Winter; for we would not be gloomy, with the holidays so near at hand, and so many happy hearts awaiting them. Then there is sliding down hill, and sleigh-rides in the open country, with "laughing girls and joyous boys" keeping time to the "sweet jargonings" of the prancing, foaming steeds:

"Hark the 'cutters' with their bells:
Silver bells! chiming bells!
What a tale of merriment
Their melody foretells,
As they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the frosty air of night,
Till the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a nebulous delight.
Keeping time—time—time,
In a kind of runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation
That so musically swells
From the rhyming and the chiming of the bells."

Yet, when the dim-blue hills rise afar in the cold, clear winter air; when He who "sendeth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes," reminds us how Life has faded into Death, and we see Nature herself in her winding-sheet; in all our thoughts, let us "REMEMBER THE POOR!"

HERE is a "bit of advice" to young ladies, setting forth how they may know whether a young gallant is really "courting" them, or only paying them "polite attentions." The confounding the one with the other has been the source of much trouble, both before and since the era of Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell:

"A young man admires a pretty girl, and must manifest it. He can't *help* doing so, for the life of him. The young lady has a tender heart, reaching out like vine-tendrils for something to cling to. She sees the admiration; is flattered; begins soon to love; expects some tender avowal; and perhaps gets so far as to decide that she will choose 'a white satin under thin gauze,' etc., at the very moment the gallant that she half loves is popping the question to another damsel ten miles off!

"Now the difficulty lies in not precisely understanding the difference between 'polite attentions' and the tender manifestations of love. *Admiring* a beautiful girl, and wishing to *make a wife of her*, are not always the same thing; and therefore it is necessary that the damsel should be upon the alert to discover to which class the attentions paid her by handsome and fashionable young gentlemen belong.

"First, then, if a young man greets you in a loud, free, and hearty tone; if he knows precisely where to put his hat or his hands; if he stares you straight in the eye, with his own wide open; if he turns his back to you to speak to another; if he tells you who made his coat; if he squeezes your hand; if he eats heartily in your presence; if he fails to talk very kindly to your mother; if, in short, he sneezes when you are singing, criticises your curls, or fails to be foolish in fifty ways every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world! He only *admires* you, let him do or say what he will.

"On the other hand, if he be merry with every body else, but quiet with you; if he be anxious to see that your tea is sufficiently sweetened, and your dear person well wrapped up when you go out into the cold; if he talks very low, and never looks you steadily in the eye; if his cheeks are red, and his nose only blushes, it is enough. If he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of old bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, stupid, yet anxious of all your male friends, you may 'go ahead,' and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him!

"Young ladies! keep your hearts in a case of good leather, or some other tough substance, until the 'right one' is found, beyond doubt; after which you can go on, and love, and 'court,' and be married, and happy, without the least bit of trouble."

We consider this advice so sensible, that although it is somewhat open to the charge of bluntness, we have no hesitation in pressing it upon the attention of our lady-readers.

THERE will be few readers of "The Drawer" but will go back in memory, as they peruse the beautiful lines which ensue, to the "old clock that ticked against the wall" in the home of their boyhood. There are grace, simplicity, and pathos in the poetry. We know not the author:

"Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing, and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest;
'Twas a monitor too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered:
'Tick! tick!' it said—'quick, quick to bed,
For ten I've given warning;
Up! up! and go, or else you know,
You'll never rise *soon* in the morning!"

"A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at day-break boldly;
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly:
'Tick! tick!' it said—'quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth,
Unless you're up *soon* in the morning!"

"Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone,
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
'Tick! tick!' it said—to the church-yard bed,
The Grave hath given warning:
Up! up! and rise, and look at the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

THE following singular circumstance happened twelve years ago at the Astor House, in this city. It transpired at the time, and was published; but it seems to us well worthy of preservation among the annals of adroit crime:

A gentleman suddenly missed his gold watch, which was worth to him more than it could be to any body else, from association, it having been a family relic. He marveled much at its absence, for he knew he had only been in and out of the office and reading-room of the hotel since he noted the hour by it.

In the hope of recovering it, he offered a reward of fifty dollars for it in the daily newspapers of the city. The same day he received a note, saying that he could have his watch by calling at a certain obscure house in the city. After some little hesitation, he resolved to go. The watch was too valuable to him to be given up without at least this attempt to recover it. So he went.

His call at the door was promptly answered by a gentlemanly-looking person, who, in reply to his inquiries, said that he had in his possession the advertised watch, and that on payment of the offered reward he would deliver it up. The loser promised to pay the fifty dollars provided he was convinced the watch was his. It was exhibited, and the gentleman recognized it at once, paid the reward, and gladly placed the recovered treasure in its place in his vest pocket. As he was turning to go away, he remarked,

"I am glad, as you may suppose, to get my watch back again, but I should really be pleased to know how you took it from me."

"That I will inform you," readily replied the pick-pocket. "Do you remember holding an animated conversation with two other gentlemen in the reading-room of the Astor House on the morning you lost your watch?"

"I do," replied the loser.

"Well, do you also remember that a gentleman who stood close by, left his newspaper, drew near, and finally engaged in the discussion?"

"Very distinctly," replied the other; "and also that he engaged in it with much warmth."

"Precisely," continued the narrator; "and do you not remember that he at one time, in his earnestness, tapped you two or three times on the left breast, *thus?*" (suiting the action to the word.)

"Yes," replied the gentleman.

"Then I took your watch," said the other; and turning, shut the door and disappeared.

The gentleman returned to the Astor, musing on this strange occurrence; and while relating it to some of his wondering friends, was astonished to find that his watch was again missing!

When the adroit knight of the nimble fingers described how he had *once* filched from him his watch, he took it again! So the gentleman finally lost his watch, after having paid the thief the reward for its recovery.

HERE follows a retort, although it can hardly be called a "retort courteous:"

A mathematician being asked by a stout fellow, "If two pigs weigh twenty pounds, how much will a large hog weigh?"

"Jump into the scales," was the reply, "and I'll tell you in a minute!"

The mathematician "had him there!"

"I'll lay you a small wager," said one American gentleman to another, as they were about entering a London eating-house together, "that whatever we may ask for, no matter what it may be, the waiter will say that he has got it!"

So they entered; and taking a box in one corner, one of the Americans called out:

"Waiter!"

And the waiter came.

"Waiter, have you any *Meet-me-in-the-Willow-Glen*?"

"*'Willow-Glen*?'—yes, Sir," and off he goes. Presently he returns with:

"That dish is *hout*, Sir, at present: many think else you'll 'ave, Sir?"

We mention this to show, that when the English satirize the Irish "as below," it would not be amiss for them to "look at 'ome."

Nothing goes so much against the grain of an Irish waiter, as to confess ignorance upon any point under the sun. "I don't know," is a phrase he can by no means digest.

"You have a *table-d'hôte* in this hotel, have you not?" said a gentleman at an Irish hotel to a waiter, who presented himself bowing, napkin in hand, in answer to the summoning bell.

"Why, y-e-s, Sir—that is—yes, we have, Sir," added the man boldly, determined to put a good face on the matter, but evidently making a desperate plunge in the dark.

"Is there one *now*?"

"Oh, I dare say, Sir—I'll inquire. I'm sure *an-ny* thing you want you can *have*, Sir—always well supplied *here*, Sir."

"But the *table-d'hôte*, I suppose, is only in the summer?"

"Can't exactly say *what's* the season—but we often have it—*very* often, Sir. I'll speak to the landlord, or to the cook: perhaps it's *to-day* you wish—"

The guest started a little at the idea of the power attributed to him of forming a *table-d'hôte* by his sole will and pleasure.

"What I wish to know," he said, "is whether there is one now in the hotel, and at what hour, in case any of our party should like to join it."

This was too much for the poor waiter. He shuffled and evaded, but in vain. There seemed nothing for him to do but to admit the humiliating fact, that the word *table-d'hôte* was Greek to him. After very many hard twistings of the napkin in his hand, and sundry hemmings and coughings, he said, with much reluctance:

"Why, Sir, I really beg pardon. I—I—I of course know what you mean; but I don't exactly" (with an extraordinary emphasis on the "exactly"), "I don't quite exactly—that is to say—understand. I—"

The gentleman extricated the poor waiter from embarrassment in a moment by explaining; but he couldn't get over his mortification at having been forced to confess his ignorance of any thing; and departed from the room with considerable less importance than that with which he had flourished into it a few minutes before.

If any one doubts that this is an entirely authentic anecdote, let him ask the next Irish servant who is in a position to feel his importance as connected with a restaurant or hotel, the reputation of which he supposes to rest upon *his* shoulders, and *test* its credibility.

BETTING, it has always seemed to us, is but a poor business at the best, if it is not somewhat too closely allied to gambling to be altogether a moral or defensible transaction. So that when we find a "biter bitten" at this sort of game, we confess that we look upon the victim as not a subject for much commiseration. Here is a very laughable case in

point; called, if you please, "*Charley Macauley's Bet*." It is an East India story, and old enough to be new to ninety-nine out of every hundred of our readers:

... "At seven o'clock the dinner was served up, and a better one was never given in Calcutta; but as every pleasure must come to an end, so this excellent dinner was at last finished. The dessert was served up, and the hookahs began to emit their guttural notes. Many were the subjects broached and got rid of; many the toasts which enlivened the fashionable feast.

"At length, by the most skillful manœuvring, and with infinite tact, Macauley brought the beauty of the new tables on the tapis. Every one admired them, and felt grateful to them for having so lately supported the rich dinner of their host.

"They are of the finest mahogany I ever saw," said Major Briscoe.

"They are perfect," said another. "I never saw any so well proportioned in my life. I must have some made like them."

"They are too high," chimed in Charley Macauley, with affected indifference—"just a *little* too high. Don't you think so, Gordon?"

"On the contrary," replied the host, "if any thing, I consider them a shade *too low*."

"You are mistaken, my dear fellow; I have an excellent eye, and I am sure I am right. No table should exceed two-feet-six, and these are at least one inch higher."

"You are in error; they are not more than two feet and a half."

"Don't bet, James, don't bet; for I am sure of the fact. I tell you I can not be deceived; my eye is *always* correct."

"Not bet! If the tables were not my own, and consequently I should bet on a certainty, I'd lay you a lac of rupees that they are not more than thirty inches in height."

"Oh, if you are willing, I will make the bet; but remember, gentlemen, I tell you beforehand that I am *certain* of the fact. I say these tables are at least thirty-one inches from the ground."

"Done! for a lac of rupees!" cried Gordon.

"Done!" re-echoed Charley.

"The wager was duly registered. A servant was ordered to bring in a yard-measure, when Macauley turned round with an air of triumph, and said:

"You may save yourselves the trouble of measuring!—ha! ha!" and he chuckled with delight. "I warned you fairly that I bet on a certainty, so the bet must be binding, James."

"I stand to my bet," said Gordon.

"Well, then pay me the money! I *measured* the tables this very morning while you were shaving, and here is their memorandum of height—thirty-one inches exactly!"

"And the Colonel burst into a roar of laughter, as he produced his pocket-book with the memorandum in it.

"I *know* you did," said James; "I *saw* you do so, in my looking-glass."

"The Colonel started.

"Yes, I saw you *do it*; and as soon as you had gone away, knowing well your object, I *had an inch sawed off every leg*; so, for *once*, my very knowing friend, the tables are turned!"

"The roar that shook the table would have drowned Niagara. Charley Macauley left Calcutta the next day ten thousand pounds sterling poorer

than he was the day he arrived; and, what was still worse, the very youngest ensigns in the army quizzed him about it forever afterward. Perhaps he was richer in the end, however, for it was his last bet.

THE sketch of stealing peaches, in a late "Drawer," has induced a correspondent to send us for preservation in the same "capacious receptacle," a somewhat kindred story of "*Stealing Water-melons*," which he cut from a newspaper many years ago. It was of a man who took great pleasure in having a neat garden. He had all kinds of vegetables and fruits earlier than his neighbors. But thieving boys in the neighborhood annoyed him; damaged his trees, trampled down his flowers, and "hooked" his choicest fruit. He tried various ways to protect his grounds; but his watch-dogs were poisoned, and his set-traps caught nothing but his fattest fowls or his most favorite cat.

One afternoon, however, just at nightfall, he overhears a couple of mischievous boys talking together, when one of them says:

"What do you say, Joe?—shall we come the grab over them *melons* to-night? Old Swipes will be snoring like ten men before twelve o'clock."

The other objected, as there was a high wall to get over.

"Oh, pshaw!" was the reply; "I know a place where you can get over just as easy—know it like a book. Come, Joe, let's go it!"

The owner of the melon-patch didn't like the idea of being an eaves-dropper; but the conversation so intimately concerned his melons, which he had taken so much pains to raise, that he kept quiet, and listened to the whole plan of the young scapegraces, so that he might make it somewhat bothersome for them.

Ned proposed to get over the wall on the south side, by the great pear-tree, and cut directly across to the summer-house, just north of which were the melons.

Joe was a clever fellow, who loved good fruit exceedingly, and was as obstinate as an ass. Get him once started to *do* a thing, and he would stick to it, like a mud-turtle to a negro's toe. The other didn't care so much for the melons as for the fun of getting them.

Now hear the owner's story:

"I made all needful preparations for the visit: put in brads pretty thick in the scantling along the wall where they intended to get over; uncovered a large water-vat that had been filled for some time, from which, in dry weather, I was accustomed to water my garden; dug a trench a foot deep or so, and placed slender boards over it, which were slightly covered with dirt, and just beyond them some little cords, fastened tightly, some eight inches from the ground. I *picked* all the melons I cared to preserve, leaving pumpkins and squashes, about the size and shape of melons, in their places."

The boys were quite right in supposing it would be dark, but they missed it a little in inferring that "old Swipes," as they called him, would be in bed. The old man liked a little fun as well as they; and when the time came, from his hiding-place he listened:

"Whist, Joe! don't you *hear* something?"

"I think that, very probably, they *did*; for hardly were the words uttered than there came a sound as of forcibly-tearing fustian.

"Get off my coat-tail!" whispered Joe. "There goes *one* flap, as sure as a gun! Why, *get off*, Ned!"

And Ned *was* off, and one leg of his breeches beside; and then he was "ah"-ing and "oh"-ing, and telling Joe that he "believed there were *nails* in the side of the wall, for *something* had scratched him tremendously, and torn his breeches all to pieces!"

Joe sympathized with him, for he said "half *his* coat was hanging up there somewhere!"

They now started on, hand-in-hand, for Ned believed that he "knew the way." They had arrived a little beyond the trees when something went "swash! swash!" into the water-vat.

A sneeze ensues; then the exclamation:

"Thunder! that water smells rather *old*!"

Ned wanted to go home at once, but Joe was too much excited to listen for a moment to such a proposition.

"Never heard any thing about that cistern before: the old fellow must have fixed it on purpose to drown people in. Curious, though, that we should *both* fall in it!"

They now pushed on again for the melons. Presently they were caught by the cords, and headlong they went into a heap of briars and thistles, and the like, which had been placed there for their express accommodation.

"*Such* a-gittin' up-stairs!" muttered one.

"Nettles and thistles! how they prick!" exclaimed the other.

They now determined to go on more cautiously. At length they arrived at "the patch."

"How *thick* they are, Joe! Come here! There's more than a dozen fat ones right here!"

And down they sat in the midst of them, and seemed to conclude that they were amply rewarded for all their mishaps.

"Here, Jo," said Ned, "take this musk-melon; isn't it a rouser? Slash into it!"

"It cuts tremendous *hard*, Jim—Jim, it's a squash!"

"No, it *isn't*, I tell you; it's a new kind. Old Swipes sent to Rhode Island for the seed last spring."

"Well, then, all I've got to say is, that the old fellow got sucked in—that's all!"

"I'm going to gouge into this water-melon: hallo! there goes a half a dollar! I've broke my knife! If I didn't know it was a water-melon, I should say it was a pumpkin. Fact is, I believe it *is* a pumpkin!"

What "the boys" did besides, while the owner went to his stable and unmuzzled the dog and led him into the garden, *he* "couldn't say:" that they took *long steps*, the onion and flower-beds fully revealed in the morning.

They had paid pretty dearly for the whistle. They had not tasted of a single melon; they had got scratched, had torn their clothes, were as wet as drowned rats, and half-scared out of their wits at the ravenous dog, and the apprehension of being discovered.

The next night the owner of the melon-patch invited all the boys of the village, including "Ned" and "Joe," to a feast of melons, on the principle of "returning good for evil." This circumstance changed the "boys'" opinion of "old Swipes," and his melons were never disturbed again.

THERE are many persons now living among us, who will remember the celebrated, or rather "no-

torious" impostor, "Baron Von Huffman, who was a barber in his own country, but who had the address to impose himself upon the community of New York as a nobleman of distinction, and who, to the no small mortification of many of our "first families" afterward, was courted and fêted accordingly.

This sham nobleman once challenged one of our then citizens to mortal combat "on the field of honor;" and the story of the transaction is well worth relating, for it carries with it, we think, an important moral.

The "Baron" had lost his trunk in the North River, with all his letters of introduction; and consequently, until more came, his standing was not well ascertained. Some persons received him, while others denounced him; but this latter class the Baron, if he could get at them, was always ready to fight. He knew very well that the "logic of kings" was also the best logic for impostors; and if any body thought his credentials were "short weight," he was ready to throw his pistols into the scale.

In the case in question, Mr. J. R——, whom "the Baron" met in a certain set where he had access, was famous for his good dinners, from which "the Baron" was always invariably left out. Weary of this, he called one day on Mr. R——, and spread his "credentials," such as they were, before him, by way of removing suspicions which he said he had heard expressed, and against which he made a labored argument. He left his papers, and desired that they might be returned, with a note expressive of the impression which they had produced.

Mr. R—— returned the papers in a blank envelope. "The Baron" thereupon sent a challenge, which was left at the door, as if it had been an invitation to dinner. Mrs. R—— opened the note, and immediately replied to it as follows:

"SIR—Your note is received. My husband will not have any thing to do with you, under any circumstances; but whenever you produce official proof that you have been aid-de-camp to Marshal Blucher, *I will fight a duel with you myself!*"

MARY R——."

"The Baron's" business was very soon finished after this. It was not long before it transpired that he was the merest pretender, having picked up the show and varnish of a gentleman in the society of those whom he served in the capacity of a menial!

WE have heretofore given in "The Drawer" one or two amusing experiments of the "Spiritual Rappers," but nothing *quite* so laughable as the following experiment in Animal Magnetism, once on a time, in the "Old Dominion." Listen to the dialogue between the "operator" and his audience:

Mesmerizer. "You have seen, gentlemen, that this here boy was taken promiscuously from the crowd. His arm is there against that wall, and he can't take it down, or *get* it down, except I *will* it to come down."

Crowd. "Take your arm down, boy."

Boy. "I can't do it, no way."

Crowd. "Down with it, and I'll give you a ninepence."

Mesmerizer. "He can't take it down, gentlemen, no more than he could lift a millstone. You may throw as much money as you please on the floor, and all that he lifts up I will pay for."

Here several of the crowd laid down quarters

and half-dollars, to the amount of some five or six dollars.

"Now, my boy," said they, "that is all *yours*; take it, and be off!"

The boy's arm dropped instanter! His hand (the most wonderful thing of all!) fell directly on the pile, which his nimble fingers clutched, and with his unmesmerized heels he made his joyful and final exit for the evening, leaving the learned and profound professor standing amazed at the unprofoundness of his own art; the villainy of mankind; the "want of faith" and truth among "parties;" and, amidst the dreadful roar of the house, came demands for the restitution of the money which had been mesmerized by the boy!

THE annexed account of "*Burying Alive*" is undeniably authentic. It was first published in 1838, in a volume printed at Boston, entitled "Records of Travel." The subject was a lady of Lyons, in France, who, under the influence of a violent nervous disorder, fell into a state of seeming death, from which she fortunately aroused herself, just as she was about to be nailed up in her coffin! Her sensations, as related by her to the author, are thus described:

"It seemed to me that I was really dead, yet I was perfectly conscious of all that happened around me in this dreadful state. I distinctly heard my friends speaking, and lamenting my death at the side of my coffin! I felt them pull on my dead-clothes, and lay me in it. This feeling produced a mental anxiety, a *horror* that is indescribable. I tried to cry aloud, but my soul was without power, and could not act upon my body. I had the contradictory feeling, as if I were in my own body, and yet *not* in it, at one and the same time.

"It was equally impossible for me to stretch out my arm, or to open my eyes, as to cry, although I continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of my mind, however, was at its height, its *utmost* height, when the funeral-hymn began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on! The thought that I was to be buried alive, was the first one which gave activity to my soul, and caused it to operate on my corporeal frame!"

Most readers will doubtless remember the case of the Rev. Mr. Tennent, of New Jersey, which occurred so many long years ago, who lay in a trance for three days, and all the while was supposed to be dead, and was only saved from being buried alive by the pertinacity of a relative, who insisted that there was animal warmth in portions of his body, and that he should not be committed to the earth. Mr. Tennent recovered, and lived for many years afterward, in entire health.

SOME years ago, in a Southern journal, appeared the following sketch, under the title of "*The 'Georgia Major' in the Field.*" We have forgotten precisely who the "Georgia Major" was, but we believe he was an intimate acquaintance of the quaint, humorous, and accomplished Judge Longstreet, of that region of country:

His Honor the Mayor was in the discharge of his official functions on last Saturday evening—the business before him consisting of two several charges of assault and battery; to both of which the ubiquitous "Georgia Major" was the respondent.

"Do you plead guilty to the charge of assaulting the Rev. Mr. Williams?" asked the Mayor of the defendant.

"I do: that is to say—"

"Then I fine you ten dollars," said his Honor.

"That is to say," continued the Major, "I plead guilty, but if there is any way to get off from the fine, I should like very much to do it."

"Doubtless," drily observed the Mayor.

"I will make a statement—or, as you may say, a defense—um—a few remarks."

The Court nodded permission.

"You see, Williams came up to me, and spoke something to me; and said I, 'You beggarly rascal, *pull off your hat* when you speak to me!'" said the Major, throwing himself into a military attitude.

"That's enough," said the Mayor; "ten dollars and costs."

The Major bowed gracefully.

Proceeding now to the second charge, his Honor asked the defendant if he would plead guilty again.

"Not I!" exclaimed the Major; "I will make a statement, though, in relation, or in respect to, or regarding, the manner of the second fight."

"I was in the person's store who fought me, searching for one of the silver eyes which had dropped out of my walking-cane in the previous fight, when that person ordered me out. 'Sir,' said I, 'you must talk *softly*, VERY softly, when you address *me*, Sir.' Upon this, that person struck me with a skillet, Sir—an *iron* skillet, Sir—in the face!"

Here the Major pointed to his face, the nasal feature of which bore some purple streaks, that beautifully varied its usual rich ruby.

"And then, Sir," continued the Major, "I fell—staggered and fell—as I returned the blow with my cane; immediately a crowd jumped upon me, and beat me until they were pulled off. They didn't *whip* me, though; that *c-a-n-t* be done!"

Here the Major paused, and looked round triumphantly.

A witness being called and examined, corroborated the Major's "statement" except as to "the crowd's" having jumped upon him. No one interfered with the combatants. The witness stated, in addition, that the Major had contrived to hide his head under a hog'shead, so as to protect it very effectually.

The Major cross-examined:

"You say nobody touched me but that man?" pointing to his antagonist.

"Nobody."

"Wasn't the crowd *all* against me?"

"The crowd thought you deserved a whipping for striking an inoffensive man—a Minister of the Gospel," replied the witness, very quietly.

"Didn't they all tell that man to 'whip me well,' or words to that effect?"

"Yes."

"And didn't he—that is—"

"Didn't he *do* it, you mean to ask; yes, he *did*, nicely!"

The Major now "pulled up;" he had been deceived; his imagination had led him into error; had transformed an individual of not over one hundred and fifty pounds' weight into a large "crowd."

"Well, well," said the Mayor, "as I have already fined you ten dollars, and as it seems in this case you received a pretty good whipping, I have concluded to discharge you as to this."

"*Whipping!*" ejaculated the Major, becoming positively tragic in his air, "WHIPPING!—is *that* a part of your sentence?—that I got WHIPPED! Sir, I'd rather be fined five hundred dollars than have *that* entered on the record. It wasn't *done*, Sir. I, Sir, have *never* been whipped!" And the Major "loomed" majestically about the room.

"If it *ain't* been done, it *kin* be done!" said somebody in the crowd; whereupon the Major collapsed into his original dimensions, in the folding of a peacock's tail; and wiping the perspiration from his brow, quietly retired.

"It was the last hair," says the proverb, "that broke the camel's back." Something like the "last hair" must have been felt by the principal in the annexed anecdote of Colonel Samuel L. Knapp, related many years ago:

A dapper little man, for want of something better to do, had started a magazine, which he was puffing at a great rate, and in the most "high faluting" style possible, in all the journals in the country. To this periodical Colonel Knapp was

invited to contribute. He consequently sent in an article, which overran, by a half page or more, a "form" of eight pages. Unwilling to extend the number of pages, because of the cost, the proprietor changed a comma into a period at the end of the closing line of the page, leaving the *gist* of the article, the very *dénouement* of the story, undeveloped!

The author, as may readily be supposed, was "a little *riled*."

"Print the article as it was *written*, Sir, or leave it out altogether!"

"My *dear* Sir," responded the dapper little proprietor, "what's the *use*? It 'stops' very handsomely as it is: just let it go in! It makes another half form if it runs over, and that I can't afford!"

Reasonable as this request was considered, the author of the article peremptorily declined. The discomfited proprietor now took *another* tack, interposing what he thought would prove "a clincher," and remove all objections:

"Let it stand, Colonel Knapp—let it stand." It is very good as it is: I like it just as well as if that last part was tacked onto it; and if it *ain't* quite so nice, it don't make no difference—*nobody* will read it!—so what's the use?"

If this is not the "last hair that broke the camel's back," we have mistaken the meaning of the proverb.

SEVERAL years ago, in a Western city, on the occasion of a fire at a large hotel, at the moment when the destruction of the building seemed inevitable, the inmates became alarmed, and sought to escape, regardless of saving any thing but their lives. The interior of the house was filled with dense smoke, which rendered objects scarcely discernible. Amidst the confusion and alarm several firemen rushed into the burning building, to render assistance to the bewildered inmates. A member of a popular company, being in the second story, burst open the door of one of the sleeping apartments, and groping about, stumbled upon a cradle, in which lay a little one, totally unconscious of the danger which threatened it.

Quick as thought, the eager young member seized the cradle, the clothes, the baby and all, and rushed through the passage, down stairs into the street, his imagination fired by the idea of having saved a human being, and restoring to the arms of an agonized mother her darling infant. As he leaped through the flames into the open air, he called lustily for the parents of the child. The admiring crowd, who cheered lustily as he passed, gathered around to congratulate him upon his gallant and successful effort.

Torches were now produced; the clothes were removed; when lo! out tumbled the biggest kind of a—*rag baby!*

The young fireman agreed to "treat the crowd to an oyster-supper," if they would say nothing about the circumstance; but it "leaked out," as you see.

To our conception, the act was every way as meritorious as if there had been a *live* infant in the cradle. He *thought* there was, and his exertions were to *save* it; and *such* as it was he *did*, and if it had been otherwise, the result would have been the same.

WE find a good anecdote in the Drawer of a man named Bentley, a most confirmed drinker, who yet

would never drink with a friend or in public, and always denied, when he was a little too "steep," that he ever tasted liquor!

One day, some hard witnesses had concealed themselves in his room, and while he was in the very act of pouring the liquor down his throat, they seized him with his arm crooked and his mouth open, and holding him fast, asked him with an air of triumph:

"Ah, ha! Bentley! we've caught you at last, have we? You never drink, eh?"

Now one would have supposed that Bentley would have "owned up;" but not he! With the most grave and inexpressible face, he calmly and in a dignified manner, said:

"Gentlemen, you are mistaken: my name is not Bentley!"

Sheridan, when found "boozy," and giving his name as "Wilberforce," was not more *vinously* cool and collected.

WE once heard a young man from the country—afterward and now a successful and most esteemed merchant of our city—describe the effect which the ringing of the first gong he ever heard (it was at the Astor House, then recently opened) had upon his ears and upon his mind. It was a most amusing story, if we could recall it, in all its graphic detail; but in the mean time, we shall permit the following to do duty in its place. The scene is Richmond, in the "Old Dominion," and the hero, a resident of one of the tobacco-growing counties of Virginia, has come up to the state capital on his first visit, to sell off his crop, see the sights, and rub off some of the rust which his back-woods "fetching-up" has thrown about his manners.

He reached Richmond (for so runs the story) about the middle of the afternoon, and was fortunate in selling his crop at an advantageous rate, and almost immediately. Meeting with an old school-fellow—one who had lived in the city long enough to know its ways—he was advised to take up his lodgings at the "crack house" of the place, and thither he at once went, "bag and baggage."

Just before dinner, his friend called upon him, and found him comfortably situated in a room just at the head of the first flight of stairs. It was close upon dinner time.

"Supposing we take something to start an appetite?" said the bibulous man, who had "just come down."

"Agreed," rejoined his city friend; "a glass of wine and bitters for me."

"Let us go down to the bar and get it; dinner's 'most ready," continued the tobacco-grower.

"We might as well have it *up here*," said the other.

"Good lick; but how are we to call for it?"

"Ring that bell there."

"What bell?"

"Why, pull that cord that you see hanging there."

The young fellow laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk—and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never had he heard such a sound before; and the rattling, rumbling, swelling roar and crash came upon his ear with a report that stunned him! He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands in horror, and exclaimed—

"Je-rew-salem! what a smash! I've broke every piece of crockery in the house! There ain't a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fel-

low," he added to his friend; "don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole crop won't pay half the breakage. What did you tell me to touch that blasted rope for?"

But before his friend, who was bursting with laughter, could answer, a servant entered the room, with—

"Did you ring that bell, Sir?"

"Bell? no; I never touched a bell in my life; what bell? I never saw your bell."

"Somebody rang the bell of this room—that's certain," continued the servant.

"No they *didn't*. There's nobody here that ever saw a bell," and then turning to his friend, he added aside: "Let's lie him out of it; I shan't have a cent left to get home if I pay the entire damage! What do they set such rascally traps for, to take in folks from the country?"

After a violent fit of laughter, the friend was enabled to explain that it was only the gong sounding for dinner; a simple summons to "walk down to soup," got up on the Chinese plan. They made their way to the dining-room; but it was some time before the young tobacco-grower could get over the stunning and awful effects of that dreadful gong.

"It is a god-send," said he, "that it didn't turn my hair gray on the spot!"

SOME years ago, a young lawyer, whom we shall call Sharp, opened "an office" in a little hole about as large as a dry goods' box, in the vicinity of Wall and Nassau Streets. He had a very small table, a smaller library, and no business whatever. He got his sign painted on tick, and his floor sanded by the grace of an old negro who worked about the building and cleaned out the other rooms. Sharp had sat in his office for ten whole days, watching for a client, with that peculiar avidity that marks the actions of a black spider waiting for a fly. He had agreed to pay his rent semi-monthly, and in five days more he calculated he would be weighed in the landlord's balance and found wanting. In this mood of perplexity, a gentleman presented himself before Sharp, and stated that he had a bill he wanted collected, and asked the eminent "young practitioner" if he could do it. Sharp replied in the immortal language of Miller at Sandusky, "I'll try, Sir!" and added, that as he had a reputation to gain, no labor would be spared on his part to make the culpable defendant "fork over." In due course of law, Mr. Trader was sued; judgment was obtained against him by Sharp for the twelve hundred and fifty dollars due; the case was carried up to the then existing Chancery Court, and, as might have been expected, the plaintiff got no money, and paid the costs.

It is no more than justice to Sharp to say that he had been indefatigable. There appeared upon his slate, day after day, the significant paragraph, "out on business," and he never gave the unfortunate Mr. Trader a moment's peace until the "final ending of the important suit."

After the judgment was rendered, much to Sharp's astonishment, Trader came up to him and said, "My dear fellow, you are a trump! so persevering were you, that I thought several times you would get that money out of me, although I haven't a cent in the world. If I ever have any law business, you shall attend to it"—and the two gentlemen, arm in arm, in high spirits, sauntered down the street. Suddenly Sharp stopped in front of a vacant lot,

where a number of Irishmen were digging out a cellar preparatory to the erection of a large building. "Look there," said Sharp, musing, and pointing into the hole below—"look there, Mr. Trader. Some evening a gentleman will come along, and fall down that cellar, Sir, and he will cry out for the watchman, and be taken to the City Hospital, recover from his bruises, and receive a handsome sum of money for damages at the same time."

"Do you think so?" said Sharp, brightening up, and eying with no very great dread the soft sand below. "Damages, ha!—why this lot," he continued, "belongs to the very man who has just put me through Chancery."

A few evenings afterward, deep and piteous groans were heard issuing from "that cellar." The watchmen got lights, and upon examination found Mr. Trader, with his arm broken, his shoulder dislocated, and his under jaw displaced, and in this miserable plight he was, sure enough, conveyed to the City Hospital.

Sharp heard of the thing with intense delight; he rubbed his hands, and would have danced round his office floor, but it was too small to admit of any such luxury. In the course of a week he called on Trader, and found him enveloped in bandages of lint, like a mummy, an ornament and honor to the "bad-fracture department" of the hospital. After some preliminary conversation, Trader informed Sharp that, most unfortunately, the Irishmen had without his knowledge continued their operations, and made a *sub-cellar*; and instead of falling on the soft sand, as he expected, he struck upon solid timbers, and bounced off into the chasm below, to land on a pile of "blasted rocks."

"It will be all right in a few days—the damages will be immense;" and Sharp left, and at once instituted a suit against his former and first client. Weeks wore on, and Trader was finally able, with the assistance of crutches, friendly arms, and a good hack, to reach Sharp's office. He was in a terrible condition. His face still exhibited a scientific display of the prismatic colors. His shoulder was awry, and his broken arm ended off in swollen and stiffened fingers, that seemed as if they would never regain their cunning. "I have suffered immensely," said Trader, heaving a sigh. "I have lain weeks beside the victims of all the broken limbs and heads of this great city. Night after night I have been awakened by the screams and groans of the patients, and all day listened to the sawing of bones in the amputation of limbs. Besides, I have had soup to eat.—Oh! Heaven! how rapidly these Irish dig in the earth! That sub-cellar—no amount of damages could give me reparation!"

Sharp listened patiently to all that Trader had to say; and then announced, in an oracular manner, that the owner of the cellar had offered to compromise by paying fifteen hundred dollars, and thus avoid a suit. Trader thought it was a small sum, but pains passed are soon forgotten, and, on the whole, he concluded to take the money, remarking, "that fifteen hundred would pay pretty well, after all, for six weeks' labor, if it were performed in a hospital."

A week following this conversation Trader was discharged from the hospital, and at the same time received the joyful intelligence from Sharp that the fifteen hundred had been paid off, and no grumbling. With joyful heart Trader left his abode of misery, and, all things considered, got into a hack with some alacrity. "Fifteen hundred," he soliloquized,

"will go a great way this summer in frolicking. I need a little respite—wonder which is best for knitting bones, Nahant or Saratoga? The Catskill Mountain House would prove too bracing." And thus giving vent to his imagination, he reached Sharp's office, shook his lawyer by the hand, moved the heretofore stiffened fingers, and, in his joy, tried to bring his left arm up to his head, but couldn't.

"Now," said Trader, after some general remarks, "fork over the money—I've earned it, God knows."

Sharp's eye assumed a glazed look; he repeated the words, "fork over the money," with a hollow echo; and then, as if recollecting something, said, "The money—ah, yes—I understand. You see, my dear fellow, in settling for the damages I took the judgment of twelve hundred and fifty against you, *as cash*, and the two hundred and fifty I'll keep for my fee—though really you should pay me something more besides."

A pallor came over Trader as the truth flashed upon him; the broken bone of his left arm lost its "setting," and he was carried back to the hospital in "a relapse." It is hardly necessary to say that he finally came out a wiser if not a better man.

STEWART HOLLAND, of the ill-fated *Arctic*, sent a thrill of admiration through the civilized world, because, unawed by the disasters about him, he continued to fire the signal-gun of distress until engulfed in the unsatisfied grave of the sea. Who still remembers the noble Richard Mann, who, upon the burning steamer *Griffith*, was asked if he would remain at the wheel, and his stern answer was heard above the increasing tumult—"I will." And nobly did he redeem his promise; amidst sheeted fire he directed the burning boat to the shore, and as she struck, and thus announced to hundreds of shrieking women and children and appalled men that they were saved, the form of Richard Mann was seen for the last time as he sank into the fiery vortex below him—he perished nobly at his post! Yet Holland and Mann, as hundreds of kindred spirits, come up out of the class known as intelligent hard-working men. Noble spirits, who, without the advantages which should result from refinement and wealth, are still nature's noblest works. They are the kind of men who, in all ages, have performed the valorous, self-sacrificing deeds of history, but yet are rarely remembered.

LORENZO Dow is still remembered by some of the "old fogies" as one of the most eccentric men that ever lived. On one occasion he took the liberty, while preaching, to denounce a rich man in the community, recently deceased. The result was an arrest, a trial for slander, and an imprisonment in the county jail. After Lorenzo got out of "limbo," he announced that, in spite of his (in his opinion) unjust punishment, he should preach, at a given time, a sermon about "another rich man." The populace was greatly excited, and a crowded house greeted his appearance. With great solemnity he opened the Bible, and read, "And there was a rich man who died and went to —;" then stopping short, and seeming to be suddenly impressed, he continued: "Brethren, I shall not mention the place this rich man went to, for fear he has some relatives in this congregation who will sue me for defamation of character." The effect on the assembled multitude was irresistible, and he made the impression permanent by taking another text, and never alluding to the subject again.

Literary Notices.

History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, by GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In these carefully prepared volumes we find a new and gratifying proof of the sagacity which, within a few years past, has led some of our most accomplished scholars to select the subject of their literary labors from the treasures of American history. The period which furnishes Mr. Curtis with a pregnant and copious theme—extending from the commencement of the Revolution to the close of the Convention of 1787, and the beginning of Washington's administration—although one of the most important in the annals of the United States, has not been adequately treated by any previous writer. The circumstances in which the Federal Constitution had its origin are familiar, in their broad outlines, to every intelligent citizen; but the more minute and intimate details, in regard to its formation and adoption, are far less generally known to the American people than the political antecedents and military history of the Revolution. This want the author of the present work has undertaken to supply. It has been his purpose to analyze and exhibit the causes which at once rendered the Constitution inevitable, and directed its course and decisions, together with the mode in which it became the organic law of the Union, and with sketches of the eminent statesmen who shared in the deliberations concerning its establishment. The importance and value of such a work, if executed with the rare ability demanded by the subject, are evident at a glance. It must fill an unoccupied place in the history of the United States, and form an indispensable study for the enlightened politician. The manner in which Mr. Curtis has performed his task challenges severe critical examination, which we have no doubt it will prove fully competent to sustain. Some exceptions may certainly be taken to his style as a model of historical composition. While it will be deemed by many too uniformly stately in its movement, it is not without instances of harshness and inelegance, which impede the easy and agreeable flow of the narrative. At the same time it is recommended by its chasteness, precision, and vigor, and its general freedom from ambitious flights of rhetoric. In regard to the more substantial qualities of the work, it can justly claim the merit of accurate and thorough research, a comprehensive insight into the philosophy of the Constitution, and a genuine historical tact in tracing the causes which rendered its adoption a necessity. The collateral views which it presents of the progress of the Revolution, and the development of national character, are judicious and informing. As an accompaniment to the detail of the military operations which secured the independence of our country, its value can scarcely be over-estimated. It forms an essential complement to the excellent works which treat of the military achievements of our Revolutionary ancestors. A portion of the first volume is devoted to a series of sketches of the founders of the Constitution. These are drawn with consummate address; they are of pregnant brevity; of sagacious discrimination; and singularly felicitous in expression. The author's powers of composition are here displayed in a brilliant light; and although he often rises to an impressive eloquence,

he never transcends the grave simplicity appropriate to the character of his theme. His exposition of the debates in the Convention is a master-piece of clearness and condensation. Following the clew presented in Mr. Madison's Papers, he has arranged the topics and results of the complicated discussions in that most significant assembly of American statesmen, in a lucid order and in symmetrical proportions, which enable the reader to comprehend them in all their far-reaching relations.

Poems of the Orient, by BAYARD TAYLOR. (Published by Ticknor and Field.) The author of this volume is favorably known to the public as a traveler, a public speaker, and a poet. In each of these departments he has won golden opinions and warm sympathies. The present volume will enhance his pure and genuine fame as a successful writer of poetry. He has garnered in it the most precious portion of the harvest afforded by his Eastern travels—the memories of new life and new hopes inspired by the glories of the Orient—the influence of gorgeous natural scenes, and romantic displays of character—and the glow and exhilaration derived from the free, spontaneous impulses of a wanderer in the desert. The subjects of these poems, for the most part, are suggested by Oriental experience. Their tone of thought and feeling, as well as their imagery, bears the stamp of Arabia Felix and the Nile. With a temperament singularly susceptible to external impressions, the poet has surrendered himself to the illusions of an Eastern clime, and vividly reproduced them in his luxurious verse. His descriptions are radiant with the purple light of dawn, while a vein of delicate and refined sentiment pervades his most sensuous representations. The best poems in the volume are those which betray the least artifice in elaboration. "The Poet in the East," "An Oriental Idyl," "Bedouin Song," "The Arab to the Palm," are instinct with the ruddy life of the Orient, and show a more genial origin than the ambitious efforts like "Kiliman-djoro" and "The Desert Hymn to the Sun." "Has-san's Temptation" contains several passages of exquisite description, and presents some of the most pleasing specimens of the warmth and richness of the author's imagination. The volume closes with a collection of miscellaneous poems, most of which are of a highly reflective character, and, as expressions of personal feeling, present a striking contrast to the bold and jubilant strains of the Orient. The tenderness of emotion from which they proceed is embodied in stanzas of great sweetness of versification. A more truly pathetic piece than "The Phantom" can scarcely be found in recent poetry.

A Treatise on the Camp and March, by HENRY D. GRAFTON, presents, in a popular manual, the general principles at the foundation of the duties of the camp and the conduct of a march. It contains much useful military information, and will be found a valuable aid in the organization and discipline of volunteer companies. (Published by Fetridge and Co.)

The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher are issued by Phillips, Sampson, and Co., in two elegant quartos, after the excellent complete edition of Mr. DYCE. The text has been formed by a minute collation of all the early copies, and is accompanied with a variety of select and appropriate notes. A

copious memoir of Beaumont and Fletcher is prefixed to the work. In point of typographical execution, the edition is every thing that could be desired for the choicest libraries.

Poems, by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, collected and arranged by the author. The lovers of genuine poetry will give a heart-warm welcome to this substantial and convenient edition of the illustrious American bard. It is issued in two plain duodecimos, without embellishment, and in a style of neat, unostentatious typography, in excellent keeping with the character of the work. Beside the familiar poems, on which the fame of Bryant is founded, the edition contains several pieces of a later date, which it is high praise to say are worthy of the companionship in which they are found. A new generation has come upon the stage since the original issue of most of these poems, but no recent competitor has eclipsed their brilliant popularity; and in the love and admiration with which they are cherished by the whole American public, the author may enjoy a foretaste of posthumous honors. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)

The World as It Is, by FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH, is the title of a series of small volumes, giving a miniature sketch of the most important sections of the globe, each section forming the subject of a separate volume. The well-known happy talent of the author as a purveyor for youthful instruction, is displayed in the volume already issued, devoted to the British Islands, and gives encouraging promise of the success of the series. (Published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.)

The Life of Martin Luther, with an Introduction by the Rev. THEOPHILUS STORK, D.D. (published by Lindsay and Blakiston), is the reproduction of a popular German work, presenting the biography of the great German Reformer in pictorial illustrations and historical sketches. In the execution of the volume, the life of Luther is combined with the progress of the Reformation, giving a historical and moral unity between the man and his work. The edition is brought out in an attractive style, and can not fail to awaken a fresh interest in the great-hearted founder of Protestantism.

The Christian's Daily Delight (published by Lindsay and Blakiston), is a collection of religious poetry from eminent English and American writers, including a variety of the choicest gems, and arranged in a tasteful and pleasing form as a Christmas gift-book. It is illustrated by several well-executed mezzotints by Sartain, from the designs of different eminent artists.

William Radde has published *A Treatise on Nervous Derangements*, by JOHN C. PETERS, M.D., comprising a great variety of details in regard to every form of mental disorders, with a statement of the most approved treatment, according to the Homeopathic system. The volume is less devoted to the support of any medical theories than to the exhibition of facts, and may be consulted to advantage by practitioners of every school, as a copious repository of interesting cases.

A Pictorial History of the United States, by BENSON J. LOSSING. (Published by F. J. Huntington and Mason Brothers.) This volume, by a distinguished writer on American history, is constructed on a novel plan, and has some peculiar features which recommend it as a valuable manual for schools and families. The contents are divided into six chapters, each presenting the record of an

important period. The first gives a general view of the aborigines who occupied the continent at the time of the arrival of the Europeans. The second describes the discoveries and preparations for settlement made by individuals and governments. The third records the progress of the settlements before the formation of the Colonial governments. The fourth narrates the history of the Colonies, showing the development of democratic ideas, which resulted in the establishment of a political confederation. The fifth is devoted to the War for Independence; and the sixth gives a brief history of the Republic, from its commencement to the present time. In executing this comprehensive plan, Mr. Lossing has not been content with a dry and meagre chronicle of facts. He has aimed to trace events to their causes, giving a philosophical view of the progress of the history. A system of constant and easy reference to prior events, in relation to any given topic, is kept up throughout the volume, and affords an invaluable aid to the thorough comprehension of the subject. The volume is filled with a profusion of illustrative engravings, which are introduced less for the sake of ornament than of practical utility. We are not acquainted with any work in which the outlines of American history are more succinctly rendered, or more graphically illustrated. A greater degree of simplicity might sometimes be an improvement to the style; but, on the whole, both the plan and the execution of the volume may be spoken of in terms of high commendation.

The Youth of Madame de Longueville, from the French of VICTOR COUSIN, by F. W. RICORD. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) In the preparation of this work, M. Cousin has gratified a cherished wish of many years, by presenting a full-length portraiture of one of the most remarkable women that illustrated the brilliant society of France during the seventeenth century. This was an epoch of singular interest in French history. Philosophy, poetry, and the fine arts had attained a high degree of development. The nation was equally penetrated by the spirit of religion and of military glory. The influence of Descartes had given an impulse to reflection, and the profoundest studies were pursued in the gayest saloons. Conspicuous in the most imposing circles was the subject of this memoir. She was the daughter of Henry de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, during whose imprisonment in the castle of Vincennes she was born, in the year 1619. M. Cousin divides her biography into three principal epochs—the first extending from her marriage, in 1642, to her liason with the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, in 1648; the second, comprising her life of romance and gayety, to 1654; and the third, her retirement among the Carmelites to her death, in 1679. "Thus"—as M. Cousin, in truly French fashion, observes—"first a spotless reputation, then faults, then expiation, divide the career of Madame de Longueville." The former of these periods alone is treated of in the present volume. The subject presents M. Cousin in a new light. We here find him discussing the characteristics of female beauty with as much unction as once animated his subtle analysis of the *beau-ideal*. He leaves the transition from the subjective to the objective, from psychology to ontology, for the delineation of the blue-stockings at the Hotel de Rambouillet, and for learned disquisitions on the poetry and gallantry of the age of the great Louis. The work forms a curious commentary on

French society, as well as on the versatile tastes of the author.

Afraja is the title of a new romance translated from the German of THEODORE MUGGE, by EDWARD JOY MORRIS. The author of this work is regarded in Germany as one of the most distinguished writers of fiction of which the prolific literature of that country can boast. In this domestic novel he introduces the reader to an almost untrodden field: the scene being laid in Norway, and amidst those desert, icy steppes, where the Laplander pursues his perilous vocation in the remote neighborhood of the North Pole. The peculiar manners and customs of Norwegian society are portrayed with life-like fidelity; while the characters of the plot, in their animated development, present a forcible illustration of the identity of human nature under the most opposite circumstances. The progress of the reader in the narrative is somewhat impeded by the unpronounceable names of the jaw-cracking Scandinavian; but he is amply compensated for the discouragement by the vivid delineations of passion, and the admirable picturesque descriptions with which the volume is crowded. (Published by Lindsay and Blakiston.)

The Elements of Intellectual Philosophy, by FRANCIS WAYLAND. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.) Although this volume was primarily intended as a text-book for college instruction, it has by no means the character of a compilation, but contains the fruits of profound and original thought. Without attempting to present an exhaustive system of mental science, it gives a lucid analysis of the main topics of discussion, including the perceptive faculties, the intuitions of the intellect, memory, reasoning, and imagination. Dr. Wayland does not affect to be a discoverer in this department of inquiry; nor, on the other hand, is he the blind devotee of any metaphysical school. His reading on the subject, we should judge, has not been extensive, although he betrays a familiar acquaintance with the usual standard authorities in our own language. He is more indebted to reflection than to erudition for the materials of his volume. His method is that of a common-sense eclecticism—not the scientific eclecticism of M. Cousin—but the judicious adoption of those views which commend themselves to his intelligence, without reference to their historical origin. He is, evidently, no theorist—we presume he has little confidence in any theory transcending the limits of immediate observation. Hence he usually aims at nothing beyond a lucid description of the mental faculties, with popular and practical illustrations of their characteristics and mode of operation. But on such topics his remarks are always fertile in instruction. He never fails to suggest valuable ideas, and often throws new light on the subject of discussion by presenting it in a new aspect. His counsels with regard to the cultivation of the different faculties are always of moment, often reminding us of the sagacity and insight of Locke in his "Conduct of the Understanding." The style of President Wayland, in this volume, is an admirable specimen of didactic composition. It is transparent as amber. He seldom uses a superfluous or an inappropriate word. Nor does he quit his grasp of a thought until he has made it as clear to the reader as it lies in his own mind. He makes no parade whatever of learned or technical terms. He never loses himself in a maze of abstractions. His diction is marked alike by precision and brev-

ity. At the same time it has nothing of the dry, hard character, which often stiffens the style when logic is made of more account than rhetoric. He is preserved from this vice by the beauty and aptness of his illustrations. They are always in point, and sometimes extremely felicitous. His work, accordingly, claims the rank of a valuable manual, founded on the basis of cultivated good sense, and, without adding any positive accessions to mental philosophy, accomplishing whatever it undertakes with masterly success.

A System of Intellectual Philosophy, by Rev. ASA MAHAN. (Published by A. S. Barnes and Co.) The fundamental ideas of intellectual science are more fully discussed in this treatise by the President of Cleveland University, than in the work of Dr. Wayland noticed above. The author avows his predilection for the teachings of Kant, Cousin, and Coleridge, and has freely availed himself of the investigations of the two first-named eminent authorities, in his treatment of several important questions. No other text-book in our language, as far as we know, so fully embodies the most valuable results of the Critical and the Eclectic systems as the present volume. They are, however, presented with little judgment, or power of mental assimilation. The method of the author is loose, desultory, and inconsequent; his style is disfigured by frequent inaccuracies; and his illustrations are often puerile, and sometimes coarse. He has brought out a variety of admirable scientific ideas, for which he is indebted to his masters; but the negligent and slovenly manner in which he has performed his task shows a taste and degree of culture inadequate to the occasion.

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte, freely translated and condensed by HARRIET MARTINEAU. (Published by Calvin Blanchard.) The term Positive Philosophy has an imposing sound, and has been proclaimed, with a sonorous flourish of trumpets, by those who recognize in its author the Bacon of the nineteenth century. The system has excited some attention among thinking men in this country; it has called forth several elaborate critiques; in certain quarters, it has been regarded with a feeling almost like panic; but few have announced their adhesion to its principles; and none, that we are aware, have discovered in it the grand panacea for the evils of the world. We can not regard Comte as entitled to the high place which is claimed for him by Miss Martineau and a little knot of his admirers in England. Professing to be an earnest stickler for facts, he is the most audacious theorizer of the age. He attempts to explain the history of opinions by an assumption which has no historical support. Affirming that the natural progress of thought is in a threefold order, advancing from theology to metaphysics, and thence to positive science, he applies the standard thus obtained, to measuring the achievements of the intellect in the field of scientific investigation. He maintains that the race are destined to outgrow all theological and metaphysical conceptions, until enlightened and emancipated humanity shall plant its foot on the platform of facts addressed to the senses. But this is little more than a reproduction, under another aspect, of the lifeless materialism of the last century. Comte has, indeed, embroidered the sombre velvet pall which concealed the ghastliness of death with a favorite historical hypothesis; but, in spite of the important part which this hypothesis plays in his system, it

disappears upon an accurate scrutiny of its pretensions, and leaves us nothing but the old, effete materialism, which numbers few intelligent advocates at the present day. We do not deny that Comte exhibits a familiar knowledge of the position of physical science. He has made a careful study of its development; noted its conquests and its shortcomings; detected its errors of method; held it down to a rigid induction of facts; submitted its accomplishments to an excruciating analysis; and suffered none of its pretended discoveries to pass muster without a grim challenge. This is all very well. He has thus done a good service to the cause of physical research. No one who has the courage and persistence to wade through his labyrinthine details on this subject, can fail to bring away many fruitful and salutary suggestions. But his repudiation of all truth, except that which is founded on the observation of the senses, shows the narrow and exclusive character of his intellect. His attacks on the whole domain of spiritual conceptions, only betray his ignorance of the noblest principles of human nature. His mind is essentially mathematical in its tendencies. It is neither intuitive nor creative. His reasonings on mathematical evidence are admirable. They present many instructive and satisfactory considerations. No intelligent reader can help being struck with their appositeness and force. He applies the methods of mathematics to the estimate of physical discoveries with eminent success. He knows better than most men how to count, and weigh, and measure. But when he comes into the sphere of rational intuitions, and discusses the higher philosophy of thought, his meagreness and superficiality become apparent. On this account we do not think that he will compel either theology or metaphysics to shut up shop quite yet. They will enjoy a breathing-time at least, until some more formidable opponent defies them to mortal combat. Comte's assaults only remind one of Mrs. Partington's enterprise of sweeping out the Atlantic ocean with a broom.

A work of considerable interest to students of American history has just been published at Rome. It is a life of Columbus, written by the last descendant of the Great Admiral, now a Catholic priest. With him, therefore, the line of Columbus comes to an end. The Italian title of the book is as follows: "*Patria e Biografia del Grande Ammiraglio D. Cristoforo Colombo de' Conti e Signori di Cuccaro.*" It throws much light upon the disputed question of the birth-place of the discoverer of America, and contains a new portrait, which is affirmed to be authentic, differing very materially from any heretofore known. We understand that the volume is to be translated by a gentleman of this city.

Mr. KINGLAKE, the author of *Eothen*, rode on the staff of Lord Raglan at Alma, and shared all the perils and honors of that glorious field. Shall we have a history of the campaign in the Crimea from that pen, so chary of its success? *Eothen* was a literary event at home: the history of the war by such a hand would be monumental. It would be the Iliad of two continents.

Among the new English works advertised as forthcoming, the following are announced: *An Inquiry into the Principles of Church Authority; or Reasons for recalling my Subscription to the Royal Supremacy,*

by the Rev. R. J. WILBERFORCE; and Lord CARLISLE'S *Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters*. Among works "just ready," or "to be published shortly," are the much anticipated *Literary Life and Correspondence of Lady Blessington* (which is to be republished by Harper and Brothers); the equally desired *Thirty Years of Foreign Policy; or, a History of the Secretaryships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston*, by Mr. Disraeli's truculent biographer, whoever he is; a book on the *Military Forces and Institutions of Great Britain*, by Mr. H. B. THOMSON, Barrister-at-Law; a *Manual of Mercantile Law*, by Mr. LEONE LEVI; and *Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.*, in the form of selections from the dispatches of Sebastian Guistinian, Venetian Ambassador at that monarch's court, translated by Mr. RAWDON BROWN. Another "to be published shortly," is *A new Christmas Book*, by Mr. THACKERAY, who, by-the-by, it is said, meditates a second lecturing-tour in America as soon as his *Newcomes* is finished.

In the somewhat vague category of "nearly ready," we observe, *The Fibrous Plants of India, fitted for Cordage, Clothing, and Paper*, by Dr. FORBES ROYLE; the *Literary Remains of Henry Fynes Clinton*; the *Geography of Herodotus illustrated by Modern Researches*, by Mr. J. TALBOYS WHEELER; the *Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders*, by Mr. EDWARD SHORTLAND; a novel called *Ethel, or the Double Error*, by MARIAN JAMES. Still farther in the distance, apparently, but announced as "preparing for publication," or under some such head, are, Sir DAVID BREWSTER'S new *Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton*; a collection of the *Letters of John Calvin*, edited by Dr. JULES BONNET; a new work by the erratic, semi-mythical Mr. GEORGE BORROW, entitled *Romany Rye* (something, we suppose, in the romantic Gipsy vein); two volumes of translations by the same anomalous personage—one called the *Songs of Europe*, and consisting of translations from all European languages, the other *Kæmpe Viser*, and consisting of legends from the Danish; a work on *Polynesian Mythology*, by Sir GEORGE GREY; a *Note-book of Adventure in the Wilds of Australia*, by Mr. W. HOWITT; a volume entitled *Domestic Life during the Civil War*, by Mr. HEPWORTH DIXON; a work with the similar title of *Town Life of the Restoration*, by Mr. BELL; a *Hand-book for Young Painters*, by Mr. LESLIE; Mrs. JAMESON'S *Common-place Book*; the concluding volume of Colonel SABINE'S translation of HUMBOLDT'S *Cosmos*; a book called *Habits and Men*, by Dr. DORAN; and one entitled *Philosophy at the Foot of the Cross*, by Mr. J. A. ST. JOHN.

The public, anticipating advertisements, is expecting Mr. MACAULAY'S new volumes of his *History of England*, the concluding volume of Mr. GROTE'S great *History of Greece*, and the third volume of Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S most slovenly issue of the *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*; and Mr. KAYE, fresh from the *Life of Lord Metcalfe*, takes up a great subject in the *Governments-General of India*.

Finally, new tales are understood to be in the loom from Mr. CHARLES LEVER, Miss JEWSEBURY, Mrs. MARSH, Mrs. HUBACK, and Mrs. MOODIE; new biographies to be in preparation by Mr. JOHN FORSTER and Mr. DENNISTOUN; and new poems, by Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH and Mr. SYDNEY YENDYS.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.

THE FIRST CIGAR.—THE SMOKING.

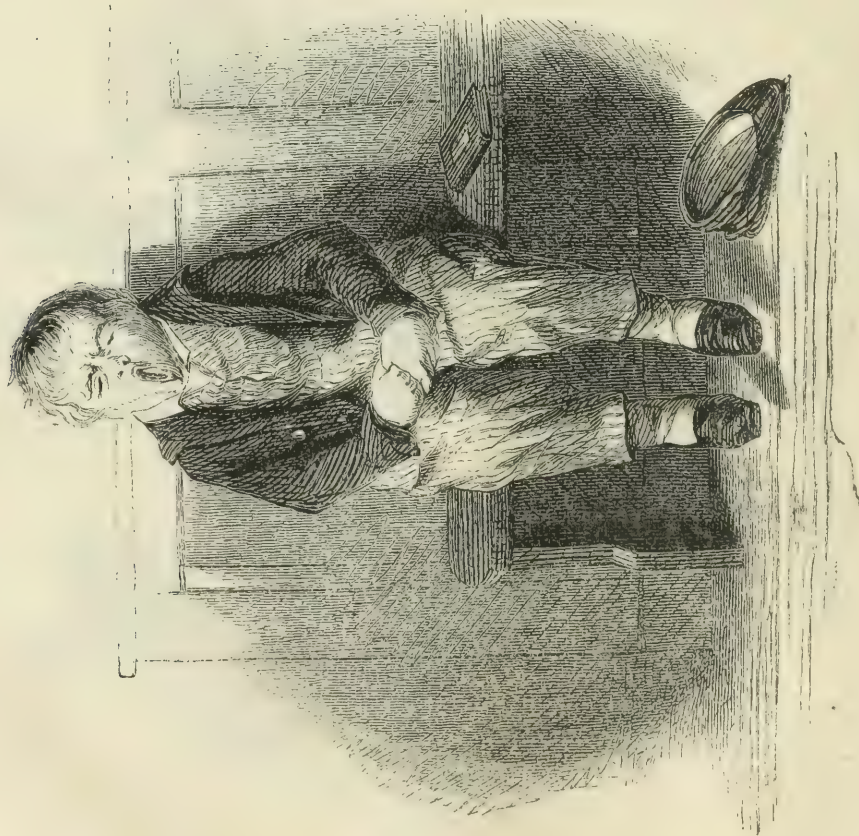


THE FIRST CIGAR.—THE EFFECTS.





DONE UP.



THE LONG SERMON.

Fashions for December.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal-street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—EVENING AND PROMENADE COSTUMES.

THE approaching season of winter festivities demands especial attention on our part to the illustration of costumes for evening assemblies.—We have selected a dress for soirées which is extremely elegant, premising, however, that great latitude exists, as to the modes adopted, in the fashionable world.

FIGURE 1.—The dress which we present is of damask silk, with an elaborate design wrought upon a white ground. The corsage is closed. It is trimmed with a *rûche* of the material, which heads a fall of point lace. Smaller *rûches*, increasing in frequency and width, border the flounces. The dress is ornamented with groups of camelias and other flowers. The sleeves are formed in lappets, each of which terminates with a drop button. The under-sleeves are of lace, *en suite* with that upon the corsage; they are very full. The flounces, like the sleeves, are looped up with ribbon.

FIGURE 2.—This is a promenade costume, the dress composed of taffeta of a dark chocolate color, with a black velvet stripe woven in the flounces. The sleeves have narrow *bouillons* running longitudinally half the depth, the lower portion simply confined at the wrist. The corsage is half closed to the neck. The cloak is of black cloth, having a very deep cape. The whole garment is very ample. It is trimmed with a novel style of silk plush, which bears a very close resemblance to chinchilla fur. Varieties of this plush are in high esteem for trimmings of garments of this description.

The Illustrations of BONNETS require little verbal explanation. Both recommend themselves by their great simplicity and elegance.—Figure 3, intended for a young lady, is of white silk or satin, trimmed with a marabout feather bordering the brim. The crown is ornamented with drop buttons. The top is flat. Soft crowns are less frequently met with than heretofore.—Figure 4, which is intended for a lady of more mature years, has a broad lace turned



FIGURE 4.—BONNET.

over the front. The inside trimmings are of ivy leaves. It has also a marabout feather upon each side. The crown, which is checkered, is bordered by a quilling.

The COIFFURE, intended for a *soirée*, is composed of a Grecian braid passing over the top of the head, Against this lies a basket plait, which is crossed by a Circassian braid, that likewise confines the ends of the Grecian braid below it. Frizzled puffs are worn in front, with drooping sprays of jasmine. The yellow jasmine is especially admired for this purpose.



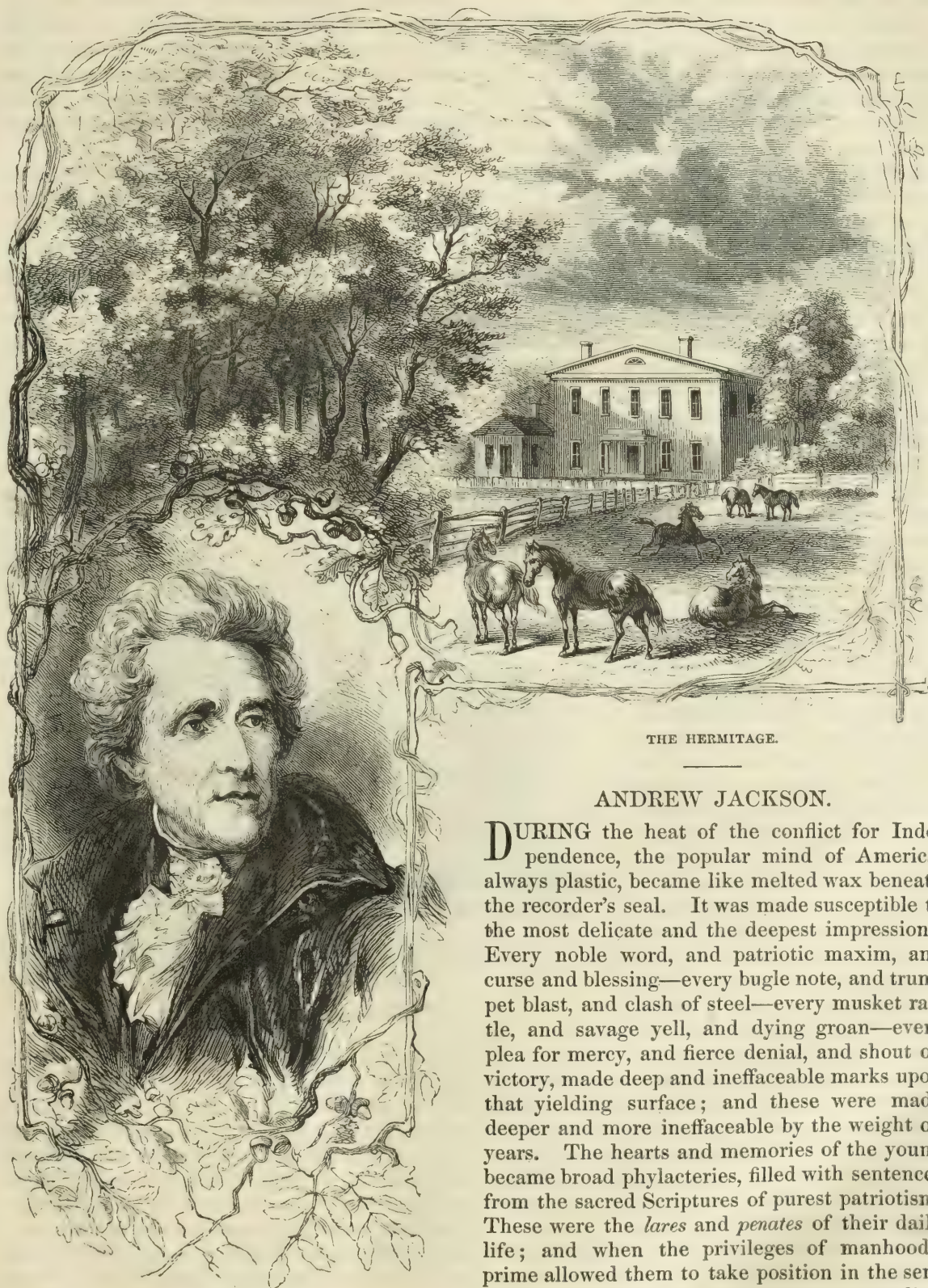
FIGURE 3.—YOUNG LADY'S BONNET.



FIGURE 5.—COIFFURE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LVI.—JANUARY, 1855.—VOL. X.



THE HERMITAGE.

ANDREW JACKSON.

DURING the heat of the conflict for Independence, the popular mind of America, always plastic, became like melted wax beneath the recorder's seal. It was made susceptible to the most delicate and the deepest impressions. Every noble word, and patriotic maxim, and curse and blessing—every bugle note, and trumpet blast, and clash of steel—every musket rattle, and savage yell, and dying groan—every plea for mercy, and fierce denial, and shout of victory, made deep and ineffaceable marks upon that yielding surface; and these were made deeper and more ineffaceable by the weight of years. The hearts and memories of the young became broad phylacteries, filled with sentences from the sacred Scriptures of purest patriotism. These were the *lares* and *penates* of their daily life; and when the privileges of manhood's prime allowed them to take position in the senate and the camp, by the side of the bending

ANDREW JACKSON.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. X.—No. 36.—K

forms of those who had fought for freedom, they had no new creed to learn, nor rituals to study. They became heroes and sages as naturally as the child speaks the language of its mother; and those children of the heroic age of our Republic are the honored dead of this generation. The mould is yet fresh upon their graves, and the flowers planted there are not yet faded. Even the music of their requiem is yet echoing from hill to hill, and the tear yet glistens in the eye of the nation.

Among those whose cradle was rocked by the tempest of the Revolution, and whose bier was borne to the grave by the young men of to-day, was **ANDREW JACKSON**.

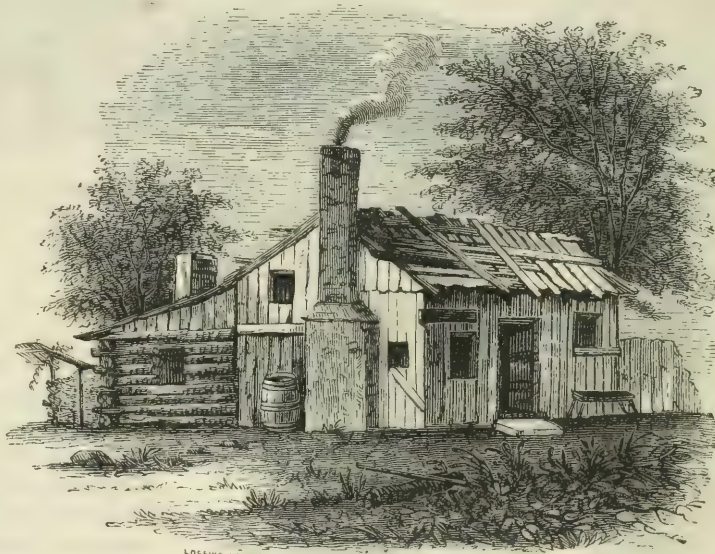
A republican and thoroughly independent spirit, born of persecution, and tempered like a Damascene blade, by oppression, was the inheritance of **ANDREW JACKSON**. When that royal libertine, the Eighth Henry of England, assumed to be the head of the Protestant Church in his realm, only because a Roman Pontiff, more just than he, refused to sanction the sacrifice of one of his queens to his lust, he sought to coerce the Irish people into the use of the Liturgy of the Reformed Church. His daughter, Elizabeth, continued the unwise efforts of her father, and reaped an abundant harvest of trouble. James the First increased the rigor of Protestant domination, and the hardy people of the north of Ireland, burning with zeal for their ancient faith, openly rebelled. Imperial troops soon crushed their efforts; and six counties, comprising half a million of acres, became the property of the King, by confiscation. Hoping to reform Ireland by the more peaceful method of Protestant infusion, James sent colonies of English and Scotch husbandmen to occupy those counties. The Scotch greatly predominated, and soon made the permanent impress of their nationality there. They retained their national characteristics, and for more than a century battled manfully against the Church of England which sought to control their religious organization, and the persecutions of their Roman Catholic neighbors. They persisted in calling themselves *Scotch*, even when, in the course of three or four generations, their blood mingled freely with that of the *Irish*. To distinguish them from natives of Scotland, they were called **SCOTCH-IRISH**. They were always republicans in religious matters; and, like their brethren, the *Covenanters*, they maintained their independence through many a fiery trial.

About the middle of the last century, many of those Scotch-Irish families, tired of the petty annoyances inflicted by power and bigotry, sold their lands and emigrated to America. Some of them settled in Pennsylvania and the Great

Valley of Virginia, but more penetrated the bosom of the Carolinas, and built their cabins along the picturesque and fertile borders of the Catawba and Yadkin rivers. They brought with them clear heads, warm hearts, and willing hands. Thoroughly imbued with republican principles, they found in the free air and forest life of the wilderness genial promoters of lofty independence of thought and action. Accustomed from infancy to hate oppression and love freedom, they were among the earliest of the polyglot population of the American colonies to perceive the red hand of oppression beneath the fair glove of British protection. And when that hand was made bare, and held a sceptre of iron, they were among the earliest and most determined opposers of its rule.

Andrew Jackson, the father of the warrior and statesman whose brilliant career we purpose now briefly to consider, was one of a number of Scotch-Irish families who emigrated to the Carolinas, in 1765. He was a descendant of one of the original emigrants from Scotland. With three others, he purchased lands and settled in the vicinity of the Waxhaw Creek, near the dividing-line of North and South Carolina, where others of his countrymen, who had first located in Pennsylvania and Virginia, had formed a settlement and built a meeting-house.

The rudely-constructed but comfortable dwelling of Jackson was within half a mile of the



JACKSON'S BIRTH-PLACE.

Creek, in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, on lands now owned by W. J. Cureton, Esq. There, on the 15th of March, 1767, his son Andrew was born; and, five days afterward, the infant and two brothers were made half-orphans by the death of their father. A month later, the widow, with her little family, crossed into South Carolina, and made their home at another point on the Waxhaw, twenty miles north of the present Lancaster Court-house. There the future hero passed the years of his infancy and early youth; and there his mind and heart received those stern lessons of life, whose im-

pressions were seen in every phase of his eventful career.

The widow was left with slender means and a helpless family. As soon as the hands of her two older sons were able to labor, they were employed; while their education was derived from the occasional teachings of a district schoolmaster, and of their mother. Yearning to see one of her children a minister of the Gospel she loved so much, Andrew was devoted to that purpose. He was placed in the Waxhaw Academy, and was successfully pursuing the essential preparatory studies for ministerial labors, when the storm of the Revolution began to lower. He heard the low murmurings of the distant thunder at Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Dorchester, with lively interest; and when louder peals shook the pine forests of the Southern seaboard and awakened the echoes of the inland hills, his young heart was stirred with an intense desire to go forth and mingle in the conflicts of the tempest. When royal troops, tired of unsuccessful warfare with the patriots of the populous North, came to crush the valiant rebels of the thinly-inhabited South, and his eldest brother joined the ranks of Captain Davie* and marched for Charleston, Andrew, although only twelve years of age, was as restive as a hound in the leash, with a desire to follow. And when the intelligence came that his brother had fallen under the heat of a burning sun at Stono (June, 1779), and he saw his mother's head bowed in grief, his little heart grew big with resolutions of vengeance, and his boyish tongue made valiant promises of trenchant retribution.

At length the dark clouds of war came rolling up from the seaboard, and threatened the beautiful hill-country with desolation. Georgia was subdued; Charleston lay helpless at the feet of British power; and the Southern army of patriots were prisoners or exiles. Marion had not yet formed his invincible *brigade*; Sumter was yet an invalid exile far up on the Catawba, and Pickens had not yet called forth his brave followers from the region of the Savannah and Saluda rivers. The victorious Britons at Charleston proceeded in three divisions to place South Carolina under martial rule. One division went up the Savannah to Augusta; another marched along the Congaree and Saluda to Ninety-Six; and the third, under Cornwallis and the fiery Tarleton, swept over the country, between the Santee and Pedee, toward Camden. There were a few American detachments yet abroad; but they were compelled to flee from post to post as the flood of British power advanced, and leave the State to utter subjugation. Among these were about four hundred men under Colonel Buford, who were marching for Charleston when intelligence of its fall reached them at Camden. Buford halted, and soon scouts hurried to his camp and reported the triumphant and rapid approach of Cornwallis.

* Afterward General Davie, and Governor of North Carolina in 1798.

Buford immediately changed front, and hastened toward North Carolina, but was overtaken in the Waxhaw settlement by Tarleton, who fell upon and massacred a large proportion of his command, even while they cried for quarter. It was ruthless and cold-blooded murder; and a British historian,* who was in the war, said, "On this occasion the virtue of humanity was totally forgot." *Tarleton's quarter* became a synonym for cruelty.

The wounded and dying were left in the angel-hands of the women of the Waxhaw settlement. They were conveyed to the log meeting-house; and there the mother of Andrew Jackson was among the most active, with words and deeds, in ministrations of consolation and relief for the sufferers. Under that consecrated roof—consecrated to the service of the Prince of Peace—young Jackson first saw the hideous image of war, and realized the accursed character of that tyranny he had been so early taught to hate. Then and there was planted in his bosom that detestation of wrong and oppression—that reverence for truth, justice, and freedom—and that deep patriotic devotion to his country, which formed the ruling elements of his character, and fitted him for leadership among a free people.

Almost at the same moment, those brave partisan leaders, Marion, Sumter, and Pickens, appeared at different points in South Carolina, and raised the standard of liberty. The crushed republicans lifted their heads in hope, and many equally brave but less eminent leaders collected the Whigs into bands, and prepared to check the advance of British power toward the mountains and the North State. All over the lower Catawba region the black footprints of the invader were seen upon every plantation. The strong men were in the camp and field; and feeble women, and more feeble old men, and tender youths were compelled to be defenders of the sanctities of home. Every where the fires of civil war burned fiercely; for under the banners of *Whig* and *Tory*, neighbors were arrayed against neighbors, and even kinsmen against kinsmen, in cruel and unrelenting conflict. At length Sumter crossed the Catawba, and, with Davie, proceeded to attack a British post at Hanging Rock. Among Davie's volunteers were Robert and Andrew Jackson. Like the Spartan mother, their widowed parent had placed the shield upon their arms with a heartfelt hope that they might bring them back unharmed, or be brought back upon them. In the decisive battle that ensued (August 6, 1780), the corps of Davie was greatly distinguished. The sons of the widow were unharmed, and returned to receive her blessing. This was Andrew Jackson's first battle. He was then only five months more than thirteen years of age.

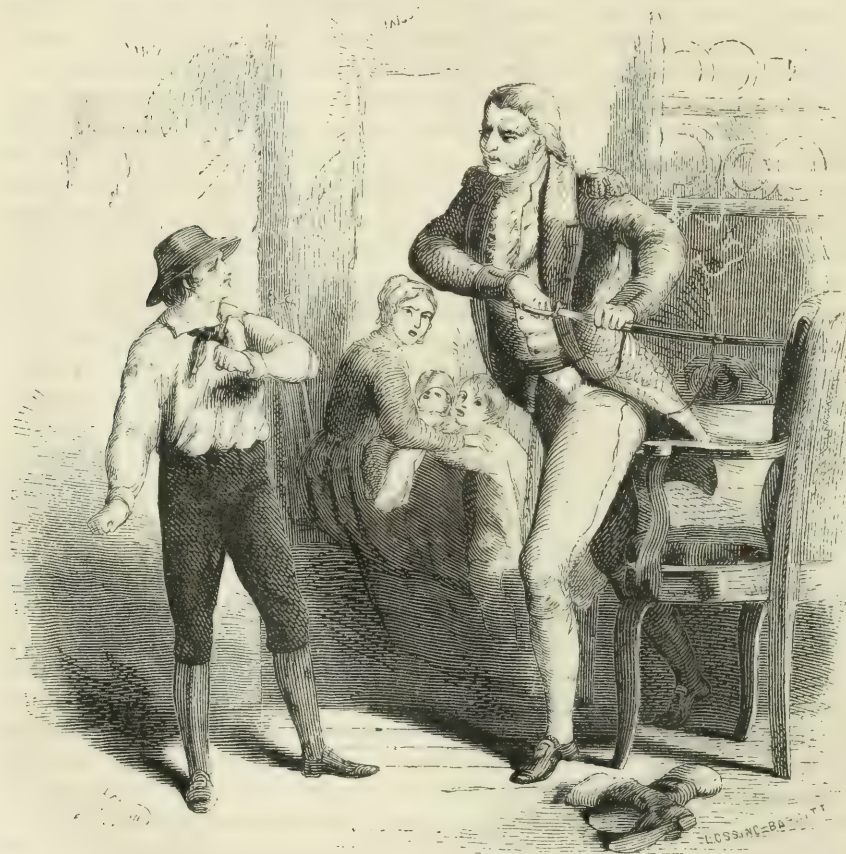
For several months afterward, the whole region between the Great Pedee and Saluda rivers was the theatre of cruel warfare. The Waxhaw settlers, eminent for their unyielding repub-

* Stedman.

licanism, became the special objects of British hatred. A party, under Major Coffin, a Loyalist from the North, was sent to capture or destroy them. The settlers resisted, but were dispersed, and at the house of a relative, Robert and Andrew Jackson were made prisoners. Coffin displayed neither the magnanimity of a true soldier, nor the feelings of a gentleman. He allowed his brutal followers to insult the females, destroy the furniture, and plunder the drawers of the family where his young prisoners were taken; and he insulted and abused the lads without measure. He swore he would crush their rebel spirits by making them supple servants of his will, and began the degrading discipline by ordering Andrew to clean his muddy boots. The young hero, not yet fourteen years of age, proudly refused, and demanded treat-

even a dog's privilege of lapping water from the brooks by the way. At Camden they were confined in a redoubt, with about two hundred and fifty others, where they were compelled to sleep on the ground, to eat bad bread without meat, to be taunted with the name of *rebel*, and to suffer robbery of their clothing by the ruffianly Tories who filled the royal camp. To add to their sufferings, they were separated; and when, soon afterward, the small-pox broke out among the prisoners, they were tortured with apprehensions of each other's fate, without hope of relief by information. Without physicians, nurses, or friends, the prisoners suffered dreadfully, and perished by dozens; and when, in April, 1781, the army of General Greene appeared upon the summit of Hobkirk's Hill, a mile distant, and invited Lord Rawdon forth to battle, less than fifty patriots remained in their loathsome prison at Camden.

The prisoners heard of the presence of Greene; and Andrew Jackson, by persevering labor with an old razor, made a hole in the board side of the inclosure, and saw with gladness the glittering arms of his countrymen. But his joy gave place to trembling when he heard the heavy tread of the British troops, marching stealthily from Camden to fall upon Greene, while it was evident that the latter had no suspicions of the movement. Oh, how eagerly he watched the Americans carelessly cleaning their arms, washing their clothing, or reclining at ease, while he knew the foe, secret and fierce as a tiger, would soon spring upon them! Then he saw the conflict of the pickets on the eastern



YOUNG JACKSON AND THE BRITISH OFFICER.

ment proper for prisoners of war. The cowardly ruffian could not appreciate the manly spirit of the boy, but in fierce anger he drew his sword, and aimed a murderous blow at the lad's head. It was parried by Andrew's left arm, but he received a wound in the hand, whose scar he bore to his coffin sixty-four years afterward. Robert was then ordered to perform the menial service. He as promptly refused, when Coffin gave him a severe sword-cut upon his head, from the effect of which he never recovered.

With twenty other prisoners, Andrew and his brother were placed on captured horses, and compelled to travel to Lord Rawdon's camp at Camden, forty miles distant, without food or drink. Their brutal guard would not allow them

slope, the hurried preparation for action, and the confusion of the patriot troops. With fluttering heart and broken accents he reported every movement to the eager-listening prisoners; and when, at length, he shouted, "*Colonel Washington has swept the field, and Rawdon is retreating!*" his half-famished companions cried, "*Victory and deliverance!*" Alas! *victory* did not remain with the Americans, and *deliverance* was deferred for a season. Greene was defeated, and the unhappy prisoners saw no star of hope amidst the clouds of the future.

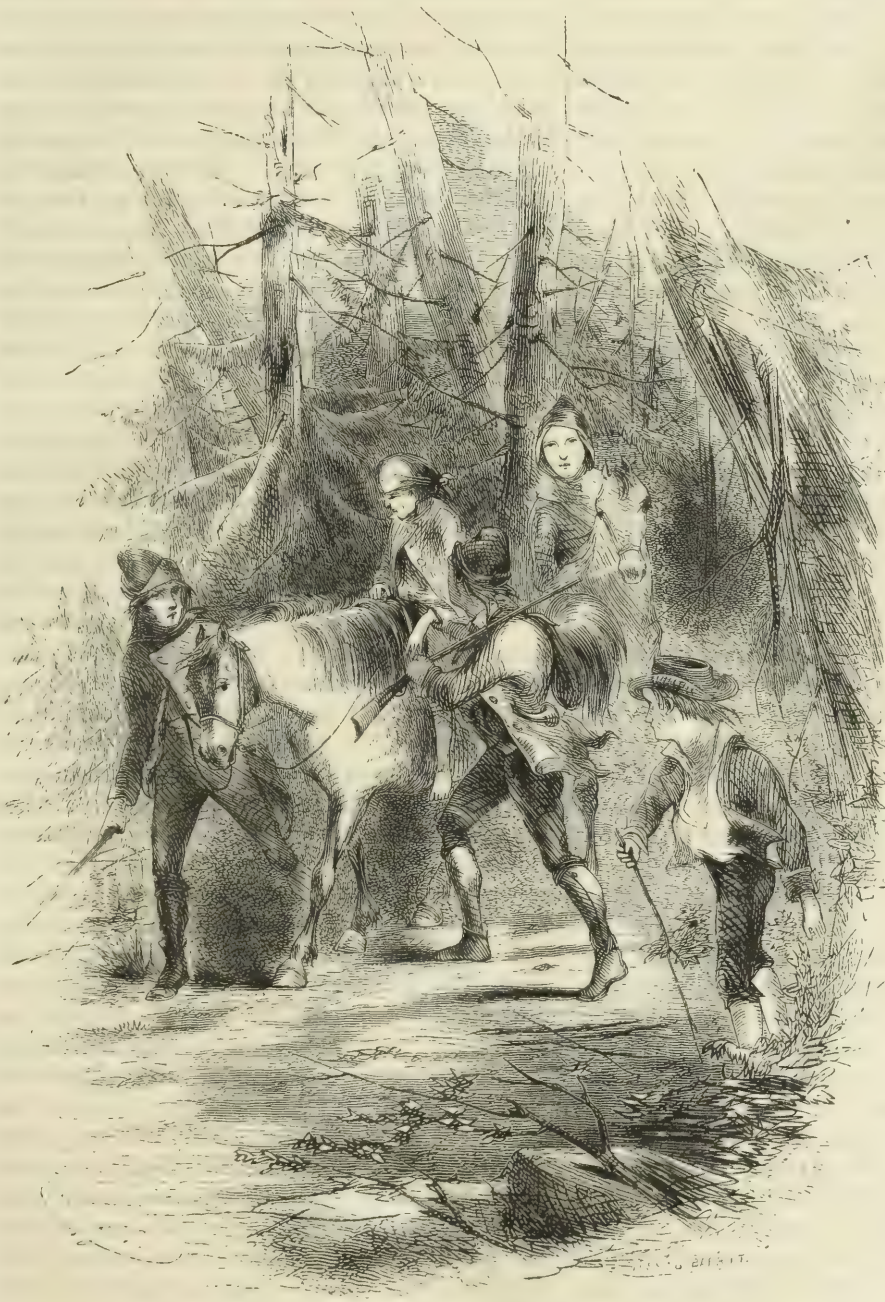
But an angel of deliverance soon appeared. The mother of the Jacksons, impelled by a parent's love, hastened to Camden to plead for the release of her sons. By an exchange of prison-

ers they were delivered to her; but they were mere shadows of those blooming boys who had left her embrace a few weeks before. The wound on Robert's head, untouched by nurse or surgeon, was a fearful sight for a mother's eye; and both of them were emaciated by privations and the ravages of disease. With five released neighbors, the widow and her sons started for their distant home. There were but two horses for the whole company. Mrs. Jackson rode one, without saddle or bridle, and the sick and wounded Robert was placed on the other. Too weak to sit upright, he was held by his stronger companions; while Andrew, with the small-pox covering his skin, barefooted and half-naked, walked

pervade their systems. Robert lived only two days; and for almost a fortnight Andrew was delirious with a raging fever. The mother expected to be childless. But God decreed otherwise; and the germ of the future hero and statesman was mercifully preserved in that hour of peril.

Before Andrew had fully recovered, a voice of wail came up to the Waxhaw settlers from their kindred and friends, who were suffering a thousand horrors in the prison-ships at Charleston. Food, clothing, medicine—all were denied them; and day by day scores were cast into the waters, or were buried in shallow graves on the sandy shore. The sympathies of Mrs. Jackson

were aroused; and, with four or five other women, she hastened, on horseback, to Charleston, with such comforts as could be conveniently carried. Unawed by the conquerors of the city, they made their way to the harbor, and deep down in the loathsome kennels of the ships, where disease was rioting and death held high court, these ministering angels breathed words of comfort for the sufferers, and relieved the pressing needs of their friends. Then they departed, sorrowing, for their homes. The deadly fever of the ships seized Mrs. Jackson, and just beyond the lines of defense which the Americans had piled across Charleston Neck, she returned to the bosom of her mother earth, a glorious martyr in the cause of freedom and humanity. Her burial-place is unknown. But she has a monument in the fame of her son more enduring than brass or marble; and while the memory



THE WIDOW AND HER SONS.

the whole distance—a journey of forty miles, through pine forests and a desolate country. Two hours before they reached home, they were drenched by a heavy rain, which caused the disease to disappear from the skin of the boys and

of his deeds remain unfading, the name of ELIZABETH, the mother of Jackson, like that of MARY, the mother of Washington, will be remembered and revered.

Andrew Jackson was now an orphan; and at

the close of the Revolution, every member of his family who came from Ireland had perished in the storm. He stood alone, like a stricken but not blasted sapling, over which the tempest had swept only to give more tenacity to its roots, vigor to its branches, and beauty to its foliage. The lightning of British oppression had smitten his young heart fiercely; but it served to awaken therein those latent energies of character which needed only an electric touch to make them leap forth full-armed, living principles, to achieve great things on the battle-field of life.

Mrs. Jackson had left Andrew in the family of Major Thomas Crawford, when she departed for Charleston, and there he remained for several months after her death. His position was one of great danger in respect to his future career, and he came very near being shipwrecked at the commencement of the voyage of active life. Left master of his own actions, and in the absolute control of some property, at an age when Virtue and Vice, standing at the open door of Manhood, utter their most persuasive strains in willing ears, he had no mentor to direct him, and for twenty months or more he spent his time in idle dissipation with the gay young men of the Carolinas, until his patrimony was nearly all gone except a beautiful mare. Meeting some friends one night at a tavern, he engaged with them in a game with dice called *Rattle and Snap*. He staked his mare against a considerable sum of money, and won. At that moment his guardian angel inspired him with a sudden resolution to change his course of life. He instantly paid his bill, put the winnings in his pocket, went to the Waxhaw settlement, disposed of the small remainder of his father's estate, and departed for Salisbury, in North Carolina, to study law under Spruce M'Kay, Esq., then one of the most eminent practitioners in that section of the country. The change in his habits was as complete as it was sudden; and during that winter of 1784, when he was between seventeen and eighteen years of age, the foundation of his future eminence was laid.

Jackson completed his law studies under Colonel Stokes, who lost a hand in the cruel massacre of Buford's command on the Waxhaw, and in 1786 received a license to practice law. His energy, talent, and sterling honor and integrity, were fully developed during this brief period, and, without solicitation on his part, and on the voluntary recommendation of several of the most eminent men of North Carolina, Governor Johnston appointed him Solicitor of the Western district of that State, then embracing the present territory of Tennessee. It was "the dark and bloody ground" beyond the mountains, whither civilization was cautiously creeping into the wild domains of the savage. Amidst its excitements and perils the future hero, then only twenty-one years of age, found ample stimulus for his courage and daring. Population was sparse, rude, and independent, and war-parties of Indians yet hung ominously around the stations of the remote settlers.

Jackson crossed the mountains in the spring of 1788, in company with John M'Nairy, who had been appointed Judge of the district. Jonesborough was then the principal seat of justice in that region, and there Jackson remained until autumn, when he and Judge M'Nairy crossed the vast wilderness to the site of the present Nashville, then only one of those Stations* on the Cumberland river, into which the settlers gathered for mutual defense against the bloody Shawnees of the north, and the fiery Choctaws and Cherokees of the south. Between these two principal settlements, separated by a dark wilderness of two hundred miles, Jackson made twenty-two journeys in the performance of his public duties. Sometimes he was entirely alone; at others, two or three companions accompanied him, and on all occasions he was hourly exposed to the arrow and hatchet of the skulking Indian. His portmanteau was at once his wardrobe and his larder on his journey, and his pillow among the forest leaves at night. He was not only his own defender, but he was often found with others, in the character of an escort for parties of emigrants making their fearful way through the wilderness. He was also engaged in several expeditions against the Indians, previous to 1794, and his skill and bravery so excited the awe and admiration of the savages, that they gave him the significant names of *Sharp Knife* and *Pointed Arrow*. The pages of romance, painted in highest colors, have few pictures of more thrilling interest than the forest life of Jackson presented during the first years of his residence in Tennessee. They were years of severest discipline for those achievements in after-life, when, at the head of his country's soldiers, he met whole bands of these wily foes in their own rocky fastnesses or tangled morasses.

Early in 1790 Jackson made Nashville his residence; and in the family of Mrs. Donelson, widow of Colonel Donelson, an emigrant from Virginia, he found an agreeable home. He also found immediate and ample employment in his profession. Nashville was then the chief trading station in the territory, and in that vicinity a great number of young adventurers, having nothing to lose and every thing to gain, had congregated. Relieved from the restraints of law and moral teachings, they lived prodigally, became heavily involved in debt to the merchants, and having secured the exclusive services of the only lawyer in that region before Jackson's arrival, they laughed at the futile efforts of their creditors to enforce payment. A sudden reverse awaited them. The merchants placed their claims in the hands of Jackson for prosecution, and on the morning after his arrival in Nashville he issued seventy writs against the delinquents. Alarmed and irritated, they resolved to drive him from the country, either by violence or the force of personal annoyances, by embroil-

* The settlers dared not reside in isolated dwellings, but gathered into little clusters of several houses, which they fortified by pickets. These were called *Stations*, and formed the nucleus of several thriving cities and villages.

ing him with strong bullies, who were ever eager for fight. They misjudged the character of the man. He did not waver a line in the path of moral and professional duty; and his fidelity to truth and justice were rewarded by a lucrative practice, and the office of Attorney General of the district.

While Jackson seemed proof against the arrows of savages, and faltered not in the presence of desperate men, love and beauty made him a victim and a captive. Mrs. Donelson's lovely daughter, then in the bloom of young womanhood, and the wife of a man utterly unworthy of the affection and esteem of a true woman, was sheltered from the cruel treatment of her husband under her mother's roof when Jackson became an inmate in the family. Her beauty and accomplishments excited the admiration of all. Aware of his own inferiority, and consequently made jealous and irritable by the homage paid to his wife, the husband embittered her daily life by those petty persecutions which only a small mind, controlled by jealousy, can conceive, and she left him. Dreading his threatened presence at Nashville, she left there in the spring of 1791, and, with the family of a friend, went down the river to be a dweller at Natchez, on the Mississippi, many leagues deeper in the wilderness. Jackson was invited to accompany them as a protector against the Indians, and he gladly complied. On his return he was informed that the jealous husband had successfully applied to the Virginia Legislature for a divorce. Regarding the lady as legally free to form a new matrimonial connection, he allowed the buds of involuntary admiration, heretofore repressed by honorable prudence, to expand into the full blossom of affection. About midsummer he went to Natchez with the jubilee message to the widowed wife, declared his own love for her, and became an accepted suitor. They were married in autumn, and throughout the Cumberland region their union was joyfully greeted as that of Worth and Virtue.

But a cloud overshadowed the clear sky of their connubial happiness. The intelligence respecting a divorce was only partially true. Separated by a dark wilderness filled with hostile bands, communication between Virginia and the settlements beyond the mountains were infrequent. There were no newspapers to proclaim the acts of public bodies; and, except officially, much of the information brought from the east was vague and unreliable. The husband had only applied to the Virginia Legislature for leave to prosecute a suit for divorce in a court in Kentucky, his place of residence when his wife left him. The sequel was propitious—the divorce was obtained. Jackson procured another license, and in 1794, they were again married. Because of this transaction, calumny attempted to sully his honor with its slime, but signally failed. Truth, uttered by the lips even of his enemies, pronounced its verdict in favor of his integrity and virtue. Pity and gallantry had first opened the way for love to the young hero's

heart, and mutual affection, purity of purpose, and legal consent, sanctioned the marriage.

Jackson's legal warfare upon the prodigal debtors of the Nashville region, and his fearless exposure of enormous land-frauds, perpetrated upon the settlers by influential men in North Carolina, created a host of bitter enemies; and he was frequently compelled, while in attendance at courts, to defend himself against the personal attacks of desperate men. In these affrays he was always victorious. He was strong in muscle, and expert in limb; and it is said that his eye, when he was excited, possessed a fascination seldom known. Before its glance the stoutest bullies would quail and flee. These physical qualities endeared him to the rough backwoodsmen of Tennessee, and his fearless performance of duty as Attorney General won for him the unbounded confidence and esteem of all but the vicious few. And when, in 1795, the people of the Territory called a Convention to frame a constitution, preparatory to the admission of Tennessee into the Union, as a State, Jackson was spontaneously elected to a seat therein. The instrument then formed bears the impress of his vigorous democratic principles, which always laid at the root of his sturdy patriotism; and the people expressed their verdict of satisfaction the following year, when, without offering himself as a candidate, he was elected the first representative of the new State, in the Federal Congress. He took his seat in the National Council on the 5th of December, 1796; and within eight weeks afterward, the Legislature of Tennessee elected him its representative in the United States Senate. He had just passed the age of thirty years, when, in November, 1797, he took his seat in that august body, then presided over by Thomas Jefferson.

Jackson appears to have been unambitious of political distinction. He was eminently a man of action, and not merely of words. He uttered no speeches in the Senate, but was always active in public duties. Thoroughly imbued with a reverence for popular sovereignty, he bent his energies, at home and in the Senate, to the accomplishment of that political revolution in favor of the people which Jefferson commenced during Washington's administration. He resigned his senatorial seat at the close of the first session after his election, and went back to Tennessee an acknowledged democratic leader. There new honors awaited him at the hands of the Legislature. Though young in years, he was regarded as a patriarch in the infant State; and he was elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court. His opinions were law for a great majority of the people, for they recognized him as a sound and prudent leader in public affairs. Under his guidance the State of Tennessee gave its first presidential vote for Jefferson, in 1796, and emphatically repeated it in 1800, when the democratic party triumphed.

Many instances of his personal courage and daring are related. We will mention only two events, as illustrations, which occurred while he

was Judge. At Jonesborough, a desperate man of giant frame had been indicted for the crime of cutting off the ear of his infant, while in a state of drunkenness. The sheriff informed Judge Jackson that the brute was in the courthouse yard, armed with a dirk and two pistols, and that he refused to be arrested. "He *must* be taken," said the Judge; "summon the people to your aid." The sheriff cunningly waited until the Court adjourned for dinner, when he summoned the judges as a part of the *posse comitatus*. "I will attend," promptly responded Jackson, "and see that you do *your* duty." Then taking a loaded pistol, he said to the sheriff, "Advance and secure the miscreant." The criminal's eyes flashed with anger and desperate resolution. Seeing the sheriff hesitate, Judge Jackson advanced, and fixing his keen gaze upon the felon, he bade him surrender instantly. The lip of the strong man quivered: the weapons fell from his hand, and he stammered out, "I will surrender to you, Sir, but to no one else." The people were astonished at the triumph; and from that time no one pretended to dispute the authority of Judge Jackson.

On another occasion, his personal courage almost instantly dispersed a mob collected for the purpose of abusing him. By more exposures of stupendous land-frauds he had exasperated many people in the vicinity of Jonesborough, and a regiment, under a militia colonel, collected there on the morning of the first day of Court, to punish the Judge. Jackson had been so sick on his journey that he was compelled to retire to his bed, on his arrival. A few moments afterward, a gentleman came in great haste to inform him that a mob was in front of the house, prepared to tar and feather him. He begged Jackson to bar his door immediately and avoid the indignity. The Judge immediately arose, threw his door wide open, and said, "Give my compliments to Colonel H., and tell him my door is open to receive him and his regiment whenever they choose to call upon me; and that I hope the Colonel will have the chivalry to *lead* his men, not to *follow* them." Abashed at this bold message, and filled with admiration of the manly courage of an unarmed invalid, the mob instantly dispersed, and the leader, making an humble apology, remained the unwavering friend of Jackson ever afterward. These, and similar events, made a deep impression on the people of the whole country west of the mountains; and Andrew Jackson became the most popular man in the Mississippi Valley.

In 1802 Jackson was commissioned a Major-General of the Tennessee militia, and the following year the Federal government called him to exercise the functions of his office. Louisiana, lately a province of Spain, ceded to France, had been purchased of the latter by the United States. There was a general apprehension that the Spanish inhabitants of the territory would not quietly submit to the authority of the new

government, and it was thought prudent to concentrate troops on the southwestern territory, prepared to march against New Orleans, if necessary. General Jackson was required to furnish boats, for the purpose of transporting the troops and supplies by water; and so thoroughly and promptly was his commission executed, that it called forth the applause of government. His military genius, as an executive officer, then developed, was not forgotten when events of more gravity demanded his services. The threatening cloud passed away, and the people of Louisiana quietly passed from under the dominion of old Spain and France to that of the United States.

Never was party spirit more rancorous and vengeful, than during the first administration of President Jefferson. It produced discord and promoted hatred in neighborhoods and families; and in the newly-settled States of the West, where society was then in its transition condition from rudeness to refinement, it led to personal combats as the climax of arguments. Public men were frequently embroiled in scenes of violence and bloodshed, without losing (but rather enhancing) their dignity in the estimation of popular opinion. General Jackson was not exempted from the penalties of this social condition; and in the summer of 1803, he was engaged in an affair that would be shocking now to the more refined people of Tennessee. His manly expression of opinion on all occasions, and his fearless exposition and punishment of fraud in high places, gave him many political and personal enemies. His early friend, Judge M'Nairy, became alienated; and Jackson quarreled with Governor Sevier, in the presence of a multitude. Goaded by the governor's insults and defiant taunts of cowardice, Jackson challenged him to single combat. After some delays they met near Knoxville. Sevier was accompanied by several gentlemen; Jackson by a single friend. All were mounted. The belligerents had each a brace of pistols. Sevier carried a sword; Jackson a heavy hickory cane. As they slowly approached each other on the road, Jackson suddenly poised his cane as a knight of the tournament would his lance, and rising in his stirrups, he spurred his horse, rushed furiously forward, and charged his antagonist. Sevier, astounded at the movement, leaped from his horse to avoid the shock, trod upon his own sword-scabbard, and fell to the ground. The gentlemen present prevented further mischief, and the matter afterward assumed the form of a paper war between the friends of the parties. The fact that Jackson's popularity was greatly increased by this event, fully illustrates the character of public feeling in the West at that time.

Increasing ill-health, and a weariness of the turmoils and exposures of his public life, induced Judge Jackson to resign his office, in the summer of 1804. He purchased a plantation in the vicinity of the Cumberland, near Nashville, and not far from where the famous Her-

mitage of his old age now stands, and there, with an affectionate wife and a competent fortune, he sought long-coveted repose. His military duties required but little service, and his time was spent in the varied cares and pleasures of his farm, or in the company of kindred spirits who came from all parts of the great valley to enjoy his society and his hospitality. Breeding fine horses was his special delight, and to exhibit their qualities he often appeared both as a competitor and better upon the race-courses of Tennessee and Kentucky. Out of these sports grew an affair, the remembrance of which always gave him sorrow. A dispute arose between him and Charles Dickenson, a slave-trader and horse-jockey, concerning a bet. Blows ensued, and Dickenson published Jackson as a coward. The latter, governed by that false notion of honor which, happily, is now almost obsolete, challenged Dickenson to single combat. They met, and at the moment when Dickenson's ball shattered two of Jackson's ribs, the latter, not in the least unnerved, fired a deadly bullet, and his antagonist fell, a dying man. When the strength of his nerves was alluded to afterward, Jackson said, "I should have killed him, had he shot me through the brain." Dickenson lived but a few hours, and Jackson rode twenty miles toward home before his attendants perceived, by the saturation of his clothes with blood, that he was wounded. This is one of the dark clouds which gather over the memory of the hero, fringed though it be with the sunlight of conventional law which imposed the seeming necessity of thus vindicating assaulted honor. From the stand-point of observation in the light of to-day, the cloud appears black, without a gleam of palliation.

On a beautiful morning in June, 1805, General Jackson mounted one of his finest geldings, and, accompanied by a servant leading a milk-white mare, rode to Nashville. The little town was all agog. Flags were flying, drums beating, cannon thundering, and the people of all classes crowded to the port. Presently, a small man, pleasant in features, with sharp, intelligent black eyes, remarkable for the neatness of his apparel, and fluent in speech, was received by the populace with loud huzzas. Then he harangued the people, and was answered with shouts. A sumptuous dinner was spread in his honor; and toward evening he mounted the milk-white mare which Jackson's servant had led, and the two distinguished men rode quietly to the plain mansion of a planter, a few miles from the scene of public homage. The stranger was the accomplished AARON BURR, then engaged in the initial preparations for the execution of a magnificent scheme of conquest. Jackson received him cordially into the bosom of his family and of his own confidence; and Burr wrote in his journal, concerning his host: "Once a lawyer, afterward a judge, now a planter; a man of intelligence; and one of those prompt, frank, ardent souls, whom I love to meet." The generous Miranda

was then bearing the standard of revolt and liberation in South America, and possessed the sympathies of the people and government of the United States. Spain had not cheerfully acquiesced in the transfer of Louisiana, and the Spanish population of that territory were averse to the rule of the American government. War with Spain appeared inevitable, and Burr made the crisis an opportunity for executing a long cherished scheme—the invasion of Mexico, its disenthralment from the Spanish yoke, and the establishment of an independent republic in that beautiful region of the New World. Wilkinson, then commander-in-chief of the Western division of the army of the United States, and many distinguished men in the West, were associated with Burr in the scheme; and now, as with eloquent and persuasive tongue, that wily politician described the benevolence of his design—its importance to the growth of republicanism, and to the stability of the United States—the honest, patriot heart of Jackson beat with quicker pulsations, and he proffered the services of his influence and sword to Colonel Burr.

In the autumn of 1806 Burr was again in Kentucky and Tennessee; and still regarding his scheme as feasible and proper, Jackson renewed his promises of co-operation. But the whole gorgeous vision vanished as suddenly as frost-work in the sunbeam. Political animosity sent whispers of suspicion over the mountains. Burr was accused of a design to detach the Western States, and form a separate republic, with himself as President. Wilkinson, who had sold his honor to the Spaniards, partially deserted his compeer, and other associates were frightened by the bugbear. The mind of Jackson was filled with suspicions, and he laid the whole matter before Governor Claiborne, at New Orleans. He also wrote to Burr, informed him of current rumors, and frankly assured him that if his intentions were in the least degree hostile to the United States, he wished no further correspondence with him. He as frankly assured him that if the conquest of Mexico was still the great object of his plans, he was as ready as ever to accompany him with his military division. A few weeks rolled away, and Burr was arrested on a charge of treason. He was tried and acquitted, but the whole fabric of his ambitious scheme was scattered to the winds. His murder of Hamilton, in a duel, and the name of traitor, which adhered to him notwithstanding his acquittal, pressed upon him with crushing weight during the remainder of his life. Yet he always loved and admired Jackson, even with the knowledge that the General was active in procuring his arrest, for he knew him to be honest and patriotic. When, in 1812, war was declared against Great Britain, Burr spoke of Jackson as the greatest military man in America, and best fitted to be the commander-in-chief of the armies of the Republic; and as early as 1815, he recommended his nomination for the Presidency.

For five years after Burr's trial Jackson en-

joyed the pleasures of private life. Yet they were not years of idleness, nor void of excitement. His personal courage was often tested; and on one occasion his perfect manhood was remarkably developed. On his way to Natchez, to bring some negroes to his plantation, he found some emigrants detained by the Indian agent for the Choctaw tribe, under the plea that a passport must be had before they could proceed. One of their number had been sent back to procure it, and the others were working for the agent at low wages, and buying corn of him at extravagant prices. Jackson indignantly rebuked the extortioner, who, in turn, demanded a passport from the General. "I am a free-born American citizen," he said, "and that is passport sufficient on any highway where my business calls me." He then told the emigrants to follow him, and if any man molested them, to shoot him down as a highway robber. They departed without hinderance. The enraged agent resolved to stop Jackson on his return, and for that purpose had collected about one hundred and fifty white men and Indians, when the General with his troop of slaves approached the station. Jackson had armed himself with three pistols and a rifle, and his negroes with clubs and axes; and they were instructed to cut down any man who should molest them. When the agent stepped forward to demand his passport, Jackson grasped his rifle, and fixing his keen eyes on him, said, "Whoever attempts to prevent my passing shall lay low." The abashed agent withdrew, and the Indians, many of whom knew and admired the General, would sooner have scalped the avaricious official than touched a hair of the head of *The Sharp Knife*. The agent was soon afterward dismissed from office.

The period had now arrived when the military genius of Jackson was to be fully developed, and his country to become greatly indebted to his skill and valor for its own honor and glory. For several years France and England had been playing a desperate game of chess with the world's commerce, while dealing falcion-blows upon each other's political power, unmindful of the rights and interests of other nations. Their legalized pirates were upon every sea; and with sublime impudence the British government assumed the right—and its servants practiced the felony—of boarding American vessels, under pretense of seizing its own deserters, but to impress our seamen into the English naval service. Such indignities were endured under protests, menaces, and embargoes, until more than seven thousand American citizens had become victims to British might and injustice. And it was not until British emissaries had excited the Indian tribes to hostilities against the settlers on our northwestern frontiers, and British newspapers had declared that the Americans could not be "kicked into a war," that the pride and martial spirit of the nation became fairly aroused, and trampled peace maxims in the dust.

In June, 1812, the American Congress de-

clared war against Great Britain. When the President's manifesto announced the fact in the Mississippi Valley, it touched a chord responsive to the call in every heart. The greatest enthusiasm every where prevailed; and when General Jackson sent forth an appeal, twenty-five hundred men of his division volunteered to follow him to whatever field of duty their country might call them. The Secretary of War asked for only fifteen hundred infantry and riflemen. After organizing a body of cavalry under Colonel Coffee, Jackson ordered that number to assemble at Nashville, early in December. An excess of more than five hundred appeared. Unwilling to restrain the ardor of any, Jackson accepted the whole; and on the 4th of January, 1813, he wrote to the Secretary of War, "I have the pleasure to inform you that I am now at the head of two thousand and seventy volunteers, the choicest of our citizens, who go at the call of their country to execute the will of the government, who have no constitutional scruples, and, if the government orders, will rejoice at the opportunity of placing the American eagle on the ramparts of Mobile, Pensacola, and Fort Augustine, effectually banishing from the southern coast all British influence." Jackson was then forty-five years of age—two years older than Washington when he took command of the Continental Army.

Jackson's manhood and patriotism now endured a severe trial. Through storms and tempests, in mid-winter, his little army went down the Cumberland, Ohio, and Mississippi rivers, to Natchez—a perilous voyage of a thousand miles—to join General Wilkinson at New Orleans. That weak officer, jealous of Jackson's popularity, ordered the latter to halt at Natchez. In that vicinity he formed a camp, but was soon impatient of inaction. Early in February a courier arrived with a dispatch from the Secretary of War. The General received it with joy, for he believed it to be an order to march to Canada, to wipe out the stain of Hull's surrender, or to some other field of usefulness. He read—"The causes for embodying and marching to New Orleans the corps under your command having ceased to exist, you will, on the receipt of this letter, consider it as dismissed from the public service, and take measures to have delivered over to Major-General Wilkinson all articles of public property which may have been put into its possession. You will accept, for yourself and your corps, the thanks of the President of the United States." This was the whole of it—the beginning and the end of Armstrong's cold, unfeeling dispatch. It fell upon the hopes of Jackson and his ardent corps like ice upon the opening bud. The shock was momentary. His indignation was fiercely kindled, and it warmed all the energies of his generous nature into full action. Around him stood two thousand noble sons of Tennessee—the flower of its population—eager to be useful. Many of them were tender youths, committed to his care by loving parents. He had publicly pledged him-

self to be a father to them all, and the word of Andrew Jackson was always equivalent to his written bond. Could he disband them five hundred miles from their homes, to be exposed to fearful moral and physical perils? Could he listen for a moment to the selfish suggestions of Wilkinson, to "recruit them into the regular service," and thus ruin them for life? No! governed by a higher law than the martial, he instantly resolved to disobey orders, and, instead of disbanding his troops, to march them back to Tennessee. Before the evening of the day of his disappointment he commenced his preparation, and then wrote a denunciatory letter to the Secretary of War, and another to the President, complaining of the inhumanity of Armstrong's order.

Jackson's quarter-master refused to furnish other supplies for the return march than such as might be allowed to discharged soldiers. The benevolent General was not to be foiled. He borrowed five thousand dollars, on his own responsibility, from a merchant at Natchez; and when, on the 25th of March, he commenced his journey toward the Tennessee river, and found his conveyances for his sick inadequate, he placed an invalid soldier on his own horse, and traveled almost four hundred miles of the journey on foot. His staff and many of his mounted men followed his example, and one hundred and fifty suffering soldiers were made comparatively comfortable on the way. Not one lacked the sympathy nor wanted the care of the General. Not one was left behind—not even a young man whom the surgeon reported to be dying. "Not a man shall be left who has life in him," said Jackson, when it was proposed to leave him. The insensible youth was lifted into a wagon, and the General watched him with a father's solicitude. At length the young man opened his eyes, and said, "Where am I?" "On your way home, my dear fellow," cheerfully answered his commander. The words quickened the current of life, he rapidly improved, and Jackson had the pleasure of returning him to the arms of his mother. Before the close of May all the volunteers were at their homes, and their General's course was fully sustained by public sentiment. The Secretary of War made a weak attempt at explanation, and the government promptly sanctioned the conduct of Jackson, and assumed the pecuniary responsibilities which he had incurred in the public service. He achieved a victory greater than any where blood flows.

We need not stop to record the general events of the war then begun; they are familiar to our countrymen. Nor will space allow us to detail the brilliant military career of him whose life we are now considering. We can only glance at the salient points with almost the brevity of a chronological record.

General Jackson watched with palpitating heart the ill success of his country's troops on the Canada frontier, and yearned for an opportunity to lead his brave Tennesseans to the field. It was not long delayed, and the arena of action

was near his own door. Early in 1812, Tecumseh, the fierce Shawnee, who had confederated the northwestern tribes the year before, went among the Creeks in Alabama, and planted there the fruitful seeds of hostility to the white people. It germinated in the course of a few months, and bore fruit toward the close of the summer of 1813. A party of Creeks, seven hundred strong, well supplied with arms and ammunition by the British at Pensacola, attacked Fort Mimms, on the Alabama river, on the 31st of August. Almost the entire garrison were massacred, and the fort was burnt. The women and children of twenty families perished in the flames; and of three hundred white people, only seventeen escaped. This blow, unexpected, though predicted, spread terror through all the Gulf region; and the entire population of the settlements on the Alabama river abandoned their homes and fled to Mobile. The militia of the neighboring States and Territories were called out, and in addition to fifteen hundred men already required by the Federal government, the Legislature of Tennessee authorized the raising of three thousand five hundred troops. As with one voice, the people and the authorities called General Jackson to the chief command. He immediately accepted the proffered honor, notwithstanding his left arm, shattered by a pistol ball, received in an affray with Colonel Benton, at Nashville, was yet in a very bad condition.

Jackson was in the field early in October, and in chief command of about five thousand troops, including half a thousand cavalry, under the orders of Colonel Coffee. Battalions were already marching from Georgia and Mississippi toward the Creek country, and soon the main body of the nation, not more than four thousand strong, were hemmed in upon the waters of the Coosa, by a cordon of Americans, who were determined to crush out their hostility or their nationality. They accomplished both, yet not without first enduring great sufferings themselves.

Without a week's provision on hand, Jackson led his own division of two thousand men into the heart of the enemy's country. His detachments spread death and desolation in their track. Villages were destroyed, cattle were seized, and the Indian families were scattered like frightened deer. At length the bloody battle of Tallushatchee was fought, and there the tenderest emotions of Jackson's heart were brought into full play. Among the slain was an Indian mother, and upon her bosom lay her infant boy, vainly endeavoring to draw sustenance from the cold breast. The orphan was carried into camp, and fed by the General with sugar and water until a nurse could be procured. Jackson was a childless man, and he adopted the forest orphan as his son. Mrs. Jackson watched over him with a mother's care, and he grew to be a beautiful youth, full of promise. But consumption laid him in the grave among the shades at the Hermitage, before he reached his manhood, and his foster-parents mourned over him with a grief as sincere as that of consanguinity.



BATTLE OF TALLADEGA.

Talladega and its little garrison was now menaced by the Creeks. At the moment when they were about to fall upon the weak post, Jackson's army appeared. The savages were driven from their bush-retreats, and scattered in great confusion. Yet the victory was not very fruitful, for it could not be followed up. Famine, a foe more insatiate than the Indian, was in the camp. When Jackson's troops marched through the forests from Talladega, they had only a day's provision in their knapsacks. Officers and common soldiers suffered alike, and this suffering drew forth another exhibition of Jackson's nobility of character. A private soldier saw his General taking a repast under an oak tree, and immediately advanced and demanded food. "I

never turn away the hungry," said Jackson, in a cheerful tone; "I will divide with you such food as I have," and drew from his pocket a handful of acorns. The soldier turned tearfully away, reported the circumstance to his companions, and all resolved to suffer patiently with their General. But hunger contended with their patriotism, and prevailed. Promised reinforcements and supplies were withheld, and mutiny appeared. The militia turned to go back, but the yet faithful volunteers stood in their path. Then the volunteers attempted to leave the camp and go home, but the militia in turn stood across their path. These checks, however, were only temporary, and Jackson perceived that the tenure by which his soldiers were bound to duty



JACKSON QUELLING A MUTINY.

was as attenuated as that of the spider's thread. At length almost his entire army, despairing of relief, determined to abandon the expedition, and go home; and some were actually on their retrograde march. He found his whole brigade of volunteers ready to follow. There was no sufficient force to restrain them, so the General relied upon himself alone. With one arm in a sling, he seized a musket, rested it upon his horse's neck, rode to the front of the column, and declared that he would shoot the first man who should take a step in advance. Amazed at his boldness, they gazed at him in silence. At that moment Coffee and two companies of faithful men came up, and the mutineers, after consultation, agreed to return to duty. Discontent was not allayed, however, and Jackson finally allowed all volunteers so disposed to return to

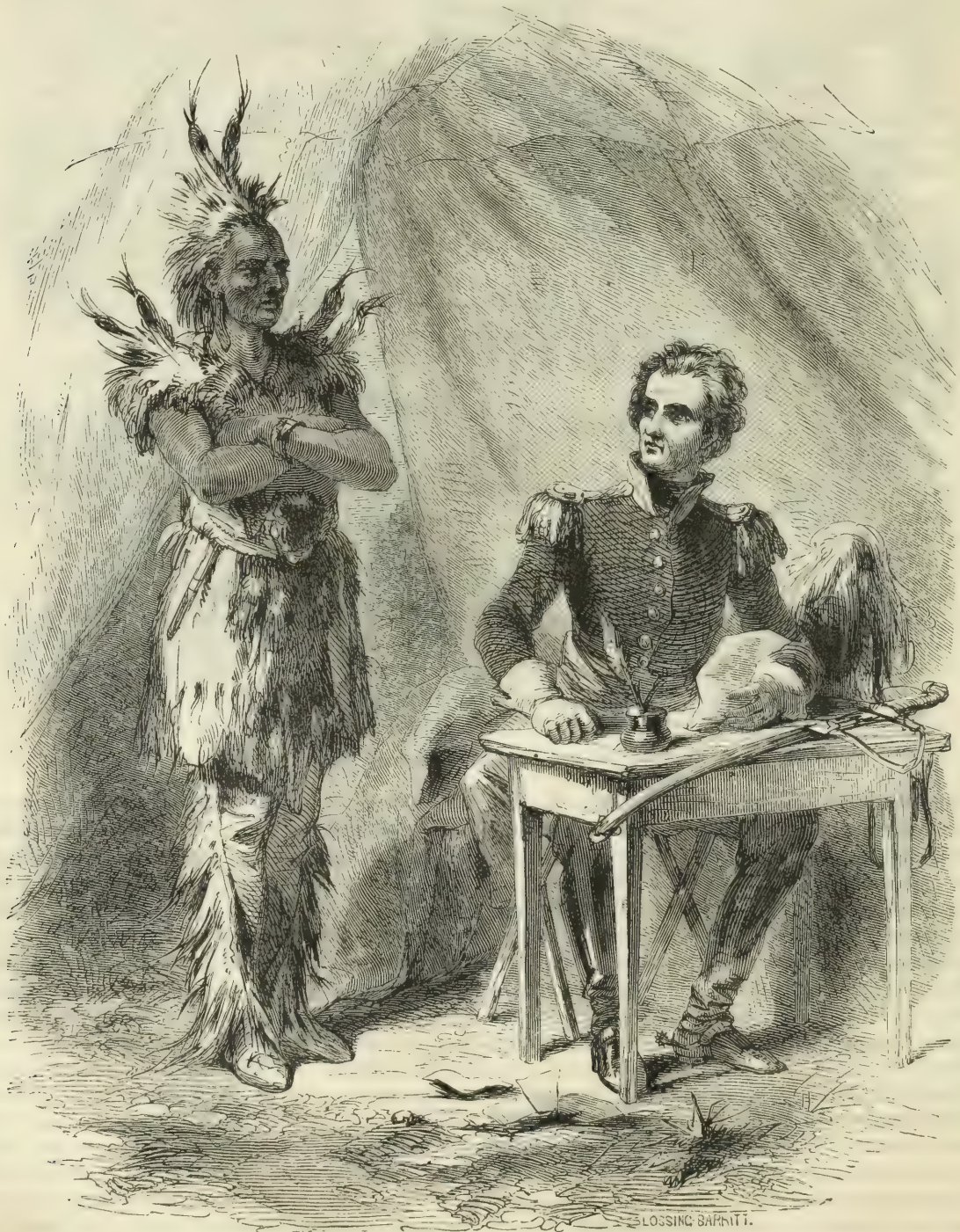
their homes, and he organized a force out of other materials. Had he received sufficient supplies after the battle of Talladega, and been met with concert of action by the East Tennessee commanders, he could have ended the war within ten days: it was protracted five months.

Jackson, with his new levies, marched on victoriously to the Hickory Ground—the sacred domain of the Creeks, and the heart of their territory. Before reaching it, several bloody battles were fought. The death-blow to the Creek nation was given at Tahopeka, at the great Horse-shoe Bend of the Tallapoosa river, where a thousand warriors, with their women and children, had congregated in a fortified camp, to give final and decisive battle to the invaders. Jackson attacked them toward the close of March, 1814. Almost six hundred warriors were

slain, for they disdained to surrender. They saw no future for their nation in the event of defeat, and they fought with desperation. It was their last effort; their power and spirit were crushed; and upon the Hickory Ground, at the fork of the Coosa and Tallapoosa rivers, their remaining chiefs bowed in submission to the conqueror. Among these was Weatherford, their greatest leader, and principal actor in the butchery at Fort Mimms.

Jackson had ordered his followers to secure Weatherford, and bring him bound to his camp. While sitting alone in his tent, just at sunset, a noble-looking Indian entered, and drawing himself up to his full height, and folding his arms, said, "I am Weatherford, the chief who commanded at Fort Mimms. I have come to ask

peace for myself and my people." Jackson expressed astonishment that one so guilty should dare to appear in his presence and ask for peace and protection. "I am in your power," haughtily replied the chief. "Do with me as you please. I am a soldier. I have done the white people all the harm I could. I have fought them, and fought them bravely; if I had an army, I would yet fight and contend to the last; but I have none. My people are all gone. I can now do no more than weep over the misfortunes of my nation." Here was a man after Jackson's own heart. He loved his people, had fought to protect his father-land from the invader, and now fearlessly expressed his patriotism. Jackson immediately informed him that submission and the acceptance of a home be-



WEATHERFORD IN JACKSON'S TENT.

yond the Mississippi for his nation, was the only wise policy for him to pursue; and then remarked, "If, however, you desire to continue the war, and feel prepared to meet the consequences, you may depart in peace, and unite yourself with the war-party if you choose." Weatherford proudly answered, "I may well be addressed in such language now. There was a time when I had a choice, and could have answered you; I have none now—even hope is ended. Once I could animate my warriors to battle; but I can not animate the dead. My warriors can no longer hear my voice. Their bones are at Talladega, Talluschatchee, Emuckfaw, and Tahop-eka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly. While there was a chance for success, I never left my post nor supplicated peace. But my people are gone, and I now ask it for my nation and for myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country I look back with deepest sorrow, and wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend with the Georgia army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river and fought them on the other. But your people have destroyed my nation. You are a brave man; I rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered people but such as they should agree to. Whatever they may be, it would now be madness and folly to oppose. If they are opposed, you will find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out can be influenced only by a mean spirit of revenge; and to this they must not, and shall not, sacrifice the last remnant of their country. You have told our nation where we might go and be safe. This is good talk, and they ought to listen to it. They shall listen to it." Thus spoke the noble Weatherford for his nation. Words of honor responded to words of honor; and Weatherford was allowed to go freely to the forest and search for his scattered followers and counsel peace. He did so; the war ended; and a treaty of peace was concluded with the remnant of the Creek chiefs on the 10th of July, 1814.

Jackson had received the commission of Major-General in the regular army in May, and the military of the whole South regarded him as their leader. His vigilance was as sleepless as the war authorities at Washington were stupid. While a handful of British soldiers were burning the Federal Capitol, he was planning a scheme for ending the war at the South by a single effective blow. Florida was then a Spanish province, and, with usual Spanish duplicity, the Governor was allowing British fleets to occupy the harbor of Pensacola, and British officers to distribute arms and ammunition among the Indians on the Florida frontiers, to be used against the United States, while professing friendship for that government. When Jackson was informed of it, he accused Manriquez of bad faith. A spicy correspondence ensued; and Jackson ended it by saying, "In future, I beg you to withhold your insulting charges against

my government, for one more inclined to listen to slander than I am; nor consider me any more a diplomatic character unless so proclaimed to you from the mouth of my cannon." The hero was anxious to execute the threat couched in the last clause of his letter; but his government gave him no encouragement. There was no time to lose in parleying, for the safety of the whole South was in jeopardy. Already the decree had gone forth for the invasion of Louisiana by way of New Orleans, although yet unknown to the authorities at Washington. Jackson's sagacity suspected the movement, and he resolved to "take the responsibility" of marching to Pensacola. He made his head-quarters at Mobile, sent his adjutant-general into Tennessee to invite volunteers to his standard, and two thousand cheerfully responded to his call. Before their arrival the Spanish governor had committed another grievous offense. He had permitted the British to fit out an expedition against Fort Bowyer, near Mobile, and on their being repulsed by the Americans, he had given them shelter in the harbor of Pensacola. This act strengthened Jackson's resolution; and, on the 2d of November, he took up his march for Florida at the head of three thousand men, some of them friendly Indians. He appeared before Pensacola on the 6th, and demanded an instant surrender of the town and forts. It was refused; and the next day the Americans fought their way into the town, frightened the Spaniards into submission, drove the British fleet from the harbor, and were preparing to take possession of Fort Barancas, when that fortification blew up with a tremendous explosion. A Briton's hand applied the torch. Two days afterward Jackson abandoned Pensacola, and wrote to the Governor, "The enemy has retreated; the hostile Creeks have fled to the forest; and I now retire from your town, leaving you to occupy your forts and protect the rights of your citizens."

When Jackson returned to Mobile, he found urgent messages awaiting him, with invitations to a new and more glorious field of action. When, in the spring of 1814, the great allied armies of Europe approached Paris in triumph, the Emperors of Russia and Prussia entered that city, and Napoleon retired to Elba, the peace of the Continent seemed secure, and many British troops were withdrawn. Almost twelve thousand of them, chiefly veterans who had served under Wellington in the Peninsula, were borne by a British fleet to the Gulf of Mexico; and toward the close of the year approached the waters near New Orleans. They were commanded by the experienced Sir Edward Pakenham, who felt certain of an easy conquest of that city and of the entire southwest portion of our Republic. It was this imminent danger that caused messengers to speed to Mobile and urge Jackson to hasten to the defense of the apparently doomed city. It was a theatre of duty precisely suited to his desires and his genius, and he promptly obeyed the summons of Governor Claiborne and others. He found the people in a state of great



GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO JACKSON BY CONGRESS.

On the morning of the memorable 8th of January, 1815, General Pakenham advanced toward the American lines, at the head of nine thousand men, leaving a reserve of three thousand at his camp. Jackson had now about six thousand expert marksmen behind his intrenchments, or stationed at the several batteries on his extended line; but not more than three thousand of them were well supplied with arms. All was silence along those breastworks until the British had approached within heavy gunshot of the batteries, when a signal was given, and a terrible cannonade was opened upon them. Undaunted by the havoc made, the veterans steadily advanced until within range of the American rifles, when volley after volley poured a deadly storm of lead upon the invaders. The British line soon began to waver. Then Pakenham fell, mortally wounded, and the entire army fled in dismay. They left seven hundred dead, and more than a thousand wounded, upon the field; while the Americans had only *seven* killed and *six* wounded! The enemy retreated to their camp, and then to their shipping, and escaped. Had promised supplies of arms reached Jackson in time, the whole British force might have been captured.

The victory at New Orleans was thorough and complete. It was the crowning act of the second war for Independence; for already Commissioners of the two governments had signed a treaty of peace. The Key City of the southwest was saved in its hour of peril—Pakenham's significant watchword, "*Booby and Beauty*," became the point for ridicule—and when, twelve days afterward, Jackson entered the town with his victorious army, he was hailed as a LIB-

ERATOR. A day was appointed for public thanksgiving; and, as the hero walked to the Cathedral, children in white robes strewed his way with flowers, and sweet voices chanted an ode. Within the sacred fane the *Te Deum laudamus* was sung, and Bishop Dubourg placed a chaplet of laurel upon the victor's brow. It was an ovation and a crowning equal in significance and dignity to that of a Titus or a Trajan. As soon as horses' hoofs could carry the news, the victory became known throughout the Union, and the name of Jackson was every where mingled with the hosannas of the people. He was the idol of deepest enthusiasm, and public sentiment was ready to apotheosise him. State Legislatures thanked him; and the Federal Congress signified its approval by presenting him with a gold medal. Yet at that very time, when the voice of a powerful nation was lauding his greatness, his *home*—the dwelling of a wife greatly beloved—was a log-house in the bosom of the forest.



FOREST RESIDENCE.

It stood there in its rude loneliness, an eloquent proclaimer of Andrew Jackson's greatness as a moral hero. His generous hand had aided a young relative of his wife in a mercantile adventure, which proved disastrous. To meet the obligations of the insolvent, Jackson sold the improved part of his estate, with the best buildings in the country upon it, and took up his abode in a rude cabin in the woods, there to begin a new farm, and plant a new home. It was from that humble retreat that he was called to the field, and to it, like Cincinnatus, he returned, when the enemies of his country were driven away.

There were a few in official station who could not appreciate the sturdy patriotism and pure motives of General Jackson. A member of the Louisiana Legislature, whose official dignity had been wounded by the proclamation and main-

tenance of martial law, attempted to injure him by a newspaper publication. Jackson ordered his arrest, when another tender official, occupying the seat of justice, granted a writ of *habeas corpus*. Jackson not only refused obedience to its mandates, but arrested the Judge and sent him out of the city. Three days afterward, official intelligence of peace arrived, and the civil authorities resumed their suspended functions. Jackson was immediately arrested for contempt of court. He was defended by able counsel; but as his conviction had been determined on before the trial, their efforts were vain, and the hero was cited to appear for sentence. He entered the crowded court-room in citizen's dress, and was not recognized until he had almost reached the bar, when he was greeted with huzzas from a thousand tongues. The Judge was alarmed, and would not proceed.



JACKSON'S TRIUMPH AT NEW ORLEANS.

Jackson stepped upon a bench, procured silence, and turning to the trembling Judge, said, "There is no danger here—there shall be none. The same hand that protected this city from outrage against the invaders of the country, will shield and protect this court, or perish in the effort. Proceed with your sentence." With quivering lips the Judge pronounced him guilty of contempt, and fined him a thousand dollars. These words were scarcely uttered when the courtroom resounded with huzzas and hisses. The people bore Jackson upon their shoulders to the street, and the immense crowd without sent up a shout such as went over the land thirteen years later—"Hurrah for Jackson!" Just then a carriage was passing in which a lady was riding. She was politely taken from it, and, in spite of his remonstrances, the General was put in her place, the horses were removed, and the people dragged the vehicle to the Coffee-House, into which the hero was borne. In the mean while a thousand dollars had been collected by voluntary subscriptions, and placed to his credit in a bank, with which to pay the fine. Jackson delicately refused it, begged the friends who had raised it to apply it to the aid of those whose relatives had fallen in the battle, and then drew his own check for the amount. In all these transactions we see the manifestations of a comprehensive mind and noble nature, and perceive a solution of the problem of his great popularity.

Jackson was appointed commander-in-chief of the Southern division of the United States, in April, 1815. Very little active military service was required of him until 1818, when he was called to suppress Indian hostilities, a host upon the same theatre of operations which he occupied four years before. The yet powerful Seminoles of Florida, joined by Creeks discontented with the treaty at the Hickory Ground, and a large number of runaway negroes, commenced depredations on the frontiers of Georgia and Alabama, toward the close of 1817. General Gaines was sent to suppress these outrages, and to remove every Indian from the territory which the Creeks had ceded to the United States. His presence aroused the fiercest ire of the savages, who, it was ascertained, were incited to hostilities by British subjects, protected by the Spanish authorities of Florida. Gaines was placed in a perilous position, and early in December Jackson hastened to his relief, with a thousand mounted Tennessee volunteers. He again as-

sumed the responsibility of invading Spanish territory to punish Spanish officials for harboring the enemies of his country. He entered Florida early the following March. In April he took possession of St. Marks, and sent the Spanish officials to Pensacola. He also secured there the persons of Alexander Arbuthnot (a Scotch trader) and Robert C. Ambrister (a young Englishman, and lieutenant of marines), who, on being tried by a court-martial, were found guilty of being the chief emissaries among the Southern Indians, exciting their hostility to the United States. Jackson hung them both, marched forward and captured Pensacola and Fort Barancas, and sent the Spanish authorities and troops to Havana. These energetic proceedings, and the prestige of Jackson's name, terminated the war, and much bloodshed was prevented. He was greatly censured, however, by some for this unauthorized invasion of the territory of a friendly power, and his summary pro-



Andrew Jackson

ceedings there. But public opinion nobly sustained him; and, after a searching investigation by a Committee, in 1819, the Federal Congress justified his conduct. He was at Washington during that investigation; and when it had terminated, he visited Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and other portions of the Middle and Eastern States, and was every where received with the greatest enthusiasm. Deputations from public bodies waited upon him; and, among other marks of respect offered by the authorities of New York, was the employment of the late John Vanderlyn to paint a full-length portrait of him, to adorn the Governor's Room in the then new City Hall. There the picture still hangs, a faithful representation of the hero at the age of fifty-two years.

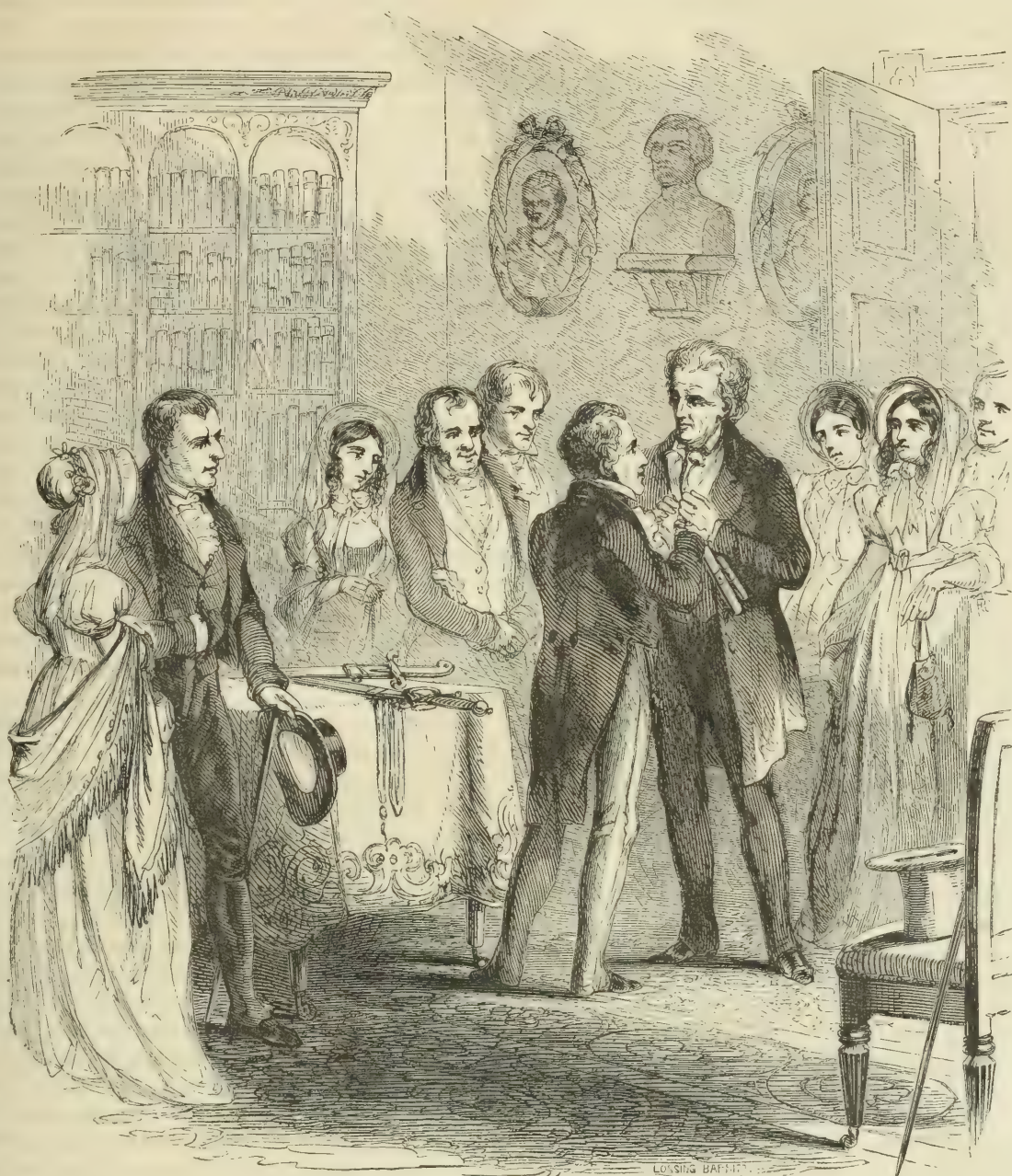
Florida was ceded to the United States in 1821, and Jackson was appointed the first governor of the territory which he had twice conquered, and was vested with almost dictatorial powers. He then resigned his military commission, and his martial life ended. A brilliant political career now opened before him, and he entered upon it with zeal. Decision and energy marked every step in this new field. When the Spanish governor of Florida refused to surrender certain important public documents, Jackson ordered his arrest and imprisonment; and in all things he as promptly obeyed the dictates of his conscience and judgment. But that field of duty did not please him. He resigned the office in the course of a few months, and retired to his then beautiful home in Tennessee. Fortune had smiled upon his domestic affairs, and the rude forest cabin had been exchanged for the delightful mansion, in the midst of fertile acres, which he called the *Hermitage*. His tender attachment to his wife was intensified as years rolled on, and he coveted domestic retirement with all the deep feelings of his impulsive nature. Yet when his country called him to public duty he could not refuse; and when, in 1823, the Tennessee Legislature elected him to a seat in the Senate of the United States, he accepted the office, and entered upon its duties with alacrity. The same Legislature had already nominated him for the office of President of the United States; and President Monroe had unsuccessfully solicited him to become a resident minister of the United States, in the new republic of Mexico.

The Tennessee nomination was heartily responded to throughout the Union. When the time for electing a President arrived, in the autumn of 1824, there were three other candidates in the field besides General Jackson. John Quincy Adams represented the Eastern section of the Union, William H. Crawford the Southern, and Jackson and Clay the Western. All professed democratic tendencies. The old Federal party was buried with the past, and the election in question presented a singular political aspect. It was a test of personal popularity, and that of Jackson greatly preponderated. He received more votes than Clay and Craw-

ford together, but not a majority over all three, consequently the choice of President devolved on the House of Representatives. Adams was chosen, and Jackson's elevation to the chief magistracy was deferred.

Jackson again sought the pleasures of private life in 1825, and during the exciting canvass which resulted in his election to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen he remained in retirement at the *Hermitage*. There he received, as a guest, the venerable Lafayette, who visited the United States in 1824, and during portions of that and the following year made an extensive tour through the various States of the Union. Levasseur, Lafayette's secretary, has left a pleasant record of the visit at the *Hermitage*, and thus relates a touching incident which occurred in the mansion after the whole party had visited the garden and other grounds: "On returning to the house, some friends of General Jackson, who probably had not seen him for some time, begged him to show them the arms presented to him in honor of his achievements during the last war with Great Britain. He acceded to their request with great politeness, and placed on a table, a sword, a sabre, and a pair of pistols. The sword was presented to him by Congress; the sabre, I believe, by the army which fought under his command at New Orleans. These two weapons, of American manufacture, were remarkable for their finish, and still more so for the honorable inscriptions with which they were covered. But it was to the pistols that General Jackson wished more particularly to draw our attention. He handed them to General Lafayette, and asked him if he recognized them. The latter, after examining them attentively for a few moments, replied that he fully recollected them as a pair he had presented, in 1778, to his paternal friend, Washington, and that he experienced a real satisfaction in finding them in the hands of one so worthy of possessing them. At these words the face of the General was covered with a modest blush, and his eye sparkled as in a day of victory. 'Yes, I believe myself worthy of them,' he exclaimed, in pressing the pistols and Lafayette's hands to his breast; 'if not from what I have done, at least for what I have wished to do, for my country.' All the by-standers applauded this noble confidence in the patriot hero, and were convinced that the weapons of Washington could not be in better hands than those of Jackson."

In the autumn of 1828 General Jackson was chosen President of the United States. Never, since the election of Mr. Jefferson, had party-spirit assumed a form so malignant as during that memorable campaign. Nothing that falsehood could invent was left unsaid, and even the virtues of the two candidates were ridiculed as foibles, or sneered at as hypocrisy. And when calumny had coiled all its loathsome folds around the hero, to crush out his manhood and destroy his political life, it spread its vile slime over the purity of his exemplary companion, who, as a



LAFAYETTE AT THE HERMITAGE.

Christian and a wife, was as chaste and unsullied as falling snow. Yet the patriot stood erect in the midst of all assaults; and his conscious rectitude felt nobly sustained and strengthened, when the voices of an overwhelming majority of his countrymen proclaimed him the man of their choice to fill the seat of Washington.

At the moment of the Patriot's triumph, and while cannon were thundering, bonfires were blazing, orators were declaiming, and multitudes were shouting all over the land in his honor, a crushing calamity was poised over his head. It fell within a week after he was certified of his election. Death came to the *Hermitage* and snatched his wife from his bosom. No greater blow could have smitten that noble nature, for his affection for his wife partook of the holiness of devotion. It crushed his spirit at the moment when its greatest energies were needed, and he ascended to the seat of highest national honor, amidst the joyous acclamations of the people, a

sad—a very sad man. The bereavement chastened the purest feelings of his nature. The memory of his wife became a hallowed sentiment; and during the stormy period of his eight years' administration, the spirit of her he so tenderly loved was daily, and almost hourly, before the vision of his mind. He wore her miniature next to his heart, day and night, until the hour of his death; and, like the image of a saint in the closet of a recluse, that picture was always before him in the secret moments of his communion with his God. And these were nightly; for Andrew Jackson was a prayerful Christian long before his lips uttered the confession before men. One of his private secretaries while President, relates that, on one occasion, while Jackson was recreating at Old Point Comfort, he went to his bedroom, after the veteran had retired, to inquire about some letters that were to be sent off early in the morning. The President was undressed, but not in bed. Upon

a small table was the miniature of his wife, propped against some books, and before it laid her open Prayer Book, from which the stern man, with the meekness of a little child, had been drawing consolation, like water from a pure well. Through such a medium, at the silent hour of night, her dear spirit beckoned that man of iron onward toward herself and heaven.

Every thing that belonged to his wife was dear to Jackson. The same secretary heard him say to his black coachman one day: "Charles, you know *why* I value that carriage. This is the second time it has happened, and if ever it occurs again, I will send you back to Tennessee." The coachman had carelessly allowed the horses to run away and break the President's old carriage. It had been brought all the way from Tennessee for his use, and he would ride in no other. *Why* he valued it was, because it had belonged to his wife! And it was while he was at the head of the government—perhaps when issuing proclamations against French dishonesty, or Nullification folly; or making vigorous war upon the United States Bank, and sturdily refusing to yield a jot to "merchant princes," or a tittle to threatening politicians, if yielding would compromise his duty; while he seemed to be a "roaring lion," or a very *ursus major* in official state, he penned that beautiful epitaph inscribed upon the tomb of his beloved, at the *Hermitage*:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 22d of December, 1828, aged sixty-one years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress; to the rich she was an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence; and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle, and yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death, when it tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transplant her to the bosom of her God."

When we look back to the administration of President Jackson, and view dispassionately the public events of those eight years, we can not fail to accord to him patriotism of the loftiest stamp, and genius of the highest order. He sat upon the throne of popular sovereignty with the dignity and power of the Czar of the Russias, yet there was not the fibre of a tyrant in him. He controlled vast masses of his countrymen as with a magician's wand, or an autocrat's will, yet the power of his fascination was never exerted in intentional wrong-doing. Self-reliance was the great lesson of his youth, and it became a chief characteristic of his nature. With him, conviction was the signal and warrant for action, and his own judgment was his chief direct-

or. In private life he was eminently just, and he would never silently submit to wrong. His public career was but an amplified manifestation of his character as a colossus of moral strength among men. He made the impress of his genius upon every thing which came within the sphere of his influence, and he soon fashioned the political ideas of the nation after the model of his own. "He founded," says an appreciating writer, "a party more perfect in its organization, more lasting in its duration, than any before established, giving its own line of statesmen, and its own course of policy, to the country; a party from which was to rise a stronger influence upon the world, and the indefinite increase of the wealth, territory, and population of the republic, than any yet exerted. He consolidated the strength and energies of the government, made it formidable to, and feared and respected by foreign powers, insomuch that he addressed the head of the second power of Europe with the imperious tone of a rich creditor pursuing a bilking bankrupt, and forced him to the settlement of a claim upon an open threat of chastisement. He found a confederacy, and left an empire."

We have space only to note, historically, the most prominent footprints of Jackson's career as a statesman. His first care was to survey the whole field of subordinate stations under his control, and ascertain where the sickle and the pruning-knife was needed. With the questions, "Is he honest? is he capable?" ever upon his lips, and his eye single to the public good, he commenced the Herculean task of clearing the Augean stable left by his predecessors. Incompetent and dishonest men, whatever might be their party professions, and those whose party bias would make them seek to frustrate his efforts in the direction of reform, to which himself and his political friends were pledged by solemn promise, were removed from office, and their places were filled by those whom he believed to be worthy of the trust. The cry of "*Proscription! proscription!*" was immediately raised, and yet, of several thousand persons holding office, only *six hundred and ninety* were removed during his long administration, and these for all causes.

Jackson was a firm supporter of the doctrine of State Rights, in its legitimate operations, but when it assumed an attitude not sanctioned by the Federal Constitution, and destructive to the best interests of the Union, he stood up manfully against its assumption, unmindful of his personal popularity among a large portion of his political friends at the South. The tariff law of 1828 produced great discontent among the people of the cotton-growing States; and when, in the spring of 1832, Congress imposed additional duties upon foreign manufactured cotton goods, these discontents assumed the form of positive rebellion, in South Carolina. A State Convention was held at Charleston in the autumn, and it declared the tariff laws unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. It also resolved that

duties should not be paid; and proclaimed that any attempt to enforce the collection of duties in the port of Charleston by the General Government, would be resisted by arms, and would produce the withdrawal of South Carolina from the Union. To support this determination military preparations were made, and civil war appeared inevitable. All eyes were now turned toward the President, who had just been re-elected to the chief magistracy of the nation by an increased majority. Upon him depended the issue of peace or war. He did not hesitate for a moment, and within twelve days after the close of that "nullification" Convention, he issued a proclamation which denied the right of a State to nullify *any* act of the Federal Government, and warned those who were engaged in fomenting rebellion, that the laws of the United States would be strictly enforced by military power, if necessary. This proclamation met the hearty response of every friend of the Union, of whatever party, and the nullifiers, though led by such men as Calhoun and Hayne, were obliged to yield for the moment. Then Henry Clay, the eminent peace-maker, came forward with his compromise measure, and the cloud of trouble soon disappeared.

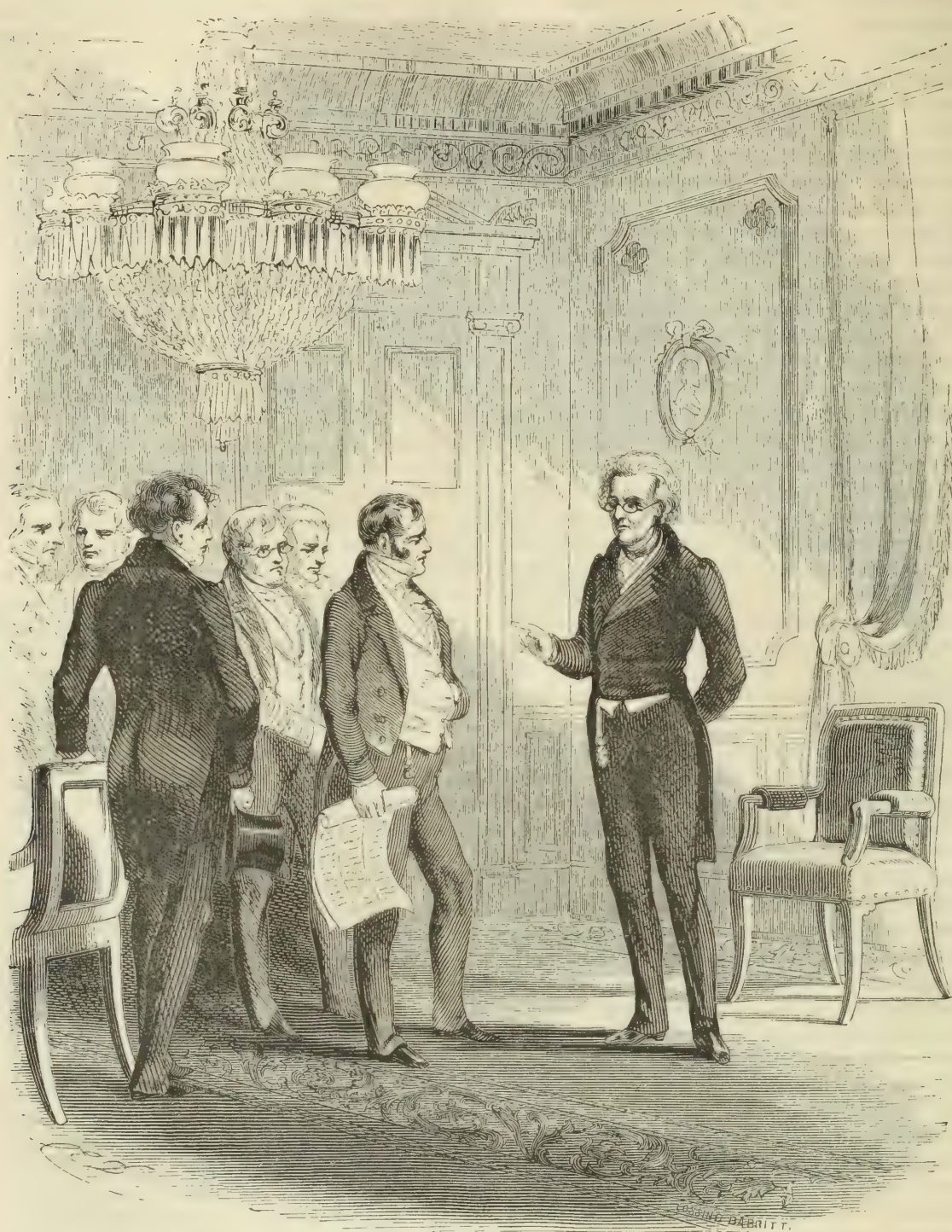
The United States Bank, first chartered in 1791, and rechartered in 1816, for twenty years was the custodian of the public funds of the United States, and the centre of the constantly expanding circulation of paper currency, which Jackson always regarded as an unsound stimulus to trade, promoter of speculation and extravagant habits, and dangerous to the well-being of society. He regarded the Bank as a huge moneyed monopoly, capable of producing a vast amount of mischief, and the depository of a latent power for corruption of tremendous force, which, if awakened, might endanger the State. True to his convictions, like a faithful sentinel he raised the cry of warning in his first annual message to Congress, and the stock of the Bank depreciated six per cent. He took strong ground against the renewal of its charter, which would expire in 1836, and contended that the creation of such an institution by Congress was unconstitutional. Notwithstanding there was a majority of his political friends in both houses of Congress, the views of the President were not sustained; and when, at the close of 1831, the proper officers of the Bank applied for a renewal of the charter, Congress, after long debates, granted the prayer of the petitioners. The bill was handed to Jackson for his signature in July following, when he immediately vetoed it. It failed to receive the constitutional support in the national legislature, and the Bank charter expired, by limitation, in 1836. The commercial community, regarding a national bank as essential to their prosperity, were alarmed; and prophecies of panics and business revolutions, every where uttered, helped to accomplish their own speedy fulfillment.

The President struck another and severe blow at the United States Bank the following year.

He had been informed that it was using large sums of money for political purposes, and conceiving the public funds unsafe in its keeping, Jackson recommended their removal, or rather he recommended the cessation of deposits of Government funds in that institution. Congress, by a decided vote, refused to authorize the measure. Jackson, believing himself to be right, was determined not to be foiled, and with the courage of an honest, self-reliant man, he resolved to take the whole responsibility of the measure upon his own shoulders, if necessary. He called a Cabinet Council on the 10th of September, 1833. Only a fraction were heartily concurrent in his views. He resolved to act alone, and ordered Mr. Duane, his Secretary of the Treasury, to remove the public funds from the Bank, and deposit them in certain State Banks. The Secretary refused either to obey or resign his office. The President immediately removed him, and appointed Mr. Taney (now Chief Justice of the United States), a friend of the measure, to fill his place. The work of removal was accomplished within a month afterward. An intense panic ensued, and the result was sudden and wide-spread commercial distress. The business of the country was plunged from the height of prosperity to the depths of adversity, because its intimate connection with the National Bank rendered any paralysis of the operations of that institution fatal to commercial activity. This fact confirmed the President in his opinion of the danger to be apprehended from such an enormous moneyed institution; and the sixty millions of dollars then on loan by "the monster," were so many arguments in the President's mind in favor of his position.

Intense excitement prevailed throughout the land. The President was held responsible by the opposition for all the business derangements, and was unsparingly denounced as a tyrant and usurper. Strong in the integrity of his purpose, and supported by the House of Representatives, he stood unmoved amidst the fierce tempest. Deputations of merchants, mechanics, traders, and others, from the principal cities, waited upon him with petitions, and implored him to restore the Government funds to the great Bank, or suggest some other mode of relief. The patriot was inflexible. He received all courteously; but instead of yielding, he recommended prudence, industry, economy, and cash transactions in business. He charged their troubles upon banks, and told them plainly, that "those who trade on borrowed capital ought to break." The State deposit banks soon loaned freely, confidence was gradually restored, and apparent prosperity returned. Twenty years have since elapsed; and to-day very few persons will honestly deny the great wisdom and forecast of President Jackson, evinced by the measure we have just considered, or assert the necessity of such an institution in the sound business operations of the country.

It was during the business depression of the



RECEPTION OF DELEGATES.

winter of 1834 that an attempt was made to assassinate President Jackson, by a young house-painter, who was out of employment, and had others dependent upon his earnings for support. His mind, morbidly inclined to melancholy, was influenced by the belief that Jackson was the sole cause of all the trouble, and that he alone stood in the way of general prosperity. The young man furnished himself with two well-loaded pistols, and as the President and others came out upon the eastern portico of the Capitol, in a funeral procession, he leveled one of them at the breast of Jackson. The percussion-cap exploded, but did not ignite the powder. The assassin dropped the unfaithful weapon, and instantly presented the other, with the

same result. Unawed by the danger, the President rushed upon the culprit with his uplifted cane, and he was soon secured. The failure of the pistols was remarked as a special interposition of a kind Providence. They were fired without difficulty at the next trial, and each sent its bullet through an inch board at the distance of thirty feet.

A few months before this occurrence, the President was attacked by a cowardly ruffian, while he was on his way to Fredericksburg to lay the corner-stone of a monument to be erected in memory of the mother of Washington. While the boat, which bore the President and a large company of distinguished persons down the Potomac, was lying at the wharf at Alex-



ATTACK ON THE PRESIDENT.

andria, the President retired to the cabin and sat behind the table, next to the berths, quietly smoking and reading, while many friends were standing around in conversation. A lieutenant, recently dismissed from the navy for improper conduct, approached the President, as if to give him a friendly salutation, but instantly struck the venerable man in the face. Before he could repeat the blow, he was seized by the captain of the boat, and severely "punched" in the ribs, with an umbrella, by a clerk in one of the Departments. The President was so confined by the table, that he could not rise at first, nor use his omnipresent cane; and so anxious were all present to ascertain whether Jackson was injured, that the friends of the ruffian were allowed to carry him ashore and effect his escape. "Had I been apprised," said the President, "that Randolph stood before me, I should have been prepared for him, and I could have defended myself. No villain has ever escaped me before; and he would not, had it not been for my confined situation." A few minutes afterward, when a citizen of Alexandria said to the

hero, "Sir, if you will pardon me, in case I am tried and convicted, I will kill Randolph for this insult to you, in fifteen minutes;" the President instantly replied, "No, Sir; I can not do that. I want no man to stand between me and my assailant, nor none to take revenge on my account. Had I been prepared for this cowardly villain's approach, I can assure you all, that he would never have the temerity to undertake such a thing again."

While energy and good statesmanship in the management of the domestic affairs of the nation marked the entire administration of President Jackson, and many serious difficulties, such as the rebellious movement in South Carolina, and the hostilities of discontented Indian tribes, were settled by the exercise of rare judgment and discretion, that administration of eight years is more remarkable for the honorable successes of its foreign diplomacy. The President's cardinal maxim in dealing with other governments, was, "Ask nothing but what is right—submit to nothing wrong." This noble principle of action was the key to his success. He made

many valuable treaties, and obtained full indemnification for commercial outrages committed during the lapse of a quarter of a century; and so thorough was the respect (and perhaps fear) of foreign nations for the power of the United States, under its energetic executive, that during his continuance in office, not a single outrage was committed upon our commerce.

During the first year of Jackson's administration, a *direct trade with the British West India Islands* was obtained. This was enjoyed by the American colonies before the Revolution, but was lost by the revolt. Unsuccessful efforts for its recovery had been made by every preceding administration; and Quincey Adams, toward the close of his presidency, had been compelled to proclaim officially that "all direct commerce between the United States and the British West India Islands had ceased." Jackson sent a special minister to England to negotiate for this trade, and, acting upon the maxim above named, it was obtained.

Next, and more important to our national character, was the *French Indemnity Treaty*. Under the operations of the decrees of Napoleon, from 1806 to 1811, the commerce of the United States had suffered greatly. Redress from the French government had been diligently but vainly sought by every administration; and other governments, liable for similar spoiliations, took shelter behind the refusal of France. Jackson called attention to this subject in his first annual message to Congress; and the United States Minister in Paris was specially instructed to act in the premises. The French government, with its new monarch (Louis Philippe) at its head, agreed to pay the sum demanded, in six annual installments. The first payment was not promptly met, when the energetic creditor demanded an immediate fulfillment of the promises of the dilatory debtor. The French government hesitated, and even allowed friendly relations with the United States to terminate, the respective ministers to be withdrawn, and war to be contemplated. The President was inflexible, and promptly accepted war, if that must be the alternative. Louis Philippe and the Chamber of Deputies yielded, on compulsion, and all demands were paid. Denmark, Naples, Spain, and Portugal, were also called upon to "pay up," and they did so; for they saw proud France yield, and concluded that no trifler was at the head of the government of the United States. Besides these, an important commercial treaty was made with Russia, and another of amity and commerce with the Sultan of Turkey, and the sovereigns of Muscat and Siam, in the East Indies. A treaty was also renewed with the Emperor of Morocco, on the northern coast of Africa. These several treaties placed our commerce upon an equal footing with that of the most favored European nation, and the political strength of the United States became far more extensively known than it ever had been before. Only about thirty years had elapsed since the flag of the almost unknown

United States had been first unfurled in the harbor of Constantinople, by Commodore Bainbridge; and but twenty years since the Barbary powers on the Mediterranean had been made to feel the puissance of the growing Empire of the West.

The memorable administration of President Jackson ended on the 3d of March, 1837. Among the important acts of the Congress then in session, was one of justice to the venerable patriot, about to leave the arena of public life forever. For almost two years the following resolution (offered by Mr. Clay during the excitement immediately succeeding the removal of the public funds from the United States Bank), had remained on the journal of the Senate: "*Resolved*, That the President, in the late executive proceedings in relation to the public revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both." On motion of Mr. Benton, this record of censure against the President was blotted out on the 16th of March, 1837, by a vote of a majority of the Senate. The Secretary brought out the original manuscript journal, opened to the page containing the resolution of censure, and proceeded, in open session, to draw a square of broad black lines around the sentence, and to write across its face in strong letters, these words: "Expunged by order of the Senate, this 16th day of March, 1837." This was a just tribute to the virtues of an honest man.

Jackson left the Federal City two days after the inauguration of his successor, Martin Van Buren. He appeared at that august ceremonial as a private citizen, and as he sat uncovered in that genial March sun, he was the chief object of regard of the vast multitude assembled there. "For once," says Colonel Benton, who was present, "the rising was eclipsed by the setting sun. Though disrobed of power, and retiring to the shade of private life, it was evident that the ex-President was the absorbing object of intense regard. At the moment he began to descend the broad steps of the portico, to take his seat in the open carriage which was to bear him away, the deep, repressed feeling of the dense mass broke forth; acclamations and cheers bursting from the heart, and filling the air, such as power never commanded, nor man in power received. It was the affection, gratitude, and admiration of the living age, saluting, for the last time, a great man. It was the acclaim of posterity, breaking from the bosoms of contemporaries. It was the anticipation of futurity—unpurchasable homage to the hero-patriot, who, all his life, and in all circumstances of his life—in peace and in war, and glorious in each, had been the friend of his country, and devoted to her, regardless of self."

Crowds followed the carriage of the patriot to the railway station; and when the conductor's bell had sounded, and the venerable man lifted his hat from his white locks, and with his hand waved an adieu, as the cars moved away,

the vast multitude were too full of regrets to speak, but gazed on him in silence. And long after the train had disappeared, they still looked in the direction of its exit, with indefinable emotions, as if a bright star had gone out from the sky—as if a glorious prophet had been translated, and left not his mantle behind him. He returned to the home from which he had been absent for eight long years; but, alas! the light of the dwelling was not there. Affectionate friends, and neighbors, and domestics, gathered around him with joyous welcomes; but his heart was with his buried treasure in the grave, and he could not rest until he had wept at the tomb of his best beloved. Then he received his friends kindly—then the Hero, Patriot, and Sage, sat down among the pleasant shades of the Hermitage, to enjoy eight years more of life, “to hold converse with his forests, to cultivate his farm, to gather around him hospitably his friends!” “Who was like HIM?” asked Bancroft, in his beautiful eulogy. “He was still the load-star of the American people. His fervid thoughts, frankly uttered, still spread the flame of patriotism through the American breast; his counsels were still listened to with reverence; and, almost alone among statesmen, he, in his retirement, was in harmony with every onward movement of his time. His prevailing influence assisted to sway a neighboring nation to desire to share our institutions; his ear heard the footsteps of the coming millions that are to gladden our Western shores; and his eye discerned, in the dim distance, the whitening sails that are to enliven the waters of the Pacific with the social sounds of our successful commerce.”

It would be a pleasant task to delineate, in all their beauty of outline and richness of coloring, the scenes at the *Hermitage* during the final retirement of its master; and pleasant, too, would it be to pen a record of those numerous small events—almost too small for the grave historian’s pen—which make up the sum of character by which he is to be judged as a man. Limit forbids; yet a few more touches of the pencil before we leave this hasty portraiture of one of America’s noblest sons.

That man of iron will and inflexible determination, when the occasion demanded their exercise, was as gentle as a child, when surrounded by gentle influences. “I arrived at his house,” says Colonel Benton, “one wet, chilly evening in February [1814], and came upon him in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. He started a little, called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room, and explained to me how it was. The child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in, which he had done, to please the child, his adopted son, then not two years old.”

A son of the famous Daniel Boone was in Nashville, to be detained on business for some weeks. He had taken lodgings at a small tavern, as he could not afford to pay for the best accommodations. Jackson heard of it, went to Nash-

ville, found him, and taking him to his house as a guest, as long as his business should keep him in that section, said, “Your father’s dog should not stay in a tavern, where I have a house.”

While he was yet connected with the army, an officer complained to him that some soldiers were making a great noise in a tent. “What are they doing?” asked the General. “They are praying now, but have been singing,” was the reply. “And is *that* a crime?” asked Jackson, with emphasis. “The articles of war,” the officer said, “order punishment for any unusual noise.” “God forbid!” replied the General, with much feeling, “that praying should be an unusual noise in any camp,” and advised the officer to join them.

Jackson’s views of duty may be well illustrated by an incident that occurred while he was President. A Western minister of the Gospel applied to him for office. He was told to call again, and in the mean while, the President ascertained his vocation. “Are you not a Christian minister?” asked Jackson. “I am,” the candidate replied. “Well,” said the President, “if you discharge the duties of that office, which is better than I can confer, you will have no time for any other. I advise you to return home and attend to that, without seeking any addition to your responsibility, that you may be enabled, hereafter, to give a good account of your stewardship.”

The brave Colonel Miller was asked at the bloody battle near Niagara Falls, if he could take a certain battery. “I’ll try,” was his answer, and the exploit was soon accomplished. He was collector of the port of Salem, Massachusetts, when Jackson became President. Some politicians, in whom the General reposed confidence, wished him removed, and one of their friends appointed in his place. He was represented to Jackson as incompetent and a political opponent. These seemed cause for his removal, and the name of the other man was sent to the Senate. Colonel Benton asked to have the nomination laid over, for he was certain that the President had been misled. He called upon Jackson, and asked, “Do you know who is the collector of the port of Salem, Sir, whom you are about to remove?” “No,” replied the President; “I can’t think of his name; but I know he is an incompetent man, and a New England Hartford Convention Federalist, for G—— and H—— told me so.” “Sir,” said Benton, “the incumbent is General Miller, a brave soldier on the Niagara frontier.” The President, excited with emotion, said, “Not the brave Miller who said ‘I’ll try,’ when asked if he could take that British battery at Bridgewater!” “The same man, Sir,” responded Benton. Jackson pulled a bell violently, and when the servant appeared, he said, “Tell Colonel Donelson I want him, quick. Donelson,” said the President, as soon as he entered, “I want the name of the fellow nominated for collector at Salem withdrawn instantly. These politicians are the most remorseless scoundrels alive. Write a letter to

General Miller, and tell him he shall hold the office as long as Andrew Jackson lives. Stay—I'll write it myself; the assurance will be more gratifying from a brother soldier." That promise was faithfully kept. These waifs on the surface of Jackson's character indicated the direction of the deep current below.

There was grief, deep and solemn, so deep and solemn as to be almost tearless, in the *Hermitage* on the second Sabbath in June, 1845. The glorious old patriarch of the mansion, then in his seventy-fifth year, was passing his last hours among the living of earth, calm and peaceful as the holy day. Death had approached him gently as a friend, with a crown of immortality for his soul, and he felt no fears for the future nor regrets for the past. He had no children of his own loins to weep over him, but he had adopted a nephew of his wife, as his son and heir, and he and his sweet companion wept at the bedside of their foster-parent with all the real grief of children. And his servants, too, were bowed with sorrow, for they loved him as their best earthly friend. There were many young people of the neighbor-

hood who felt like children under his roof, and had loved "Aunt Rachel," as they affectionately called Mrs. Jackson, as a dear mother. These were in the house of mourning, with streaming eyes. When the sage felt the cold hand of death upon his brow, he called all to his bedside, and spoke words of tender affection to each. His two little grandchildren were brought from Sabbath school, and he prayed for them, kissed, and blessed them. "Weep not," he said to his daughter, "my sufferings are less than those of Christ upon the cross." His servants gathered around, some in the room, and some on the outside of the house, clinging to the windows to obtain a last sight, and hear the last words of their dear friend. His parting utterances were—"Dear children, servants, and friends, I trust to meet you all in Heaven, both white and black." Thus peacefully passed the spirit of ANDREW JACKSON from earth to the world of light and immortality. His mortal remains rest beneath a beautiful mausoleum, in the form of the Temple of Liberty, by the side of his beloved Rachel, among the pleasant trees of the *Hermitage*.



THE TOMB AT THE HERMITAGE.



LONGWOOD.—THE OLD HOUSE.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

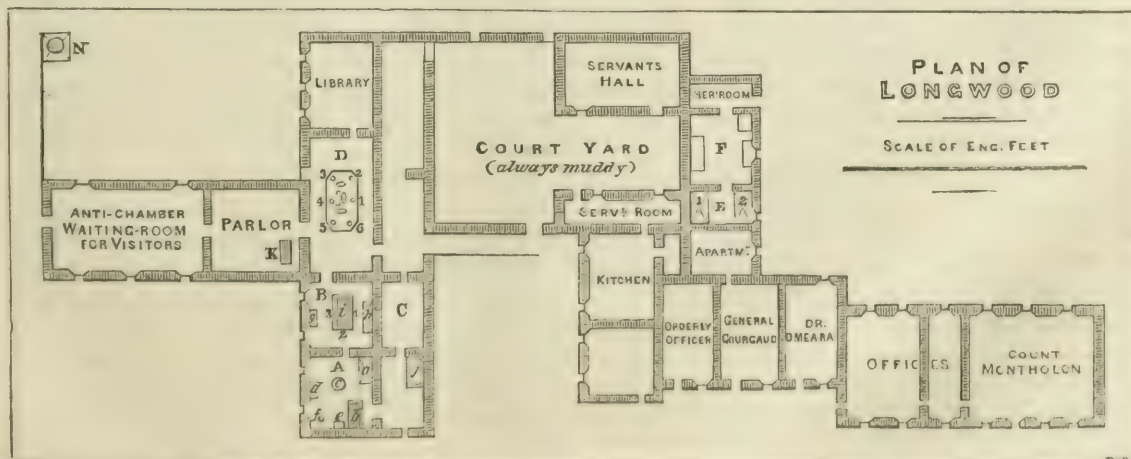
SAINT HELENA—(concluded.)

DECEMBER 10, 1815. The Emperor was this day conducted to his new residence at Longwood. In cheerful spirits he rode on horseback along the rugged path of barren volcanic rocks, a distance of two miles, until he arrived at his final prison-house. Here he found, in the midst of bleak, storm-washed crags, a long, low, one-story house, rudely put together, but far too small for the accommodation of the few yet devoted friends who had come to share his captivity. The Emperor examined his prison with serenity and good-nature, seeming to think more of the comfort of his companions than of his own.

About a mile from Longwood, on the road to the Briars, there was a small hovel, called Hut's Gate, which General Bertrand, with his wife and son, was permitted to occupy. General Gourgaud and Count Las Cases eagerly solicited permission to sleep in tents, rather than remain

in Jamestown, apart from the Emperor. A tent, under the windows of the Emperor, was pitched for General Gourgaud; and an unfinished room was hastily prepared for Las Cases. Dr. O'Meara was also under the necessity of dwelling in a tent. In process of time a room was prepared for each of these gentlemen. For the subsistence of the imperial captive and his exiled court, the British Ministry appropriated sixty thousand dollars a year. This was a small sum, considering the enormous expense of provisions, and of every comfort, upon that distant and barren rock. The followers of the Emperor resolutely persisted in treating him with all that deference and respect which were due to his illustrious character and to his past achievements. They refused to acquiesce in the insult cast upon France, upon them, and upon Napoleon, by addressing him as if he had been but a successful general, who, by the energies of the sword, had usurped sovereign power.

The accompanying view of the house at Longwood, with the plan of the rooms, will give an



PLAN OF LONGWOOD.



NAPOLÉON'S APARTMENT AT LONGWOOD.

idea of the accommodation prepared for the Emperor and his party of twenty-two individuals. The Emperor immediately established himself in his ordinary habits of industry. He did every thing in his power to cheer his companions, and to promote kindly feelings throughout his household. Through the remaining monotonous and melancholy years of captivity, sickness, and death, he was by far the most cheerful and uncomplaining of the whole number.*

The Emperor often invited the children of General Bertrand and General Montholon into his room. They were always delighted with this privilege. They came rushing to Napoleon with their playthings, shouting and laughing in a perfect tumult of joy, and appealing to him as the arbiter of their discussions. The Emperor entered heartily into their sports, and surrendered himself to all the fun and the frolic. "How happy they are," said the Emperor one day, "when I send for them or play with them. All their wishes are satisfied. Passions have not yet approached their hearts. They feel the plenitude of existence. Let them enjoy it. At their age I thought and felt as they do. But what storms since. How much that little Hortensia grows and improves. If she lives, of how many young *élégans* will she not disturb the repose. I shall then be no more."

At one time he took a deep interest in his little garden, and, with his affectionate companions, beguiled many weary hours with the spade and the hoe. He planted shrubbery and flowers, and raised peas and beans.

He had a basin constructed on the grounds for

a fish pond. Some fishes were obtained, which Napoleon was desirous of placing in the water with his own hand. He wished all the children of Longwood to accompany him, that he might enjoy their happiness. The little group, buoyant with hope and pleasure, were soon gathered around the Emperor whom they so dearly loved. The gloom of Longwood was relieved by this gleam of sunshine, as Napoleon, with his retinue of artless prattlers, went to the water and watched the arrowy movements of the fishes in its crystal depths.

A picture of his son had been placed in a box of books transmitted to him from Europe. Tears gushed into the eyes of Napoleon as he gazed upon it. The attendants, moved by this outburst of parental love, stopped their work of opening the packages, and stood in an attitude of sympathy. "Dear boy!" exclaimed the Emperor; "if he does not fall a victim to some political atrocity, he will not be unworthy of his father."

The annoyances and mental tortures to which the Emperor was exposed were innumerable. Las Cases was torn from him, and then his physician, O'Meara. For a long time the Emperor was slowly sinking into the grave without any medical attendance, as he resolutely refused to see any agent of his insulting jailer, Sir Hudson Lowe.

In the year 1819 the British government consented that the friends of Napoleon should send to him from Europe another physician. On the 19th of September of that year, Doctor Antommarchi, who had been selected, arrived at St. Helena. Two ecclesiastics accompanied Dr. Antommarchi, as Napoleon had expressed reiterated and very earnest desires that the ordinances of religion might be regularly administered to his household at St. Helena. One of these, the Abbé Buonavita, was an aged prelate, who

* A more full account of the Emperor's imprisonment, of his joys, his griefs, and his remarkable conversations, will be given in the "History of Napoleon," by the author of these articles, soon to be issued from the press, in two volumes.

had been chaplain to Napoleon's mother at Elba, and also to the Princess Pauline at Rome. The other was a young man, the Abbé Vignali, who was also a physician.

Sept. 22, 1819. Dr. Antommarchi had his first interview with Napoleon. He found him in bed, in a small, dark room, very meanly furnished. It was a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon. The room was so dark that when the Doctor first entered he could not see Napoleon. The Emperor perceiving this, in gentle tones requested him to approach. He questioned him very minutely respecting his parentage, his past history, his motives for consenting to come to such a miserable rock, and his medical education. Satisfied with his replies, the Emperor entered into a frank and touching conversation respecting his friends in Europe.

He then saw the two Abbés. At the close of a confiding and an affecting interview, the Emperor said, in the tones of a man upon the verge of the grave:

"We have been too long deprived of the ordinances of religion not to be eager to enjoy them immediately, now that they are within our power. Hereafter we will have the communion service every Sabbath, and we will observe the sacred days recognized by the Concordat. I wish to establish at St. Helena the religious ceremonies which are celebrated in France. On these occasions we will erect a movable altar in the dining-room. You, Mons. Abbé, are aged and infirm. I will select the hour which will be most convenient for you. You may officiate between nine and ten o'clock in the morning."

In the evening the Emperor was alone with Count Montholon. The Count was not a religious man. He has frankly said, "In the midst of camps I forgot religion." Napoleon, with great joy, informed Montholon of his intention to attend mass the next day. He then uttered the following remarkable confession:

"Upon the throne, surrounded by generals far from devout, yes, I will not deny it, I had too much regard for public opinion, and far too much timidity, and perhaps I did not dare to say aloud, '*I am a believer.*' I said, '*Religion is a power—a political engine.*' But, even then, if any one had questioned me directly, I should have replied, '*Yes! I am a Christian.*' And if it had been necessary to confess my faith at the price of martyrdom, I should have found all my firmness. Yes! I should have endured it rather than deny my religion. But now that I am at St. Helena, why should I dissemble that which I believe at the bottom of my heart? Here I live for myself. I wish for a priest, I desire the communion of the Lord's Supper, and to confess what I believe. I will go to the mass. I will not force any one to accompany me there. But those who love me will follow me."

General Bertrand was an avowed unbeliever, and often displeased Napoleon by speaking disrespectfully of sacred things. The Emperor was one day, about this time, conversing with him upon the subject of atheism.

"Your spirit," said he, "is it the same as the spirit of the herdsman, whom you see in the valley below feeding his flocks? Is there not as great a distance between you and him, as



NAPOLEON A GARDENER.



THE FISH BASIN.

between a horse and a man? But how do you know this? You have never seen his spirit. No! the spirit of a beast has the endowment of being invisible. It has that privilege equally with the spirit of the most exalted genius.

"But you have talked with the herdsman; you have examined his countenance; you have questioned him, and his responses have told you what he is. You judge, then, the cause from the effects; and you judge correctly. Certainly your reason, your intelligence, your faculties are vastly above those of the herdsman. Very well; I judge in the same way. Divine effects compel me to believe in a Divine Cause. Yes! there is a Divine Cause, a Sovereign Reason, an Infinite Being. That Cause is the cause of causes. That Reason is the reason creative of intelligence. There exists an Infinite Being, compared with whom you, General Bertrand, are but an atom; compared with whom I, Napoleon, with all my genius, am truly nothing—a pure nothing; do you understand? I perceive him, God; I see him; have need of him; I believe in him. If you do not perceive him; if you do not believe in him; very well, so much the worse for you. But you will, General Bertrand, yet believe in God. I can pardon many things; but I have a horror of an atheist and a materialist. Think you that I can have any sympathies in common with the man who does not believe in the existence of the soul? who believes that he is but a lump of clay, and who

wishes that I may also be like him, a lump of clay?"

General Montholon, after his return to Europe, said to M. de Beauterne:

"Yes; the Emperor was a Christian. With him faith was a natural, a fundamental principle. The religious sentiment was immediately roused when in the slightest degree summoned by an exterior sensation or an incidental thought. When any thing cruel or irreligious presented itself, it seemed to do violence to his deepest feelings; he could not restrain himself. He protested, opposed, and was indignant. Such was his natural character. I have seen it, yes, I have seen it; and I, a man of camps, who had forgotten my religion—I confess it—who did not practice it, I at first was astonished; but then I received thoughts and impressions which still continue with me the subjects of profound reflection. I have seen the Emperor religious, and I have said to myself, 'He died a Christian, in the fear of God.' I can not forget that old age is upon me, that I must soon die; and I wish to die like the Emperor. I do not doubt even that General Bertrand often recalls, as I do, the religious conversations and the death of the Emperor. The General, perhaps, may finish his career like his master and his friend."*

* Sentiment de Napoleon sur le Christianisme: Conversations religieuses, recueillies à Sainte Helene par M. le General Comte de Montholon, par M. le Chevalier de Beauterne, p. 21.

The conversation at St. Helena very frequently turned upon the subject of religion. One day Napoleon was speaking of the Divinity of Christ, General Bertrand said :

"I can not conceive, Sire, how a great man like you can believe that the Supreme Being ever exhibited himself to men under a human form, with a body, a face, mouth, and eyes. Let Jesus be whatever you please—the highest intelligence, the purest heart, the most profound legislator, and, in all respects, the most singular being who has ever existed. I grant it. Still he was simply a man, who taught his disciples, and deluded credulous people, as did Orpheus, Confucius, Brahma. Jesus caused himself to be adored, because his predecessors, Isis and Osiris, Jupiter and Juno, had proudly made themselves objects of worship. The ascendancy of Jesus over his time, was like the ascendancy of the gods and the heroes of fable. If Jesus has impassioned and attached to his chariot the multitude—if he has revolutionized the world—I see in that only the power of genius, and the action of a commanding spirit, which vanquishes the world, as so many conquerors have done—Alexander, Cæsar, you, Sire, and Mohammed with a sword."

Napoleon replied :

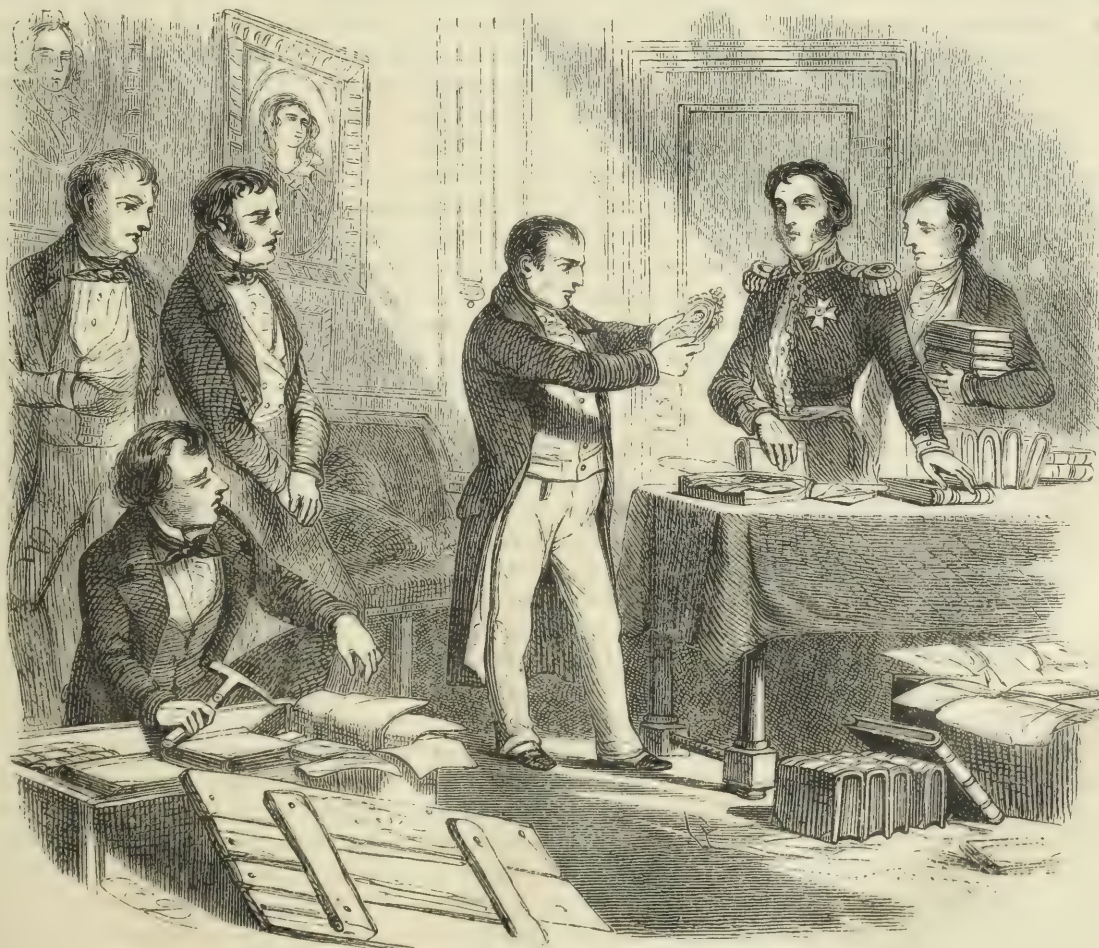
"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between

Christianity and whatever other religion the distance of infinity.

"We can say to the authors of every other religion, 'You are neither gods nor the agents of the Deity. You are but missionaries of falsehood, moulded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin.' Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience, of whoever examines the gods and the temples of paganism.

"Paganism was never accepted, as truth, by the wise men of Greece; neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, or Pericles. On the other side, the loftiest intellects, since the advent of Christianity, have had faith, a living faith, a practical faith, in the mysteries and the doctrines of the gospel; not only Bossuet and Fenelon, who were preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV.

"Paganism is the work of man. One can here read but our imbecility. What do these gods, so boastful, know more than other mortals? these legislators, Greek or Roman, this Numa, this Lycurgus, these priests of India or of Memphis, this Confucius, this Mohammed? Absolutely nothing. They have made a perfect chaos of morals. There is not one among them all who has said any thing new in reference to our future destiny, to the soul, to the essence



NAPOLEON RECEIVING THE PORTRAIT OF HIS SON.

of God, to the creation. Enter the sanctuaries of paganism. You there find perfect chaos, a thousand contradictions, war between the gods, the immobility of sculpture, the division and the rending of unity, the parceling out of the divine attributes mutilated or denied in their essence, the sophisms of ignorance and presumption, polluted fêtes, impurity and abomination adored, all sorts of corruption festering in the thick shades, with the rotten wood, the idol, and his priest. Does this honor God, or does it dishonor him? Are these religions and these gods to be compared with Christianity?

"As for me, I say no. I summon entire Olympus to my tribunal. I judge the gods, but am far from prostrating myself before their vain images. The gods, the legislators of India and of China, of Rome and of Athens, have nothing which can overawe me. Not that I am unjust to them! No; I appreciate them, because I know their value. Undeniably princes, whose existence is fixed in the memory as an image of order and of power, as the ideal of force and beauty, such princes were no ordinary men.

"I see in Lycurgus, Numa, and Mohammed only legislators, who, having the first rank in the State, have sought the best solution of the social problem; but I see nothing there which reveals divinity. They themselves have never raised their pretensions so high. As for me, I recognize the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They have performed a lofty part in their times, as I have done. Nothing announces them divine. On the contrary, there are numerous resemblances between them and myself; foibles and errors which ally them to me and to humanity.

"It is not so with Christ. Every thing in him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truths which he announces, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or by the nature of things.

"His birth, and the history of his life; the profundity of his doctrine, which grapples the mightiest difficulties, and which is of those difficulties the most admirable solution; his gospel, his apparition, his empire, his march across the ages and the realms—every thing is, for me, a prodigy, a mystery insoluble, which plunges me into a reverie from which I can not escape—a mystery which is there before my eyes—a mystery which I can neither deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human.

"The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine, every thing is above me—every thing remains grand, of a grandeur which overpowers. His religion is a revelation from an intelligence, which certainly is not that of man. There is there a profound originality, which has created a series of words and of maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our sciences. One can absolutely find nowhere, but

in him alone, the imitation or the example of his life. He is not a philosopher, since he advances by miracles, and from the commencement his disciples worshiped him. He persuades them far more by an appeal to the heart than by any display of method and of logic. Neither did he impose upon them any preliminary studies, or any knowledge of letters. All his religion consists in *believing*.

"In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the spirit. Also, he has nothing to do but with the soul, and to that alone he brings his gospel. The soul is sufficient for him, as he is sufficient for the soul. Before him the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the masters of the world. At his voice every thing returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has reconquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as an edifice ruined, before one single word—*Faith*.

"What a master, and what a word, which can effect such a revolution! With what authority does he teach men to pray! He imposes his belief. And no one, thus far, has been able to contradict him; first, because the gospel contains the purest morality, and also because the doctrine which it contains of obscurity, is only the proclamation and the truth of that which exists where no eye can see, and no reason can penetrate. Who is the insensate who will say *No* to the intrepid voyager who recounts the marvels of the icy peaks which he alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that bold voyager. One can doubtless remain incredulous. But no one can venture to say, *It is not so*.

"Moreover, consult the philosophers upon those mysterious questions which relate to the essence of man, and the essence of religion. What is their response? Where is the man of good sense who has ever learned any thing from the system of metaphysics, ancient or modern, which is not truly a vain and pompous ideology, without any connection with our domestic life, with our passions? Unquestionably, with skill in thinking, one can seize the key of the philosophy of Socrates and Plato. But to do this, it is necessary to be a metaphysician; and moreover, with years of study, one must possess special aptitude. But good sense alone, the heart, an honest spirit, are sufficient to comprehend Christianity.

"The Christian religion is neither ideology nor metaphysics, but a practical rule, which directs the actions of man, corrects him, counsels him, and assists him in all his conduct. The Bible contains a complete series of facts and of historical men, to explain time and eternity, such as no other religion has to offer. If this is not the true religion, one is very excusable in being deceived; for every thing in it is grand and worthy of God. I search in vain in history to find the similar to Jesus Christ, or

any thing which can approach the gospel. Neither history, nor humanity, nor the ages, nor nature offer me any thing with which I am able to compare it or to explain it. Here every thing is extraordinary. The more I consider the gospel, the more I am assured that there is nothing there which is not beyond the march of events, and above the human mind. Even the impious themselves have never dared to deny the sublimity of the gospel, which inspires them with a sort of compulsory veneration. What happiness that book procures for those who believe it! What marvels those admire there who reflect upon it!

"All the words there are imbedded and joined one upon another, like the stones of an edifice. The spirit which binds these words together is a divine cement, which now reveals the sense, and again veils it from the mind. Each phrase has a sense complete, which traces the perfection of unity and the profundity of the whole. Book unique, where the mind finds a moral beauty before unknown, and an idea of the Supreme superior even to that which creation suggests. Who, but God, could produce that type, that idea of perfection, equally exclusive and original?

"Christ, having but a few weak disciples, was condemned to death. He died the object of the wrath of the Jewish priests, and of the contempt of the nation, and abandoned and denied by his own disciples.

"They are about to take me, and to crucify me, said he. I shall be abandoned of all the world. My chief disciple will deny me at the commencement of my punishment. I shall be left to the wicked. But then, divine justice being satisfied, original sin being expiated by my sufferings, the bond of man to God will be renewed, and my death will be the life of my disciples. Then they will be more strong without me than with me; for they will see me rise again. I shall ascend to the skies; and I shall send to them, from heaven, a Spirit who will instruct them. The spirit of the cross will enable them to understand my gospel. In fine, they will believe it; they will preach it; and they will convert the world.

"And this strange promise, so aptly called by Paul the 'foolishness of the cross,' this prediction of one miserably crucified, is literally accomplished. And the mode of the accomplishment is perhaps more prodigious than the promise.

"It is not a day, nor a battle which has decided it. Is it the lifetime of a man? No! It is a war, a long combat of three hundred years, commenced by the apostles and continued by their successors and by succeeding generations of Christians. In this conflict all the kings and all the forces of the earth were arrayed on one side. Upon the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy; individuals scattered here and there, in all parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

"What a mysterious symbol! the instrument of the punishment of the Man-God. His disciples were armed with it. 'The Christ,' they said, 'God has died for the salvation of men.' What a strife, what a tempest these simple words have raised around the humble standard of the punishment of the Man-God! On the one side, we see rage and all the furies of hatred and violence. On the other, there is gentleness, moral courage, infinite resignation. For three hundred years spirit struggled against the brutality of sense, conscience against despotism, the soul against the body, virtue against all the vices. The blood of Christians flowed in torrents. They died kissing the hand which slew them. The soul alone protested, while the body surrendered itself to all tortures. Every where Christians fell, and every where they triumphed.

"You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander; of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm which they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers. But can you conceive of a dead man making conquests, with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory. My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power! A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends.

"Can you conceive of Cæsar as the eternal emperor of the Roman senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum governing the empire, watching over the destinies of Rome? Such is the history of the invasion and conquest of the world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christians; and such is the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and of the government of His church. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the church remains. What is then the power which has protected this church, thus assailed by the furious billows of rage and the hostility of ages? Whose is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the church from so many storms which have threatened to engulf it?

"Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon *force*. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon *love*; and at this hour millions of men would die for him.

"In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections? Where is the character which has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influence of the times, who has never compounded with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last he is the same, always the same; majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle.

"Truth should embrace the universe. Such is Christianity, the only religion which destroys sectional prejudice, the only one which proclaims the unity and the absolute brotherhood

of the whole human family, the only one which is purely spiritual; in fine, the only one which assigns to all, without distinction, for a true country, the bosom of the Creator, God. Christ proved that he was the son of the Eternal, by his disregard of *time*. All his doctrines signify one only, and the same thing, *Eternity*.

"It is true that Christ proposes to our faith a series of mysteries. He commands, with authority, that we should believe them, giving no other reason than those tremendous words, '*I am God*.' He declares it. What an abyss he creates, by that declaration, between himself and all the fabricators of religion. What audacity, what sacrilege, what blasphemy, if it were not true! I say more; the universal triumph of an affirmation of that kind, if the triumph were not really that of God himself, would be a plausible excuse, and the proof of atheism.

"Moreover, in propounding mysteries Christ is harmonious with nature, which is profoundly mysterious. From whence do I come? whither do I go? who am I? Human life is a mystery in its origin, its organization, and its end. In man and out of man, in nature, every thing is mysterious. And can one wish that religion should not be mysterious? The creation and the destiny of the world are an unfathomable abyss, as also is the creation and the destiny of each individual. Christianity at least does not evade these great questions. It meets them boldly. And our doctrines are a solution of them for every one who believes.

"The gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds, in meditating upon it, that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power, which invades every thing which opposes its extension. Behold it upon this table, this book surpassing all others (here the Emperor deferentially placed his hand upon it); I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure.

"Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable moral maxims, which pass before us like the battalions of a celestial army, and which produce in our soul the same emotion which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies, resplendent in a summer's night, with all the brilliance of the stars. Not only is our mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this book for its guide. Once master of our spirit, the faithful gospel loves us. God even is our friend, our father, and truly our God. The mother has no greater care for the infant whom she nurses.

"What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, he has but one single end, the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union to that which is true, the holiness of the soul.

"Christ speaks, and at once generations be-

come his by stricter, closer ties than those of blood; by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flame of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, *to make himself beloved*, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is, the reign of charity.

"I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause.

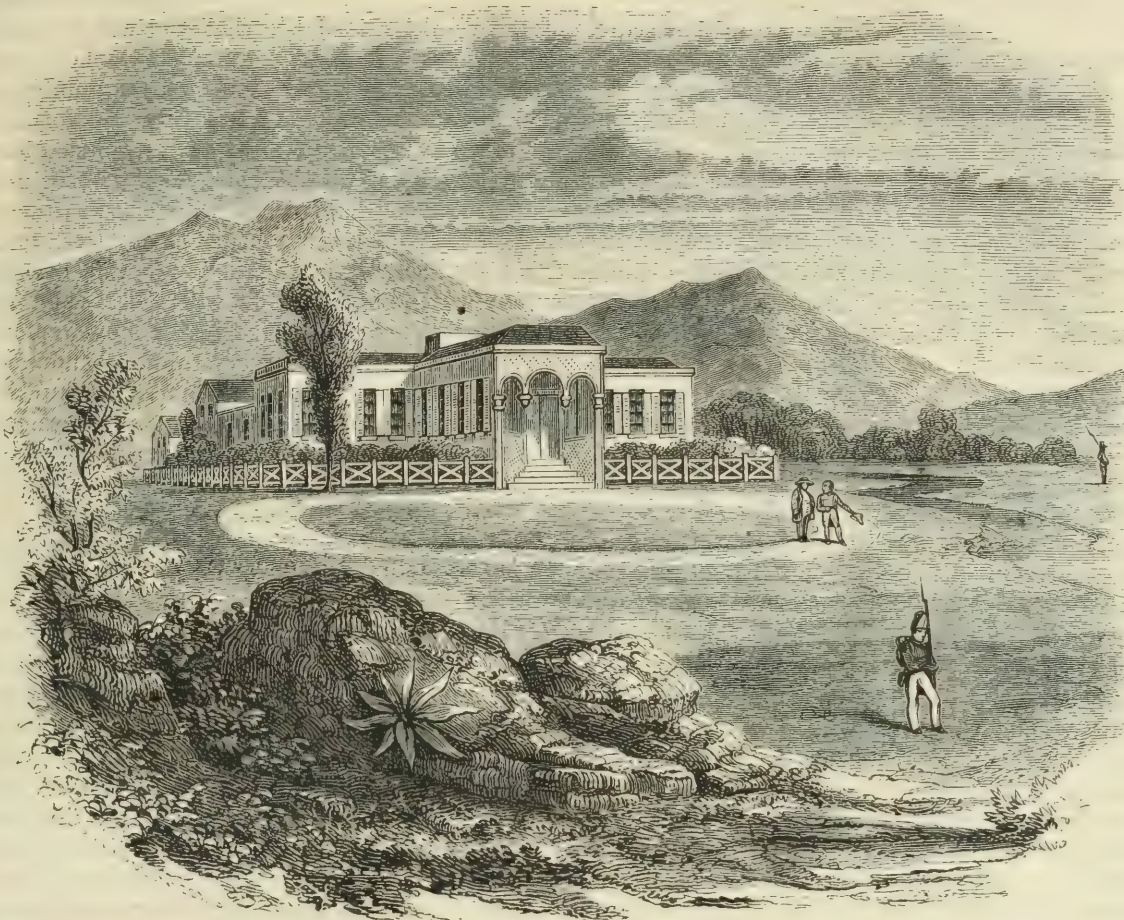
"But, after all, my presence was necessary; the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me; then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do indeed possess the secret of this magical power, which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one. None of my generals ever learnt it from me. Nor have I the means of perpetuating my name and love for me, in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means.

"Now that I am at St. Helena; now that I am alone chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? who are the courtiers of my misfortune? who thinks of me? who makes efforts for me in Europe? where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile."

Here the voice of the Emperor trembled with emotion, and for a moment he was silent. He then continued:

"Yes, our life once shone with all the brilliance of the diadem and the throne; and yours, Bertrand, reflected that splendor, as the dome of the Invalides, gilt by us, reflects the rays of the sun. But disasters came; the gold gradually became dim. The rain of misfortune and outrage with which I am daily deluged has effaced all the brightness. We are mere lead now, General Bertrand, and soon I shall be in my grave.

"Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And I, too, am forgotten. And the name of a conqueror and an emperor is a college theme! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding us censure or praise. And mark what is soon to become of me; assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, to become food for worms. Behold the destiny, near at hand, of him who has been called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending over all the earth. Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of God."



LONGWOOD.—THE NEW HOUSE.

For a moment the Emperor was silent. As General Bertrand made no reply, he solemnly added, "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well, then I did wrong to make you a general."

During the spring months of the year 1821, the Emperor, whose health had been long declining, was evidently approaching death. The British government had now finished a more comfortable residence for Napoleon than the old house at Longwood; but he was too feeble to bear the fatigue and exposure of removal, and it was never occupied by him. A brief journal will record the pathetic scenes of his last days.

April 24. "The Emperor," says Montholon, "has again spoken to me of his will. His imagination is unceasingly employed in seeking to find resources from which to gratify his liberality. Each day brings to his mind the remembrance of some other old servant whom he would wish to remunerate."

April 25. The Emperor slept quietly most of the night. Count Montholon sat at his bedside. At 4 o'clock in the morning, Napoleon started up and exclaimed, in dreamy delirium, "I have just seen my good Josephine. She disappeared at the moment when I was about to take her in my arms. She was seated there. It seemed to me that I had seen her yesterday evening. She is not changed. She is still the same, full of devotion to me. She told me that we were about to see each other again, never more to part. Did you see her?" He soon again fell asleep.

In the morning General Bertrand read to him from an English journal. He happened to fall upon a very atrocious libel against Caulaincourt and Savary, as being peculiar culprits in what the English called the *assassination* of the Duke d'Enghien. The magnanimity of Napoleon revolted at the idea of allowing the odium of any of the unpopular acts of his reign to be laid upon his friends. "This is shameful," said the Emperor, and then, turning to Montholon, he added, "bring me my will." Without saying another word he opened the will and interlined the following declaration:

"I caused the Duke d'Enghein to be arrested and tried, because that step was essential to the safety, interest, and honor of the French people, when the Count d'Artois was maintaining, by his own confession, sixty assassins at Paris. Under similar circumstances I would act in the same way."

Having written these few lines, without adding a word he handed back the will to Montholon. There is something very remarkable in this declaration. In the first place, Napoleon solemnly assumes all the responsibility of the act. He takes upon himself whatever may be attached to it which is blameworthy. In the second place, he is very accurate in his statement. He says, "I caused the Duke d'Enghien to be *arrested and tried*." The evidence is very conclusive that Napoleon, notwithstanding the undeniable proof of the treason of the Duke, intended to have pardoned him. His execution

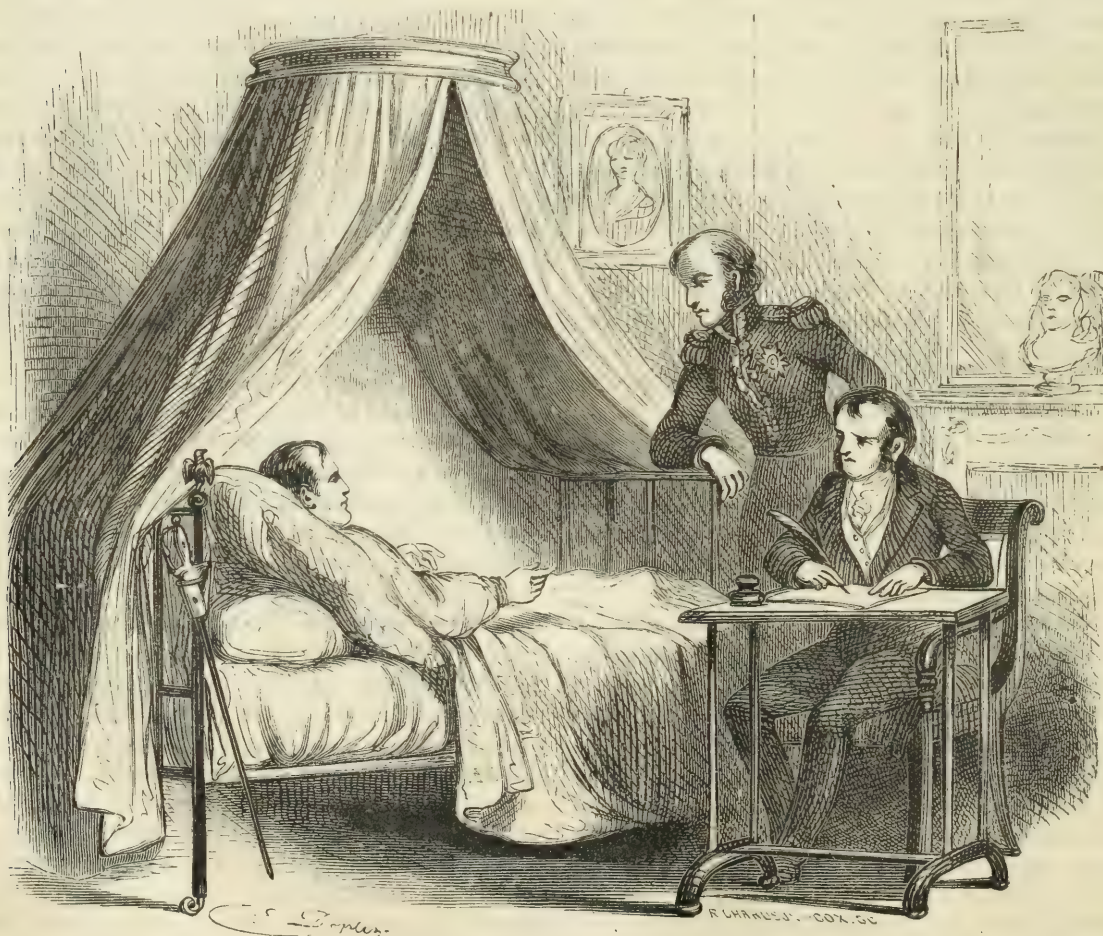
Napoleon deeply deplored. He, however, would ask for no abatement of censure on that score, but held himself answerable for the acts which occurred under his reign. The Emperor then dictated the letter which was to announce his death to Sir Hudson Lowe.

April 28. The prostration of the Emperor was extreme. He spoke of his approaching dissolution with great composure. "After my death," said he, "which can not be far distant, I desire that you will open my body. I insist also that you promise that no English medical man shall touch me. If, however, the assistance of one should be indispensable, Doctor Arnott is the only one whom you have permission to employ. I further desire that you will take my heart, put it in spirits of wine, and carry it to Parma to my dear Maria Louisa. You will tell her that I tenderly loved her, that I never ceased to love her. You will relate to her all you have seen, and every particular respecting my situation and death. I particularly recommend to you carefully to examine my stomach, and to make a precise and detailed report of the state in which you may find it; which report you will give to my son. The vomitings which succeed each other, almost without interruption, lead me to suppose that the stomach is, of all my organs, the most diseased. I am inclined to believe that it is attacked with the same disorder that killed my father, I mean a scirrhus in the pylorus. I began to suspect that such was the case as soon

as I saw the frequency and obstinate recurrence of the vomitings. I beg that you will be very particular in your examination, that, when you see my son, you may be able to communicate your observations to him, and point out to him the most proper medicines to use. When I am no more you will go to Rome. You will see my mother and my family, and will relate to them all you have observed concerning my situation, my disorder, and my death, upon this dreary and miserable rock. You will tell them that the great Napoleon expired in the most deplorable state, deprived of every thing, abandoned to himself and to his glory, and that he bequeathed, with his dying breath, to all the reigning families of Europe, the horror and opprobrium of his last moments."

From this effort he soon sank down in complete exhaustion, and deliriously murmured broken and incoherent sentences.

April 29. The Emperor passed a very restless night, suffering from a raging fever. Being unable to sleep, at four o'clock in the morning he requested Montholon to bring a table to his bedside; and then occupied himself, for a couple of hours, in dictating two projects, one on the destination of the palace of Versailles, and the other on the organization of the National Guard for the defense of Paris. "Astonishment," says Montholon, "has often been felt at the great faculties of the Emperor, which permitted him, on the eve of, or the day after a battle, which was either about to decide, or



THE EMPEROR DICTATING HIS LAST LETTER.

had decided the fate of a throne, to sign decrees, and occupy himself with matters purely administrative. But these facts are far inferior to the one which we here attest. But five days later, all that remained of this sublime genius was a corpse. And yet his thoughts were still constantly directed toward the happiness and future prospects of France."

When Dr. Antommarchi came in, he found the Emperor, though manifestly fast sinking, calm and rational. Napoleon spoke again of the cancer in the stomach, with which he had supposed that he was afflicted, and said to the Doctor,

"I recommend to you once more to examine my pylorus with the greatest care. Write down your observations, and deliver them to my son. I wish, at least, to preserve him from the disease."

Antommarchi suggested the substitution of a blister for the plaster which he had applied to the epigastric region. "Since you wish it," said the Emperor, "be it so. Not that I expect the least benefit from it. But my end is approaching, and I am desirous of showing, by my resignation, my gratitude for your care and attention. Apply, therefore, the blister."

The feverish state of his stomach induced him to drink much cold water. With characteristic gratitude he exclaimed, "If fate had decreed that I should recover, I would erect a monument upon the spot where the water flows, and would crown the fountain, in testimony of the relief which it has afforded me. If I die, and my body, proscribed as my person has been, should be denied a little earth, I desire that my remains may be deposited in the cathedral of Ajaccio, in Corsica. And if it should not be permitted me to rest where I was born, let me be buried near the limpid stream of this pure water."

May 2. The Emperor was in a raging fever during the night, and quite delirious. His wandering spirit retraced the scenes of the past, visited again his beloved France, hovered affectionately over his idolized son, and held familiar converse with the companions of his toil and his glory. Again the lurid storm of war beat upon his disturbed fancy, as his unrelenting assailants combined anew for his destruction. Wildly he exclaimed, "Steingel, Dessaix, Massena! Ah! victory is declaring. Run, hasten, press the charge! They are ours!" Suddenly collecting his strength, in his eagerness he sprang from the bed; but his limbs failed him, and he fell prostrate upon the floor.

At nine o'clock in the morning the fever abated, and reason returned to her throne. Calling the Doctor to his bedside, he said to him earnestly, "Recollect what I have directed you to do after my death. Proceed very carefully to the anatomical examination of my stomach. I wish it, that I may save my son from this cruel disease. You will see him, Doctor, and you will point out to him what is best to be done, and will save him from the cruel sufferings I now experience. This is the last service I ask of you."

At noon the violence of the disease returned,

and Napoleon, looking steadfastly and silently upon the Doctor for a few moments, said, "Doctor, I am very ill. I feel that I am going to die." He immediately sank away into insensibility. All the inmates of Longwood were unremitting in their attentions to the beloved sufferer. He was to them all, from the highest to the lowest, a father whom they almost adored. The zeal and solicitude they manifested deeply moved the sensibilities of the Emperor. He spoke to them in grateful words, and remembered them all in his will.

As he recovered from this insensibility he spoke faintly to his companions, enjoining it upon them to be particularly careful in attending to the comforts of the humbler members of his household after he should be gone. "And my poor Chinese," said he, "do not let them be forgotten. Let them have a few scores of Napoleons. I must take leave of them also." It is refreshing to meet such recognitions of the brotherhood of man.

May 3. At two o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor revived for a moment, and said to those who were appointed the executors of his will, and who were at his bedside,

"I am about to die, and you are to return to Europe. You have shared my exile. You will be faithful to my memory. I have sanctioned all good principles, and have infused them into my laws and my acts. I have not omitted a single one. Unfortunately, however, the circumstances in which I was placed were arduous, and I was obliged to act with severity, and to postpone the execution of my plans. Our reverses occurred. I could not unbend the bow; and France has been deprived of the liberal institutions which I intended to give her. She judges me with indulgence. She feels grateful for my intentions. She cherishes my name and my victories. Imitate her example. Be faithful to the opinions we have defended, and to the glory we have acquired. Any other course can only lead to shame and confusion."

He then sent for the Abbé Vignali. A movable altar was placed at the Emperor's bedside. All retired except the Abbé. Napoleon then, in silence and solitude, upon his dying bed, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. After the solemn ordinance Count Montholon returned to the room. The tranquil tones of the Emperor's voice, and the placid expression of his countenance, indicated the serenity of his spirit. He conversed a few moments upon religious subjects, and peacefully fell asleep. As he awoke in the morning he said to his valet, "Open the window, Marchand; open it wide, that I may breathe the air, the good air, which the good God has made."

May 5. The night of the 4th of May, dark, cheerless, and tempestuous, enveloped St. Helena in even unwonted gloom. The rain fell in torrents. A tornado of frightful violence swept the bleak rocks. Every tree which Napoleon had cherished was torn up by the roots, and laid prostrate in the mud. The dying Emperor,



NAPOLEON RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

unconscious of every thing which was passing around him, tossed restlessly upon his pillow.

And now occurred the most affecting scene which had yet been witnessed in this chamber of suffering. The children of the family were introduced, to look, for the last time, upon their friend, now insensible, and breathing heavily in death. They had not seen him for more than a month. Shocked at the change which had taken place in that countenance, which had ever been accustomed to contemplate them with so much benignity and affection, they for a moment gazed upon the pallid and emaciate features with hesitation and terror. Then, with flooded eyes and loud sobbings, they rushed to the bedside, seized the hands of the Emperor, and covered them with kisses and with tears.

All present were overpowered with emotion, and the heavy breathing of the dying was drowned in the irrepressible lamentations of the mourners. Young Napoleon Bertrand was so overcome by the heart-rending scene that he fainted, and fell senseless upon the floor. In the midst of this death-drama one of the servants, who had been sick for forty-eight days, rose from his bed, and emaciate, pallid, delirious, and with disordered dress, entered the room. In fevered dreams he imagined that the Emperor was in trouble, and had called to him for help. The delirious and dying servant stood tottering by the side of his delirious and dying master, wild-

ly exclaiming, "I will not leave the Emperor, I will fight and perish with him!"

The dying hours lingered slowly away, during which inarticulate murmurs were occasionally heard from the lips of the illustrious sufferer. "Twice I thought," says Montholon, "that I distinguished the unconnected words, '*France—army—head of the army—Josephine.*'" This was at six o'clock in the morning. During the rest of the day, until six o'clock in the evening, he was lying upon his back, with his right hand out of the bed, and his eyes fixed, seemingly absorbed in deep meditation, and without any appearance of suffering. A pleasant and placid expression was spread over his features, as if he were sweetly sleeping.

A dark and tempestuous night succeeded the stormy day. The gale, with increasing fury, swept the ocean and the black rocks, and wailed as mournful a dirge as could fall on mortal ears. The very island seemed to shake before the gigantic billows, hurled against its craggy cliffs by the spirit of the storm. In the midnight darkness of that terrific elemental war the spirit of Napoleon passed the earthly vail, and entered the dread unknown.

"*Isle of Elba—Napoleon,*" were the last words of the gentle and loving Josephine. "*France—the army—Josephine,*" were the last images which lingered in the heart, and the last words which trembled upon the lips of the dying Emperor.

Napoleon had earnestly expressed the wish that his body might be buried on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom he loved so well. But if that privilege were denied his remains, he prayed that his body might be taken to his native island, and deposited in the tomb of his father at Ajaccio. But if the English government declined also that request, he entreated his friends to bury him in a secluded spot, which he had selected, at St. Helena, beneath a weeping willow, which overshadowed the limpid spring from which Napoleon had received so many refreshing draughts of cold water. With his glowing affections he loved this spring as if it had been his personal friend.

Application was immediately made to Sir Hudson Lowe for permission to remove the remains to Europe. He informed the friends of Napoleon that the orders of his government were imperative, that the body of Napoleon was to remain at St. Helena. He, however, gave the assurance that it was quite a matter of indifference to him in what part of the island Napoleon was buried. They entreated him almost with tears, for permission to take the body home to his relatives and friends. But Sir Hudson Lowe, obedient to the requisitions of his government, was necessarily inexorable. He could not consent, notwithstanding the most affecting supplications and entreaties on the part of Madame Bertrand, to allow even the stomach and the heart to be removed.

After a very careful *post mortem* examination the body was prepared for its burial. The valet de chambre dressed the Emperor, as he was usually dressed in life, with white waistcoat and breeches, black cravat, long boots, and cocked hat. He was thus placed upon the bed, in his small bedroom, which was shrouded in black. The cloak which Napoleon had worn at Marengo was spread over his feet. A silver crucifix was placed upon his chest. Behind his head was an altar, where the Abbé Vignali stood, reciting the prayers of the church.

Napoleon had won the respect and affection of all the inhabitants of that bleak rock. There was no one at St. Helena, save Sir Hudson Lowe, who did not speak in his favor. Rapidly the tidings of his death spread to every individual. An immense crowd was soon assembled at Longwood. During the afternoon of the 6th, and the whole of the 7th, an unending procession passed slowly and solemnly through the room, gazing in silent and religious awe upon the lifeless remains. Even Sir Hudson Lowe said, in this sad hour, "*He was England's greatest enemy, and mine too, but I forgive him.*"

The morning of the 8th of May dawned with unusual brilliance. A perfect calm had succeeded the storm, and not a cloud obscured the brightness of the sun. At an early hour all the inhabitants of the island were directing their steps toward Longwood, to pay their last tribute of respect to the remains of the Emperor. At half past twelve o'clock the grenadiers placed



THE DYING SCENE.



THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

the coffin upon the hearse. The funeral car was drawn by four horses, richly caparisoned, and each led by a groom. The faded cloak he wore at Marengo was his fitting shroud. Four of his devoted friends held the corners of the pall. Twelve grenadiers walked by the side of the hearse, to carry the coffin, where the bad condition of the path along the crags prevented the wheels from advancing. The Emperor's horse, caparisoned in black, was led by a groom.

The household of Longwood, dressed in deep mourning, followed sadly behind, weeping, with heart-rending grief, as children at the grave of a father. Next after them came the Admiral and the Governor, on horseback, accompanied by the officers of the staff. In long procession the inhabitants of the island, men, women, and children, reverently joined the funeral train. The garrison, two thousand five hundred in number, which had been stationed upon the island to guard the Emperor, lined the whole of the left side of the road from Longwood nearly to the grave. Bands of music, at appointed intervals, breathed their requiems over the crags bathed in the silent sunlight. As the procession passed along, the soldiers, two by two, fell into the line, and with reversed arms solemnly paced the dead march to the grave. The roar of the ocean was hushed. Not a leaf trembled upon the gum-wood trees. And not a

sound, save the death dirge, fell upon the listening ear, as the burial train moved slowly amidst the blackened crags. The whole career of Napoleon constitutes the wildest romance which imagination can conceive. But no events during that wondrous history are more touching and sublime than his death and burial on this lone, barren isle.

At length the hearse stopped. Huge blocks of blackened lava, precipices, and towering crags obstructed the further advance of the wheels. Twelve grenadiers with difficulty took upon their shoulders the remains, in the heavy triple coffin of tin, lead, and mahogany, and carried them along a narrow path, which had been constructed on the side of the rugged mountain, to the place of burial. The booming of minute guns, from the Admiral's ship in the harbor, reverberated from pinnacle to pinnacle of this gloomy rock, adding inconceivable sublimity to the scene. Every heart was vanquished by uncontrollable emotion. The coffin was placed on the verge of the grave. The Abbé Vignali recited the burial service. As the body was then lowered to its resting place, three successive volleys from a battery of fifteen cannon discharged over the grave, resounded in thunder peals along the crags of St. Helena. This was responded to by a simultaneous discharge from the ships in the harbor and every fort upon the

island. The grave was then filled in, carefully closed with masonry, and a guard of honor placed over it.

The officers of the Emperor, upon the day of his death, had ordered a stone to be prepared, to rest upon his grave, with this simple inscription:

NAPOLEON.

BORN AT AJACCIO
The 15th of August, 1769.
DIED AT ST. HELENA
The 5th of May, 1821.

The graver had already cut the inscription, when Sir Hudson Lowe informed them that the orders of the British government were imperative; that no inscription could be allowed upon the tomb, but simply the words *General Bonaparte*. It was a cruel insult, thus to pursue their victim even into the grave. Remonstrances were unavailing. The French gentlemen at last obtained the poor boon of having a stone cover the grave without any inscription whatever. The willows which overhung the tomb were immediately stripped of their foliage, as every individual wished to carry away some souvenir of the most extraordinary man this world has ever known.

On the 27th of May the household of Napoleon sadly embarked for Europe. The day before their departure they went in a body to the tomb of the Emperor, and covered it with flowers and bathed it with their tears. They then embarked on board an English ship, and waved a last adieu to that dreary rock, where they had endured five and a half years of exile and of woe; but where they had also won the homage of the world by their devotion to greatness and goodness in adversity.

One of their number, Sergeant Hubert, in the enthusiasm of his deathless devotion, refused to abandon even the grave of his Emperor. For nineteen years he continued at St. Helena, daily guarding the solitary tomb. And when, at the united voice of France, that tomb gave up its sacred relics, and they were removed to repose upon the banks of the Seine, beneath the dome of the Invalides, among the people he had loved so well, this faithful servant followed them to their final resting-place. Napoleon now sleeps in the bosom of France, enthroned, as monarch was never enthroned before, in the hearts of his countrymen. France has reared for him a mausoleum which is a nation's pride. Through all coming ages, travelers from all lands will, with religious awe, visit the tomb of Napoleon. The voice of obloquy is fast dying away, and will soon be hushed forever.

THE DEAD SEA, SODOM, AND GOMORRAH.

THE interest we take in the Holy Land never dies. Over and over again we read with pleasure descriptions of Mount Olivet, Jerusalem, and Genesareth, the hallowed birth-place at Bethlehem, and the time-honored remains of the people of Judah. Fashion and acci-

dent stimulate or discourage our researches into the antiquities of other classic sites; but travels in Judea are always welcome. 'Twas the same fifteen centuries ago. No common feeling urged the journey commemorated in the old "Pilgrims' progress from Bordeaux to Jerusalem," in the fourth century; no ordinary motive provoked the crusades. It has been considered proper, in modern times, to sneer at those great enterprises, to talk of them as the fruit of barbarous superstition, and to weigh their merits in the same scale as we would the Japan expedition or the war with Mexico. There may possibly be some error in this off-hand way of dealing with the past. We, who think lightly of the Bouillons and Cœur de Lion, may profitably compare their spirit and their aims with our own, and set down, if we can, wherein the difference between us lies. It was no doubt a very uncivilized mode of proving their affection for the birth-place of Christianity to carry fire and sword into the Saracen homes; but we must remember that they had no travelers to traverse Palestine from Samaria to Moab, no books to describe the condition of the Holy Land, no records of what man was doing with the spot God had chosen for his own people and for the Redeemer's birth-place. If we can fancy such a change in the world's face as would exclude us from the shores of the Holy Land, and close the entrance of the sacred cities to the people of Christendom, such events as the preaching of a new Peter the Hermit, and the equipment of fresh armies of crusaders, would by no means seem impossible. As matters now stand, we need no such ebullitions of Christian zeal. We know far more about the land of the Jews than the degraded Arabs who hold it: year after year, our learned men and our zealous missionaries wander over its deserted plains, and bring home rich harvests of historic and legendary lore. Of late years, the passion for Eastern travel has increased more than ever. All the great authors have pined for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; our libraries swell with hot-pressed volumes on new discoveries in the land of Canaan, Samaria, and Judea. It is possible, as Lamennais and many famous preachers in our own country assure us, that we are growing indifferent to the essentials of religion; but most assuredly, our attachment for the historic associations of Christianity was never more lively or universal.

A former number of this Magazine contained a sketch of the Dead Sea from the pen of one of our most esteemed contributors. At that time, our information on the subject was derived from the travels of Irby and Mangles, and the works of Burckhardt, Robinson, and Lynch. The former, enterprising and zealous explorers, had penetrated as far as Kerak, in the land of Moab. Burckhardt, a missionary sent out from London, traversed the whole of the valley through which the Jordan and the Dead Sea flow. The Rev. Dr. Robinson, whom we are proud to call our countryman, extended his explorations still further; and though his con-

I should like to know who before me these pilgrims were

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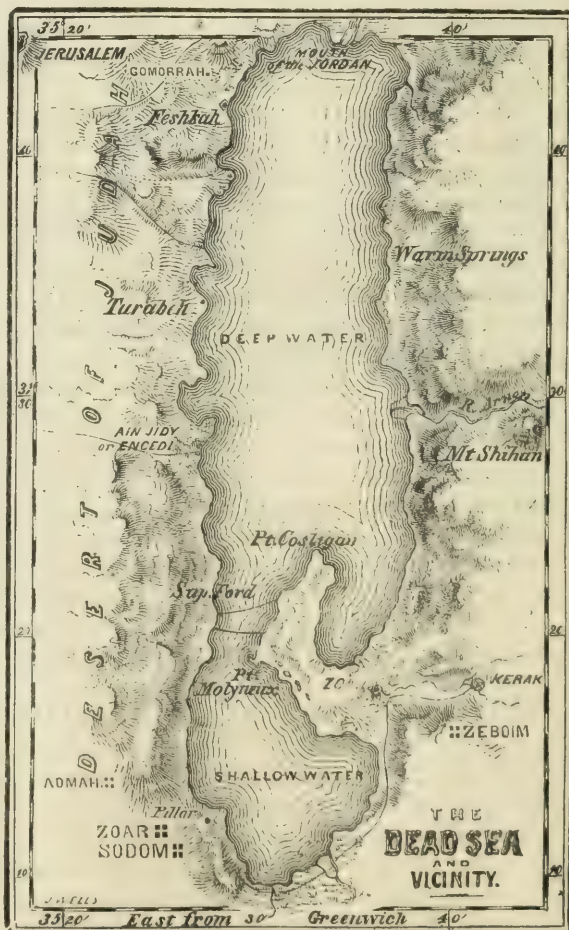
clusions do not always coincide with those of later travelers—as, for instance, in the location of Zoar, which he placed on the eastern shore of the Dead Sea—his observations are always worthy of respect. Finally, Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States Navy, made his expedition through the Dead Sea in 1847 and 1848, and not only described the character of that lake with fidelity, but added much to our knowledge of the interesting sites on its shores.

We have now another student and explorer in the field—Félicien de Saulcy, a Frenchman, and a member of the Institute. This gentleman has long been favorably known as one of the first Orientalists and Archæologists of France. An antiquary and a philosopher of more than average attainments, his private fortune enabled him to gratify his tastes without interruption from business cares. Bereaved, in July, 1850, of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, he resolved to exchange the painful scenes by which he was surrounded for others less fraught with melancholy suggestions; and with this view, he undertook a journey to the Holy Land. He was eminently fitted to be a useful traveler. His mind was well stored with information, and his heart was deeply imbued with the cardinal truths of the Christian religion. To these advantages he added others scarcely less valuable for such a task—great powers of endurance, unquestionable courage, and practical common sense. On his first application, the French government conferred upon him the title of *Chargé d'une mission scientifique*; and he had as little difficulty in finding a few trusty friends, imbued with the same ideas and full of the same hopes as himself, to accompany him on his pilgrimage. A learned and pious Abbé, a few accomplished youths, whose passion for natural history was likely to be gratified on such a journey; these, with M. de Rothschild, who was enlisted at Jerusalem, constituted the expedition which traveled through Palestine under the orders of M. de Saulcy. All, especially the leader, set out full of ardor and spirit.

M. de Saulcy's zeal was gratified at the very beginning of his journey. At Beyrout he was shown the identical spot where St. George, of British memory, killed the dragon. The saint was prone to cleanliness, a remarkable virtue in his days. After his victory he called for a piece of soap, and washed his hands, which were covered with the blood of his vanquished foe—whence, saith tradition, arose a dirty stain which M. de Saulcy saw on a rock at the place. A little further on, he rested at the spot where the same authority assures the traveler that Jonah was landed out of the belly of the fish. There is nothing to mark the prophet's escape. Some remains of a large town, in the shape of fallen and broken pillars, several Fellah cottages, date-trees, a Mohammedan *oualy*, and a khan or two, are all that De Saulcy notes.

At Beyrout the expedition is finally organized. Horses are hired at sixty cents per march-

ing day, and thirty when they are allowed to rest. A Greek cook—a sneaking, servile scoundrel, whose prime object on all occasions is to steal and lie—is likewise secured; but as he robs not only his employers, but every one else on the road, and does not even spare the churches, the French travelers are compelled to discharge him on their arrival at Jerusalem, and replace him by a Christian named Matteo. A batch of *moukris*—as the Syrian muleteers are called—completes the caravan. More idle, aggravating scamps can not be conceived; our antiquary wonders how he restrained himself from breaking their heads a dozen times a day, and so do we. Whenever the Frenchmen want to start, the *moukris* want to stay; when the former order a halt, the latter push on. Never a *moukri* thinks of doing his work, but all together bawl for some one to help them; and when their employer's patience is wearied out, the rascals advance with unblushing face, and ask for a *backshish*, or present. At length they are off; and the discomforts of the journey begin. One night, after securing, at great expense, a room in a roadside khan, they discover that their apartment is tenanted by a family of poultry. Notwithstanding the expostulations of their host, who protests that no one ever thought of driving his fowls out of doors, the Frenchmen eject their companions; but alas! a hole in the wall renders their labors vain. As fast as the animals are expelled they re-enter, and the travelers are fain to sleep in the midst of a concert of cock-crowing. Next morning three of their horses



are missing. The host professes utter astonishment and deep concern; but M. de Saulcy, who seems to have understood the Arab character, presents a pistol to his head, and the lost animals suddenly reappear, all ready harnessed. A few similar adventures mark the journey to Djenin, where M. de Saulcy, with a gallantry which does credit to his age, is vastly smitten with the beauty of the women. Their arms and legs, adorned with massive silver bracelets, he recommends as a useful study to artists.

The road to Jerusalem, if picturesque, does not appear to be quite as safe as travelers might wish. Benighted near Naplouse, Mohammed, the guide, tells his companions, in a jolly tone, to put a bullet in their guns and hurry on. The injunction is scarcely obeyed before the same functionary whispers hurriedly to the Frenchman nearest him, "There they are—see the thieves—let us fall upon them!" No reply being made, Mohammed charges with a furious "Nemchi!" (Come on.) He is challenged by the robbers, but makes no other answer than firing into their midst. A dark form rises, quivers an instant, then falls heavily to the earth. Others emerge from behind bushes and rocks, and scamper into the forest. Mohammed utters the usual anathema: "May Allah curse thee; thee and thy father, and thy father's father!" and returns composedly to his party, after having forced his horse to touch the corpse with his hoof. The deed gave rise to no remorse in the Mussulman's heart; he lit his chibouk, and proceeded on his journey as tranquilly as though his victim had been an insect. An Abbé, who was attached to the expedition, protested lustily against the homicide, but De Saulcy himself, with his usual common sense, viewed it as a clear case of self-defense, and took no more thought on the matter than the authorities of the region.

At last Jerusalem is reached. Like all modern travelers, M. de Saulcy is much dissatisfied with its outward appearance, and complains bitterly of its filthy streets, unsafe pavement, and gloomy aspect. Fortunately he is lodged in a decent hotel, kept by an Englishman, with the un-English name of Meshulam; and the luxury of a clean bed, after the dirt and vermin of the roadside stations, consoles him for other disappointments. His first thought is the prosecution of the main object of his journey; until he has discovered something new, or thrown fresh light on some monument of antiquity, he scarcely ventures to indulge a natural curiosity amidst the relics of the Jewish capital. Even Christmas-day at Bethlehem, with its imposing ceremonies, and striking assemblage of pilgrims from all quarters of the globe, is an enjoyment which he rather blames himself for partaking.

By the 5th January the whole party, reinforced by young De Rothschild, are *en route* for the Dead Sea. Under the direction of the sheik who was to serve as commandant of the body-guard, a store of presents had been laid in for the Arabs and Bedouins on the way. The list is curious:

Six black cloaks; six white cloaks; twelve pairs of red boots; twenty turbans; ten measures of tobacco; one hundred pipe-bowls; five measures of powder; ten pounds of shot; five hundred needles.

With these peace-offerings, a fair stock of ammunition and money, and high hearts, the travelers cross to Bethlehem, and proceed thence nearly due east to the Dead Sea. On their way they spend a night under the hospitable roof of the monks of Mar-Saba, the successors of the Essenians, that singular tribe of Jews who united the predestinarian notions of Calvin with the communist practices of our contemporary Cabet. On the second day after the departure from Jerusalem the travelers first see the Dead Sea. It is, we are told, an imposing sight, with the Djebel Saba frowning angrily on the south, another ridge of dark mountains sweeping to the horizon on the north, and the torrent Kedron—now called Ouad-en-nar—cleaving its way down the mountain sides at their feet. Zealously enough, they hurry their burdened mules down the hill-side, grudging the hour devoted to the collection of botanical and entomological specimens; and take no rest willingly till they stand on the shore. No gloom is there, pious monks and imaginative travelers to the contrary notwithstanding. A beautiful lake, with blue waves dancing in the sunshine, and gently laving a bright sandy beach—such is De Saulcy's description, which confirms, *du reste*, the narrative of Lieutenant Lynch. The water is so clear that the bottom can be seen at a great distance from the shore; and though patches of dazzling white reveal the superabundance of salt, there is nothing in its color to distinguish it from other limpid lakes. No pestilence is there, for ducks are lazily toying on its surface, just as they do on Lake George; gorgeous insects are fluttering on the shore, and flocks of crows sail grandly from peak to peak among the mountains which border its northern side. Where, asks the scientific Frenchman in triumph, are the marks of death, the fatal effluvia, the grave-like stillness, which travelers have seen on the Dead Sea shore? Yet its name has not been bestowed in error. No living thing that we know of inhabits its waters. Now and then the impetuous torrent of the Kedron, or the Jordan, carries fish into the lake. They struggle a while in the unwholesome fluid, but soon die, and are cast up on the shores. Shellfish fare as badly, and the action of the chemical matter in the water is so powerful as to turn the shells white in a very brief period. It is hardly necessary to observe, however, that the fable about the density of the water being such that no human being or quadruped can wade through it—a story which, to our knowledge, has been current even in Sunday-schools—has no foundation whatever. On the occasion of their second visit to the shore, at the northernmost point of the lake, the whole party cross on horseback to the island Redjom-Looth, with the water nearly as high as their girths. Its taste is bitter and salt. At the southern ex-

tremity, where it is more offensive than at the north, "it resembles common sea water at first, but directly afterward it becomes so nauseous to the palate, lips, and tongue, that one is forced to eject it. It would appear to be a mixture of oil, salt, and colocintida, and acts, moreover, as a corrosive upon the mucous system, which vainly, for some minutes afterward, endeavors to rid itself of the abominable liquid." A voracious Nubian, who is persuaded by the Frenchmen to swallow a glassful, which he is told is arrack, throws himself upon the ground in frightful contortions, and can scarcely persuade himself that he has not been poisoned.

From the mouth of the Kedron the travelers' route lay almost due south, along the borders of the Asphaltic Lake. The journey was not unattended with peril. Dangerous defiles, abrupt chasms, and narrow paths constantly arrest the cavalcade. One chasm, with sides almost perpendicular, seems at first perfectly impassable to the Europeans. The descent is rapid enough; but the ascent on the other side is no laughing matter. The pedestrians lead the way, clambering over narrow ledges overhanging the abyss. Then come the horses and mules, stumbling and slipping on the smooth bare rock. At one place the ledge, or foot-path, is not more than eighteen inches wide, and winds abruptly round a perpendicular cliff. "The moukris call on the Prophet, begin to weep, shout, and seem as though they were going to tear out their hair by the roots, forgetting that nature has done the work already. One of them, carried away by his anger, abuses Hamdan, the sheik, who, with the utmost composure, prepares to blow his brains out, but relents at the last moment and does nothing." The travelers soon enter the territory of the Sheik Abou-Daouk, and find themselves compelled to choose between being robbed and murdered by his subjects, and hiring their chieftain to escort them through his dominions. They wisely prefer the latter; and a conference is held. The sheik, with his principal men-at-arms, encamps beside the Franks, and begins to parley. He is a strapping fellow, nearly six feet in height, with a muscular frame, aquiline nose, and jolly brown face. His teeth, says De Saulcy, resemble the keys of a piano, when he opens his huge mouth to laugh or eat. His eyes are bloodshot from ophthalmia, which the Frenchman has the pleasure of curing. The costume of the lord of the desert does not betoken a flourishing exchequer. A threadbare robe, and still more tattered cloak; a turban, whose color has long since disappeared under sun and rain; and a pair of boots, once red, now shattered and torn into shreds: such is the accoutrement of the potentate who rules the western and southern shores of the Dead Sea. Still, Abou-Daouk is the most respectable of his party. One of his companions has the lean body of a hound, the sharp, piercing black eyes of a terrier, and thin nose and lips like a modern usurer. Another is a savage-

looking customer, whose countenance satisfies De Saulcy that he would murder father and mother for a dollar. All have horses, and arms in abundance. An hour is spent with these worthy bandits over coffee and chibouks; but every time De Saulcy begins to hint at business, a volley of "*Entoum thayebin!*" (Are you well?) and similar exclamations from the Djahalins interrupts and silences him. It is plain the chiefs will not treat with De Saulcy, and Hamdan, the sheik who had accompanied the party from Jerusalem, is compelled to undertake the negotiation in person. After a couple of hours' discussion, it is agreed that Abou-Daouk shall escort the party safely through his realms, being paid at the rate of one dollar a day for his horsemen, and seventy-five cents for his foot soldiers. Fifty dollars extra were to be the perquisite of the sheik himself, if the expedition returned safe.

The party now mustered about forty well-armed men. Fortunately for the Frenchmen, Abou-Daouk, like the jovial highwaymen of former days in England, was true to his word: when danger presented itself, the sheik was the first to affront it. A very few days after he had joined the expedition, the alarm of "Thieves! Ahouethats!" was given. Some thirty ill-looking fellows, armed with matchlocks, swords, and clubs were seen on an eminence near the road, evidently bent on mischief. They had, in fact, as the travelers subsequently ascertained, resolved to rob and murder every man of them. Abou-Daouk instantly rode forward, and a parley took place. Appeals to honor or humanity were useless: the sheik simply told the brigands that in thirty seconds they would be killed to the last man. This argument, corroborated by the appearance of the party in order of battle, with arms cocked and pistols in hand, convinced the marauders; they rose, and, instead of blows, offered the kiss of peace to the travelers. The Ahouethats were not to be balked, however. A day or two after, the travelers encamped in the heart of their dominions. Sellam, the sheik, was profuse in his hospitalities. Not content with pledging his own life for that of his guests—for which he had bargained to receive a backshish—he brought forth two sheep, which he slaughtered under De Saulcy's eyes, and bade his son distribute camel's milk in a filthy wooden porringer. All this seemed friendly enough; and the travelers began to ascribe to jealousy the repeated warnings of Hamdan and Abou-Daouk. But when the hour of departure comes things wear a different aspect. The Ahouethats are clamorous for money. Every man screams and howls. The ground reserved for the travelers is invaded, and fierce Ahouethats brandish their weapons around the tents. Sellam, the sheik, is as cringing and obsequious as ever; pleads the poverty of his people, and ends with the invariable "Backshish!" De Saulcy undertakes to negotiate:

"Thou hast a child: thou must have a wife?"
"I have three."

An exclamation of surprise from the Frenchman.

"I shall soon have four."

Lest these wives should be multiplied before the bargain is closed, De Sauley hastens to present the sheik with various silver trinkets, rings, seals, a bracelet, a watch, etc.; and he retires content. Directly afterward he reappears and demands "the brother" of the bracelet, which the traveler reluctantly disgorges. He departs again, but is scarcely out of sight before he returns afresh with a sharp query:

"What art thou going to give me for my two sheep and my camel's milk?"

Five hundred piastres—twenty-five dollars—is the price demanded; Hamdan and Abou-Daouk advise payment; the Frenchmen submit, glad enough to be rid of their terrible hosts on any terms.

But if the sheiks suffer their protégés to be robbed by the Ahouethats, they sternly resent any dishonest manœuvres among their own men. One of Abou-Daouk's Bedouins, being discovered in the act of stealing from a moukri, the whole band set upon him, pelt him with stones, and drive him, half dead, to perish of hunger in the morass. Nor are they wanting in courage when, in their judgment, resistance would be the best policy. While among the Rhaouarnas, the caravan is resting for the night, when a startling noise bursts forth. An Arab shouts, "To your guns!" In a twinkling the little army is arrayed in front of the tents. It is a stirring scene. The dust is flying in every direction—men shout, dogs howl, women scream, travelers and moukris seize the nearest weapon, and prepare to sell their lives as dearly as they can. The guards, under their respective sheiks, are mounted, and can be seen in the distance charging furiously. Some of the younger members of the party evince a strong desire to join them; but De Sauley prudently forbids any one abandoning the main army. While they are standing round the tent, awaiting their turn for action, the noise ceases, the dust clears away, and in a few moments the Arabs return, their weapons dyed deep red. The story was briefly told. The Rhaouarnas had attacked the camp, and had been defeated with great slaughter.

Meanwhile, M. de Sauley was reveling in antiquarian researches and discoveries. On the Dead Sea shore, about midway between its northern and southern extremity, he concurs with his predecessors in identifying the ruins of Ayn-Djedy, as the Hazezon-tamar of the Pentateuch, and the yet more famous Engedi of Samuel and the later writers of the Old Testament. This was the place where David hid himself in a cave from the pursuit of Saul, and arose by night, and "cut off the skirt of Saul's robe privily." Ezekiel prophesies that "the fishers shall stand upon it [the bank] from Engedi to En-eglaim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets: their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." The day for the ful-

fillment of this prophecy has not yet come: as was stated above, no fish inhabit the Dead Sea. Ayn-Djedi itself is an immense desert strewed with Arab ruins, but totally destitute of the vines and palm trees which once adorned its face.

A more desolate country than that through which the travelers were passing can not be conceived. Even where the vegetation is luxuriant, it affords little nourishment for man or beast. De Sauley examined the famous apples of Sodom—

"Those Dead Sea fruits which tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips"—

and found, as others had already done, that they were the fruit of a thorny nightshade, which when ripe, emitted, under pressure, thousands of small black grains not unlike ashes. Even the salt which borders the lake is frequently useless. The patriarch Abraham—thus runs the story—once came as usual to the Birket-el-Khalil to purchase his store of salt. The dealers said they had none to sell, though the heaps lying around them belied the assertion. In his wrath the patriarch cursed the place, and foretold that there should be no more salt found there. Ever afterward the crystalline particles resembling salt were found, on examination, to be of the consistency of stone, and insoluble in water.

Pursuing their southerly march, the travelers reach the ruins of Masada, and read once more Josephus's account of its fearful siege by the Romans, when the Jewish garrison, rather than surrender, slaughtered their wives and children with their own hands, and then chose ten out of their number to put their comrades to death. The ten performed their fearful task without flinching, and deputed to one of their survivors the duty of immolating them. This too was done; and the last man having assured himself that he alone out of the whole garrison still breathed, fired the citadel, and threw himself on his sword. These interesting ruins had already been introduced to the American public by the Rev. Mr. Wolcot and Captain Lynch, who visited them in 1842 and 1848 respectively. M. de Sauley handsomely acknowledges that he has but followed in the footsteps of these American travelers.

On the 12th January the travelers reach the Djebel-Sdoum, or Mountain of Salt, which lies nearly at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. It is a solid mass of salt, varying in height, but never exceeding one hundred yards. Gray at the base, streaks of green and red vary the color toward the summit, where a layer of clay covers a portion of the surface. Fissures, hollowed out by the winter streams, and vast caverns with yawning mouths, are frequent in the sides of the hill. On the spot occupied by this mountain, M. de Sauley locates the once famous city of Sodom, and adduces in support of his hypothesis a mass of evidence as well from the sacred writings as from profane authors and local traditions. The main apparent difficulty was the popular belief that, after

Sodom and the other cities of the Pentapolis had been destroyed by fire from heaven, they were submerged under the Dead Sea, and that their ruins had even been seen by travelers when the waters were low and clear. This story M. de Saulcy dismisses as apocryphal and entirely unworthy of belief. It is wholly unsupported by scriptural or other authentic record; and rests, like the other tales about the Dead Sea, on the fables of poets. Our ingenious traveler quotes largely from historians from the time of Moses to that of Josephus, to show that the destruction of Sodom was always mentioned as having been effected by means of fire alone; and infers, reasonably enough, that since neither the biblical writers, nor such careful geographers as Strabo and Masoudy, have alluded to the inundation which is believed by some to have overwhelmed the Pentapolis, it is safe to conclude that no such catastrophe ever took place. A calculation of distances, and a careful collation of the ancient writers, are the main supports of the theory which places Sodom on the site of the Salt Mountain; and in the absence of rebutting testimony, we need not quarrel with the hypothesis. Zoar, which the history of Lot shows us was only some few miles—De Saulcy supposes a league—from Sodom, he places at that distance to the north of the Salt Mountain. It is full as likely that it stood there as near the mountain El Mezraah in the land of Moab, where Dr. Robinson and other travelers have located it. Zeboim, another of the condemned cities, De Saulcy places on the east shore of the Dead Sea, behind the mountains of Moab, near a spot now called Sebaan. The evidence in this case, though not so full or so circumstantial as in that of Sodom, is still plausible. On still slighter grounds, he conjectures that the ruins which lie to the northeast of Zoar, at a distance of some miles from the lake, may have formed part of the condemned city of Admah.

Some time elapses before any trace of Gomorrah is found. At length, the sight of extensive ruins extending over a space not less than four of our miles, on the northwest corner of the Lake, and at a distance of seventy-five miles from Sodom, attract the travelers' attention. That there has been, at some time or other, a vast city there, the extent and character of the ruins places beyond a doubt: the name given by the Arabs to the spot—Kharbet-Goumran, or the ruins of Goumran—is of itself sufficiently suggestive. If this be not Gomorrah, how does it happen that no historian or traveler affords any clew to the name of so important a town? The wreck of towers, pavilions, and inclosures of various kinds, are visible on every side; no antiquary can doubt but the skeleton of a populous city lies under the ashes and débris. What large city ever stood there unless it be Gomorrah? This reasoning is satisfactory to M. de Saulcy; and, to say the least, his surmise is full as plausible as that of Lieutenant Van Der Velde, who saw the spot the

year after, and pronounced the so-called ruins to be nothing but heaps of volcanic stones.

Here, then, we have located four of the great cities whose awful destruction is recorded in Genesis. How was their ruin effected? We read in the Pentateuch (Gen. xix. 24, 25): "And the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord, out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground." Abraham beheld the catastrophe, and saw "the smoke of the country rising up as the smoke of a furnace." The sacred writer, in another place (Deut. xxix. 23), says that "the land is brimstone, and salt, and burning; that it is not sown, nor any grass groweth therein." Similar expressions are found in the New Testament, and profane writers of antiquity. All travelers concur in representing the entire shore of the Dead Sea as bearing evident traces of volcanic origin. M. de Saulcy noticed frequently craters of extinct volcanoes, and the words of Deuteronomy point distinctly to the condition of a country undergoing a process of volcanic transformation. Vast mounds of ashes, heaps of lava, large masses of salt and other materials, impregnated with brimstone, are found from the Kharbet-Goumran the whole way to the land of Moab, on the eastern coast of the Dead Sea. The inference is obvious, that the destruction of the Pentapolis was effected by means of a tremendous volcanic eruption, or rather, the simultaneous eruption of a multitude of volcanoes. We may judge of the magnitude of the catastrophe from a comparison with other eruptions. The overflow of lava from Vesuvius, when Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed, barely extended, in any direction, six or seven miles from the crater: here, the hand of the Destroyer reached from Gomorrah, on the northwestern shore of the Lake, to Zeboim on the southeastern—a distance of one hundred and twenty miles at least, and annihilated every thing between these two points.

The theory of a volcanic eruption or convulsion affords a plausible mode of explaining the destruction of Lot's wife. The biblical account says, briefly, that "Lot entered into Zoar But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt" (Gen. xix. 26). Many commentators have found it necessary to presume a special miracle to explain this passage; and have insisted that the "pillar" must have been round, erect, and smooth, or fluted with a regular capital; just such a pillar, in fact, as we might raise in a colonnade. M. de Saulcy—no mean Hebraist—gives a greater latitude to the original word; and supposes that Lot's wife, lingering behind to watch the fearful upheaving of the Salt Mountain, may have been crushed by one of the falling masses; so that, when her husband turned round, he beheld nothing but "a pillar" or a mound "of salt."

How sublime, how awful a spectacle the

catastrophe of that day ! So terrible, that the memory thereof has not departed from the Arabs of the Dead Sea shore to this day. When a storm burst over its leaden surface, and the last rays of the setting sun shed gleams of fire on the summits of the mountains of Moab, whose base was wrapped in pitchy blackness, the awful grandeur of the seeming conflagration smote those sons of the desert with sudden terror, and they exclaimed, "God is smiting Sodom !"

M. de Saulcy and his companions push on to the Land of Moab, and reach the well-known city of Kerak. The rapacity and villainy of the sheiks and people of Kerak are already familiar to American readers. Lieutenant Lynch was obliged to force his way out of the place musket in hand ; and to secure his safety afterward, he led the sheik with him, between two of his men, who had orders to shoot him remorselessly on the slightest disturbance. This same fellow, with his family, descended with a swoop upon the French expedition, and set to plundering them. We can not but regret that M. de Saulcy did not follow our countryman's example, or at least punish some one of the villains, who seem to live exclusively on rapine. The curse of Moab has been but too truly fulfilled. Escaped out of their hands with the loss of all the spare cash they had and a number of valuable articles, the Frenchmen made the best of their way back to Jerusalem. The same troubles as they met on their journey eastward awaited them on their return. One day, near the Souk-el-Thaemeh, a band of brigands burst from the thicket in advance of the caravan, and advanced with their firelocks ready. The gallant Abou-Daouk was, as usual, the first to dash off to their rencontre. When he was within speaking distance, he made the following pithy address to the robbers : "I say, men, there is meat for your teeth here, but there is also meat that will not suit your teeth." This quaint allusion to the double-barreled guns of the party satisfied the marauders, who disappeared as deftly as they had emerged from their fastness. One can hardly help thinking that a crusade among these ghouls of the desert would do the world a vast deal of good. But in these regions nature is as formidable as the brigands. Now, one of the travelers is bitten by a scorpion, and narrowly escapes dying of the bite. At another time a horse and man are engulfed in the morass, and the united strength of the moukris is barely sufficient to extricate them from the miry slough. Fevers hang over the damp recesses where the expedition encamps ; bruises are the least penalty of clambering through ravines and over ruins.

On the other hand, a rich field of antiquarian discovery rewards the zealous travelers. The tombs of the kings of Judah afford employment for many a busy day. Hebron—where the graves of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are said to exist, and where we know that Sarah was buried—a city bearing some resemblance to Jerusalem, can well repay a few days of fatigue and inconvenience. Every biblical student, every

man of feeling, would undergo some pain and some trouble to walk under rows of olive trees which were planted before the Christian era, and in whose shade it is more than probable that the Saviour and his disciples have rested. Then there is the village of El-Aazarieh (the ancient Bethany), where Lazarus was raised, and which derives its modern name, according to M. de Saulcy, from that miracle ; several mounds of ruins and decayed cities competing for the honor of occupying the site of famous Jericho ; the turbid yellow stream of the Jordan, swollen by the rains, rushing impetuously between lovely banks, covered with poplars, willows, and other trees, and almost baffling the traveler's attempt to obtain a bottle of its precious waters ; Zerayn, now a dirty village, once the flourishing Jezreel, where Naboth trained his vines, and the blood of the wicked Jezebel was "licked by dogs," who left of her nothing but the skull, the feet, and the palms of her hands ; the nameless ruins of Chorazin and Bethsaida, at once recalling the dread curse of the gospels ; the doomed city of Safed, unknown to biblical history, but painfully celebrated by massacres of Christians in former ages, and murderous earthquakes in modern times : all these, and many other spots, richly fraught with legendary lore and historic interest, could well recompense the traveler for the anxieties and perils of the journey. We can not pity M. de Saulcy when he describes sufferings and privations which were recompensed by so noble a return.

CAPTAIN OBSTINATE.

ONE fine evening in the month of July, an old soldier of the "grand army," who had left one of his arms on the field of battle, was seated at the door of his pretty cottage. He was surrounded by a group of young villagers, who were clamorously reminding him of his promise to tell them some of his military adventures. After a moment of pretended resistance to their wishes, the old man took his pipe from his mouth, passed the back of his remaining hand across his lips, and thus commenced his tale :

"In my time, my friends, the French would have disdained to fight against Frenchmen in the streets, as they do in these days. No, no, when we fought it was for the honor of France, and against her foreign enemies. But my story commences on the 6th of November, 1812, a short time after the battle of Wiazma. We beat a retreat, not before the Russians, for they were at a respectful distance from our camp, but before the sharp and bitter cold of their detestable country, a cold more terrible to us than the Russians, Austrians, and Bavarians all put together.

"During the preceding days our officers had told us that we were approaching Smolensko, where we should get food, fire, brandy, and shoes ; but in the mean time we were perishing in the glaciers, and continually harassed by the Cossacks. We had marched for six hours with-

out stopping to take breath, for we knew that repose was certain death. An icy wind blew the drifting snow in our faces, and from time to time we stumbled over the frozen corpse of a comrade. We neither spoke nor sang, even complaints were no longer heard, and that was a bad sign. I marched by the side of my captain; short, strongly built, rough, and severe, but brave and true as the blade of his sword; we called him 'Captain Obstinate;' for when once he said a thing, it was fixed; he never changed his opinions. He had been wounded at Wiazma, and his usually crimson face was then ghastly pale, while a ragged white handkerchief, all stained with blood, was bound round his head, and added to the pallor of his countenance. All at once I saw him stagger on his legs like a drunken man, then fall like a block to the ground.

"*'Morbleu! captain,'* said I, bending over him, 'you can not remain here.'

"*'You see that I can, since I do it,'* replied he, showing his legs.

"*'Captain,'* said I, 'you must not give way;' lifting him in my arms, I tried to put him on his feet. He leaned on me, and attempted to walk, but in vain; he fell again, dragging me with him.'

"*'Jobin,'* said he, 'all is over. Leave me here, and rejoin your company as quickly as possible. One word before you go: at Voreppe, near Grenoble, lives a good woman, eighty-two years of age, my—my mother. Go and see her, embrace her for me, and tell her that—that—tell her what you will, but give her this purse and my cross. It is all I have! Now go.'

"*'Is that all, captain?'*

"*'That is all. God bless you! Make haste. Adieu!'* My friends, I do not know how it was, but I felt two tears roll down my cheeks.

"*'No, captain,'* I cried, 'I will not leave you; either you come with me, or I will remain with you.'

"*'I forbid you to remain.'*

"*'You may put me under arrest then if you like, but at present you must let me do as I please.'*

"*'You are an insolent fellow.'*

"*'Very good, captain, but you must come with me.'* He bit his lips with rage, but said no more. I lifted him, and carried him on my shoulders like a sack. You can easily imagine that with such a burden, I could not keep pace with my comrades. In fact, I soon lost sight of their columns, and could discern nothing around me but the white and silent plain. I still walked on, when presently appeared a troop of Cossacks galloping toward me, with furious gesticulations and wild cries.

"The captain was by this time completely insensible, and I resolved, whatever it might cost me, not to abandon him. I laid him down on the ground, and covered him with snow; then I crept beneath a heap of dead bodies, leaving, however, my eyes at liberty. Presently the Cossacks came up, and began to strike with

their lances right and left, while their horses trampled us under their feet. One of these heavy beasts set his foot upon my right arm, and crushed it. My friends, I did not speak, I did not stir; I put my right hand into my mouth to stifle the cry of torture which nearly escaped from me, and in a few minutes the Cossacks had dispersed.

"When the last of them had disappeared, I quitted my refuge, and proceeded to disinter the captain. To my joy he gave some signs of life; I contrived to carry him with my one arm toward a rock which offered a sort of shelter, and then I laid myself by his side, wrapping my cloak round us both.

"The night had closed in, and the snow continued to fall.

"The rear-guard had long since disappeared, and the only sound that broke the stillness of the night was the whistle of a bullet, or the howling of the wolves feasting on the corpse that lay stretched around. God knows what thoughts passed through my soul during that dreadful night, which, I felt sure, would be my last upon earth. But I remembered the prayer which my mother had taught me long before, when I was a child at her knee, and bending low, I repeated it with fervor.

"My children, that did me good, and remember always that a sincere and fervent prayer is sure to comfort you. I felt astonishingly calmed when I returned to my place by the captain. But the time passed, and I had fallen into a state of half stupor, when I saw a group of French officers approach. Before I had time to speak to them, their chief, a little man, dressed in a furred pelisse, stepped forward toward me, and said—

"*'What are you doing here? Why are you away from your regiment?'*

"*'For two good reasons,'* said I, pointing first to the captain, and then to my bleeding arm.

"*'The man says true, Sire,'* said one of those who followed him; 'I saw him marching in the rear of his regiment, and carrying this officer on his back.'

"The Emperor—for, my friends, it was he!—gave me one of those glances that only he, or the eagle of the Alps, could give, and said: 'It is well. You have done very well.' Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his green coat, and gave it to me. At that instant I was no longer hungry, no longer cold; I felt no more pain from my arm than if that awkward beast had never touched it.

"*'Davoust,'* added the Emperor, addressing the officer who had spoken to him, 'see this man and his captain placed in one of the baggage-wagons. Adieu!' And making me a motion of the hand, he went away."

Here the veteran ceased, and resumed his pipe.

"But tell us what became of 'Captain Obstinate,'" cried many impatient voices.

"The captain recovered, and is now a gen-

eral on the retired list. But the best of the joke was, that as soon as he got well, he put me under arrest for fifteen days, as a punishment for my infraction of discipline.

"This circumstance came to the ears of Napoleon, and after laughing heartily, he not only caused me to be set free, but promoted me to the rank of sergeant. As to the decoration, my children, here is the ribbon at my button-hole, but the cross I wear next my heart."

And opening his vest, he showed his eager audience the precious relic, suspended from his neck in a little satin bag.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF ROMANOFF.

AT the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, that is to say, while European exiles were thinking of founding a settlement on the wilderness on which New York now stands; while Elizabeth of England was flirting with courtiers thirty years younger than herself, and James I. was "slobbering" the cheeks of his favorites; while the gallant Henry IV. was endeavoring to naturalize tolerance in France by enacting the Edit de Nantes, in spite of Jesuit fury and threats of Ravallac's knife; while Philip II. was gnashing his teeth at the failure of the Spanish Armada, and his imbecile son was trying, after his fashion, to better his country by expelling her most industrious citizens, the Moors and the Jews; while a few enterprising British merchants were freighting ships for Hindostan under their newly-obtained title of the East India Company; and while Spaniards, Portuguese, and Dutch were cutting each others' throats about the lands they had stolen from the natives of South America—about this time, the empire of Moscow and all the Russias was in a most deplorable condition. Feodor, the last descendant of the Rurik dynasty, which had ruled Russia for seven hundred and twenty years, had died childless. The government had fallen a prey to any adventurer who had nerve to seize the sceptre, and money to pay the armed bandits who lorded it over the citizens of Moscow. Boyards, Poles, and Swedes successively usurped the throne and ground the people to the earth, until, in their turn, they were subverted and murdered by bolder and more successful scoundrels than themselves. The legitimate heir to the throne, and the heir of the Ruriks, Dmitri, had been assassinated by an ambitious noble named Boris Godonoff. No less than four impostors arose claiming to be the murdered Dmitri; and such was the innate loyalty of the Russians, that each obtained a large measure of popular support. Conflicts between these aspirants to the crown and the usurpers who held Moscow—frightful dissensions in every province, every village of the empire—unparalleled misery and distress in every form—are the materials for the history of Russia from 1584 to 1613. At the close of this fearful period of anarchy, the outskirts of the empire of the Ruriks were in the possession of Swedes, Poles, Turks, Persians,

and Cossacks; several important provinces had altogether thrown off their allegiance to Moscow; the soldiers were unpaid; the treasury was empty; the court was a scene of perpetual bloody intrigues; the whole civil service was disorganized. In their misery, a large number of the Russian nobles offered the throne to the King of Poland; but while negotiations were pending, a butcher of Novogorod succeeded in arousing a sentiment of nationality among his countrymen, and a vigorous effort was made to shake off the Polish yoke. Prince Pojarski led the Russians, and the Poles were driven from Moscow. The victorious army then determined to elect a Czar. Notice was sent to every province in the empire; and the nobility, the clergy, and the burgesses were summoned to send deputies to Moscow to the election. The whole transaction appears to have been conducted with perfect fairness.

For many years the Romanoffs had been one of the leading families of Muscovy. Sprung from an adventurer—claimed alike by Prussia, Germany, and Normandy—who settled in Russia about the middle of the fourteenth century, they had, by their talents and patriotism, commanded a predominating influence in the councils of the Czars. An attempt has recently been made to show that the original Romanoff, whose name was Andrew Kobyla, was of noble extraction, and allied to royal houses; but this foolish endeavor to gratify the pride of the Russian monarchs has not disclosed any facts worthy of historic notice. There is no evidence to show that Andrew Kobyla was any thing but a foreign emigrant. The virtues and talents of his descendants for three centuries would lead an impartial observer to infer that the blood which flowed in his veins was not tainted by any infiltration of royalty. At all events, of whatever lineage he sprang, the bearers of his name under the last of the Ruriks attained eminent rank and wide popularity. Not the least conspicuous of the house was Feodor, whose patriotism was deemed so formidable by the usurper Boris Godonoff, that he persecuted his family with unrelenting rancor, and forced both himself and his wife to become ecclesiastics. Public opinion compelled his successor to elevate the illustrious victim of tyranny to the dignity of Metropolitan of Rostoff; he was subsequently sent to Poland in the capacity of ambassador, which office he filled when the Russians, urged by the butcher of Novogorod, determined to elect a native ruler.

The Council—composed of nobles, clergy, and burgesses, or citizens proper—assembled in Lent, 1613. Three army officers were the most prominent candidates for the suffrages of the electors. All three had taken an active part in the troubles of the last twenty years, and were on many grounds obnoxious to the nation. It is probable that some glimmering of the dangers of military rule penetrated the Council; for, after several days of stormy debate, their choice fell at last upon Michael Romanoff, son of the ambassador to Poland, whose family had suffered much for

the country, and whose father, though absent, was the most respected citizen of Russia.

Michael or Mikhail Romanoff was at that time at the convent of Kostroma with his mother. Though but seventeen years of age, he had spent many years in exile and in prison: his brothers had languished and died under the cruelty of Boris: his father, though clothed with the sacred quality of ambassador, had been thrust into a Polish dungeon the moment the news of the Russian movement had reached Warsaw. Misfortune had saddened the minds of both Michael and his mother. They declined the offer of the national Council, and begged the deputation that waited upon them at Kostroma to select some worthier person to fill the office of Czar. But Archbishop Theodorete and the deputies of the Council had resolved to hear of no refusal. They skillfully wrought upon the religious feelings of the young Romanoff and his mother: reminded them that henceforth they were answerable to God for the welfare of Russia: employed all the awe-inspiring forms of the Greek Church to shake their resolution; and finally succeeded in extorting from both a promise to submit themselves to "the will of Heaven, as declared by the voice of the Russian people."

In April of the same year, Michael, the founder of the Romanoff dynasty, was crowned at Moscow. On his coronation, he was required to swear that he would protect the Greek religion; that he would grant an unconditional amnesty to the persecutors of his father; that he would make no new law, change no old one, decide nothing by himself, but cause every man to be judged according to the laws and customs of the empire; that he would not make war or declare peace without the consent of the nation; finally, that he would resign all his personal estates either to his family or to the State. These oaths he took; and it is well worthy of remark that the limitations they constitute were imposed on the monarch of Russia at a time when England, France, and Spain peaceably submitted to forms of monarchy which were all more or less absolute. They may, moreover, be profitably contrasted with the system of monarchy established in Russia nearly a hundred years later by Peter the Great, and preserved by his successors to the present day.

Michael Romanoff reigned thirty-two years over Russia. Materials for his biography are wanting. We know that he contrived to make peace with the Poles and the Swedes, at the expense of provinces which Peter the Great and his successors spent much blood in regaining; that he prohibited the use of tobacco as injurious to the human frame, and issued a ukase—somewhat similar to our Maine Liquor Law—against intoxicating beverages; that he recalled his father from his dungeon in Poland, and associated him with himself in the government of the kingdom; finally, that he acquired extensive popularity among his subjects. His father's wisdom, combined with his own moderation, inspired a policy which was well calculated to reconcile

the Russians to the dynasty of which he was the root. His marriages—especially the latter—are the only events of his life, after his accession, which historians have thought it worth while to record. His first wife dying, public notice was given throughout the empire that the Czar intended to marry again, and all eligible young ladies were invited to attend at the palace at a fixed time. The assembled candidates were respectfully received by officers of the household, and entertained for several days, during which the Czar mingled with them in disguise, endeavoring to discover their character and qualities. It would seem that his inspection was not confined to the daylight, a tranquil sleep being deemed as essential a qualification for a Czarina, as a sweet disposition or a docile temper. The examination resulted in the choice of a lady named Streckner, whose father was surprised by the bearers of the welcome news in the act of digging in his field. This singular method of choosing a wife was long in use in Russia; and, as a general rule, it appears to have answered quite as well as the more refined practice of later years.

It seems as though Nature could not endure two good monarchs in succession. Those "happy accidents," as Alexander justly called them, are only thrown in at long intervals, just to prove the rule by furnishing the exception. Michael's son, Alexis, who succeeded to the throne, is proudly mentioned by modern Russian writers as a monarch who rose above paltry considerations of the people's welfare, and gave a tone to imperial despotism. One of the most disreputable nobles of his father's court was named Morosof—a man destitute of character, principle, and talents, and only known by a reputation for unequalled ferocity: him he chose for his guide, counselor, and friend. Tyrant-like, the favorite set to work to strengthen the standing army, and increase the number of the strelitz or mercenary body-guards. From this, he passed to the sale of offices. Morosof kept a market for every thing which should not be sold. He had his price for the judgment of every court in the empire: life, property, and virtue were all regularly bought and sold at his counter. As some of the judges declined to serve him as promptly as his business required, he kept in his pay a body of perjurers, who were hired to swear any thing at his bidding. No petition could reach the Czar without passing through his hands; his perquisites on this branch of his duties were enormous. Not satisfied, however, with absorbing the whole judicial and administrative powers of the empire, and trafficking therein as he would have done in merchandise, he obtained from the Czar a monopoly of the trade in leather, salt, and several other necessities of life. The cost of living was instantly trebled; and the people, who had borne patiently the brutal violence of the strelitz and the incredible corruptions of the court, could not endure starvation in silence. A fierce tumult arose. Crowds of famished mechanics rushed to the palace, overpow-

ered the guards, and called for the head of the author of their troubles, the boyard Morosof. The Czar vainly endeavored to appease their fury by surrendering one of the judges, whose decisions the favorite had been in the habit of selling. The unhappy wretch was instantly torn to pieces; and his colleague shortly afterward shared his fate. A friend of Morosof, who had purchased from him the monopoly of salt, was found in his bed, and beaten to death with clubs. Fearing at length for his own safety, the Czar repealed the monopolies, gave to the mob what they most needed—a supply of food—and entreated them for this time to spare the life of his friend Morosof. His prayer was granted. The miscreant withdrew to his country palace, and lived in splendor on the spoils of the nation.

It has been pretended that Alexis was guiltless of the crimes of his favorite. Charity itself could not construe his subsequent acts favorably. A miserable fanatic, whose very name is a matter of dispute, bethought himself of emulating the imposture of the pseudo-Dmitris, who, before the election of Michael Romanoff, had set up claims upon the Russian throne. It does not appear that he ever collected a respectable body of adherents, or rendered himself in any way formidable to Alexis. Almost the first thing we hear of him is his flight to Poland, and his expulsion from thence by request of the Czar. His whole adventures consist of a series of escapes from the pursuit of Alexis: a more contemptible pretender never lived. Driven from Warsaw to Sweden, from thence to Germany; declared an outcast every where, he finally sought a refuge in the dominions of the Duke of Holstein. It so happened—the circumstance paints the age and the country—that some years previously an ambassador from Holstein had borrowed money of the Czar: the debt was still unpaid. It weighed heavily on the mind of the Duke, whose exchequer was by no means flourishing, and who constantly dreaded lest Alexis should seize a village or two, or an odd hundred of his subjects, by way of satisfaction. Rejoiced indeed was he when the Czar offered to release the debt in exchange for the surrender of the fugitive, *soi-disant* Dmitri. Bound hand and foot, he was instantly forwarded with all speed to Moscow; where, in presence of the Czar and his nobles, his limbs were cut off one by one by the public executioner, and his head severed from his mutilated trunk. Alexis then slept soundly.

His slumbers were not destined to last long. Deprived of the resources he had formerly derived from Morosof's corruptions, this sagacious prince hit upon a most ingenious scheme for filling the treasury. A formal ukase enacted that thenceforth the copper copeck should pass current for the same value as the old silver coin. Needless to add that in a very few weeks trade was brought to a stand—all commodities had risen tenfold in price—and the utmost misery prevailed in Moscow. The plague had just visited the capital with peculiar virulence; and no

sooner had the scourge of God been removed than that of the Czar began to be felt. Then the old Muscovite spirit arose again: some such stalwart plebeian as the butcher of Novogorod leading his townsmen with a knife or a billet of wood in his strong hand. Ten or twelve thousand there were—ready at any moment to die for their Czar, or to allow themselves to be plundered and bullied by his guards—but calling, in God's name, for bread for themselves and their children. No weapons had they but such as they could seize on their own hearth-stones or by the road-side: as angrily, riotously no doubt, they poured from the city to the fortress whither Alexis had fled on the first news of the disturbance. One long shout apprized him of their business. Some fellow, more outspoken than the rest, boldly denounced the courtiers who had advised the fatal measure of tampering with the currency; and did not even spare the household of the Czar in his indignant remonstrance. Alexis strove to gain time. Orders had already been given for the concentration of troops round the fortress; they were gathering fast. Gently and paternally did the Czar rebuke the mob for their unreasonable impatience under the throes of starvation; promising that in due time he would look into the matter, and try to make all right. We can readily fancy what our feelings would be, if, after enduring want and every description of suffering for months, our fury burst forth at last, and the head of the government, the author of our grievances, were to tell us quietly that he would look into the matter. A second shout, more vehement doubtless than the first, announced to the Czar that the starving people could not wait. Troops now surrounded the mob, and Alexis gave the signal. The strelitz fell upon the unfortunate Muscovites with the rage of wild beasts. Unarmed, huddled together in a confused mass, no resistance was possible: a frightful carnage ensued. The whole body was dispersed; and a second assemblage, cowed by the fate of their comrades, surrendered several hundred of their number to the executioner, and sadly returned to their homes.

It is instructive to read the account given of this affair by the monarchical historian Levesque, a man, be it said, of vast erudition, large capacity, and, in other respects, sound and impartial judgment. After describing the cause of the riot, and the journey of the mob to the palace, he adds: "The Czar showed himself to the rebels, who dared to demand that several courtiers who were accused of causing their calamities—among others, Alexis's own father-in-law—should be delivered up to them. The Czar, always inclined to clemency, tried to appease the rioters by gentle means. He addressed them rather as a mediator or a friend than as an angry prince. He condescended to point out that he himself would be culpable were he to surrender any one without a full examination; that he was alike the father of the accusers and the accused, and that, until the condemnation of the latter, both parties had equal claims on his goodness; and

promised that he would closely look into the matters of which they complained, and severely punish the guilty. He then presented the princess his wife and his son to the crowd, and bade them bear witness of his engagement. The rioters, convinced that the gentle language of the Czar was an indication of fear, replied by seditious cries. Then the Prince, seeing that they could only be subdued by force, gave the signal to the officers of his household and the strelitz. They were drawn up in order of battle, and instantly fell upon the disorderly and ill-armed crowd, and committed great slaughter. . . . The defeat was scarcely over when three thousand more insurgents appeared, who, hearing the fate of their comrades, threw down their arms, and begged as a favor to be sent to Siberia. A few hundred of them were hanged, and tranquillity was re-established." This was written and printed a few years before the French revolution.

The Czars of the line of Rurik had frequently exercised a pretty tolerable despotism over their subjects, whom they murdered, robbed, and exiled very much as they chose. Some crude notions of popular rights had sprung up, as we have seen, during the interregnum. Alexis resolved not only to place matters on the old footing, but to surpass the most tyrannical of his predecessors in tyranny. He established a secret tribunal, called the Little Chancery, before which any obnoxious person could be dragged, and sentenced to death without the knowledge of any one but the victim, the judge, and the executioner. The most curious feature of the proceedings of this Russian Inquisition was, that private citizens could use it as well as the monarch. Its police were every where; and it was only necessary to utter a few mysterious words, and to point at any individual, to have him seized and immured in the dungeons of the Chancery. To give an appearance of fairness, accuser and accused were both imprisoned; and by way of eliciting the truth, the knout was administered to both until one or the other gave way, and confessed that he was in the wrong. It is not easy to understand how people could have been induced to avail themselves of the privilege afforded by such a tribunal; but whether Alexis used it for his own purposes, and collusion existed between the executioner and the accusers or not, certain it is that prominent citizens were constantly summoned before it, and numbers perished in its mysterious chambers. It was considered one of the most abominable fruits of despotism, and Catherine the Second derived great fame from its final abolition.

While the Little Chancery was doing its work, and Alexis was assisting it by wandering about at night in disguise, questioning people on their political views, and thus treacherously marking out victims for his vengeance, the Czar evinced considerable vigor in more worthy occupations. He coveted the throne of Poland, and would probably have obtained it, had it not been for the valor and skill of John Sobieski. He

opened a regular intercourse with several European monarchs, and was the means of drawing the attention of the West to Russia. He had the gold mines opened and worked, and superintended the construction of the two first ships built in Russia. He graciously provided a small pittance for the support of the exiles to Siberia. But these public cares did not alter the native narrowness of his mind or the cruelty of his disposition. Shortly before his death, his physician advised him to be bled. He capriciously ordered that all his courtiers should be bled likewise. One old man, a faithful general, whose brow bore many a scar, and whose blood had been freely shed on the battle-field, demurred at this preposterous request; Alexis heaped the most violent abuse on his head, and was with difficulty restrained from beating him on the spot. Thus alternating between domestic violence and public energy; as anxious for the advancement of Russia as for the destruction of the rights of the Russian people, Alexis terminated his reign at the age of forty-seven, having held the sceptre for thirty-one years. It is said that his death was caused by that very obstinacy which was so fatal to the welfare of his subjects. He steadily refused to listen to the advice of his physicians, and would hear of no attendant but an old woman who pretended to be a witch, and undertook to cure him with magic charms.

Alexis had married twice. By his first wife he had two sons, Feodor and Ivan, and six daughters, one of whom, the Princess Sophia, occupies a conspicuous place in history; by his second he had one son, Peter, afterward Peter the Great, and one daughter. Alexis's body was hardly in the grave when a furious contest arose between these two families for his succession. By the law of primogeniture, which was that of the Russian empire, the right of Feodor, and after him his brother Ivan, was incontestable. But, in the first place, this first principle of the hereditary system has been set aside in Russia as often as it has been followed; and in the second, there were, in the present case, peculiar reasons why neither Feodor nor Ivan should succeed to the throne. The former was sickly, and not likely to live; the latter was nearly blind, nearly deaf, and wholly imbecile. On these grounds the Narishkins, a powerful family, to which Alexis's second wife belonged, claimed the throne for their kinsman, young Peter, then three years old. Had they had no more formidable opponents than Feodor and Ivan, they would probably have succeeded in their design; unfortunately for them, the Princess Sophia supplied what her brothers lacked in masculine vigor and unscrupulous ambition. She divided Moscow with the Narishkins. As usual in civil contests, whichever side the troops espoused was sure of victory. Sophia secured the strelitz, and the Narishkins were forced to submit to the coronation of Feodor.

The life of the third Czar of the Romanoff dynasty is as insignificant as that of the first. He had an able counselor, Prince Galitzin; he

did nothing himself; and these two merits have earned him the praise of historians. Illness left him little time to think of government. His marriage to a Polish lady, in opposition to the wishes of the boyards, led to a contest which exhausted what little energy he had, and he met death thankfully in the sixth year of his reign.

The quarrels of the Narishkins with the Princess Sophia then broke out afresh. The latter, with undiminished energy, urged the claims of her idiot brother Ivan, and offered to accept the regency herself; the former, with a strong show of right this time, put forward Peter, a fine boy of ten years old. The sense of the nation, so far as it was manifested, was on the side of Peter; but the strelitz, won by the largesses, and also, it is said, by the beauty and eloquence of Sophia, were ready to go any lengths in favor of their mistress. Peter's party becoming formidable, the Princess resolved to strike a blow which should be final. A report was spread that the Narishkins intended to murder Ivan; money and brandy were freely distributed to the troops; unequivocal hints of plunder were thrown out to the bandit-strelitz; and when all was prepared for the explosion, the signal was given by Sophia herself. The strelitz were let loose, and rushed like wolves to the palace of the Narishkins. It was sacked. The brothers of Natalia, Peter's mother, were massacred, with sixty of their friends and kinsmen. Sophia rode furiously to and fro among the riotous soldiery, urging them to complete their work. Her angelic features wore a demoniac expression; she was not satisfied. The prey had escaped her. While the strelitz were tearing down the door of the palace, Natalia had escaped on foot, with her son Peter in her arms. The city was overrun by drunken, brutal soldiers. She flew with the wings of fear through the narrowest streets and the suburbs to the country. It was winter; the snow was falling thick. Natalia took to the fields, and quickened her pace to reach a shelter. Soon her strength began to fail. The cold began to tell upon her ill-clad form. She hardly knew whither she was going. Still she struggled onward, praying earnestly that God, who had saved her son from the sword of the strelitz, would shield him from the blast of the north wind and the terrors of the cold. Her limbs were nearly failing, when she heard behind her the footsteps of horsemen. She was pursued. They had tracked her. The horrible truth gave her new energy. Claspings her child closer to her breast, and uttering a mental prayer, she runs through the snow with a speed which still leaves some distance between her and her pursuers. The race, however, can not last long. Well-mounted soldiers, thirsting for blood, are sure to overtake a poor broken-hearted woman, overburdened with a child. They are at her heels, shouting and menacing, when the Convent of the Trinity—a refuge for the worst malefactors—opens its door to the fugitive. She has just strength to enter the aisle, hasten to the

altar, and deposit her precious burden upon its steps. Here at length, she thinks, is safety. Murder they would commit, but sacrilege!—Absurd to suppose that a soldier of the strelitz knew any scruple! In they rush, scarce a moment after Natalia, their swords drawn, their eyes flashing, their mouths vomiting menace and imprecation. A single bound, and the foremost stands on the steps of the altar; his weapon is raised; Peter's life is not worth a moment's purchase. Natalia springs forward, seizes the soldier's arm, and asks him, with noble indignation, how he dares kill his Czar? The soldier turns fiercely from the child to the mother—quails an instant under her piercing eye—hesitates—a sound is heard outside—'tis the tramp of horsemen. Possibly a rescue. A fierce band of Narishkins, eager for vengeance. So the strelitz think, for they hurriedly retreat from the altar to the church door, mount their horses, and escape, smitten with a sudden panic. The lives of Peter and his heroic mother are safe.

This scene—which Steuben has commemorated in one of his most effective paintings—contrasts strangely with the attitude of the beautiful Sophia during the massacre. Ill-satisfied with her victory, she could not forgive the strelitz for having spared her rival, when a single blow might have relieved her from anxiety forever. To have sacrificed money, peace, and her own virtue—for the contest had cost her no less—and to have failed at last, was a cruel disappointment. Still, though the boy Peter lived, and the murder of his kinsmen so far from annihilating had actually increased the number of his partisans among the nobles and the people, Sophia's efforts had been crowned with a measure of success that had amply rewarded a less ambitious intriguer. Her idiot brother, Ivan, was Czar; and she received herself the title of Regent, with the whole powers of a monarch. Compelled, shortly afterward, to yield to the clamor of the Muscovites, and to associate Peter with her brother Ivan in the nominal office of Czar, she readily contrived to neutralize the act by dispatching Peter to a country village, and surrounding him there with profligates, and companions of the lowest order. Her highest aims were now gratified. The whole Russian empire lay at her feet. Her wildest caprice was law. Aided by the counsels of a wary statesman, Prince Galitzin, and tutored by her own good sense, she avoided the perils which had ruined many similar usurpers, and it seemed as though her authority rested on a durable basis. To secure the throne in her family, she married her brother Ivan to a creature of her own; and though his idiocy was so confirmed that it is doubtful whether he ever saw his wife after the ceremony, the Czarina soon gave birth to a child.

Sophia's fortunes had reached their apogee. Their decline was at hand. The strelitz, who had raised her to power, no sooner saw her authority firmly established than they began to weary of tranquillity, and at length broke into

open revolt. With the utmost difficulty Sophia gathered her other troops together; gave them battle, defeated them with great slaughter, and beheaded the principal officers. Then the people began to murmur; an unsuccessful expedition against Turkey fomented their discontent, and the name of Peter was in every man's mouth. Energetic as of old, Sophia resolved to anticipate the threatened blow.

Peter was still in his village, spending his time in riotous licentiousness with the companions Sophia had given him. Habitual drunkenness was the least of the vices of the boy-Czar. Fortunately for him, he was gifted with an inquiring mind, great energy, and indomitable perseverance. As Sophia had neglected his education, he could neither read nor write at the time of his accession; but a Swiss named Lefort, who was one of his companions, taught him not only Russian, but several other modern languages. A taste for military life, which seems to be innate in some northern races, led to the formation of a small troop of volunteer soldiers in his village; Peter entered the troop as drummer, and rapidly rose to the command. As his years advanced, his ambition began to develop itself; he adventured a visit to Moscow, married the daughter of a Russian colonel, and even presumed to take his seat on the throne in the Senate. It was then that Sophia determined to get rid of so dangerous a rival.

The old plan she thought was the best. Six hundred strelitz—with whom she had made peace—were sent to Peter's residence to murder him. The young Czar contrived to make his escape to the convent of the Trinity; and there the people and a large number of the soldiery hastened to join him. Sophia was distracted at this evidence of her unpopularity. She wandered wildly through the streets of Moscow, calling upon her former friends to remain true to her, and parading before the wavering troops that beauty which had once been so irresistible a talisman. It was too late. The tramp of Peter's army was already thundering in the distance. With a few faithful followers and the strelitz, she ventured to give battle; but her rout was immediate and complete. The strelitz were scattered. Galitzin, her minister, was banished, as the ukase says, to "Karga, a city under the Pole," and allowed three cents a day for the support of himself and his family. Sophia herself reluctantly abdicated the regency; Peter afterward ordered her head to be shaved, and confined her person in a nunnery.

Thus, in 1689, Peter became sole monarch of Russia. All things considered, he ranks among the most remarkable personages of history. Though his conquests can not compare with those of many other warrior-kings; though it is on the whole very questionable whether the political condition of the Russian people was at all benefited by the changes he wrought and the example he set to his successors; though he left behind him few legislative memorials of his

wisdom; and though a dispassionate review of his character discloses as many grounds for censure and loathing as for praise and admiration; still, the fame of Peter Alexiovitch will most certainly endure while the world lasts. It rests on monuments which time will never wholly efface. We may hate him for his crimes, but when we place him side by side with his predecessors on the throne and his companions at court, we can not deny that he looms out in the stature of a giant. If his warmest admirers have not ventured to give him credit for a heart, his bitterest enemies have not denied the vast powers of his mind. Utterly destitute of the finer feelings of human nature, without a trace of affection for those who were nearest and should have been dearest to him; without any reverence for God or pity for man; Peter the Great seems rather an embodiment of the principle of national progress than a member of the human race. It is by his frailties alone we recognize the man. He trampled under foot humanity, religion, and love. If his heart ever warmed it was at the sight of a gallant ship; if he worshiped any god, it was Russia; if he ever loved any thing it was work, obstacles, and difficulties. Danger was his delight; physical or moral, he reveled in its encounter. With the same reckless daring that he threw himself into the midst of his troops at a sham fight, calling on them to cease their play, and use their weapons in earnest against one another—himself sharing the murderous pastime—he calmly insulted the religious prejudices of his whole people, and ran counter to notions which Czar after Czar had been ruined in attempting to disturb. On ascending the throne, he set himself certain tasks. Those he performed, ruthlessly crushing every obstacle, restraint, or prejudice that stood in his way. His marvelous energy, and his utter want of principle and feeling, are equally conspicuous in the performance.

The army was undisciplined. He sent abroad for tried soldiers; imported, despite native prejudice, thousands of Huguenots, Scotchmen, Swiss, Germans, and grafted them into all the regular corps of the army, so as to leaven the whole. In a few months, all he wanted was a general. That would not have been wanting had merit been the ground of promotion in the old Russian army. So to correct the abuse, he served in his own forces as a subaltern, and rose regularly through all the grades. On the return of the victorious army from Turkey, he arranged a triumphal procession at Moscow, wherein the place of honor was occupied by the Generals Schein and Lefort, and the Czar himself walked modestly with the subordinate officers.

He had no navy. His instinctive dread of the water made him shudder when he saw a river. He cured himself and supplied the deficiency of his country with the same vigor. Ice-cold baths every morning accomplished the former; the latter was a work of greater difficulty. Fate threw the hull of a British yacht

on his shores. With the eye of genius he discerned its value, studied it minutely, hunted out a Dutch ship carpenter, and bade him forthwith construct several vessels on the plan of the wreck. These he learned to navigate himself in his native rivers and lakes, surpassing all his own sailors in daring and skill. Yachts, however, were not men of war. Russia did not contain a builder capable of constructing a first-class ship. Peter's resolve was soon taken. Appointing a faithful noble to the office of regent, and providing him with an ample force of foreign troops, he set out for Amsterdam with a few companions. Under the name of Peter Carpenter (*Timmerman*) he obtained employment in the dock-yard, and worked with the shipwrights employed at the place. Every morning he was to be found at his post, adze or hammer in his hand; receiving his wages, living thereon, and lodging as poorly as any mechanic. In the evening, he would sit down covered with dust and dirt, and pen a ukase for the government of Russia, or an order to his army on the confines of the Crimea. When he had learned all that the Dutch could teach, he crossed over to England. There, as on the Continent, the King and Court were anxious to pay him royal honors; but Peter had no time for such folly. He had come to see dock-yards, not palaces; ship builders, not dukes. He thanked King William for his offers, but hastened to Deptford, and begged the master shipwright to give him employment as a carpenter. Again he set the workmen an example of industry, frugality, and perseverance; toiling in their midst as though he had no other aim in life but to earn his wages conscientiously. When he was able to build as good a ship as any man in England, he left, as abruptly and unceremoniously as he had arrived; hastened home, and set several vessels on the stocks. So, in course of time, Russia had a navy.

For upward of a century the throne had been periodically shaken by revolts among the soldiery. Peter resolved to put an end to such work. Shortly after his accession a conspiracy was formed, chiefly among the officers of the *strelitz*, to dethrone him and reinstate Sophia. It came to his ears; and, having ascertained that the conspirators were to meet at a certain house at ten at night, he ordered a company of his guards to invest the house and seize them. A few minutes after ten, he proceeded to the place alone, and on foot. Lights were visible at the windows, and supposing that the guards were already within, he boldly opened the door, and entered the room where the conspirators sat. No guards were visible: by a slip of the pen, Peter had written the hour of eleven instead of ten in his order to the officer. Nothing daunted, Peter sat down among the men who, he knew, had sworn to kill him that night. They were naturally taken aback by his visit: the more so, as he appeared in high spirits, drank, talked, and made himself quite at home. As soon, however, as the first surprise had pass-

ed away, one of the conspirators said to another in a half whisper: "Brother, it is time." "Not yet, villain," shouted Peter, rising from his seat; "but 'tis time for me," and knocked him down with a blow of his fist. All rose, and a hundred swords were drawn upon the monarch; but at that critical moment the guards arrived, rushed into the room, and overpowered the conspirators before a single weapon had reached Peter's body. There was nothing left for the vanquished but to implore the mercy of their sovereign. He showed it as his nature prompted. The whole band were first broken on the rack. They were then slowly dismembered, an interval of time being left between the amputation of each limb; and the blood being carefully stanchd, so as to prolong the agony of the sufferers. Life was finally extinguished by various processes; and the mutilated remains were gathered round the base of a column in the most public place in Moscow—the heads of the victims raised aloft on pikes in the centre. So appalling a spectacle shocked even the most ferocious of the barbarian *strelitz*.

This was only a beginning. During his absence abroad a second revolt had broken out among the *strelitz*, and on his return he found several thousands of the insurgents in prison awaiting his pleasure. The punishment inflicted on the conspirators of his early reign was mild compared to what befell these luckless captives. Every variety of torture was put in practice: the imagination of Peter and his courtiers was exhausted in devising fresh refinements of cruelty. The Inquisition was fairly surpassed in atrocity. After some months spent in mangling and mutilating his victims, he found that two thousand still survived. Tired of the pastime, he ordered them all to be executed on one day—volunteering himself to assist as one of the executioners. In presence of the whole population of the capital he drank twenty cups of wine, and at each cup struck off the head of a prisoner with a blow of his sword; and when the sight of blood and the effects of the wine had bereft him of every vestige of reason, he plunged into the throng of dead and living, commanding his friends to follow him, and hewed and hacked the bodies with the reckless fury of a demon. With all the horrors of its history, Moscow never saw such a monstrous spectacle as on that day.

The *strelitz*, however, were not vanquished. Three officers had the folly to write to Sophia, entreating her to make an effort to reinstate herself on the throne. Peter intercepted the letter, and had the three conspirators hanged before Sophia's window. As if this were not enough, he cut off the arm of one of the corpses, fastened the letter in its stiffened fingers, and hung it up in her bedroom until the flesh rotted from the bones. Sophia had been familiar enough with scenes of blood; but this was too much for her. Confinement had weakened her frame: before the arm of the dead soldier had mouldered into dust, she was in the grave.

After this, there was very little sedition in Russia during Peter's reign.

When he had neither wars to wage nor culprits to execute, Peter's mind turned to his people. That he desired their good there can not be a doubt; but it never seems to have occurred to him that that was a matter on which they might be supposed to have an opinion. He did all the thinking of his empire himself. The council of the boyards and nobles—a poor apology for a check upon the monarch, but still some sort of obstacle to despotism—he flatly refused to tolerate: having sent the members about their business, he replaced them by a council of his own choosing. The church he hated. When the patriarch died, and the people implored him to name another, he struck his sword against his brawny chest, and told them he was their patriarch. To bring the popes or bishops into contempt, he hired a parcel of drunken fellows to personate them, and sent them reeling from the effects of brandy into the streets. He shut up several of the religious houses, and would allow none to become ecclesiastics until they were too old to be soldiers. One can easily imagine the rancor with which the church regarded their ruthless tyrant. Had the metropolitans possessed as much brains as passion, Peter's reign might not have been as tranquil as it was. But they were children in his hands. When he founded St. Petersburg, the people and the clergy were very loath to migrate to its deadly marshes: their reluctance was increased by the intelligence that, on a public festival, the statue of the Virgin, which had been taken to the church on the Neva, shed visible tears in token of sympathy for their distress. Peter was by no means the sort of man to be affected by such phenomena. Walking coolly into the church, he seized the weeping statue by the head, gouged it, and discovered a small reservoir of oil concealed behind the eyes, from whence a little stream had been contrived to trickle down the cheeks. The discomfiture of the clerical impostors can well be imagined.

The nobles and the church crushed, the people came in for their share of attention. He objected to the dress that was worn at the time: it was altered, so as to assimilate to that of Western Europe. He disliked beards, and promoted shaving by taxing them. He found fault with marriages contracted by parents without the concurrence of the parties themselves; and thenceforth, every couple was obliged to show that they had been acquainted at least six weeks before they could be united. He sought to promote social intercourse among the citizens of Moscow; and commanded them to give assemblies or social parties every week, to which every resident was invited by a ukase. The master of the house was not compelled to be present; but he was bound to furnish brandy and tobacco for his guests. The latter were required to bow at the entrance of their entertainer's house: if any one omitted the salute, the guards seized him and forced him to swallow a tumbler of

brandy by way of punishment. Intoxication was so prevalent at the time in Russia, that these parties were mere drinking bouts; Peter thoughtfully enacted that at ten o'clock the master of the house should be at liberty to turn his guests, drunk or sober, out of doors.

The wisest of Peter's numerous ordinances, referring to the social advancement of his people, was that which required young men to travel abroad. It was contrary to the old custom of Russia; and has, since Peter's time, been materially curtailed by his successors. Doubtless it exercised a most beneficial effect on Russian society in the last century. When Peter came to the throne, a Russian nobleman—or gentleman, if such a word can be so misapplied—was a riotous, overbearing, ignorant, drunken creature; who led a stupid, sensual life among his serfs, and knew no higher pleasure than offering brutal violence to a virgin, or striking off the head of a man. Though Peter himself resembled his countrymen in many of these respects, he did not admire his own defects in others: his bosom-friends were chiefly foreigners, or Russians who had traveled abroad. Lefort, the Swiss—a man of much ability and no principle, descended from a noble family in Piedmont, and tolerably refined in his tastes and manners—was his chief adviser. Another close friend was Mentzikoff, the founder of the present family of the name. He began life as a pastry cook, and sold patties in the streets of Moscow when Lefort took him under his protection and introduced him to the Czar. Other foreigners were admitted to the imperial circle on the strength of their naval skill. Dutch skippers he adored. In truth, Peter had sense enough to be democratic in this sense at least, that he encouraged talent wherever he found it.

The domestic life of Peter the Great is as unlike that of any other monarch as his public career. He married, when very young, Eudocia, daughter of Colonel Lapuchin. From the very day of her union he began to neglect her for other women; and though she bore him a son, the unhappy Alexis, his treatment of her was uniformly unfeeling and heartless. He brought with him, on his return from Germany, a Dutch girl named Anne Moens, and never condescended to conceal the intrigue from his wife. The latter, goaded to revenge, encouraged the addresses of a young man named Glebok. When the Czar heard of it, he ordered his wife to be closely imprisoned; seized her lover, and had him impaled before his eyes. It is said that, while the wretch was writhing on the spike, Peter had a chair brought out, and watched his agonies, reviling and taunting him, until Glebok spat in his face.

Anne Moens soon made way for other favorites, and Peter lived, for some years, as virtuously as kings usually do. A strange romance—for a parallel to which we must recur to the history of the famous Lady Hamilton—furnished him with a substitute for the disgraced Eudocia. At the capture of Marien-

burg, during the war with Sweden, the Russians took prisoner a young girl whose attractions induced the general, Bauer, to claim her for himself. As far as we can now learn, she seems to have been the daughter of a peasant girl, and, as she was supported by Count Rosen, it has been conjectured that he was her father. Sent out to service in the family of a Lutheran minister, she had married a dragoon a day or two before her capture by the Russians. General Bauer took her to Moscow with him, and after a few months sold her to Prince Mentzikoff, who, in his turn, disposed of her to the Czar himself. Such things have been common enough at Courts, and many a man has risen to eminence by purveying for a king in a similar way. She could neither read nor write; and is not said to have been beautiful. Her figure was good, however; and when, under the directions of her early protectors, she had succeeded in effacing from her hands the traces of her youthful drudgery, and had dyed her hair, she presented a very tolerable appearance. Peter was no judge of beauty, and was not particularly select in his tastes. Martha, or Catherine as he christened her, possessed, in her imperturbable good temper, a charm which enthralled the impetuous Czar; in his wildest fits of passion she could soothe him, and restore him to his senses by her winning grace and gentleness. Very soon he found her so necessary to his happiness that he resolved to marry her; and the wife of a Swedish dragoon, the cast-off favorite of Bauer and Mentzikoff, became the consort of Peter the Great. He took her to the army with him, and it is said that she exercised extensive influence over his mind: the truce which saved the Russian army at the Pruth is understood to have been proposed by her even without Peter's knowledge. She was equally influential at home. There is grave reason to believe that the atrocious deed which remains to be told of Peter was done at her instigation.

The Czar's first wife, Eudocia, had given birth to a son, Alexis. At the time of his birth, his father had already ceased to visit his mother: the son shared her fate. From his infancy Peter disliked him. As he grew up, his character developed in strong contrast to his father's. He was idle, fond of literature and music: disliked field sports and manual occupation: was a devout member of the church, and a deep theological student; and though by no means moral, was given to none of the excesses which had marked his father's youth. As soon as he attained manhood, the Czar compelled him against his will to marry a German princess of the Wolfenbuttel family. Alexis detested her, and evinced his feelings in the brutal fashion of his family. His father, who commonly beat his wives and the ladies of the Court with his cane, and thought nothing of kicking a general down-stairs, accused Alexis of having struck his wife at a time when she had especial claims on his regard. There is, unfortunately, no reason to doubt the truth of the

charge. The wonder is how Peter objected to a practice he so constantly inculcated by his example. In truth, it does not need much research to discover that Peter, like the wolf in the fable, desired an excuse to punish his son: his treatment of his wife was a fair pretext to start with. He threatened to disinherit Alexis: the latter replied by a frank renunciation of his rights to the throne. The Czar then menaced him with imprisonment in a monastery: he declared that nothing would be more congenial to his feelings. Finding these threats fall harmlessly, Peter set his mind to discover something more to his purpose. There can not be a doubt but the executioner of the strelitz would have succeeded to admiration, had Alexis afforded him a chance. Fearing the worst, the young prince fled abroad. His father sent messengers after him in hot haste, entreating him to return. The men selected for the service, and the arguments they employed, indicate pretty plainly that the Czar's resolution was even then firmly taken. The former were a sort of private executioner or *shirro*, who bore the nominal title of Captain in the guards: and one Tolstoi, a fellow who Peter himself used to say ought to have his teeth knocked out to prevent his biting. They approached Alexis with a promise that, in the event of his return, his father "would love him still better than he had ever done;" and threatened every monarch in whose dominions he remained with instant vengeance from the Czar. Alexis, always weak and foolish, allowed himself to be persuaded to return. He had no sooner set foot in Russia than he was placed under the eye of the police. Arrived at Moscow, Peter had him closely imprisoned, disinherited him by a formal act, and forbade him to communicate with any one but his guards and the aforementioned Tolstoi. Alexis reminded his father of his promise to treat him well: the Czar replied, that a man who could desert his wife for a Finnish woman, as Alexis had done, had no right to speak at all. The whole transaction appears plain as noonday, when we find the husband of the injured Eudocia using such language to her son. Soon a fresh charge—of tampering with foreign powers and plotting against the sovereignty of Peter—was trumped up, and Alexis was called upon to defend himself. How could he do any thing of the kind? A weak, retiring lad, whose intellect had never been of the strongest, he had undergone more than enough to destroy his mind. He denied: then, on the strength of a promise of forgiveness, admitted facts which had never occurred: denied them again, when required to explain: confessed afresh, when deluded by false accounts of others having accused him. One day, the Czar would visit him in his dungeon, and promise him his freedom; the next, Tolstoi would threaten him with the rack. His confessor was really subjected to that torture, and, as often happened, avowed under its infliction all that Peter wanted. His statement shown to Alexis, the latter began to doubt his own memory. He

made a confession which contradicts itself in every particular, and bears upon the face of it conclusive evidence of the insanity of its author. It was enough, however, for Peter, who assembled a sort of Court of nobles, and accused him in person before them. Alexis appeared at the bar, we are told, "wasted and haggard from long confinement: his lofty stature bent down by illness and despair: his powerful voice so weakened that its tones could not be recognized by his former friends; and his whole appearance so degraded that those who knew him best could not trace in that emaciated figure a single resemblance to the once handsome czarovitch." Peter began his address to the Court by stating his own right to put his son to death without let or hindrance from any one; but added that he was unwilling to assume so grave a responsibility alone. In point of fact, the field hands on a Southern plantation are not greater slaves than were the members of that Court: one and all they straightway found Alexis guilty, and sentenced him to death; as Voltaire sarcastically remarks, those who could not write getting the others to sign their names. Alexis was remanded to prison. Shortly afterward, one of the Imperial sbirri procured from a druggist a potion which neither he nor the apothecary dared to smell. It was taken to Alexis's cell. No more was heard. The walls were thick. It could matter little to the unfortunate Prince. Soon, a cry was spread through the city that he had died of apoplexy. Dead most certainly he was: face distorted, limbs cramped, every muscle rigid in frightful convulsion. Fortunate it is for the historian that there lived at the Court of Peter an officer, named Bruce, who could tell us the story of the visit to the druggist's.

Peter's public life is written in the quays, the palaces, the monuments of St. Petersburg. You may read it in the wars waged against Swedes, Turks, Persians, and the territory won from foes on all sides. Every Russian regiment that stood man by man, to the last, to be cut down by the invincible legions of Napoleon, bore witness to his military talents. Every Russian ship that floats is a tribute to his indefatigable energy. You find traces of him every where—in the tyranny of the government—in the material advancement of the country—in the perfection of the army—in the spirit of the wearer of the crown. The boast of Louis XIV.—that he was the State—appears a paltry piece of coxcombry, when one sees how truly it may be spoken of Peter the Great. It is but justice to add, that in his overwhelming zeal for the State, he was as reckless of his own welfare, and even of his life, as of the happiness and existence of others. This is so apparent as to give a coloring of probability to the charitable construction which has been placed upon his acts by those who have said he never had a thought but for his country. It may be true that he only butchered the strelitz because he saw that no lighter punishment would secure public tranquillity; that he repudiated Eudocia, and elevated

Catherine to the throne, because the one misunderstood while the other cordially embraced his schemes of reform; that he entrapped Alexis, and put him to death, because he foresaw that he would not prosecute his plans; that he sacrificed thousands of lives in the marshes on the banks of the Neva, because he discerned the necessity for a St. Petersburg; that he bereft the Russian people of the last vestige of liberty, because he knew they would make a bad use of it. But when a man thus erects his will into a higher law, above all principle, precept, moral or divine rule, perfect and unvarying success can alone palliate the act in the eyes of posterity. Failure in one single particular stamps him a tyrant and reprobate. When, therefore, we find that the fiendish execution of the strelitz did not prevent the murder of three of Peter's successors, or constant outbreaks in the capital; that Eudocia was a saint to the worthless, drunken Catherine; that Alexis's murder paved the way to the throne for a parcel of men and women who were not fit even for life; that the enslavement of the Russian people has compelled a state of society in Russia which no man of feeling can contemplate without horror; we are bound to conclude that, with all his lofty aims, and all his boundless energy, the good and the evil were so balanced in the character and works of Peter the Great, as to leave it a matter of doubt whether Russia would have been a loser if he had never lived.

His last act was a source of endless misery to his country. A couple of years before his death he had associated his wife Catherine with him in the government; he went further, and obliged the boyards and nobles to swear that they would support whomsoever he appointed as his successor. The principle of hereditary monarchy thus thrown to the winds, as every other principle had been during his reign, he died of strangury, aggravated, it is said, by exposure to cold and wet on a boating excursion; and immediately after his death his widow, Catherine, claimed the throne.

Oaths extorted by despots have not been usually regarded as binding by courtiers when they could be evaded. The sentiment of the Russian nobles at Peter's death was in favor of the claims of his grandson Peter, son of Alexis. Catherine, however, had on her side her old protector Mentzikoff, who commanded the soldiery. The lucky pastry-cook naturally preferred the cause of a woman whose fortunes were due in a great measure to his own agency, to that of a prince whose father he had helped to assassinate; and as the army, like the pretorian guards of Rome, held the throne in their gift, Catherine was duly crowned—the first Empress Russia had had since the tenth century.

It has been said of Catherine that she ended her life as she began it. This is unjust to Bauer and Mentzikoff, and especially unjust to the Lutheran minister in whose house she had served as nurse. There are degrees in vice, as in every thing else. Lady Hamilton herself would seem

a saint to some characters the world has seen. When Catherine, freed from the sharp watchfulness of Peter, replunged into the pleasures of her youth, she showed that the education of a court had not been lost upon her, and that the Empress Catherine was a very superior sort of profligate to the dragoon's wife Martha. Business she left to Mentzikoff, who endeavored, as best he could, to carry out Peter's unfinished schemes. Thus released from the toils of her station, she abandoned herself to the gratification of her passions; turning night into day, and day into night. The latter she loved to spend in the open air, drinking Tokay until her attendants carried her to bed; and set the example of that open licentiousness which, under her female successors, became so monstrous a feature of Russian society. A cancer, which had afflicted her for years, was aggravated by her excesses; dropsy set in, and other diseases—fit penalty for her vices—cut her off in the thirty-ninth year of her age. Voltaire, the parasite of the second Catherine, endeavoring to reconcile the objections raised by Peter the Great to his son's matrimonial infidelity with his own abandonment of Eudocia for Catherine, naively argues that the great qualities of the latter justified the Czar in trampling the divine law under foot to do her honor. Into such quagmires do the shrewdest men fall when they try to find apologies for royal guilt.

Catherine's death removed the only obstacle to the accession of the legitimate heir to the crown, Peter Alexiovitch, the grandson of Peter the Great. He was a young man of promise; had he lived long enough to reign in person, he might have redeemed some of the faults of his race. Unfortunately, his youth threw him from the first into the hands of favorites. He found the government controlled by Mentzikoff; and for a time he submitted, like Catherine, to the despotism of that brutal soldier. To such a pitch had the insolence of the former pastry-cook grown, that he did not scruple to use his cane upon the highest officers of the court, and to threaten even bishops with the knout. Bred in the rude school of Peter, who was himself an adept with this weapon of Russian torture, Mentzikoff was fond of accompanying an order with a blow, and constantly superintended the punishment of political offenders. His descendant, whose haughty carriage and imperious tone excited such astonishment at Constantinople a couple of years ago, was a very feeble copy of the founder of his race.

In the midst of his power and might, he received an order to withdraw to Siberia. The young Czar had fallen in love with Catherine Dalgorky, and her brother Ivan had easily contrived to turn his sister's conquest to account. Mentzikoff was exiled. Ivan Dalgorky took his place; and Peter married Catherine. It was only a change of favorites. Though a younger man, Dalgorky was as unprincipled as Mentzikoff, and labored as zealously to usurp the whole power of the state, and make his own

fortune. To get Peter out of the way, he sent him into the country, and induced him to spend his time in hunting, while he levied taxes and built himself palaces. Unluckily for him, the young Czar died a few months afterward, at the age of fifteen; and when Dalgorky attempted to proclaim his sister Empress, after the fashion of Catherine I., the people would not hear of it. It was the second time a Dalgorky had narrowly missed the throne: a former member of the family had run Michael Romanoff hard at the election in 1613.

The scene of that eventful year was now renewed. The death of Peter II. extinguished the male line of the Romanoffs. The legitimate heir to the throne, according to hereditary rule, was Peter, the son of Anne, Duchess of Holstein Gottorp, a daughter of Peter the Great. His mother was a Romanoff, and his father was a Dane. He was, however, only two years old; and his aunt Elizabeth, another daughter of Peter the Great, as well as the three daughters of the imbecile Ivan, whom Sophia had for a time foisted into the throne, likewise put forward claims upon the sceptre. Russia was called upon to choose between these competitors. Times had changed since the conscientious boyards of Moscow had summoned nobles, clergy, and people to send deputies to a national council to vote freely for a Czar. Thanks to Peter the Great, the army was strong enough to crown whom it pleased; and his generals and other great officers saw no necessity for an appeal to any one beyond their own ranks. A caucus—to which a few of the nobility were invited by the soldiers, for form's sake—discussed the rival claims, and decided in favor of Anne, daughter of Ivan, who was then Duchess of Courland. Why she was chosen, in preference to her sisters and the line of Peter, can not now be discovered, nor does it matter much. It is enough for us to know that she was chosen by the army, and that conditions were imposed upon her which went to limit her prerogative. She was compelled to swear that she would govern in conformity with a Council of seven, chosen by the caucus, and that she would not bring with her to Russia her chamberlain Biren. She accepted these conditions at Mitau, and repaired immediately to Moscow.

She no sooner felt herself securely seated on the throne, than she began to cast about for a party of her own among the soldiery. An empress could hardly fail in such a project. Anne soon felt herself strong enough to declare that she had come to the throne, not by the choice of those who had elected her, but by hereditary right; and to repudiate the guarantees she had given on her accession. Her next step was to send for the proscribed Biren. This was the son of a gamekeeper; a man of prepossessing appearance, good parts, and remarkable capacity for intrigue. Him the Empress, when only Duchess of Courland, had raised to various offices about her person, to the dissatisfaction of her friends, and to the great detriment of her

character. Fearing the tyranny of a favorite, Marshal Munich, Osterman, and the other army leaders, had expressly stipulated that he was not to come to Russia with Anne. Lightly the oath sat upon the royal conscience: Biren was received with unusual honor, and was soon intrusted with the entire confidence of the Empress. It was he who conducted her foreign policy, and superintended the domestic concerns of the empire. Munich, Osterman, and the other leaders of the caucus he contrived to exile on various pretexts to the country parts; their friends and followers he punished more severely. The knout and Siberia were the panaceas he applied to every evil. The former he held to be the best reply to any petition or complaint from the people; the latter the most conclusive remedy for those who felt themselves aggrieved by his rule. In the course of some nine years he is said to have sent 20,000 persons to the Siberian wilds, which gives an average of more than six exiles per day. For the lady in whose name he perpetrated these atrocities, his affection and a few harmless pleasures were a sufficing occupation. She was not distinguished by the coarse vices of so many of her race. She did not get drunk, and is not known to have set a premium on female profligacy. Fond of music and dancing, of a gay, cheerful character, she preferred the tranquil joys of domestic life to the turmoil and anxiety of government, and the boisterous revels of her successors. On the few occasions when she emerged from her retirement, she furnished evidence of what she might have done had she possessed the vigor of Elizabeth or Catherine II. Prince Galitzin, one of the highest nobles in Russia, became a convert from the Greek to the Roman Catholic Church; she sentenced him to become court fool, and had him beaten by her pages when his jests failed to amuse her. Again, just before the close of her reign, she took offense at the corruption of one of her ministers, Volynski—a man who does not seem to have been a whit worse than his colleagues: she had his tongue torn out by the roots, his right hand cut off, and his mutilated body beheaded.

Meanwhile Biren was working out his own and his mistress's ruin. It is plain enough to us to-day, whatever doubt may have existed formerly on the point, that he aspired to the title as well as the power of a sovereign. Anne being childless, her death would again revive the pretensions which had followed that of Peter II. Biren put himself up to auction among the rival claimants, and Anne, the Duchess of Brunswick, niece of the Empress, having offered him the regency during the minority of her son, Ivan, this ambitious minister espoused her cause, and procured the recognition of Ivan as heir to the throne. By this time, however, his race was run. He had trampled the old army leaders under foot for nine years. It was their turn now. So disorganized was the government that Biren was unable to make any resistance

when they rose against him. On a signal given, Munich, and a few other popular soldiers, appeared at the barracks and proclaimed Ivan Czar. No opposition was offered: so speedily was the revolution effected, that Biren was seized and sent to Siberia with a party of convicts whom he had himself sentenced to that exile.

The new Czar was three months old and in his cradle when he was called to reign over the empire of Peter the Great. His mother, who had been appointed Regent, was a girl of sixteen, who had married the Duke of Brunswick. Daughter and wife of a German, she had nothing in common with the Russians; she had not even sense—how many girls of sixteen have?—to conduct herself with propriety on the throne. A few months were spent by the Regent in quarreling with her husband, and trying to Germanize her new dominions; then symptoms of a revolution appeared on every side. The only persons who could have opposed a successful resistance to an attack on the throne, were Munich and Osterman, who had overthrown Biren; but no sooner had Anne obtained the Regency through their aid, than she neglected them, and allowed a favorite waiting-maid, named Juliana de Mangden, to usurp the whole control of public affairs.

The soldiery began to look about for another ruler. The race of Ivan had proved utterly worthless; but there were still females among the surviving children of his half-brother Peter the Great. One of these, Elizabeth, had inherited the features, and, it was supposed, many of the qualities of her father. She had taken no part in politics, and was therefore esteemed. Her appearance was prepossessing; though her cast of countenance was masculine, its expression was sweet, and her figure was elegant. The charm of her conversation was irresistible. To this princess the thoughts of the army now turned. When first sounded upon the subject, she gave no encouragement to the conspirators; but her doctor, a Frenchman, named Lestocq, was more enterprising, and undertook to conduct the matter for her. It was an easy task. On the night of the 5th December he was at her door with a sledge. Wrapped in furs, she allowed herself to be placed in the vehicle by Lestocq, and was swiftly borne to the barracks of the guards. There she read a speech which had been prepared for her; and Lestocq and others added a few exciting words. The soldiers shouted long live the Empress Elizabeth, and rushed instantly to the palace where the Czar and the Regent were sleeping. The latter, with her husband, were secured at once and sent to prison. Little Ivan, then sixteen months old, was roused by the noise, and, with childish simplicity, attempted to imitate the cries of the soldiers who took him from his cradle. "Little knowest thou, child," said Elizabeth, who stood by, "that 'tis thine own ruin thou applaudest!"

Ruin indeed! The lamentable history of the French Dauphin who died in the Temple com-

pared favorably with the fate of Ivan Antonovitch. Thrust into prison before he was two years old, he spent eight years in various places of confinement, his dungeon being changed whenever the rank of its occupant became known to the people. At ten years of age he was thought so formidable that Elizabeth removed him to the fortress of Schlussenberg, where he was immured in a single room, without any furniture but a truckle-bed, a table, and a chair. The windows were painted so that he could not see the green fields or the blue sky outside. At rare intervals he was allowed to walk a few minutes in a courtyard inclosed by high walls; but this privilege was so seldom granted him, that when he was asked by Elizabeth's successor whether he had any request to make, all the poor boy begged was to be allowed to breathe the fresh air a little oftener. It was a part of Elizabeth's policy—a policy which monarchs usually pursue in the like case—to destroy the intellect of her victim. Ivan, once Czar of Russia, was not taught to read or write. He stammered, and perhaps from the effects of his solitude, had great difficulty in finding words to express his thoughts. His passions were allowed to develop themselves with the utmost freedom. Brandy was furnished him in quantities, and his temper encouraged to grow ferocious and sullen. Of the world beyond his dungeon, he knew, of course, nothing but what his jailers chose to tell him. He had a dim notion that he ought to be Czar of Russia; and when Peter III., whom he had never seen, visited him, he naively observed that he would some day regain his crown and put all his enemies to death. The utterance of this sentiment sealed his fate. The Empress Catherine sent a special officer, with private instructions, to take charge of his person. On the night of the 4th July, 1764, an alarm was given in the fort. Shots were fired, and a rumor was spread that Ivan was about to be rescued. Catherine's emissary at once rushed with a comrade to Ivan's room, roused him from his bed, and stabbed him with his sword. Though wounded and unarmed, the captive struggled desperately with his assassins. He broke one of their swords, and grappled with the man who held it; but as they fell to the floor together, his companion thrust his weapon through his back, and put an end to his life. Next morning, in a pool of gore, the body of the Czar Ivan was found pierced with twenty-five wounds. There is enough evidence to convict Catherine the Great of his murder before any jury in the world.

To return to Elizabeth, who, on the morning of 6th December, 1741, found herself Empress of Russia. Her first act was to exile all the friends of Ivan's family; her next to mete out the same measure to her own. Lestocq, her faithful physician, who had placed her on the throne, was sent to Archangel, then an ice-bound desert, where he died in great poverty. As she had really inherited some share of her father's vigor, she then devoted herself to the concerns

of her station, and took a leading part as well in the domestic affairs of the empire as in external politics. Her name figures extensively in the history of Russia. There was no lack of energy in the government during the twenty years of her reign. The measure for which she has received most praise from historians is the abolition of capital punishment. It is right, however, to observe that political offenses were expressly excluded from the benefit of the ukase; and, moreover, though the ax and the halter were prohibited, the use of the knout, which answered the very same purpose, was preserved, and torture was inflicted wherever death would have been the penalty under former reigns. It was a favorite practice of Elizabeth, in sentencing a criminal, to refer to her clemency whereby his life was saved, and to command that his tongue be torn out by the roots, and his body otherwise mutilated. Similar punishments were frequently inflicted on females. These proofs of her humane disposition have been highly lauded by historians.

Before her advent to the throne, she had been affianced to the Duke of Holstein, who died before the marriage was solemnized. Elizabeth enregistered a vow never to marry, and kept it. It was perhaps this obstacle which prevented her union with Alexis Razumoffski, a noble of her court, to whom she bore two children who took the name of Tarakanoff. When very young these children were sent abroad. One of them, the Princess Tarakanoff, was beautiful, accomplished, and very popular in the Italian society in which she moved. Catherine the Great, living in constant dread of rivals, grew alarmed at the reports which reached her of the attractions of the Princess, and dispatched one of her own lovers to Leghorn, with special instructions. The courtier who undertook this honorable mission was a member of the noble family of Orloff. Catherine herself could not have accomplished it better. Gaining access to the Princess he reminded her of her birth, and assured her that his mistress had lofty views for her. To this he added a declaration of his own love; and the unfortunate girl, bewildered by the announcement of prospects to which she had never aspired, and yielding to the passionate appeals of the handsome Russian, consented to marry him and return to Russia. The ceremony was performed by a mock priest, assisted by several accomplices of Orloff. As soon as it was over, she was carried on board a ship lying in the offing, and, to her horror, while still in her bridal attire, was seized and handcuffed. The poor girl, in an agony of terror, threw herself at Orloff's feet, calling him her dear husband, and entreating him to protect her. The brute spurned her with his foot; and, as the sailors began to be touched by her beauty and her distress, he sent her below and confined her in a small cabin. Conveyed to St. Petersburg, she never saw Orloff more. The day of her arrival she was dispatched to the prison on the borders of the Neva, and confined in a low, damp, fetid cell on the

ground floor. Ten years afterward, one September night, a fierce equinoctial gale began to plow the surface of the Gulf of Finland. Waves, mountain high, rushed impetuously into the mouth of the Neva; and, as the wind increased in fury, the waters of the river rose with ominous rapidity. The wharves were soon covered. Vessels were torn from their moorings. The streets were flooded. On every side men, women, and children were seen flying from their dwellings through the storm to seek refuge on some neighboring eminence. St. Petersburg seemed doomed. At the first symptom of danger, the guards had fled from the prison. The water forced itself into the lower chambers, and began to fill them. No eye has seen the events of that night; but we can readily picture the agonies of the unfortunate Tarakanoff, as the waters gradually rose, and strong walls and no less strong bolted doors forbade even a hope of escape, and showed her that her cell was to be her tomb. No matter how madly her shrieks resounded through the prison, the storm shrieked louder; and there was no one to hear the last cries of the dying girl. When the inundation subsided, the drowned body of the Princess Tarakanoff, the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, was taken from the cell where she died and privately buried.

As Elizabeth grew older, she resigned most of the cares of state to her favorite Panin, who had risen from the rank of guardsman to that of gentleman of the bedchamber, and subsequently became one of the ablest Ministers Russia ever had. Pleasures of the most debasing kind absorbed the whole time of the Empress. Such vices as history can only shadow in faint outline marked her declining years. With a select circle of profligates, she abandoned herself to the vilest habits of drunkenness; selecting brandy for her beverage as better suited to her exhausted palate than more delicate liquors. So systematic was she that she had her dresses made so that her attendants could cut them off in an instant when intoxication had deprived her of the use of her limbs. When on her death-bed, her physicians prescribed rigid abstinence from brandy; but she procured a case, which she kept under her bed with the key under her pillow. She died, we are told, in tortures such as delirium tremens usually produces, with a half-empty bottle in her hand, and obscene language on her tongue.

It had been her fondest wish to leave her throne to her sister's son, Peter. His father was the Duke of Holstein Gottorp; and, though related to the Romanoff family by his mother, he was essentially a German in all his tastes and feelings. Elizabeth had brought him up under her care, and it was therefore no wonder that long before her death he was accounted vicious, ignorant, and depraved. He readily acquired his aunt's love for brandy; and took no mean share in her usual recreations. To provide him with a wife was Elizabeth's first care. It was an easy matter. Times had changed since the Czar Ivan Vasilivitch sent an humble message

to King Sigismund of Poland, praying to be allowed to espouse his sister, and received in reply from the haughty Pole a cow dressed in woman's clothes. There were now plenty of German princes and small fry of royalty glad to bite at the imperial bait. The Duchess of Anhalt-Zerbst took ship at once and landed her daughter Sophia at St. Petersburg. Learning there that Elizabeth was at Moscow, she repaired thither, and had the good fortune to find that her daughter pleased the Empress. At that time Sophia of Anhalt-Zerbst was a handsome girl. Though her nose was aquiline and her features were not regular, the general appearance of her face was pleasing: she had sweet blue eyes, lovely auburn hair, with black eyebrows, and a graceful figure. Altogether a very passable wife for such a prince as Peter, who, naturally ugly, had been dreadfully disfigured by small-pox. His face, with his little pug nose, and red hair, added to the scars of disease, was so repulsive, that when Sophia first saw him she rushed to her room in an agony of tears and fainted away. Her scruples soon vanished, however; and, to the delight of Elizabeth, she was wedded to Peter shortly afterward, and assumed the name of Catherine on becoming a member of the Greek Church.

Peter was not even a man. Even before Elizabeth's death his wife had forsaken his society for that of others; yet it was with the utmost difficulty that the Empress persuaded Peter to notice her conduct. Convinced of her infidelity, he agreed to separate from her; and consoled himself in the friendship of the Princess Worontzoff, whose father, then Chancellor of the empire, was only too happy to encourage the heir to the throne. When Elizabeth died, the flush of power was too much for Peter's senses. In a paroxysm of good-will to all men, he became reconciled to his wife after a separation of upward of a year; and acknowledged the child to whom she gave birth shortly after their reunion, and who subsequently became the Emperor Paul. Munich, Biren, and all the other political exiles were recalled; a jubilee was proclaimed, and every body said that Peter was going to turn out a great monarch. They knew him ill who could speak thus. While ukases, framed in his name, were abolishing the court of Privy Chancery, sanctioning foreign travel, and declaring an amnesty to the exiles of former reigns, it is doubtful whether Peter even knew of their existence. A young man, who ought to fill a large place in Russian history, was the real author of these reforms. His name was Ghudovitch: had he been the minister of a luckier Czar, we should have known more of him. Peter had no more share in his acts than he who reads these pages. For him, life had no fuller delights than gross debauches; the crown no higher prerogative than an immunity from responsibility for habitual vice. With the Princess Worontzoff, and a few choice companions, he emulated the orgies of his aunt: it was his proudest boast to say that he had

surpassed her in viciousness. All he knew of politics was that Prussia was the greatest power on earth; all he sought was to win the friendship of the Prussian monarch, and to imitate his policy. For this he sacrificed the good-will of every subject in his empire.

His wife, Catherine, was no inattentive spectator of his conduct. Though her own life had been a notorious scandal, when Peter abandoned himself to profligacy she became regular in her devotions. When he worshiped the Prussians, she surpassed the Muscovites themselves in her fidelity to Russian interests. With the aid of her lover, Orloff, her ambitious projects were at length matured.

On the night of the 8th July, 1762, Peter was plunged in revelry at the palace of Onenbaum. Catherine was sleeping at Petershoff, in her pavilion on the borders of the Neva. At midnight, a carriage left St. Petersburg for her residence. It contained two men, Orloff her lover, and a soldier of the guards. The former had a private key to the pavilion; with its aid, an entry was effected without disturbing the attendants, and in the dead of night a soldier stood by Catherine's bedside. Startled by the apparition, she sprang up in her bed. "Silence," whispered the soldier, "rise, and follow me."

In an instant Catherine was dressed, and with a single attendant, was flying toward St. Petersburg. Before half the journey had been accomplished, the horses fell dead from fatigue. Petershoff was twenty-one miles from the capital. No fresh horses were to be had. Catherine took refuge in a farm house; and for a moment, it seemed as though the movement would have been ruined by the death of a horse. While she was wringing her hands in her vexation, a peasant with a market-cart passed. Orloff seized the vehicle, dismissed the owner, and, placing Catherine on a bundle of hay, drove rapidly to St. Petersburg, where they arrived at seven in the morning. Orloff's brothers and friends were ready to receive her. Above all, the Princess Daschkoff, whose jealousy of her sister, the Princess Worontzoff, supplied the place of attachment to Catherine, displayed extraordinary activity on her behalf. Habited in man's attire, she rode to the barracks, and with the aid of brandy plentifully distributed among the soldiers, soon prevailed upon them to proclaim Catherine. One regiment followed another; by nine o'clock the whole army, with some trifling exceptions, was in her favor. Thence to the church of our Lady of Vasan, where the Pope of Novogorod, won by her affectation of piety, crowned her Empress. The taverns were thrown open. Soldiers and populace were bidden to drink and eat their fill. For some hours the saturnalia were enacted at St. Petersburg.

A report was spread that the Czar Peter had died. Happy for him had it been true; he was only dead drunk at Oranienbaum. On the day of Catherine's accession he was to have dined with her, by way of a change, at Petershoff; he started, but strange rumors reaching his ears

on the way, he resolved to send Chancellor Worontzoff to St. Petersburg to ascertain their meaning. That eminent courtier, who had seen with pride the dishonor of his wife and two of his daughters, found Catherine in the palace on his arrival; without a moment's hesitation, he gave in his adhesion to the new monarch, and abandoned Peter as readily as he had sacrificed his family.

Alarmed at his prolonged absence, Peter flew to Petershoff with his little band of friends. Hastily entering the pavilion, he searched every room, and looked even under the beds to see if his wife were not hid somewhere. When the truth burst upon him, he wandered wildly in the gardens, which command a magnificent view of the Gulf of Finland, Cronstadt, and the Neva, ever and anon exclaiming to the Princess Worontzoff, "I told you Catherine was capable of every thing." When the news of his abandonment by the soldiers reached him, he held a council of his followers, and asked their advice. The gray headed soldier, Munich, who had seen many revolutions, urged the policy of opposing a bold resistance to Catherine. The Princess Worontzoff recommended a peaceable surrender; and Peter, who never had the spirit of a man, adopted her counsel, and wrote to Catherine, begging leave to retire to Holstein with his favorite. Not a word of answer did the Empress make; but at the head of a regiment marched on Petershoff. A second embassy proved equally fruitless. Peter abandoned himself to the most abject terror, and insisted on dining on the sea-shore, lest he should be surprised in the pavilion. Worontzoff and the other women were urgent in their entreaties that Peter would return to Oranienbaum. Munich, who knew that that beautiful palace was not susceptible of a defense against a military force, recommended Cronstadt. This time his opinion prevailed. Just as the sound of Catherine's approach was heard in the alleys of Petershoff, Peter and his party set sail in small boats. It was too late. The governor of Cronstadt had declared for Catherine. When challenged, Peter rose in his boat and shouted: "Don't you know me, the Czar Peter?" The answer was emphatic: "We don't know you at all." Munich, Ghudovitch, and one or two others were for landing at all hazards, and trying to win back the garrison; but Peter was so frightened that he ran to hide his head in the Princess Worontzoff's lap, and ordered the boats to put to sea.

The fleet lying at Reval still remained, and Munich urgently advised the Czar to hasten thither. But terror had taken possession of Peter's mind. He would hear of nothing but a return to Oranienbaum, where he arrived at four in the morning. Spurning the proposal made by Munich and the guards to defend the place to the last, he wrote letter after letter to Catherine, imploring mercy, and offering to go wherever she pleased. To these supplications the Empress made no answer, and Peter, distracted by his fears, at last set out for St. Petersburg to

see her. The moment he set foot in the capital, he was surrounded by the guards, and borne to the top of the great staircase of the palace. There all manner of insult was showered upon him. His clothes were torn from his back, his rings wrenched from his fingers. Upward of an hour he remained barefoot in his shirt, exposed to the jeers of the soldiers; more debased by his own pitiable meanness than by the ignominy of his position. At length a night gown was thrust upon him and he was conveyed to prison.

The stout walls of his dungeon seemed to reassure him. He sent word to Catherine that he would like to have his Bible, a negro servant, and his favorite dog: if it pleased her to grant him these favors, he was content to spend his life in prison. Pity was no part of his wife's character: she made him no answer; but silently had him removed to the house of one of her most devoted adherents, the hetman of the Cossacks. There, on the 16th July, he was honored by a visit from Alexis Orloff, who drank with him. A few minutes afterward he perceived he was poisoned, and called for milk, which is used as an antidote in many cases. Orloff offered him a second glass of the drugged wine. On his refusing it, the courtier seized him by the throat, and threw him to the ground. Two of his assistants made a slip noose with a napkin and passed it round Peter's neck; while Orloff, with his knee on his chest, held him to the floor by the hair of his head. Thus he died. Catherine kept his murder a secret for a day: then announced that he had died of colic. His body was exhibited as usual in the Cathedral; but the loyal subjects, who paid their monarch the last tribute of a kiss, perceived with horror that their lips inflamed and swelled on touching the skin of the corpse.

So Catherine I. won the throne.

She has been called Catherine the Great, or, as a witty Frenchman expressed it, Catherine *le Grand*. Historians have coupled her name with that of Peter, and claimed for both a leading place among the great monarchs of modern times. The present Emperor of Russia has been heard to declare that his empire owes even more to her than to Peter. To this day, writers, even in England and our own country, mention her name with respect, and exact from their readers admiration for her character and honor for her memory.

Whensoever a competent man shall undertake to write the history of Russia in accordance with the current of modern opinion, these views will undergo a sensible modification. It is not the design of this paper to make any reference to the history of Russia beyond what may be indispensable to develop the personal character of its rulers; but a few lines on the leading facts of Catherine's reign may not be out of place. She was successful in her wars against the Turks and the Poles; but the glory resulting from these triumphs can not be wrested from Sowarrow without obvious injustice.

She became in some sort an arbiter of destiny in Europe by her proclamation of the "armed neutrality;" but every student of history knows that this was wholly the work of Panin. She published some fragments of a code; parts thereof are original, and are immoral, unsound, and tyrannical: the balance is stolen from Montesquieu. Under her reign, the army was strengthened and improved: even this questionable benefit was due to Potemkin. Her reforms in the administration of government, in the judicial system, in the criminal code; her bold strokes of national policy; her reputed encouragement of letters; her liberal philosophy, were all borrowed from others. As well praise the mirror for the beauty it reflects, as laud Catherine for the talent and sagacity of those who surrounded her. On the other hand, even giving her credit for the acts of her counselors, it still remains to be seen how far Russia was a gainer thereby. She raised superb palaces no doubt, and gave fêtes, in which a sham volcano, nearly as large as Vesuvius, was made to vomit flames in presence of a delighted audience of her lovers; but these are hardly valid claims to immortality. These palaces and these fêtes cost the Russian people more millions than Peter the Great ever raised. Though her revenue at her accession was nearly double that of Peter, she found it necessary to increase it by a sort of income tax; before her death, it reached thirty-five millions of dollars—an enormous sum at that period in Russia, and fully three times as much as Peter the Great had required to carry out his extensive reforms, build St. Petersburg, and equip a fleet. During her reign, it has been estimated that she spent twenty to twenty-five millions in presents to her favorites alone. On one occasion, the revenue not coming in fast enough, she issued paper to an extent which she agreed to limit at one hundred millions of roubles, say \$60,000,000; and, relying on the faith of her promise, the people took the notes. She issued six hundred millions instead of one, and the moment the fraud was discovered, the paper depreciated to one third its former value.

She reigned thirty-three years. During that time her dominions increased nearly one twentieth in extent, and one third in population. This was not a larger increase than had been witnessed during the two preceding periods of the like duration; while the twenty-nine years of Alexander's reign saw Russia swell more than one ninth in superficial area, and two thirds in population.

If we attempt to test the merits of Catherine by inquiring what good she did to her people, and what improvements she wrought in their condition, we shall find that to them her reign was one unmitigated evil. Her licentious conduct was a detestable example. Her public corruptions disorganized the Government. Her code riveted the shackles of tyranny on her subjects. Hypocritically declaring to Voltaire that she was at heart a republican, she it was who first introduced predial serfdom into Lesser Russia. She

paralyzed trade by her over-issue of paper money. She extinguished patriotism, by rendering preferment dependent on her own amours. She shattered morality by setting a premium on vice. She shook the foundations of Christianity by professing atheism. If, in short, we deduct from her fame what she owed to Panin, Potemkin, and Suwarrow; if we endeavor to forget the flattery of Voltaire—who, abused as he has been, has still been copied by all the historians of Russia—we shall find that Catherine the Great might have been more fitly designated Catherine the Bad.

It is difficult even to hint at her private life without disgracing these pages. Lover after lover succeeded to her affections; the office being recognized by the government, and regularly salaried like that of a general or a secretary. No less than twelve men filled it openly during her reign. Hence a horrible and general depravity spread throughout the kingdom. Female virtue was at an end, when the Empress used so little art to conceal her intrigues. Wives of men of all classes openly repudiated all obligation of fidelity. The ladies of the Court went further, and, following the example of Catherine, assumed to control their husbands' business. Wives of generals were seen commanding armies; wives of secretaries opened dispatches. The Court of the French Regent, in the last century, was a model of purity in comparison with St. Petersburg and Moscow under Catherine. Age brought neither amendment nor remorse with it. At seventy-five she was more depraved than at thirty. To read the annals of the time, one almost wonders that some awful judgment from heaven did not destroy the Russian Sodom and Gomorrah; or, at least, that some popular outbreak did not avenge the wrongs of the masses.

This last danger was probably averted by the tact, judgment, and activity of Catherine. In the midst of her exactions, she was careful not to wound the Russian spirit by betraying a preference for foreigners: all her favorites were Muscovites. While occupied in consolidating the most complete despotism in the world, she kept up a friendly intercourse with foreign republicans—invited Voltaire to Russia, and offered D'Alembert the tutorship of her son. Two great sources of peril were thus avoided. Her army she kept constantly engaged on the frontiers; and diverted the attention of the soldiers from her own administration by stimulating a desire for foreign conquest. In the midst of her licentious excesses, she never forgot that she was Empress of Russia. At six every morning she was in her cabinet, opening dispatches, issuing orders to her generals, and deciding on petitions. She was never a hard drinker; and her temperance in this respect enabled her to preserve her energy to a very advanced age.

The last years of her reign were chiefly occupied in providing for her succession. Her son Paul she married, when a mere boy, to a princess of Hesse-Darmstadt; and, at her death,

to the beautiful Marie of Wurtemberg. He grew up a frivolous, narrow-minded man; and his mother took such a violent dislike to him that she compelled him to live at a distance from the capital. At the birth of his children, they were taken from their parents by order of Catherine, and brought up under her direction. Paul she absolutely persecuted. His residence was surrounded by spies; and while she was spending millions on the palaces of Tsarko-zelo, Tauride, etc., she left him and his wife in absolute want of the necessities of life. Paul's terror at the sight of her tall, erect figure, always dressed in a green dress, tight at the sleeves, and surmounted by a diamond head-dress, is said to have been positively ludicrous. He opposed not a word of remonstrance to her usurpation of his paternal rights. Even before his sons attained manhood, Catherine resolved to marry them, and sent for eleven German princesses to choose from. Paul was not consulted any more than the valets of the household. All this he bore patiently, waiting for the day of deliverance.

It came at last. For some time Catherine had abandoned herself to profligacy with greater recklessness than ever. It began to tell upon her frame. On the 9th November, 1796, she appeared as usual in her cabinet early in the morning, and took her coffee. A few minutes afterward she retired to her chamber, where she was found stretched on the floor insensible.

Paul arrived instantly, and was introduced to his sons, Alexander and Constantine. The whole family surrounded the bedside. Alexander gave way to piercing lamentations; his father thought of nothing but giving orders for a grand funeral, and arranging the by-standers so as to form a tableau round the death-bed. Suddenly the dying Empress opened her eyes, stared wildly on Paul, and moved her lips to speak; fortunate it was for her son that her tongue refused its functions, for the words she could not utter would have disinherited him, and nominated Alexander her successor.

The moment she was dead, Paul set about undoing her work. He disbanded most of her armies, declared peace with her enemies, recalled from Siberia the exiles she had sent there, and declared that his policy would be the reverse of hers. This pleased the overtaxed people; but their rejoicings were premature. Catherine, with all her faults, had too much sense to exact Asiatic servility from her people, or to busy herself about petty trifles. Paul had a microscopic soul. His idea of imperial dignity was to see his subjects enter his presence with their heads bowed to the earth, and to have them kneel before him until, as he said, he could hear their knee strike the floor. When he drove out, he would punish those who did not alight from their carriages and prostrate themselves as he passed. His notions of military science were confined to the uniform of the soldiers. He obliged them to wear tails and powder; and when the rough old Marshal

Suwarrow pithily exclaimed, "Hair-powder is not gunpowder, curls are not cannons, tails are not bayonets," he very nearly sent him to Siberia. If one subject was nearer his heart than any other, it was buttons on soldiers coats. He would walk a mile to make a sentinel button his coat a trifle higher or a hole lower. In his palace at Paulosky he had a turret expressly constructed in order to inspect with a telescope the uniform of the guards. Unheard-of punishments were inflicted when they were not attired according to his fancy. At all hours of the day and night he would insist on military parades, hardly allowing the soldiers time to eat or sleep. He was never satisfied. He once complained to Alexander that the troops were negligent and undisciplined. His son denied the charge. The Czar proposed, to test the point, that the whole garrison should beat to arms at one that night. The Grand Duke promised obedience, and at the hour fixed, while the whole city was plunged in sleep, the drums and fife sounded an alarm. In an instant the whole garrison was under arms. The citizens rushed from their beds to ascertain the cause of the unusual uproar. People were seen hurrying to and fro in wild dismay. The soldiers themselves did not know why they were called out. The noise awoke the Czar, and totally forgetting his conversation with Alexander, he supposed that a rebellion had broken out, and thought only of his personal safety. When Alexander reached the palace, he found that his father had mounted a horse and fled. Setting spurs in pursuit, he soon came in sight of the fugitive, whose terror added such wings to his flight that he was overtaken with difficulty. Paul threw himself at the knees of his son, imploring mercy, and could hardly be persuaded that the whole affair was the result of a freak of his own.

The people were as badly treated as the military. He took a dislike to round hats, and authorized any one to tear them from the head of their wearer. He would allow no one to keep a dog near his residence. To learning he had an insufferable antipathy. He prohibited the importation of French books or newspapers, and only allowed three printing presses in his whole dominions. If a man's face displeased him, he would have him arrested. If his dress did not suit his fancy, he would cane him. The knout and Siberia he decreed for all sorts of imaginary offenses, so that no man felt safe. Surrounded by spies, he fancied that every one was a conspirator. He used to threaten his amiable wife with his fist, and tell her: Madam, if you think to play the Catherine, you will not find me a Peter III. So inconsistent and absurd grew his conduct at last, that it was generally believed he was mad; and the disease was attributed to his disappointment at the rejection of his addresses by the Countess Laponkin.

A conspiracy was at length formed to rid the throne of such a dangerous maniac. It came to Paul's ears, and he summoned Count Pahlen, Governor of St. Petersburg, before him to in-

quire into the affair. "Sire," said the wily courtier, "I know it all; to assure myself of the guilty, I am myself a conspirator." He was in fact, and, alarmed by the king's vigilance, resolved that the blow should be struck at once. That afternoon a letter, containing full details of the conspiracy, was placed in the hands of the Czar's friend and counselor, Kutaisoff; but somehow he mislaid it before it was read. Another letter, containing the like information, was handed to the Czar while supping with his favorite; the ill-fated man thrust it unopened into his pocket. The hand of destiny was clearly upon him. At eleven that night, as he lay in his bed at the palace of Saint Michael, a small band of twenty conspirators effected an entrance into the private rooms: the Cossack at the door of the royal bed-chamber challenged them, but was instantly cut down by one of the party. All then rushed into the room. The bedclothes were in disorder—the sheets were warm—but Paul was not to be seen. The scuffle at the door had alarmed him, and he had risen and hid himself behind a screen. His refuge was soon discovered. Dragged into the middle of the room, one of the Zubofs broke his arms with a club, and others wounded him with their swords. After a feeble resistance he was overpowered and strangled. His last words—terrible words—were: "And you too, my Constantine!"

A message was instantly sent to the Empress Marie to say that the Czar had died of apoplexy. "'Tis false!" cried the affectionate woman, and rising from her bed without dressing, she flew to her husband's apartments. A strong guard of soldiers refused to allow her to pass. She prayed, threatened, even struggled with the guards, but all in vain; overcome at last by her grief, she swooned away, and was carried to her room.

No Czar ever came to the throne under brighter auspices than Alexander. Nature had endowed him with manly beauty, an intelligent mind, and a generous heart. From his tutor, Laharpe, a Swiss republican, he had derived liberal notions and enlightened principles. Even Catherine had exerted herself to guard him against the vices to which she was herself a victim. Married at sixteen to a virtuous and amiable girl, nearly two years his junior, his life, previous to his accession, had been fraught with perfect happiness to himself, and had raised bright hopes in the minds of the Russian people. His amiable manners had endeared him to the whole Court. The masses set no bounds to their enthusiasm when it was announced that Alexander was opposed to war, and required no more levies. The world saw with pleasure that the throne which had been defiled by so many tyrants and profligates, was about to be occupied by a Czar in every way estimable.

His first acts abundantly justified these anticipations. He abolished legal torture and confiscations, swept away the last vestige of the old Chancery, reduced the taxes, cut down the

expenses of the court, relaxed the laws against printing, founded public schools, and devoted his whole time to the business of the state. He wrote and spoke loudly and energetically in favor of liberty. When, in addition to these acts, he gave constant proofs of humanity—such as leaping from his boat into the Neva to save a drowning sailor, and holding a wounded laborer in his arms until a surgeon came to his assistance—the people thought that Heaven, in pity for their past afflictions, had sent a deity to reign over them.

Unfortunately for Alexander, he was born a monarch. He held in his hands a power equal to any on the earth. A martial nation only waited his commands to carry his banners to any capital in Europe. He had been taught by Catherine that the national destiny of Russia was conquest. On the frontier he saw provinces and countries which a single campaign might add to his dominions. Who among the best of us could resist such temptations? Alexander committed his first fault when he undertook to extend his dominions by unjust wars. What he gained in territory he lost in abiding fame and popular affection; and the lust for conquest left him no time to think of reform.

Soon the career of Napoleon forced him to enlarge the sphere of his foreign operations. At first he had acknowledged his admiration for the great Corsican; but the death of the Duke d'Enghien, and in some measure his jealousy of so powerful a rival, produced a change in his feelings, and he declared war against France. Then came Jena, Eylau, Friedland; to be followed by the peace of Tilsit, and Alexander's reconciliation with his foe. His enthusiastic idolatry of Napoleon then went so far that he would have offered him his sister in marriage, had his mother not opposed the match. His ambition, whetted by the acquisition of Finland, coveted Constantinople; he offered to divide Europe with Napoleon, and, as an earnest of his intentions, agreed to enter into the Continental blockade against England. Changeable as the wind, Alexander soon tired of the French alliance. Pretexts for a rupture were not wanting; and the "Great Army," under the Emperor Napoleon, invaded Russia. Alexander took the command himself; but the danger was pressing; he had sense enough to see that a more skillful tactician was needed, and he made way for Kutousof. The entry into Paris was the noblest moment of Alexander's life. His graceful politeness to the conquered, his generous protection of Napoleon, his elevated ideas and noble sentiments, won all hearts. They prove once more that had Alexander been any thing but a Czar he would have been one of the greatest men of modern times. Unfortunately he was born a monarch.

On his return to Russia he found the country in a deplorable condition. The defeat of the French had been purchased by the ruin of the Russians. Ten years' war had raised the taxes to a higher point than they had ever

reached before. The people groaned under a system of unparalleled corruption. Every eye was turned to the Czar, who, it was fondly hoped, would now forsake the interests of France for those of his own country. Russia was disappointed. Chivalry was a larger component of Alexander's character than wisdom or even patriotism. He loved to be called the arbiter of Europe; thirsted for military renown; enjoyed the dangers and glories of the battle-field; but was utterly unfit to transact the toilsome business of domestic government. He tried it for a brief space, but soon abandoned the task, and the real government of Russia fell into the hands of a friend of the Emperor Paul, Arakcheief. This man had more mind than Paul, but not less tyranny. One by one, he contrived to nullify all Alexander's reforms, and once more re-established the old despotism of the former century. He discouraged public instruction, and set the example of ignorance. The reactionary tide set in with full force.

Alexander meanwhile was engrossed in foreign affairs. He was the life and soul of the various congresses which were held in Europe from 1815 to 1820; and, strange to say, was the principal author of those extraordinary manifestoes of despotism which astonished the enlightened world during that period. The fact was, Alexander's mind had undergone another change. He was tired of liberal theories.

Toward the close of his reign domestic afflictions embittered his life. He had many years before separated quietly from his wife, and lived with a lady, Madame Narishkin, whom he had taken from her husband. By her he had a daughter, whom he loved passionately. Young Sophia was beautiful, affectionate, and amiable: in her society the Czar spent all his leisure moments. When she reached womanhood she was affianced to a noble Russian; but on her return from Paris, whither she had gone for her health, she was seized with consumption, and died. Her father never recovered the blow. He had no legitimate children—Sophia was every thing to him. Even the consolations of the good Elizabeth, his wife, who returned to his side as soon as she heard of his misfortune, could not dispel his melancholy. He gave up diversions of all kinds, and led a monotonous, melancholy life. He rose invariably at six: in summer, read or wrote a couple of hours, took a walk, and breakfasted; then drove to Pavlosky, the residence of his mother, and spent some time in conversation with her and his sisters; returned home, dined alone with the Empress, and spent the remainder of the day in walking alone in his gardens or reading: in winter, he went regularly every day at nine to see the guard mount. He saw no society whatever; received the ambassadors as seldom as possible; and hardly ever spoke to any of his ministers except on business. He was fond of traveling, and is said to have gone over some 150,000 miles of road in the course of his life. In his later years he was a sincere Christian—more of a Protestant than a member

of the Greek Church; a believer in Madame de Krudener rather than the Metropolitan; withal, devotedly fond of his Bible. His chivalrous nature never changed. One of his last acts was to expose his life, over and over again, in endeavoring to rescue the poor people who were menaced by the inundation of the Neva in 1824.

Shortly afterward he accompanied his wife, who was assailed by a pulmonary disease, to the Crimea; was seized with fever there, and died in a few days. His faithful companion soon followed him to the tomb.

Notwithstanding Alexander's neglect of his duties as a sovereign, and the mischiefs which his ambition, his inconstancy, and his fatal regard for Araktcheief brought upon the people of Russia, his death was widely and deeply deplored. There was so much that was honorable, and manly, and genial in him; he was so different to the miscreants who had preceded him on the throne; and, in his worst moments, he had evinced so many human and Christian virtues, that an impartial observer may well honor his memory, and a Russian lament his early death. He was indeed, with all his faults, a "happy accident."

By the law of Russia the crown now devolved upon the eldest of his surviving brothers, Constantine. The nation trembled at the prospect of his reign, for he was the exact counterpart of his father Paul. Endowed with as poor faculties, he was stained by the same vices and follies as that miserable monarch. He had the same inordinate passion for playing at soldiers, and worrying them about their *tenué*; his habits of tyranny when Grand Duke had obliged every one to fly his society; his ignorance was the scorn of his attendants. With his head and heart, he had inherited Paul's face and figure; presenting in this respect a striking contrast to his brothers. This was the man whose coronation was now hourly expected. We can well conceive the delight with which the nation heard that, by a formal act executed three years previously, Constantine had renounced his claims to the succession, which accordingly devolved upon his younger brother, Nicholas.

It was stated in the act of renunciation that Constantine waived his rights in consequence of his conscious incapacity to reign. There were better reasons for the proceeding than this. Paul's last words still rung in the ears of the imperial family and the court. The day had gone by when Russia could tamely submit to the rule of a parricide. Again, Constantine had separated from his first wife, and lived for years in the society of a dissolute Frenchwoman. She had, in her turn, made way in his affections for a young Polish lady, whose ears were closed to any proposal short of marriage. Constantine's wife was still alive; divorces are very rarely granted in the Greek Church; the amorous Grand Duke was in despair. Profiting by his perplexity, the Emperor Alexander, acting in concert with their mother, Marie, proposed a

bargain to Constantine, by which, in exchange for the divorce he desired, he should renounce his claim to the succession. Constantine gratified his passion, and Alexander had the satisfaction of knowing that he was not to be succeeded by a second Paul, whose earliest act had been to share the murder of his father.

Nicholas was twenty-nine years of age when he came to the throne. Born the year of Catherine's death, he had been educated under the eye of his excellent mother, the Empress Marie, from whom he had derived sound religious instruction and high moral principle. Childhood had veiled from him the awful tragedy which closed his father's life, and the great wars which terminated with the burning of the Kremlin. Warned by the example of his brothers, his marriage had been delayed till he attained his majority, when he was united to Louise Charlotte, daughter of Frederic William III. of Prussia, a lady whose amiable character and fond affection have never been questioned. From the period of his marriage till his accession he had, like all members of the royal family, devoted himself to military studies. He lived retired, and spent most of his time in the barracks. It does not appear that he derived much fruit from his perseverance. He never was a good general, and frequently displayed such want of skill as to expose him to the ridicule of his officers. If we are to believe the works of some of his countrymen, he nearly contrived to frustrate the success of his own army in 1828, by his ill-judged interference and injudicious manoeuvres. Of the science of government and politics he knew still less. He had, however, great energy, vigorous purpose, and, at first, a firm desire to do well.

The very day of his accession, the most formidable revolt that Russia had known since the days of Michael Romanoff, broke out in the capital. It was not formidable by its strength or the skill by which it was marked: a couple of thousand officers and men of intellect composed its entire force, and their plans were woefully defective. But it differed from all former insurrections in its principle. They had been family quarrels for power, court intrigues, outbursts of insubordination among the soldiery—this was the first direct blow struck for popular rights. The aim of Ryléfief in the north, and Pestel in the south, was to supersede the autocracy of the Czars by a constitutional monarchy. They wanted freedom for themselves and their fellow-countrymen; and though they foresaw that the struggle might involve the death of the Czar, this they regarded as a mere incidental consequence, and not the main object of their movement. They would have accepted even Constantine, had he offered them constitutional guarantees for their natural rights. An insurrection on this ground was a new and a startling event for Russia.

On the 25th of December, the oath was to be administered to the regiments. Instead of swearing, several abandoned their barracks and

marched to the great square in St. Petersburg on which the statue of Peter the Great rests, shouting, Hurrah for Constantine! They might as well have shouted, Hurrah for the Pope! so far as their purpose went—but all insurgents must have a rallying cry. Confiding his son to a loyal Finnish regiment, Nicholas took the command of a few trusty battalions, and advanced against the rebels. He tried again and again to divert them from their purpose; but failing, resorted at last, at nightfall, to the final expedient of grape. They were incapable of resisting, and, in an hour after the first cannon shot, the streets were cleared, and the rebellion was quelled. Ryléief and several other leaders were taken, together with Pestel, whose movements in the south were anticipated. These two eminent men—the one, a stern republican of the old Roman school, whose soul knew no swerving from the direct line of principle, and who thought of nothing but freeing his country—the other, a chivalrous young officer, full of nobility, eloquence, and fire—were hanged, with three others, on the borders of the Neva. After the drop had fallen, three of the ropes broke, and the bodies of the condemned fell heavily into the grave already dug at their feet. “Cursed country,” exclaimed Ryléief, “where people can neither conspire, nor judge, nor hang!” Disabled by their fall, they were carried once more to the scaffold, and the gray dawn saw their bodies stiffened in death. Several other conspirators were sent to Siberia.

An ominous beginning for a reign. It had afforded Nicholas an opportunity for the display of personal courage; other qualities were now required of him. Like Alexander's, his early reign promised great things. He gained popularity by associating freely with his subjects, and interesting himself in their welfare. He cut down the expenses of the Court, and thus relieved the tax-payers. He undertook to reform every department of the government, and displayed untiring activity in the public business. His frame showed signs of the excessive labor he imposed on himself; his wife constantly pleaded with him for some relaxation from his toils. Where he could detect corruption, he punished it severely. Thus for a year or two he did well.

Soon, however, he struck upon the rock on which his brother had foundered. Insatiable ambition, traditional thirst for conquest, hurried him into wars. The taxes rose again. Discontent revived. Secret societies were formed. Insurrections broke out in various provinces. The old argument—grape—was brought to bear, and the poor peasants, who had rebelled because they would not starve, were shot because they could not pay. No one knows the history of these troubles. The truth is contraband in Russia: we must wait for years before they who saw those deeds will dare to tell them.

Then Poland, crushed under the iron heel of Constantine, made a feeble effort to rear its head. The club of Nicholas battered it to the

earth. Effectually to prevent future complaints, whole provinces were depopulated. Men were shot in scores. Women—nuns—were imprisoned, scourged, and tortured for years, till, out of two large convents, only one poor, emaciated, crippled creature escaped to reveal the horrible history.

The retrograde movement was in full vigor. Secret police—the constant weapon of despotism—swarmed in the cities. In his anxiety to keep down the people, Nicholas lost sight of the villanies of the functionaries: corruption was never more universal. Restraints were placed on foreign travel; and Russian subjects were forbidden to publish any thing abroad. Fresh levies swelled the army to a monstrous extent. With a revenue not exceeding \$100,000,000, one million of men were kept under arms. How any thing was left for those who were not soldiers is a mystery. It is almost a wonder how the judges and other public functionaries can contrive to steal as they do. Knowledge was proscribed. In the quaint words of a verse quoted by a recent writer:

“He said to the mind,
Go into darkness!
And signed it;
Be it so!
Czar Nikolai.”

But in truth he could no less. There is no compromise possible between despotism and intelligence. Nicholas had to choose between crushing out every spark of intellect and freedom, and abandoning his throne. He chose the former. The domestic virtues which have marked the whole of his career show that he is not a bad man, as Paul and the Peters were. He loves his wife and his children, and leads a moral life. His immense labors for the codification of the Russian law, prove that he desired the good of his country. Even his implacable and cruel resentment at the delinquencies of corrupt officers, argues a sincere interest in the popular welfare.

Liberality in an autocrat is a mistake. Alexander found it so; and so has Nicholas. He must be a vindictive, remorseless tyrant, filled with a deadly enmity to every thing that is noble, or good, or truly great in man; or he must cease to be an Emperor at all.

A TRAGEDY IN MARRIED LIFE.

I WAS sitting one summer evening in my chambers, sipping my after-dinner coffee, when, of all men in the world, who should step in but Dick Woodenspoon. I was very glad to see Dick, as I had a great regard for him. He was my chum in college, and some years my junior; so that I looked upon him almost with paternal feelings. He sat down, and we talked for some time upon indifferent subjects. At length Dick arose, took a turn or two through the room; then, coming up close to me, he spoke a few words in an indistinct and hurried manner.

“In the name of all that is serious, say that

again, Dick, will you?—and speak slowly, that I may be sure I understand you.”

“Chubble, I’m going to be married!” repeated Dick Woodenspoon, in sounds of unmistakable import, but somewhat nervously emitted.

“Married!” said I, echoing him.

“Married!” replied he, echoing my echo.

There was a pause. At length I broke silence—

“Compose yourself, my dear fellow; finish your cup of coffee, and then tell me all about it.”

I turned my chair round to the fire, put my feet on the bars of the grate, and raised my hand to my eyes as if shading them from the light, but in reality that I might spare him the pain of being looked at. Oh, how I felt for his emotion!

“Well, my dear Caleb, you know very well what my opinion of matrimony has always been.”

“Ay, Dick; I knew you were hankering after that blessed estate any time this twelvemonth past.”

“And you know, Caleb, how I esteem the sex, and how happy I should account myself if I could find a woman who could come up to my *beau ideal* of a wife.”

“Ah, Dick, that’s the point—*your beau ideal* of a wife; but suppose she don’t, Dick. A woman’s appearance is all very well. She may have beauty and youth, and seem to be gentle and domestic, and all that, before you marry her; but who is to assure you that these are not all put on? Taking a wife is like buying railway shares—you judge by the prospectus, or the report of the Directors. You buy in, Sir, as *you* did last year, Dick, in the “Great Pankosmikon” Company—ten, twenty, thirty shares—well, it turns out to be a bubble, a bite, a hoax. Shares fall fifty per cent.—seventy-five—a hundred; and then you transfer them to a pauper to avoid a call; and well for you that you can do so, and get rid of them. But if your wife turns out a bad speculation, Dick, you can’t assign *her* to a pauper—remember *that*!”

“Nay,” but said Dick, deprecatingly, “hear me out, Caleb, before you pronounce upon the matter—won’t you?”

“Go on, Dick—go on.”

“Well, then, in the first place, my dear Lucy is a charming little girl in point of appearance; such dove-like eyes—the neck of the swan—the—”

“Oh, to be sure—‘*Flammeolos oculos, collique lacteola;*’ but pass that over, Dick. Remember that beauty is at best evanescent; disease or accident may destroy it in an hour. As, says Socrates, ‘*Καλλος μὲν γὰρ ἡ χρόνος ἀναλῶσεν ἡ νοσος ἐμαράνε.*’”

“Nay. But what says St. Augustine?—‘*Pulchritudo corporis bonum Dei donum est.*’ A beautiful person is a goodly gift from God.”

“Well, well—have it your own way, Dick, in the matter of beauty. Admit, then, that she is fair as Venus. Pass on to the next.”

“A charming temper—modest, yet sprightly; affable, yet dignified; tender, yet reserved in her affections.”

“Hey-day! what a paragon of perfection! But how know you, Dick, that she has all those charms? Have you seen her angry, merry, laughing, weeping, hot, cold, sick, well-dressed, undressed—at all times, and in all gestures and passions? Have you seen how she carries herself with her parents, her friends, her companions?”

“She has no parents, nor a relative in the world, that I know of; and, to tell you the truth, I look upon that circumstance, my dear Caleb, as one of the most favorable to my prospects of matrimonial felicity. There will be nobody to divide her affections with me; no duties to distract her from those she will owe to me.”

“Well, Dick, there is something in that, I grant you. But where, pray, did you find this lone dove?”

“She came with my sister from school, to spend the vacation at my uncle’s, where I saw her for the first time.”

“I understand; and so then you knocked up this flirtation, and committed yourself irretrievably in the short space of three weeks. Oh, Dick, Dick!—aren’t you ashamed of yourself?”

“Ah, Caleb, if you had seen her and known her—”

“Pshaw, Dick! I tell you, where the matter is between a soft heart, like yours, and a pretty face, the more you saw of her the less you were able to know her. But go on, go on; don’t spare *my* feelings—let me hear all.”

And Dick did go on, and made a clean breast of it, poor fellow, as they say. He told me the progress of his love; the charms, both personal and mental, of the girl; the manner in which, despite of all his shyness, his sensitiveness, and his peculiarities on the subject of the sex, he was led, one fine summer’s evening, upon so short an acquaintance, to “offer his hand and his heart,” as the phrase is; how the young lady at first retired tearfully; how his sister sought her in her room; how they were closeted together, I know not how long; how she came forth in the twilight, smiling through her tears, like the moon through the night-mist (as Dick was pleased poetically to observe); how he renewed his suit; how he took her hand, how he raised it to his lips; how— But I had here peremptorily to interpose, and beg that he would spare himself the recital, and me the hearing, of such “love passages,” assuring him that I could find them all ready made to my hand in the fashionable novels of the day. He complied with my request, and summed up the matter in the intelligible observation, that his addresses were accepted.

“Lucy has left school,” he continued; “I have spoken to her guardian, obtained his assent, and am to be married in a few days. There is but one thing, my dear Caleb, that can add to my happiness, and that is, that you shall be

present to witness it. Promise me that you will come to my wedding."

"Dick," said I, "my dear fellow, the thing is impossible. I can't leave this; even for a day, till the term is over. Besides, how do I know that I should be a witness to your *happiness*? Don't you remember I was the witness to the transfer of the shares in 'the Great Pankosmikon?' You were full of hope then, and yet did it make you happy? did the scheme prosper?"

"Don't, now, Caleb," said Dick, entreatingly—"don't say another word about the 'Pankosmikon,' please. You make me nervous—you do, indeed."

"Well, then, Dick, I won't: but I'll tell you what I'll do—When you are some time married, and can speak from experience; if you are able, with a true heart, to say, that all your bright anticipations have been realized—that you are happy, write to me, my dear fellow, and say so; and be well assured that no light matter shall prevent me going to you, and witnessing with my own eyes your contentment; but not now, Dick—not now."

Dick Woodenspoon arose to depart. He took his hat in his left hand, and with his right hand he grasped mine.

"God bless you, Caleb!" said he; "remember that my heart can never be so filled that there shall not be a corner for you."

"Adieu, Dick. My heart is but a solitary, ill-furnished apartment; you may occupy it entirely. May you be happy."

"Have no fears for me, Caleb. Remember what the son of Sirach says—'A good wife is a good portion. The grace of a wife delighteth her husband, and her discretion will fatten his bones.'"

"Ay, Dick; but says he not also, 'An evil wife is a yoke shaken to and fro; he that hath hold of her is as though he held a scorpion?'"

"Caleb, do you not know that the last gift which God gave man to complete his happiness was a wife?"

"Dick, Dick, are you not aware that the last evil which the devil wrought on Job was to leave him his wife after he had taken away all his goods?"

"Farewell, Caleb, till next we meet."

"Adieu, Dick: may that meeting be a happy one."

When Dick Woodenspoon left me, I fell into a meditation upon his case, and, sooth to say, my musings were of a checkered character. There was much that was good in him calculated to make any reasonable woman happy; and yet he had peculiarities that might wreck his own happiness and that of a wife, who might go on for half a century or so tranquil and contented with a husband of the ordinary run of men. Dick was generous, affectionate, good-natured, and, in the main, good-tempered; but he was fastidious, exacting, and, above all, he was of a most jealous disposition. A vulgar expression, a romping gesture, was sure to shock him, and at once transmute the idol of his admiration

into an object of almost disgust. If he was attracted by a young lady, he threw his whole heart into the affair, and expected no less from her in return. She was to have eyes for no one, ears for no one, heart for no one but for himself; and so he watched with cat-like keenness of vision the approach of any other man to the object he had hedged round with his love, and his sensitive jealousy converted the most commonplace civilities into a daring attempt to take the sacred citadel by storm, and the simplest recognition, on the part of the lady, of a kindness or conventional politeness appeared to be an alarming indication of a traiterous disposition to surrender at discretion. Thus it was that little Jessie Mayflower, the poor parson's youngest daughter, ruined her prospects of a comfortable settlement, as Mrs. Woodenspoon, by laughing merrily in Dick's face when he gravely expressed his pain at having caught her in the act of swinging upon the paddock-gate with her young brothers. Poor Jessie! I think she had a happy riddance of him. He would have lectured her out of her very life, or, at all events, have made that life miserable. Better as she still is in her free, frank, blooming maidenhood, tending the old man, and giving and receiving love that knows no alloy or change. Then we all thought that Mary Weston was booked as Mrs. W.; and so she was, I verily believe; but, unfortunately, she refused to dance a third quadrille consecutively with Dick, not thinking it altogether decorous, though she sat down without a partner in order not to give him offense. But Dick's *amour propre* was wounded beyond the power of Mary's healing.

"Caleb," said he to me, a few days after, "the girl who could be ashamed of being suspected of returning the love of a man who had given her his whole heart, knows not how to love."

Matters had gone further still with Julia Marsden. Dick had actually popped the question to her after dinner, at her father's house. The girl, I really think, liked him very well, and would probably have accepted him too; but she was a sensible girl, and told him kindly, and, indeed, encouragingly, as he admitted afterward, that she should have the night to consider over his offer. This piqued Dick's sensitiveness not a little; but he suppressed his chagrin as well as she could, and commenced a tender *tête-à-tête*, which was sufficiently engrossing to soothe his vanity and set him right again. But Julia's mother saw the flirtation, and very discreetly determined that it should not be too remarkable. Accordingly, she sent over Captain Cleaver with a polite request that Julia would join him in a duet at the pianoforte. The young lady at once rose and complied. Dick was in a state of exalted jealousy. He sat moodily in his seat during the performance, avoided the girl for the rest of the evening, and, as he wished her good-night, expressed himself with a bitterness and severity upon the subject of her desertion that at once offended and roused

her. Julia was a girl of spirit and sense. She did reflect on the matter during the night, and made up her mind, too, that a man of so jealous and exacting a disposition would not be likely to make her happy. And so next morning, when Dick called—for by that time he began to think he was not justified in his conduct—he received a note, in which the young lady politely declined the honor he had intended her. And yet I verily believe that if any woman could have suited Dick, and made him truly happy, by making him reasonable, Julia was just the one to have done so. She would neither have yielded weakly to his caprices, nor would she have rudely shocked his peculiarities; but she would have won him over to the knowledge of his own folly, and taught him to discard those feelings which were the greatest enemies of his peace.

"And now," said I to myself, after I had completed this retrospective survey of Dick's doings for the last twelve months, "there, he's off again; he's been and done it, and no mistake. He's going to marry some milkmaid of a girl, with blue eyes, and a smell of new hay about her. A fool belike, that will lie a-bed reading novels or poetry, and trash of that sort; or an artful puss, that has put on simplicity and sentimentality to hoax poor Dick, playing the angel before marriage that she may play the devil after it. Well, well, it's no affair of mine, after all; hasn't he a right to squander old Woodenspoon's consols and three per cents in woman-flesh as well as in railway shares? The old fellow can't look out of his grave at his son's speculations in the wife or the money market."

In due time, or undue—I'm sure I don't know well which I ought to call it—Dick Woodenspoon was married. I learned this fact by the receipt of cards, the day after the wedding; and in a few days after I had a letter from Dick himself, from Brussels, full of raptures, and soforth, declaring that his wife was an angel, and he the happiest of the human species, and announcing, furthermore, that they were making their marriage trip—the Rhine, Switzerland, and back through France. "I hope all this may last," thought I, as I finished reading the letter, "but I wish it had been a little less high-flown. Those raptures must come to an end, some way or other; they must either wear out the man or wear out themselves, and then— Well, well, there's no good in croaking; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and who knows but all may come right in the long run, when they settle down a bit?" and so I dismissed the subject from my thoughts, and busied myself about my own proper business. What had I to do with love affairs?

Time passed on, the summer was over, and the term just ended. I was free for a while, and was meditating a trip through Scotland, to geologize a little, and botanize a little, and ruralize a great deal, when, just as I was stowing away my hammer, microscope, and a few odds and ends, in the way of linen, into my bag, I

received a letter with the Paris post-mark. The direction was in Dick Woodenspoon's handwriting, so I opened it immediately.

"Paris, Hotel de Lisle et Albion,
Rue St. Honore.

"MY DEAR CALEB—My dream of happiness is over, and I have awoke to the reality of wretchedness. I can not command my feelings sufficiently to write to you the details of my affliction. Come to me, my dearest friend; come to me, without a moment's delay. When last we met you promised me that, when I should write to you that I was happy, you would come and witness my happiness. Now that I tell you I am the most miserable of men, will you not fly to comfort and sustain me?

"RICHARD WOODENSPOON."

I was greatly shocked at this communication. Its vagueness was a thousandfold more painful than any recital of the real facts of the case could be. I tortured myself with a thousand conjectures, but to no purpose. The only conclusion to which I arrived, with any degree of confidence, was, that his misfortune was of a matrimonial nature. I lost no time in setting off for Paris, and found myself the next day in my friend's apartment. Poor Dick flung himself into my arms in an agony of grief that was quite alarming.

"Oh! Caleb, my friend, I am the most wretched, the most unfortunate of human beings; a deceived and dishonored husband—an outcast from society—a wanderer on the face of the earth. Caleb, do not loathe me, do not spurn me; I am a—MURDERER!"

He smote his brow wildly with his open palm, and sank upon a chair, overcome with his emotions. I was thunderstruck—horrified, almost unmanned.

"For God's sake, my dear fellow, compose yourself, and tell me all; let me know the worst—I will never desert you."

He grasped my hand, and wept like a child.

"Come, come, Dick, this will never do; be a man, and bear your fate, whatever it be, like a man. Open your whole heart to me; you know I can neither advise nor comfort you unless you do so."

Dick gave a sigh so loud, so deep, so long, that I thought he must have expelled every atom of air out of his body, and I almost expected (such ludicrous thoughts will sometimes force themselves upon the mind, even during the gravest moments) to see his chest collapse, like one of those paper bags which little boys crush together for the fun of driving the air out with a report. By degrees he became composed, and, between coaxing and admonishing, I got the whole story of his misfortunes out of him. Nothing, it seemed, could exceed the felicity of the young couple for the first few weeks of their married life. Lucy was all that Dick's heart could desire; she lived for him alone—she saw through his eyes—she heard through his ears. Like Petruchio's Catherine, she would have said of any object in nature—

—“Be it moon, or sun, or what you please;
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.”

Had he said the Jungfrau was a lake, she would have expatiated upon its depth and darkness. She would have pronounced the falls of Shaffhausen a forest of pines at his bidding, and the roar of its waters the song of the nightingale. And so they went on, loving and roving through the length and breadth of the land, like a pair of silly turtle-doves. But I will relate the rest in Dick's own words: “We had reached Geneva on our return homeward. Here we entered somewhat into society, less to please myself than to gratify my wife. We went to *spectacles*, to concerts, which she enjoyed amazingly; we even attended one of the balls, and Lucy danced with a young German—a broad-shouldered fellow, with blue eyes, a light beard, and long yellow locks that fell down upon his neck. He seemed quite *epuis* with her, and she, Caleb, seemed to me to receive his attentions with more complacency than I thought was becoming. I was hurt, and somewhat cool in my manner to her; she was sad and dejected. I said nothing on the subject; but I left Geneva the following day, and proceeded to Lyons. We were scarcely seated at the *table d'hôte* when who should sit down beside her but the same German fellow. I returned his cordial salutation with reserve and coldness. He turned from me, and addressed himself to her. She was evidently embarrassed. The dinner was at length ended—I thought it would never come to a close. I hurried her away as soon as I could rise with decency. I spoke to her very gently, but expressed very decidedly my disapprobation of those Continental freedoms. She made no reply, but the tears came into her eyes, and she looked at me sorrowfully and even upbraidingly. From that moment we were ill at ease with each other. Our intercourse lost all its charm. We left Lyons. I was moody—she was melancholy; and more than once I surprised her in tears. We stopped at Chalons-sur-Soane. I liked the place, and took a pretty little retired cottage on the banks of the river, intending to pass a few weeks there in retirement, if not in tranquillity. In this sweet seclusion I was regaining my peace of mind, and Lucy was becoming more like her former self. One day I went into the town, and passing by the principal hotel, I saw a young man lolling at the open window, smoking a *meerchaum* half a yard long; he had a red velvet cap, with a gold tassel, on his head. I looked at him—I could not be mistaken in the blue eyes, yellow locks, and light-brown mustache—yes, Caleb, it was that infernal German. I proceeded on my way homeward, meditating gloomily upon this ill-omened rencontre. What could have brought him to Chalons? what brought him to Lyons? Was there no other route in the wide continent of Europe for him to choose but that which my wife and I were traveling? When I reached our cottage I was

thoroughly out of humor. Lucy perceived my chagrin, and endeavored to cheer me. I repelled her overtures. We sat down to dinner, and scarcely interchanged a word. We walked in the evening along the bank of the river. I believe I should have walked all night, so fully was I engrossed with my painful thoughts, had not my wife at length complained of fatigue, and we returned. Next morning after breakfast I proposed that she should accompany me to the chateau of a neighboring gentleman, who had invited me to join in a day's shooting. To my surprise and annoyance she declined, for the first time in her life, to accede to my request, excusing herself on the plea of a headache, or a swelled foot, or something of that sort. I had promised my friend to meet him that day, so I took my gun and went on my way. It was late before I proceeded homeward, so that the sun had set some time before I reached my cottage gate. I remember how sweet and tranquil the scene looked in the dim twilight. The low window of the sitting-room was open, for it was a warm evening, but there was no light within it. I was close up to it upon the soft, close-shaved grass, when I heard the voice of my wife—

“‘At this hour, then, to-morrow.’”

“At the same moment I beheld, by the fading light, my wife seated in a *fauteuil*, and at her feet, kneeling upon one knee—a man! The blood rushed up into my head, my eyes swam—I staggered; but the devil prompted me to take vengeance. I raised my gun, and fired at the villain. The man fell; my wife uttered a loud shriek, and, springing up, her eyes met mine; she recognized me, and fell to the ground. I rushed from the spot, and found myself in the town, I knew not how. I hurried to the railway station, a train was just about to start for Paris; I took my ticket, flung myself into a carriage, which fortunately was vacant, and traveled hither through that miserable night. What I have endured since I can not describe to you. My sole occupation is to brood over my sorrow, to curse my destiny. I have not the courage to look at a journal, though racked by anxiety and fear; for I dread to read the disclosure of my dishonor and my crime.”

Before an hour had elapsed I was on my way to Chalons. The result of my conference with my unhappy friend was the determination to visit the scene of his misfortune, to see his wretched wife if possible, to investigate the whole affair, and to be guided by the issue as to my subsequent proceedings. The following morning I was at the door of Woodenspoon's cottage. It was opened by a rosy-faced country-girl.

“Can madam be seen?” I demanded.

The girl hesitated.

“Take this to her,” said I, giving her my card, “and tell her that I entreat her to see me upon important business.”

In a short time the girl returned and led me into the salon; in a moment after the door was

hurriedly opened, and a lady tottered forward. Her face was pale as death, and her eyelids red and swollen from weeping.

"Oh, Mr. Chubble," cried she, seizing my hand, "you come from my husband—I know you do—you are his dearest friend. Where is he? where is he?"

"I do come from your husband, madam," I said, very gravely; "but before I give you any further information I must first trouble you to answer a few questions. Pray be seated."

I looked at the woman that now sat tremblingly beside me. She was not only very pretty, but very prepossessing in appearance. "So young, so fair, so artless-looking, can it be that she has thus gone astray?" Such were my reflections as I regarded her in silence. My heart was softened toward her, despite of myself.

"Madam," I resumed, in a kinder tone, "you must be perfectly unreserved with me, if you hope that I can effect any good in this unhappy affair. Your husband has told me all."

"Oh, Sir, he has not told you all; he could not, for he does not know all. I will reserve nothing from you, as you are his friend. When you have heard all, you will surely pity me. Oh! I am most wretched!"

And the poor thing did tell me all—her whole married life—her trials—her temptations—her struggles—her failings—and I listened to her with moistened eyes, I am not ashamed to confess it; and I did pity her with my whole heart, and I told her so when she had concluded her sad story.

"It is indeed very terrible," I said, taking her poor trembling hand; "a dreadful lesson of the consequences of giving way to the solicitations of passion."

"Oh, Mr. Chubble, call it by its right name—it was madness! Would to heaven that I had accompanied him that day, or that he had staid with me."

"Well, let us now consider what is best to be done. The matter may admit of some arrangement."

We continued to talk for some time anxiously, and I arranged my plans, and left the lady, promising to call again in the course of the day.

At noon the same day I sat in a private room of the principal hotel at Chalons, in conversation with a young man whom I met there by appointment. The matter under discussion between us required some tact on my part, and I flatter myself that I ultimately arranged it to the satisfaction of both parties. At length our conference was ended, and we arose.

"You agree, then, Monsieur," said I, "to the terms as I have written them down."

"I do, Monsieur."

"Will you be so good, then, as to sign this paper."

"Certainly, Monsieur."

And the young man did so.

"I rely, then, upon your observing them faithfully," and I stretched out my hand.

"Monsieur may depend upon me," said the

young man, as his fingers touched my palm, "he has my word of honor."

"Ay," thought I, as I bowed him out, "I have something more binding to rely upon than your word of honor. Well, now for the cottage once more."

Within four-and-twenty hours I was again in Paris, in the same hotel at which Dick was stopping, where I took a snug sitting-room, with a bedroom inside of it. I dispatched a line to him, requesting his presence in *numero dix-huit*. Dick came immediately, and I was shocked to see how much he was changed for the worse, even in the short interval since I left him. His first question was, naturally enough, about the homicide.

"Is he dead, Caleb?"

"No."

"Oh, thank God!" and the poor fellow clasped his hands, and looked up thankfully to heaven.

"Is he recovering?"

"Humph—no;" and I shook my head oracularly. "I fear he is not likely to get better."

Dick groaned, and sank down on a chair.

"The man is as well as he can be, and likely to continue so—a healthy-looking fellow he is, by-the-by; broad-shouldered and—"

"Spare me—spare me, Caleb. How can you—?"

"Richard Woodenspoon," said I, rising and addressing him sternly, "listen to me. It is owing to the mercy of God, and not to the forbearance of a weak, passionate man, such as you are, that the youth is not now a corpse, and you a murderer. Hear me while I make known to you two characters of whom as yet you know but little—yourself and your wife. I know the whole of this unhappy affair, and you shall now learn it. You shall hear the confessions and revelations of your own wretched wife, wrung from her by the urgency of the case. She has revealed *you*, oh! how unwillingly, how tenderly, how extenuatingly, as one whose jealousy exacted from her not free heart-love, but slavish woman-worship: fettering her tongue, her ears, her thoughts, and, as I may say, placing winkers at her eyes, and forcing her to look neither to the right nor to the left, but always straight forward at *you—you*, and nothing but *you!* You curbed all the freedoms of her innocent soul; you made her heart sad by your moodiness, and then you resented her sadness; you withdrew your love from her upon every fancied offense, and then you repelled her returning affection; you worried her with your caprices; you grieved her with your reproofs; and, shame upon you, man! you dared to suspect the loyalty of your own wife upon the most absurd fantasies that ever filled the brain of a madman. And she, poor soul, confessed too, what she called 'her temptations, her struggles, her failings'—ay, that she was tempted often and sorely to 'return railing for railing'—that she struggled against her woman's nature, that prompted her to rebel against the cruel yoke

that crushed down her fair, young neck; but her woman's heart always kept her true and upright. And her failings, heaven help her! what were they? Why, forsooth, that she failed in the submissive duty of a spaniel. And now hear what she *did* do—she loved you with the singleness of a heart that had no other object to occupy it. You were to her, father and mother, brother and sister—you filled her whole heart; but that did not satisfy you—you would not let the thoughts of another earthly creature approach even to touch the hem of her garment; you took umbrage at a young gentleman because he behaved like a gentleman and paid respectful attention to your wife, because he seemed to admire her. I hope he *did* admire her, or I should not give three halfpence for him. You were indignant that he should chance to travel the same road as you, or stop at the same hotel as you; you delivered yourself over to the devil—the devil of jealousy that entered you and possessed you, body and soul—blinding your eyes, hardening your heart, and warping your understanding. And what was the consequence? You wearied her one night off her feet with walking, and when, next day, she would not accompany you, limping upon a swollen foot, you left her, with your heart full of bitterness against her. Well, smarting under the sense of pain, she took advantage of your absence to admit a young man into her presence—yes, she has confessed it—to approach her person—to kneel down before her—to lay his hand upon her—ay, I see you wince, but you must bear it—upon the tenderest part—her swollen foot! that the young rake, a quiet respectable *shoemaker*! might enlarge her boot, to enable her to walk next day with your lordship without undergoing absolute agony. Ha! ha! ha! You ought to be proud of yourself, oughtn't you?"

I paused—for with all my anger I could not help feeling pity for the wretched man who now crouched before me with his face buried in his hands; but I repressed the feeling. I knew I had a great operation to perform—one on which the very life of my patient depended; and so I was determined that no weakness of heart should make my eye wince or my hand tremble. I had cut down deep and wide upon the morbid part of his nature, and I would not leave a particle of it remaining, so I continued:

"In your blind fury you fired at the poor mechanic. Some good angel struck the barrel upward and you missed him; but the high-spirited gallant who came to invade your honor, fell sprawling to the ground in mortal terror. Man, your innocent wife looked up into your face; she guessed the truth, for she *knew* you—that moment revealed you to her in your most detestable colors—she sank down, a miserable creature, without hope or faith in you. I wonder her heart didn't break. Well, you fled, after you had achieved this valiant *duel*. And what did your poor wife do when she came to herself? Why, denounced you of course as you

deserved? Oh, no; with ready-witted tenderness for your reputation, she said, in perfect truth—though had it been false, it would have been a pardonable falsehood—that some madman had fired the shot, and she supplicated the gallant not to speak of it, as it might disturb *you* if it came to your ears. But your absence was soon noticed—the man began to suspect that you were the maniac—and I arrived just in time to prevent his putting the matter into the hands of the mayor. I told him that you were the man—that you *were* mad—that your family were anxious to save themselves the *disgrace* of an exposure—think of that admission; and so I patched up the matter with him. He signed an agreement to hold his tongue upon getting two hundred and fifty francs, which I paid him on the spot, and a promise of two hundred and fifty more when you are safe in England. And now, Richard Woodenspoon, impeacher of your own honor—defamer of your own wife—murderer (in the eyes of God) of your fellow-man, what have you to say for yourself? Hold up your head and hold up your hand, and answer to my arraignment—*Guilty, or not Guilty?*"

"Guilty, guilty! Caleb. But oh, if you love me, dear Caleb, with any of our ancient love, desert me not now in my extremity. Where is my poor wife? Let me fly to her; let me sue for pardon; let me comfort her."

"You would seek her in vain, Richard; she has left the cottage."

"Whither has she gone? Let me know. I have a right to know."

"Right! what right, pray? That of a loving husband and a faithful guardian, eh?"

"Man, hard-hearted man, you try me too cruelly. You know where she is; let me seek her."

"I do know where she is; but you shall *not* seek her. No, Dick;" and the door of the bedroom flew open as I spoke. "*She seeks you—the true wife, the long-suffering, the forgiving. Take her to your arms. Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.*"

The pendule in my bedroom had chimed the quarters twice, as I paced to and fro, and I could, each time I approached the door, hear the soothing accents of the husband, and the gentle sobbing of the wife. At length I felt it was time to check this over-indulgence of feeling. So I knocked at the door, and then entered.

"Oh, Caleb!" said Dick, wringing my hand, "truest of friends!"

"Oh, dear Mr. Chubble, best of men!" cried Lucy, smiling through her tears.

"Hush, dear lady, Mr. Woodenspoon will be jealous, if you address me in such terms."

"Caleb, Caleb, spare me."

"Dear Mr. Chubble, forgive him!"

"When one so wronged as you can forgive him, it is very easy for me to do so."

"And now," thought I, "one touch of the cautery to make the wounds heal, and I renounce surgery forever."

"Dick Woodenspoon, listen to me once again, and for the last time. You have been tried severely, and learned a lesson which I hope will last you all the days of your life. Pardon me if I shrank not from striking heavily—I did it in love. You now know the value of your wife. Pray to God every day of your life that you may be worthy of her. Truth and virtue like hers are not like the hues of the photograph; they will stand the warm glare of the sun, and the breath of heaven, and the touch of the world's hand, and be not a whit the less pure or the less bright. Confide more in her and less in yourself, and believe that a woman is the best guardian of her own honor and of her husband's. Give your own kindly heart fair play, Dick, and love her with the whole strength of it—unselfishly, as a man should love a woman, and not as a child loves a toy. But mark me, Dick, should you ever again go off in your tantrums, then let this sweet child come to me for protection:" and as I spoke I drew her over to my side, and kissed her fair brow. "As sure as my name is Chubble, I will divorce you from her, and marry her myself—I will, by heaven! And now, God bless you; I'll take a lounge in the Champs Elysées till 'tis time to dine."

My surgery worked a complete cure upon Dick Woodenspoon. He made the best husband in the world, and he and his wife were a pattern couple. A little more than a year afterward I paid them a visit. Lucy was then a blooming matron, but she had formed a new attachment, and Dick was not at all jealous of her divided love; nay, I must admit that he loved her all the better when he saw her caressing their little boy. He wasn't in the least jealous of any thing she said or did, and endured with wonderful complacency my kissing his wife upon our first meeting. We had some pleasant chat about old times as we sat over our wine by the fireside after dinner, and as Lucy held up little Dick to me to kiss, and I looked into his large, staring blue eyes, and saw the incipient growth of soft flaxen hair upon his little skull, she smiled archly at her husband as she said—

"Hasn't he fine, broad shoulders, Caleb?"

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XLII.

INJURED INNOCENCE.

From Clive Newcome, Esq., to Lieut.-Col. Newcome, C.B.

"BRIGHTON, June 12, 18—.

"MY DEAREST FATHER—As the weather was growing very hot at Naples, and you wished I should come to England to see Mr. Binnie, I came accordingly; and have been here three weeks, and write to you from Aunt Honeyman's parlor at Brighton, where you ate your last dinner before embarking for India. I found your splendid remittance on calling in Fog Court, and

have invested a part of the sum in a good horse to ride, upon which I take my diversion with other young dandies in the park. Florac is in England, but he has no need of your kindness. Only think! he is Prince de Moncontour now, the second title of the Duc d'Ivry's family; and M. le Comte de Florac is Duc d'Ivry in consequence of the demise of t'other old gentleman. I believe the late duke's wife shortened his life. O what a woman! She caused a duel between Lord Kew and a Frenchman, which has in its turn occasioned all sorts of evil and division in families, as you shall hear.

"In the first place, in consequence of the duel and of incompatibility of temper, the match between Kew and E. N. has been broken off. I met Lord Kew at Naples with his mother and brother, nice quiet people as you would like them. Kew's wound and subsequent illness have altered him a good deal. He has become much *more serious* than he used to be; not ludicrously so at all, but he says he thinks his past life has been useless and even criminal, and he wishes to change it. He has sold his horses, and sown his wild oats. He has turned quite a sober, quiet gentleman.

"At our meeting he told me of what had happened between him and Ethel, of whom he spoke *most kindly and generously*, but avowing his opinion that they never could have been happy in married life. And now I think my dear old father will see that there may be another reason besides my desire to see Mr. Binnie, which has brought me tumbling back to England again. If need be to speak, I never shall have, I hope, any secrets from you. I have not said much about one which has given me the deuce's disquiet for ten months past; because there was no good in talking about it, or vexing you needlessly with reports of my griefs and woes.

"Well, when we were at Baden in September last, and E. and I wrote those letters in common to you, I daresay you can fancy what my feelings might have been toward such a beautiful young creature, who has a hundred faults, for which I love her just as much as for the good that is in her. I became dreadfully smitten indeed, and knowing that she was engaged to Lord Kew, I did as you told me you did once when the enemy was too strong for you—I *ran away*. I had a bad time of it for two or three months. At Rome, however, I began to take matters more easily, my naturally fine appetite returned, and at the end of the season I found myself uncommonly happy in the society of the Miss Balliols and the Miss Freemans; but when Kew told me at Naples of what had happened, there was straightway a *fresh eruption* in my heart, and I was fool enough to come almost without sleep to London in order to catch a glimpse of the bright eyes of E. N.

"She is now in this very house up-stairs with one aunt, while the other lets lodgings to her. I have seen her but very seldom indeed since I came to London, where Sir Brian and Lady Ann do not pass the season, and Ethel goes about to

* Continued from the December Number.

a dozen parties every week with old Lady Kew, who neither loves you nor me. Hearing E. say she was coming down to her parents at Brighton, I made so bold as to waylay her at the train (though I didn't tell her that I passed three hours in the waiting-room); and we made the journey together, and she was very kind and beautiful, and though I suppose I might just as well ask the Royal Princess to have me, I can't help hoping and longing and hankering after her. And Aunt Honeyman must have found out that I am fond of her, for the old lady has received me with a scolding. Uncle Charles seems to be in very good condition again. I saw him in full clerical feather at Madame de Moncontour's, a good-natured body who drops her h's, though Florac is not aware of their absence. Pendennis and Warrington I know would send you their best regards. Pen is conceited, but much kinder in reality than he has the air of being. Fred Bayham is doing well, and prospering in his mysterious way.

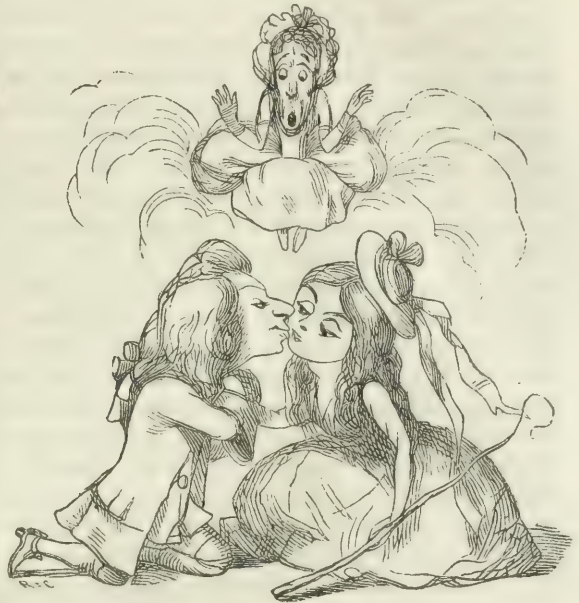
"Mr. Binnie is not looking at all well; and Mrs. Mack—well, as I know you never attack a lady behind her lovely back, I won't say a word of Mrs. Mack—but she has taken possession of Uncle James, and seems to me to weigh upon him somehow. Rosey is as pretty and good-natured as ever, and has learned two new songs; but you see with my sentiments in another quarter, I feel as it were guilty and awkward in company of Rosey and her mamma. They have become the very greatest friends with Bryanstone Square, and Mrs. Mack is always citing Aunt Hobson as the most superior of women, in which opinion I daresay Aunt Hobson concurs.

"Good-by, my dearest father; my sheet is full; I wish I could put my arm in yours and pace up and down the pier with you, and tell you more and more. But you know enough now, and that I am your affectionate son always,
C. N."

In fact, when Mr. Clive appeared at Steyne Gardens, stepping out of the fly, and handing Miss Ethel thence, Miss Honeyman of course was very glad to see her nephew, and saluted him with a little embrace to show her sense of pleasure at his visit. But the next day, being Sunday, when Clive with a most engaging smile on his countenance walked over to breakfast from his hotel, Miss Honeyman would scarcely speak to him during the meal, looked out at him very haughtily from under her Sunday cap, and received his stories about Italy with "Oh! ah! indeed!" in a very unkind manner. And when breakfast was over, and she had done washing her china, she fluttered up to Clive with such an agitation of plumage, redness of brow, and anger of manner, as a maternal hen shows if she has reason to think you menace her chickens. She fluttered up to Clive, I say, and cried out, "Not in *this* house, Clive—not in *this* house, I beg you to understand *that*!"

Clive, looking amazed, said, "Certainly not, ma'am; I never did do it in the house, as I

know you don't like it. I was going into the Square." The young man meaning that he was about to smoke, and conjecturing that his aunt's anger applied to that practice.



"You know very well what I mean, Sir! Don't try to turn *me* off in that highy-tighty way. My dinner to-day is at half-past one. You can dine or not as you like," and the old lady flounced out of the room.

Poor Clive stood rolling his cigar in sad perplexity of spirit, until Mrs. Honeyman's servant Hannah entered, who, for her part, grinned and looked particularly sly. "In the name of goodness, Hannah, what is the row about?" cries Mr. Clive. "What is my aunt scolding at? What are you grinning at, you old Cheshire cat?"

"Git long, Master Clive," says Hannah, patting the cloth.

"Get along! why get along, and where am I to get along to?"

"Did'ee do ut really now, Master Clive?" cries Mrs. Honeyman's attendant, grinning with the utmost good-humor. "Well, she be as pretty a young lady as ever I saw; and as I told my Missis, 'Miss Martha,' says I, 'there's a pair on 'em.' Though Missis was mortal angry to be sure. She never could bear it."

"Bear *what*? you old goose!" cries Clive, who by these playful names had been wont to designate Hannah these twenty years past.

"A young gentleman and a young lady a-kissing of each other in the railway coach," says Hannah, jerking up with her finger to the ceiling, as much as to say, "There she is! Lar, she be a pretty young creature, that she be! and so I told Miss Martha." Thus differently had the news which had come to them on the previous night affected the old lady and her maid.

The news was, that Miss Newcome's maid (a giddy thing from the country, who had not even learned as yet to hold her tongue) had announced with giggling delight to Lady Ann's maid, who was taking tea with Mrs. Hicks, that Mr. Clive had given Miss Ethel a kiss in the tunnel, and

she supposed it was a match. This intelligence Hannah Hicks took to her mistress, of whose angry behavior to Clive the next morning you may now understand the cause.

Clive did not know whether to laugh or to be in a rage. He swore that he was as innocent of all intention of kissing Miss Ethel as of embracing Queen Elizabeth. He was shocked to think of his cousin, walking above, fancy-free in maiden meditation, while this conversation regarding her was carried on below. How could he face her, or her mother, or even her maid, now he had cognizance of this naughty calumny? "Of course Hannah had contradicted it?" "Of course I have a-done no such a thing indeed," replied Master Clive's old friend; "of course I have set 'em down a bit; for when little Trimmer said it, and she supposed it was all settled between you, seeing how it had been a-going on in foreign parts last year, Mrs. Pincott says, 'Hold your silly tongue, Trimmer,' she says; 'Miss Ethel marry a painter, indeed, Trimmer!' says she, 'while she has refused to be a Countess,' she says; 'and can be a Marchioness any day, and will be a Marchioness. Marry a painter, indeed!' Mrs. Pincott says; 'Trimmer, I'm surprised at your impudence.' So, my dear, I got angry at that," Clive's champion continued, "and says I, if my young Master ain't good enough for any young lady in this world, says I, I'd like you to show her to me: and if his dear father, the Colonel, says I, ain't as good as your old gentleman up-stairs, says I, who has gruel and dines upon doctor's stuff, then, Mrs. Pincott, says I, my name isn't what it is, says I. Those were my very words, Master Clive, my dear; and then Mrs. Pincott says, Mrs. Hicks, she says, you don't understand society, she says; you don't understand society, he! he!" and the country lady, with considerable humor, gave an imitation of the town lady's manner.

At this juncture Miss Honeyman re-entered the parlor, arrayed in her Sunday bonnet, her stiff and spotless collar, her Cashmere shawl, and Agra brooch, and carrying her Bible and Prayer-book, each stitched in its neat cover of brown silk. "Don't stay chattering here, you idle woman," she cried to her attendant with extreme asperity. "And you, Sir, if you wish to smoke your cigars, you had best walk down to the cliff where the Cockneys are!" she added, glowering at Clive.

"Now I understand it all," Clive said, trying to deprecate her anger. "My dear good aunt, it's a most absurd mistake; upon my honor Miss Ethel is as innocent as you are."

"Innocent or not, this house is not intended for assignations, Clive! As long as Sir Brian Newcome lodges here, you will be pleased to keep away from it, Sir; and though I don't approve of Sunday traveling, I think the very best thing you can do is to put yourself in the train and go back to London."

And now, young people, who read my moral pages, you will see how highly imprudent it is to sit with your cousins in railway-carriages;

and how, though you may not mean the slightest harm in the world, a great deal may be attributed to you; and how, when you think you are managing your little absurd love-affairs ever so quietly, Jeames and Betsy in the servants'-hall are very likely talking about them, and you are putting yourself in the power of those menials. If the perusal of these lines has rendered one single young couple uncomfortable, surely my amiable end is answered, and I have written not altogether in vain.

Clive was going away, innocent though he was, yet quivering under his aunt's reproof, and so put out of countenance that he had not even thought of lighting the great cigar which he stuck into his foolish mouth; when a shout of "Clive! Clive!" from half-a-dozen little voices roused him, and presently as many little Newcomes came toddling down the stairs, and this one clung round his knees, and that at the skirts of his coat, and another took his hand and said, he must come and walk with them on the beach.

So away went Clive to walk with his cousins, and then to see his old friend Miss Cann, with whom and the elder children he walked to church, and issuing thence greeted Lady Ann and Ethel (who had also attended the service) in the most natural way in the world.

While engaged in talking with these, Miss Honeyman came out of the sacred edifice, crisp and stately in the famous Agra brooch and Cashmere shawls. The good-natured Lady Ann had a smile and a kind word for her as for every body. Clive went up to his maternal aunt to offer his arm. "You must give him up to us for dinner, Miss Honeyman, if you please to be so very kind. He was so good-natured in escorting Ethel down," Lady Ann said.

"Hm! my lady," says Miss Honeyman, perking her head up in her collar. Clive did not know whether to laugh or not, but a fine blush illuminated his countenance. As for Ethel, she was and looked perfectly unconscious. So, rustling in her stiff black silk, Martha Honeyman walked with her nephew silent by the shore of the much-sounding sea. The idea of courtship, of osculatory processes, of marrying and giving in marriage, made this elderly virgin chafe and fume, she never having, at any period of her life, indulged in any such ideas or practices, and being angry against them, as childless wives will sometimes be angry and testy against matrons with their prattle about their nurseries. Now, Miss Cann was a different sort of spinster, and loved a bit of sentiment with all her heart, from which I am led to conclude—but, pray, is this the history of Miss Cann or of the Newcomes?

All these Newcomes then entered into Miss Honeyman's house, where a number of little knives and forks were laid for them. Ethel was cold and thoughtful; Lady Ann was perfectly good-natured as her wont was. Sir Brian came in on the arm of his valet presently, wearing that look of extra neatness which invalids have, who have just been shaved and combed, and

made ready by their attendants to receive company. He was voluble: though there was a perceptible change in his voice: he talked chiefly of matters which had occurred forty years ago, and especially of Clive's own father, when he was a boy, in a manner which interested the young man and Ethel. "He threw me down in a chaise—sad chap—always reading Orme's History of India—wanted marry Frenchwoman. He wondered Mrs. Newcome didn't leave Tom any thing—'pon my word, quite s'prise." The events of to-day, the House of Commons, the City, had little interest for him. All the children went up and shook him by the hand, with awe in their looks, and he patted their yellow heads vacantly and kindly. He asked Clive (several times) where he had been? and said he himself had had a slight 'tack—vay slight—was getting well ev'y day—strong as a horse—go back to Parliament d'rectly. And then he became a little peevish with Parker, his man, about his broth. The man retired, and came back presently, with profound bows and gravity, to tell Sir Brian dinner was ready, and he went away quite briskly at this news, giving a couple of fingers to Clive before he disappeared into the upper apartments. Good-natured Lady Ann was as easy about this as about the other events of this world. In later days, with what a strange feeling we remember that last sight we have of the old friend; that nod of farewell, and shake of the hand, that last look of the face and figure as the door closes on him, or the coach drives away! So the roast mutton was ready, and all the children dined very heartily.

The infantile meal had not been long concluded, when servants announced "the Marquis of Farintosh;" and that nobleman made his appearance to pay his respects to Miss Newcome and Lady Ann. He brought the very last news of the very last party in London, where "Really, upon my honor, now, it was quite a stupid party, because Miss Newcome wasn't there. It was now, really."

Miss Newcome remarked, "If he said so upon his honor, of course she was satisfied."

"As you weren't there," the young nobleman continued, "the Miss Rackstraws came out quite strong; really they did now, upon my honor. It was quite a quiet thing. Lady Merriborough hadn't even got a new gown on. Lady Ann, you shirk London society this year, and we miss you: we expected you to give us two or three things this season; we did now, really. I said to Tufthunt, only yesterday, why has not Lady Ann Newcome given any thing? You know Tufthunt? They say he's a clever fellow, and that—but he's a low little beast, and I hate him."

Lady Ann said, "Sir Brian's bad state of health prevented her from going out this season, or receiving at home."

"It don't prevent your mother from going out, though," continued my lord. "Upon my honor, I think unless she got two or three things every night, I think she'd die. Lady Kew's like

one of those horses, you know, that unless they go they drop."

"Thank you for my mother," said Lady Ann.

"She is, upon my honor. Last night I know she was at ever so many places. She dined at the Bloxam's, for I was there. Then she said she was going to sit with old Mrs. Crackthorpe, who has broke her collar bone (that Crackthorpe in the Life Guards, her grandson, is a brute, and I hope she won't leave him a shillin'); and then she came on to Lady Hawkstone's, where I heard her say she had been at the—at the Flowerdales', too. People begin to go to those Flowerdales. Hanged if I know where they won't go next. Cotton spinner, wasn't he?"

"So were we, my lord," says Miss Newcome.

"Oh yes, I forgot! But you're of an old family—very old family."

"We can't help it," said Miss Ethel, archly. "Indeed, she thought she was."

"Do you believe in the Barber-Surgeon?" asked Clive. And my lord looked at him with a noble curiosity, as much as to say, "Who the deuce was the Barber-Surgeon? and who the devil are you?"

"Why should we disown our family?" Miss Ethel said, simply. "In those early days I suppose people did—did all sorts of things, and it was not considered at all out of the way to be Surgeon to William the Conqueror."

"Edward the Confessor," interposed Clive. "And it must be true, because I have seen a picture of the Barber-Surgeon: a friend of mine, M'Collop, did the picture, and I dare say it is for sale still."

Lady Ann said "she should be delighted to see it." Lord Farintosh remembered that the M'Collop had the moor next to his in Argyle-shire, but did not choose to commit himself with the stranger, and preferred looking at his own handsome face and admiring it in the glass until the last speaker had concluded his remarks.

As Clive did not offer any further conversation, but went back to a table where he began to draw the Barber-Surgeon, Lord Farintosh resumed the delightful talk. "What infernal bad glasses these are in these Brighton lodging-houses! They make a man look quite green, really they do—and there's nothing green in me, is there, Lady Ann?"

"But you look very unwell, Lord Farintosh; indeed you do," Miss Newcome said, gravely. "I think late hours, and smoking, and going to that horrid Platt's, where I dare say you go—"

"Go? don't I? But don't call it horrid; really, now, don't call it horrid!" cried the noble Marquis.

"Well—something has made you look far from well. You know how very well Lord Farintosh used to look, mamma—and to see him now, in only his second season—Oh, it is melancholy!"

"God bless my soul, Miss Newcome! what do you mean? I think I look pretty well," and the noble youth passed his hand through his



hair. "It is a hard life, I know; that tearin' about night after night, and sittin' up till ever so much o'clock; and then all these races, you know, comin' one after another—it's enough to knock up any fellow. I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Newcome. I'll go down to Codlington, to my mother; I will, upon my honor, and lie quiet all July, and then I'll go to Scotland—and you shall see whether I don't look better next season."

"Do, Lord Farintosh!" said Ethel, greatly amused, as much, perhaps, at the young Marquis, as at her cousin Clive, who sat while the other was speaking, fuming with rage, at his table. "What are you doing, Clive?" she asks.

"I was trying to draw, Lord knows who—Lord Newcome, who was killed at the battle of Bosworth," said the artist, and the girl ran to look at the picture.

"Why, you have made him like Punch!" cries the young lady.

"It's a shame caricaturing one's own flesh and blood, isn't it?" asked Clive, gravely.

"What a droll, funny picture!" exclaims Lady Ann. "Isn't it capital, Lord Farintosh?"

"I dare say—I confess I don't understand

that sort of thing," says his lordship. "Don't, upon my honor. There's Odo Carton, always making those caricatures—I don't understand 'em. You'll come up to town to-morrow, won't you? And you're goin' to Lady Hm's, and to Hm and Hm's, ain't you?" (The names of these aristocratic places of resort were quite inaudible.) "You mustn't let Miss Blackcap have it all her own way, you know, that you mustn't."

"She won't have it all her own way," says Miss Ethel. "Lord Farintosh, will you do me a favor? Lady Innishowan is your aunt."

"Of course she is my aunt."

"Will you be so very good as to get a card for her party on Tuesday, for my cousin, Mr. Clive Newcome? Clive, please be introduced to the Marquis of Farintosh."

The young Marquis perfectly well recollected those mustaches and their wearer on a former night, though he had not thought fit to make any sign of recognition. "Any thing you wish, Miss Newcome," he said; "delighted, I'm sure;" and turning to Clive—"In the army, I suppose?"

"I am an artist," says Clive, turning very red.

"Oh, really, I didn't know!" cries the nobleman; and my lord bursting out laughing presently as he was engaged in conversation with Miss Ethel on the balcony, Clive thought, very likely with justice, "He is making fun of my mustaches. Confound him! I should like to pitch him over into the street." But this was only a kind wish on Mr. Newcome's part; not followed out by any immediate fulfillment.

As the Marquis of Farintosh seemed inclined to prolong his visit, and his company was exceedingly disagreeable to Clive, the latter took his departure for an afternoon walk, consoled to think that he should have Ethel to himself at the evening's dinner, when Lady Ann would be occupied about Sir Brian, and would be sure to be putting the children to bed, and, in a word, would give him a quarter of an hour of delightful tête-à-tête with the beautiful Ethel.

Clive's disgust was considerable when he came to dinner at length, and found Lord Farintosh, likewise invited, and sprawling in the drawing-room. His hopes of a tête-à-tête were over. Ethel and Lady Ann and my lord talked, as all people will, about their mutual acquaintance: what parties were coming off, who was going to marry whom, and so forth. And as the persons about whom they conversed were in their own station of life, and belonged to the fashionable world, of which Clive had but a slight knowledge, he chose to fancy that his cousin was giving herself airs, and to feel sulky and uneasy during their dialogue.

Miss Newcome had faults of her own, and was worldly enough, as perhaps the reader has begun to perceive; but in this instance no harm, sure, was to be attributed to her. If two gossips in Aunt Honeyman's parlor had talked over the affairs of Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, Clive would not have been angry; but a young man of spirit not unfrequently mistakes his vanity for independence: and it is certain that nothing is more offensive to us of the middle class than to hear the names of great folks constantly introduced into conversation.

So Clive was silent and ate no dinner, to the alarm of Martha, who had put him to bed many a time, and always had a maternal eye over him. When he actually refused currant and raspberry tart, and custard, the chef-d'œuvre of Mrs. Honeyman, for which she had seen him absolutely cry in his childhood, the good Martha was alarmed.

"Law, Master Clive!" she said, "do 'ee eat some. Missis made it, you know she did;" and she insisted on bringing back the tart to him.

Lady Ann and Ethel laughed at this eagerness on the worthy old woman's part. "Do 'ee eat some, Clive," says Ethel, imitating honest Mrs. Hicks, who had left the room.

"It's doosid good," remarked Lord Farintosh.

"Then do 'ee eat some more," said Miss Newcome: on which the young nobleman, holding out his plate, observed with much affability, that

the cook of the lodgings was really a stunner for tarts.

"The cook, dear me, it's not the *cook*!" cries Miss Ethel. "Don't you remember the princess in the Arabian Nights, who was such a stunner for tarts, Lord Farintosh?"

Lord Farintosh couldn't say that he did.

"Well, I thought not; but there was a princess in Arabia or China, or somewhere, who made such delicious tarts and custards that nobody's could compare with them; and there is an old lady in Brighton who has the same wonderful talent. She is the mistress of this house."

"And she is my aunt, at your lordship's service," said Mr. Clive, with great dignity.

"Upon my honor! *did* you make 'em, Lady Ann?" asked my lord.

"The Queen of Hearts made tarts!" cried out Miss Newcome, rather eagerly, and blushing somewhat.

"My good old aunt, Miss Honeyman, made this one," Clive would go on to say.

"Mr. Honeyman's sister, the preacher, you know, where we go on Sunday," Miss Ethel interposed.

"The Honeyman pedigree is not a matter of very great importance," Lady Ann remarked, gently. "Kuhn, will you have the goodness to take away these things? When did you hear of Colonel Newcome, Clive?"

An air of deep bewilderment and perplexity had spread over Lord Farintosh's fine countenance while this talk about pastry had been going on. The Arabian Princess, the Queen of Hearts making tarts, Miss Honeyman? Who the deuce were all these? Such may have been his lordship's doubts and queries. Whatever his cogitations were he did not give utterance to them, but remained in silence for some time as did the rest of the little party. Clive tried to think he had asserted his independence by showing that he was not ashamed of his old aunt; but the doubt may be whether there was any necessity for presenting her in this company, and whether Mr. Clive had not much better have left the tart question alone.

Ethel evidently thought so: for she talked and rattled in the most lively manner with Lord Farintosh for the rest of the evening, and scarcely chose to say a word to her cousin. Lady Ann was absent with Sir Brian and her children for the most part of the time: and thus Clive had the pleasure of listening to Miss Newcome uttering all sorts of odd little paradoxes, firing the while sly shots at Mr. Clive, and, indeed, making fun of his friends, exhibiting herself in not the most agreeable light. Her talk only served the more to bewilder Lord Farintosh, who did not understand a tithe of her allusions; for Heaven, which had endowed the young Marquis with personal charms, a large estate, an ancient title and the pride belonging to it, had not supplied his lordship with a great quantity of brains, or a very feeling heart.

Lady Ann came back from the upper regions presently with rather a grave face, and saying

that Sir Brian was not so well this evening, upon which the young men rose to depart. My lord said he had "a most delightful dinner and a most delightful tart, 'pon his honor," and was the only one of the little company who laughed at his own remark. Miss Ethel's eyes flashed scorn at Mr. Clive when that unfortunate subject was introduced again.

My lord was going back to London to-morrow. Was Miss Newcome going back? Wouldn't he like to go back in the train with her!—another unlucky observation. Lady Ann said, "It would depend on the state of Sir Brian's health the next morning whether Ethel would return; and both of you gentlemen are too young to be her escort," added the kind lady. Then she shook hands with Clive, as thinking she had said something too severe for him.

Farintosh in the mean time was taking leave of Miss Newcome. "Pray, pray," said his lordship, "don't throw me over at Lady Innishowan's. You know I hate balls and never go to 'em, except when you go. I hate dancing, I do, 'pon my honor."

"Thank you," said Miss Newcome, with a courtesy.

"Except with one person—only one person, upon my honor. I'll remember and get the invitation for your friend. And if you would but try that mare, I give you my honor I bred her at Codlington. She's a beauty to look at, and as quiet as a lamb."

"I don't want a horse like a lamb," replied the young lady.

"Well—she'll go like blazes now: and over timber she's splendid now. She is, upon my honor."

"When I come to London perhaps you may trot her out," said Miss Ethel, giving him her hand and a fine smile.

Clive came up biting his lips. "I suppose you don't condescend to ride Bhurtpore any more now?" he said.

"Poor old Bhurtpore! The children ride him now," said Miss Ethel—giving Clive at the same time a dangerous look of her eyes, as though to see if her shot had hit. Then she added, "No—he has not been brought up to town this year: he is at Newcome, and I like him very much." Perhaps she thought the shot had struck too deep.

But if Clive was hurt he did not show his wound. "You have had him these four years—yes, it's four years since my father broke him for you. And you still continue to like him? What a miracle of constancy! You use him sometimes in the country—when you have no better horse—what a compliment to Bhurtpore!"

"Nonsense!" Miss Ethel here made Clive a sign in her most imperious manner to stay a moment when Lord Farintosh had departed.

But he did not choose to obey this order.

"Good-night," he said, "before I go I must shake hands with my aunt down-stairs." And he was gone, following close upon Lord Farintosh, who I dare say thought, "Why the deuce can't he shake hands with his aunt up here?" and when Clive entered Miss Honeyman's back parlor, making a bow to the young nobleman, my lord went away more perplexed than ever; and the next day told friends at White's what uncommonly queer people those Newcomes were. "I give you my honor there was a fellow at Lady Ann's whom they call Clive, who is a painter by trade—his uncle is a preacher—his father is a horse-dealer, and his aunt lets lodgings and cooks the dinner."



CHAPTER XLIII.

RETURNS TO SOME OLD FRIENDS.

THE haggard youth burst into my chambers, in the Temple, on the very next morning, and confided to me the story which has been just here narrated. When he had concluded it, with many ejaculations regarding the heroine of the tale, "I saw her, Sir," he added, "walking with the children and Miss Cann as I drove round in the fly to the station—and didn't even bow to her."

"Why did you go round by the cliff?" asked Clive's friend. "That is not the way from the Steyne Arms to the railroad."

"Hang it," says Clive, turning very red, "I wanted to pass just under her windows, and if I saw her, *not* to see her; and that's what I did."

"Why did she walk on the cliff?" mused Clive's friend, "at that early hour? Not to meet Lord Farintosh, I should think. He never gets up before twelve. It must have been to see you. Didn't you tell her you were going away in the morning?"

"I tell you what she does with me," continues Mr. Clive. "Sometimes she seems to like me, and then she leaves me. Sometimes she is quite kind—kind she always is—I mean, you know, Pen—you know what I mean; and then up comes the old Countess, or a young Marquis, or some fellow with a handle to his name, and she whistles me off till the next convenient opportunity."

"Women are like that, my ingenuous youth," says Clive's counselor.

"I won't stand it. I won't be made a fool of!" he continues. "She seems to expect every body to bow to her, and moves through the world with her imperious airs. O how confoundedly handsome she is with them! I tell you what. I feel inclined to tumble down and feel one of her pretty little feet on my neck, and say, There! Trample my life out. Make a slave of me. Let me get a silver collar and mark 'Ethel' on it, and go through the world with my badge."

"And a blue ribbon for a footman to hold you by; and a muzzle to wear in the dog-days. Bow! wow!" says Mr. Pendennis.

(At this noise Mr. Warrington puts his head in from the neighboring bedchamber, and shows a beard just lathered for shaving. "We are talking sentiment! Go back till you are wanted!" says Mr. Pendennis. Exit he of the soap-suds.)

"Don't make fun of a fellow," Clive continues, laughing ruefully. "You see I *must* talk about it to somebody. I shall die if I don't. Sometimes, Sir, I rise up in my might and I defy her lightning. The sarcastic dodge is the best: I have borrowed that from you, Pen, old boy. That puzzles her: that would beat her if I could but go on with it. But there comes a tone of her sweet voice, a look out of those killing gray eyes, and all my frame is in a thrill and a tremble. When she was engaged to Lord Kew I did battle with the confounded passion—and I ran away from it like an honest man, and the gods rewarded me with ease of mind after a while. But now the thing rages worse than ever. Last night, I give you my honor, I heard every one of the confounded hours toll, except the last, when I was dreaming of my father, and the chamber-maid woke me with a hot water jug."

"Did she scald you? What a cruel chamber-maid! I see you have shaven the mustaches off."

"Farintosh asked me whether I was going in the army," said Clive, "and she laughed. I thought I had best dock them. Oh, I would like to cut my head off as well as my hair."

"Have you ever asked her to marry you?" asked Clive's friend.

"I have seen her but five times since my return from abroad," the lad went on; "there has been always somebody by. Who am I? a painter with five hundred a year for an allowance. Isn't she used to walk upon velvet and dine upon silver; and hasn't she got marquises and barons, and all sorts of swells, in her train? I daren't ask her—"

Here his friend hummed Montrose's lines—"He either fears his fate too much, or his desert is small, who dares not put it to the touch, and win or lose it all."

"I own I dare not ask her. If she were to refuse me, I know I should never ask again. This isn't the moment, when all Sweldom is at her feet, for me to come forward and say,

'Maiden, I have watched thee daily, and I think thou lovest me well.' I read that ballad to her at Baden, Sir. I drew a picture of the Lord of Burleigh wooing the maiden, and asked what she would have done?"

"Oh, you *did*? I thought, when we were at Baden, we were so modest that we did not even whisper our condition."

"A fellow can't help letting it be seen and hinting it," says Clive, with another blush. "They can read it in our looks fast enough; and what is going on in our minds, hang them! I recollect she said, in her grave, cool way, that after all the Lord and Lady of Burleigh did not seem to have made a very good marriage, and that the lady would have been much happier in marrying one of her own degree."

"That was a very prudent saying for a young lady of eighteen," remarks Clive's friend.

"Yes; but it was not an unkind one. Say Ethel thought—thought what was the case; and being engaged herself, and knowing how friends of mine had provided a very pretty little partner for me—she is a dear, good little girl, little Rosey; and twice as good, Pen, when her mother is away—knowing this and that, I say, suppose Ethel wanted to give me a hint to keep quiet, was she not right in the counsel she gave me? She is not fit to be a poor man's wife. Fancy Ethel Newcome going into the kitchen and making pies like Aunt Honeyman!"

"The Circassian beauties don't sell under so many thousand purses," remarked Mr. Pendennis. "If there's a beauty in a well-regulated Georgian family, they fatten her: they feed her with the best *Racahout des Arabes*. They give her silk robes, and perfumed baths; have her taught to play on the dulcimer, and dance and sing; and when she is quite perfect, send her down to Constantinople for the Sultan's inspection. The rest of the family never think of grumbling, but eat coarse meat, bathe in the river, wear old clothes, and praise Allah for their sister's elevation. Bah! Do you suppose the Turkish system doesn't obtain all the world over? My poor Clive, this article in the May Fair Market is beyond your worship's price. Some things in this world are made for our betters, young man. Let Dives say grace for his dinner, and the dogs and Lazarus be thankful for the crumbs. Here comes Warrington, shaven and smart as if he was going out a-courting."

Thus it will be seen, that in his communication with certain friends who approached nearer to his own time of life, Clive was much more eloquent and rhapsodical than in the letter which he wrote to his father, regarding his passion for Miss Ethel. He celebrated her with pencil and pen. He was forever drawing the outline of her head, the solemn eyebrow, the nose (that wondrous little nose), descending from the straight forehead, the short upper lip, and chin sweeping in a full curve to the neck, etc., etc., etc. A frequenter of his studio might see a whole gallery of Ethels there represented: when Mrs. Mackenzie visited that place, and remark-

ed one face and figure repeated on a hundred canvases and papers, gray, white, and brown, I believe she was told that the original was a famous Roman model, from whom Clive had studied a great deal during his residence in Italy; on which Mrs. Mack gave it as her opinion that Clive was a sad wicked young fellow. The widow thought rather the better of him for being a sad wicked young fellow; and as for Miss Rosey, she, of course, was of mamma's way of thinking. Rosey went through the world constantly smiling at whatever occurred. She was good-humored through the dreariest long evenings at the most stupid parties; sate good-humoredly for hours at Shoolbred's while mamma was making purchases; heard good-humoredly those old, old stories of her mother's day after day; bore an hour's joking or an hour's scolding with equal good-humor; and whatever had been the occurrences of her simple day, whether there was sunshine or cloudy weather, or flashes of lightning and bursts of rain, I fancy Miss Mackenzie slept after them quite undisturbedly, and was sure to greet the morrow's dawn with a smile.

Had Clive become more knowing in his travels, had Love or Experience opened his eyes, that they looked so differently now upon objects which before used well enough to please them? It is a fact that, until he went abroad, he thought widow Mackenzie a dashing, lively, agreeable woman: he used to receive her stories about Cheltenham, the colonies, the balls at Government House, the observations which the bishop made, and the peculiar attention of the Chief-Justice to Mrs. Major McShane, with the Major's uneasy behavior—all these to hear at one time did Clive not ungraciously incline. "Our friend, Mrs. Mack," the good old Colonel used to say, "is a clever woman of the world, and has seen a great deal of company." That story of Sir Thomas Sadman dropping a pocket-handkerchief in his court at Colombo, which the Queen's Advocate O'Goggarty picked up, and on which Laura MacS. was embroidered, while the Major was absolutely in the witness-box giving evidence against a native servant who had stolen one of his cocked-hats—that story always made good Thomas Newcome laugh, and Clive used to enjoy it too, and the widow's mischievous fun in narrating it; and now, behold, one day when Mrs. Mackenzie recounted the anecdote in her best manner to Messrs. Pendennis and Warrington, and Frederick Bayham, who had been invited to meet Mr. Clive in Fitzroy Square—when Mr. Binnie chuckled, when Rosey, as in duty bound, looked discomposed, and said "Law, mamma!"—not one sign of good-humor, not one ghost of a smile, made its apparition on Clive's dreary face. He painted imaginary portraits with a strawberry stalk; he looked into his water-glass as though he would plunge and drown there; and Bayham had to remind him that the claret-jug was anxious to have another embrace from its constant friend, F. B. When Mrs. Mack went away distributing smiles, Clive groaned out,

"Good Heavens! how that story does bore me!" and lapsed into his former moodiness, not giving so much as a glance to Rosey, whose sweet face looked at him kindly for a moment, as she followed in the wake of her mamma.

"The mother's the woman for my money," I heard F. B. whisper to Warrington. "Splendid figure-head, Sir—magnificent build, Sir, from bows to stern—I like 'em of that sort. Thank you, Mr. Binnie, I *will* take a back-hander, as Clive don't seem to drink. The youth, Sir, has grown melancholy with his travels; I'm inclined to think some noble Roman has stolen the young man's heart. Why did you not send us over a picture of the charmer, Clive? Young Ridley, Mr. Binnie, you will be happy to hear, is bidding fair to take a distinguished place in the world of arts. His picture has been greatly admired; and my good friend Mrs. Ridley tells me that Lord Todmorden has sent him over an order to paint him a couple of pictures at a hundred guineas a-piece."

"I should think so. J. J.'s pictures will be worth five times a hundred guineas ere five years are over," says Clive.

"In that case it wouldn't be a bad speculation for our friend Sherrick," remarked F. B., "to purchase a few of the young man's works. I would, only I haven't the capital to spare. Mine has been vested in an Odessa venture, Sir, in a large amount of wild oats, which up to the present moment make me no return. But it will always be a consolation to me to think that I have been the means—the humble means—of furthering that deserving young man's prospects in life."

"You, F. B.! and how?" we asked.

"By certain humble contributions of mine to the press," answered Bayham, majestically. "Mr. Warrington, the claret happens to stand with you; and exercise does it good, Sir. Yes, the articles, trifling as they may appear, have attracted notice," continued F. B., sipping his wine with great gusto. "They are noticed, Pendennis, give me leave to say, by parties who don't value so much the literary or even the political part of the 'Pall-Mall Gazette,' though both, I am told by those who read them, are conducted with considerable—consummate ability. John Ridley sent a hundred pounds over to his father, the other day, who funded it in his son's name. And Ridley told the story to Lord Todmorden, when the venerable nobleman congratulated him on having such a child. I wish F. B. had one of the same sort, Sir." In which sweet prayer we all of us joined with a laugh.

One of us had told Mrs. Mackenzie (let the criminal blush to own that quizzing his fellow-creatures used at one time to form part of his youthful amusement) that F. B. was the son of a gentleman of most ancient family and vast landed possessions, and as Bayham was particularly attentive to the widow, and grandiloquent in his remarks, she was greatly pleased by his politeness, and pronounced him a most *distinguished* man—reminding her, indeed, of General Hop-

kirk, who commanded in Canada. And she bade Rosey sing for Mr. Bayham, who was in a rapture at the young lady's performances, and said no wonder such an accomplished daughter came from such a mother, though how such a mother could have a daughter of such an age he, F. B., was at a loss to understand. Oh, Sir! Mrs. Mackenzie was charmed and overcome at this novel compliment. Meanwhile the little artless Rosey warbled on her pretty ditties.

"It is a wonder," growled out Mr. Warrington, "that that sweet girl can belong to such a woman. I don't understand much about women, but that one appears to me to be—hum!"

"What, George?" asked Warrington's friend.

"Well, an oggling, leering, scheming, artful old campaigner," grumbled the misogynist. "As for the little girl, I should like to have her to sing to me all night long. Depend upon it she would make a much better wife for Clive than that fashionable cousin of his he is hankering after. I heard him bellowing about her the other day in chambers, as I was dressing. What the deuce does the boy want with a wife at all?" And Rosey's song being by this time finished, Warrington went up with a blushing face and absolutely paid a compliment to Miss Mackenzie—an almost unheard-of effort on George's part.

"I wonder whether it is every young fellow's lot," quoth George, as we trudged home together, "to pawn his heart away to some girl that's not worth the winning? Psha! it's all mad rubbish this sentiment. The women ought not to be allowed to interfere with us: married if a man must be, a suitable wife should be portioned out to him, and there an end of it. Why doesn't the young man marry this girl, and get back to his business and paint his pictures? Because his father wishes it—and the old Nabob yonder, who seems a kindly-disposed, easy-going, old Heathen philosopher. Here's a pretty little girl: money I suppose in sufficiency—everything satisfactory, except, I grant you, the campaigner. The lad might daub his canvases, christen a child a year, and be as happy as any young donkey that browses on this common of ours—but he must go and hee-haw after a zebra, forsooth! a *lusus nature* is she! I never spoke to a woman of fashion, thank my stars—I don't know the nature of the beast; and since I went to our race-balls, as a boy, scarcely ever saw one; as I don't frequent operas and parties in London like you young flunkies of the aristocracy. I heard you talking about this one, I couldn't help it, as my door was open, and the young one was shouting like a madman. What! does he choose to hang on on sufferance and hope to be taken, provided Miss can get no better? Do you mean to say that is the genteel custom, and that women in your confounded society do such things every day? Rather than have such a creature I would take a savage woman, who should nurse my dusky brood; and rather than have a daughter brought up to the trade I would bring her down from the woods and sell her in Virginia."

With which burst of indignation our friend's anger ended for that night.

Though Mr. Clive had the felicity to meet his cousin Ethel at a party or two in the ensuing weeks of the season, every time he perused the features of Lady Kew's brass knocker in Queen Street, no result came of the visit. At one of their meetings in the world Ethel fairly told him that her grandmother would not receive him. "You know, Clive, I can't help myself: nor would it be proper to make you signs out of the window. But you must call for all that: grand-mamma may become more good-humored: or if you don't come, she may suspect I told you not to come: and to do-battle with her day after day is no pleasure, Sir, I assure you. Here is Lord Farintosh coming to take me to dance. You must not speak to me all the evening, mind that, Sir," and away goes the young lady in a waltz with the Marquis.

On the same evening—as he was biting his nails, or cursing his fate, or wishing to invite Lord Farintosh into the neighboring garden of Berkeley Square, whence the policeman might carry to the station-house the corpse of the survivor, Lady Kew would bow to him with perfect graciousness: on other nights her ladyship would pass and no more recognize him than the servant who opened the door.

If she was not to see him at her grandmother's house, and was not particularly unhappy at his exclusion, why did Miss Newcome encourage Mr. Clive so that he should try and see *her*? If Clive could not get into the little house in Queen Street, why was Lord Farintosh's enormous cab-horse looking daily into the first floor windows of that street? Why were little quiet dinners made for him, before the opera, before going to the play, upon a half dozen occasions, when some of the old, old Kew port was brought out of the cellar, where cobwebs had gathered round it ere Farintosh was born? The dining-room was so tiny that not more than five people could sit at the little round table, that is, not more than Lady Kew and her grand-daughter, Miss Crotchet, the late vicar's daughter, at Kewbury, one of the Miss Toadins, and Captain Walleye, or Tommy Henchman, Farintosh's kinsman and admirer, who were of no consequence, or old Fred Tiddler, whose wife was an invalid, and who was always ready at a moment's notice? Crackthorpe once went to one of these dinners, but that young soldier being a frank and high-spirited youth abused the entertainment and declined more of them. "I tell you what I was wanted for," the Captain told his mess and Clive at the Regent's Park Barracks afterward. "I was expected to go as Farintosh's Groom of the Stole, don't you know, to stand, or if I could sit, in the back seat of the box, while His Royal Highness made talk with the Beauty; to go out and fetch the carriage, and walk down stairs with that d— crooked old dowager, that looks as if she usually rode on a broomstick, by Jove, or else with that bony, old, painted, sheep-faced companion, who's raddled

like an old bell-wether. I think, Newcome, you seem to be rather hit by the Belle Cousine—so was I last season; so were ever so many of the fellows. By Jove, Sir! there's nothing I know more comfortable or inspiritin' than a younger son's position, when a Marquis cuts in with fifteen thousand a year! We fancy we've been making running, and suddenly we find ourselves nowhere. Miss Mary, or Miss Lucy, or Miss Ethel, saving your presence, will no more look at us, than my dog will look at a bit of bread, when I offer her this cutlet. Will you—old woman? no, you old slut, that you won't!" (to Mag, an Isle of Skye terrier, who, in fact, prefers the cutlet, having snuffed disdainfully at the bread)—"that you won't, no more than any of your sex. Why, do you suppose if Jack's eldest brother had been dead—Barebones Belsize they used to call him (I don't believe he was a bad fellow, though he was fond of psalm-singing)—do you suppose that Lady Clara would have looked at that cock-tail, Barney Newcome? Beg your pardon, if he's your cousin—but a more odious little snob I never saw."

"I give you up, Barnes," said Clive, laughing; "any body may shy at *him* and I shan't interfere."

"I understand, but at nobody else of the family. Well, what I mean is, that that old woman is enough to spoil any young girl she takes in hand. She dries 'em up, and poisons 'em, Sir; and I was never more glad than when I heard that Kew had got out of her old clutches. Frank is a fellow that will always be led by some woman or another; and I'm only glad it should be a good one. They say his mother's serious, and that; but why shouldn't she be?" continues honest Crackthorpe, puffing his cigar with great energy. They say the old dowager doesn't believe in God nor devil: but she is in such a funk to be left in the dark that she howls and raises the doose's own delight if her candle goes out. Toppleton slept next room to her at Groningham, and heard her; didn't you, Top?"

"Heard her howling like an old cat on the tiles," says Toppleton—"thought she was at first. My man told me that she used to fling all sorts of things—boot-jacks and things, give you my honor—at her maid, and that the woman was all over black and blue."

"Capital head that is Newcome has done of Jack Belsize!" says Crackthorpe, from out of his cigar.

"And Kew's too—famous likeness! I say, Newcome, if you have 'em printed, the whole brigade 'll subscribe. Make your fortune, see if you won't," cries Toppleton.

"He's such a heavy swell; he don't want to make his fortune," ejaculates Butts.

"Butts, old boy, he'll paint you for nothing, and send you to the Exhibition, where some widow will fall in love with you; and you shall be put as frontispiece for the Book of Beauty, by Jove," cries another military satirist—to whom Butts—

"You hold your tongue, you old Saracen's

Head; they're going to have you done on the bear's grease pots. I say, I suppose Jack's all right now. When did he write to you last, Cracky?"

"He wrote from Palermo—a most jolly letter from him and Kew. He hasn't touched a card for nine months; is going to give up play. So is Frank, too, grown quite a good boy. So will you, too, Butts, you old miscreant, repent of your sins, pay your debts, and do something handsome for that poor deluded milliner in Albany Street. Jack says Kew's mother has written over to Lord Highgate a beautiful letter—and the old boy's relenting, and they'll come together again—Jack's eldest son now, you know. Bore for lady Susan only having girls."

"Not a bore for Jack, though," cries another. And what a good fellow Jack was; and what a trump Kew is; and how famously he stuck by him: went to see him in prison and paid him out! and what good fellows we all are, in general, became the subject of the conversation, the latter part of which took place in the smoking-room of the Regent's Park Barracks, then occupied by that regiment of Life Guards of which Lord Kew and Mr. Belsize had been members. Both were still fondly remembered by their companions; and it was because Belsize had spoken very warmly of Clive's friendliness to him that Jack's friend, the gallant Crackthorpe, had been interested in our hero, and found an opportunity of making his acquaintance.

With these frank and pleasant young men Clive soon formed a considerable intimacy: and if any of his older and peaceful friends chanced to take their afternoon airing in the Park, and survey the horsemen there, we might have the pleasure of beholding Mr. Newcome in Rotten Row, riding side by side with other dandies, who had mustaches blonde or jet, who wore flowers in their buttons (themselves being flowers of spring), who rode magnificent thoroughbred horses, scarcely touching their stirrups with the tips of their varnished boots, and who kissed the most beautiful primrose-colored kid gloves to lovely ladies passing them in the Ride. Clive drew portraits of half the officers of the Life Guards Green; and was appointed painter in ordinary to that distinguished corps. His likeness of the Colonel would make you die with laughing: his picture of the Surgeon was voted a master-piece. He drew the men in the saddle, in the stable, in their flannel dresses, sweeping their flashing swords about, receiving lancers repelling infantry, nay, cutting a sheep in two, as some of the warriors are known to be able to do at one stroke. Detachments of Life Guardsmen made their appearance in Charlotte Street, which was not very distant from their barracks: the most splendid cabs were seen prancing before his door; and curly-whiskered youths, of aristocratic appearance, smoking cigars out of his painting-room window. How many times did Clive's next door neighbor, little Mr. Finch, the miniature painter, run to peep through his

parlor blinds, hoping that a sitter was coming, and "a carriage-party" driving up! What wrath Mr. Scowler, A.R.A., was in, because a young hopo'mythumb dandy, who wore gold chains, and his collars turned down, should spoil the trade, and draw portraits for nothing. Why did none of the young men come to Scowler? Scowler was obliged to own that Mr. Newcome had considerable talent, and a good knack at catching a likeness. He could not paint a bit, to be sure, but his heads in black and white were really tolerable; his sketches of horses very vigorous and life-like. Mr. Gandish said if Clive would come for three or four years into his academy he could make something of him. Mr. Smee shook his head, and said he was afraid that kind of loose, desultory study, that keeping of aristocratic company, was any thing but favorable to a young artist—Smee, who would walk five miles to attend an evening party of ever so little a great man!

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN WHICH MR. CHARLES HONEYMAN APPEARS IN AN AMIABLE LIGHT.

MR. FREDERICK BAYHAM waited at Fitzroy Square while Clive was yet talking with his



friends there, and favored that gentleman with his company home to the usual smoky refreshment. Clive always rejoiced in F. B.'s society, whether he was in a sportive mood, or, as now, in a solemn and didactic vein. F. B. had been more than ordinarily majestic all the evening. "I dare say you find me a good deal altered, Clive," he remarked; "I *am* a good deal altered. Since

that good Samaritan, your kind father, had compassion on a poor fellow fallen among thieves (though I don't say, mind you, he was much better than his company), F. B. has mended some of his ways. I am trying a course of industry, Sir. Powers, perhaps naturally great, have been neglected over the wine cup and the die. I am beginning to feel my way; and my chiefs yonder, who have just walked home with their cigars in their mouths, and without as much as saying F. B., my boy, shall we go to the Haunt and have a cool lobster and a glass of table-beer—which they certainly do not consider themselves to be—I say, Sir, the *Politician* and the *Literary Critic*" (there was a most sarcastic emphasis laid on these phrases, characterizing Messrs. Warrington and Pendennis) "may find there is a humble con-

tributor to the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' whose name, maybe, the amateur shall one day reckon even higher than their own. Mr. Warrington I do not say so much—he is an able man, Sir, an able man; but there is that about your exceedingly self-satisfied friend, Mr. Arthur Pendennis, which—well, well—let time show. You did not—get the—hem—paper at Rome and Naples, I suppose?"

"Forbidden by the Inquisition," says Clive, delighted; "and at Naples the king furious against it."

"I don't wonder they don't like it at Rome, Sir. There's serious matter in it which may set the prelates of a certain church rather in a tremor. You haven't read—the—ahem—the Pulpit Pencillings in the P. M. G.? Slight sketches, mental and corporeal, of our chief divines now in London—and signed Laud Latimer?"

"I don't do much in that way," said Clive.

"So much the worse for you, my friend. Not that I mean to judge any other fellow harshly—I mean any other fellow—*sinner* harshly—or that I mean that those Pulpit Pencillings would be likely to do you any great good. But, such as they are, they have been productive of benefit. Thank you, Mary, my dear, the tap is uncommonly good, and I drink to your future husband's good health. A glass of good sound beer refreshes after all that claret. Well, Sir, to return to the Pencillings, pardon my vanity in saying, that though Mr. Pendennis laughs at them, they have been of essential service to the paper. They give it a character, they rally round it the respectable classes. They create correspondence. I have received many interesting letters, chiefly from females, about the Pencillings. Some complain that their favorite preachers are slighted; others applaud because the clergymen they sit under are supported by F. B. I am Laud Latimer, Sir—though I have heard the letters attributed to the Rev. Mr. Bunker, and to a Member of Parliament eminent in the religious world."

"So you are the famous Laud Latimer?" cries Clive, who had, in fact, seen letters signed by those right reverend names in our paper.

"Famous is hardly the word. One who scoffs at every thing—I need not say I allude to Mr. Arthur Pendennis—would have had the letters signed—the Beadle of the Parish. He calls me the Venerable Beadle sometimes—it being, I grieve to say, his way to deride grave subjects. You wouldn't suppose now, my young Clive, that the same hand which pens the Art criticisms, occasionally, when his Highness Pendennis is lazy, takes a minor Theatre, or turns the sportive epigram, or the ephemeral paragraph, should adopt a grave theme on a Sunday, and chronicle the sermons of British Divines? For eighteen consecutive Sunday evenings, Clive, in Mrs. Ridley's front parlor, which I now occupy, *vice* Miss Cann promoted, I have written the Pencillings—scarcely allowing a drop of refreshment, except under extreme exhaustion, to pass my lips. Pendennis laughs at the

Pencilings. He wants to stop them; and says they bore the public. I don't want to *think* a man is jealous, who was himself the cause of my engagement at the P. M. G.—perhaps my powers were not developed then.”

“Pen thinks he writes better now than when he began,” remarked Clive; “I have heard him say so.”

“His opinion of his own writings is high, whatever their date. Mine, Sir, are only just coming into notice. They begin to know F. B., Sir, in the sacred edifices of this metropolitan city. I saw the Bishop of London looking at me last Sunday week, and am sure his Chaplain whispered him, “It’s Mr. Bayham, my lord, nephew of your lordship’s right reverend brother, the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy. And last Sunday being at church—at Saint Mungo the Martyr’s, Rev. S. Sawders—by Wednesday I got in a female hand—Mrs. Sawders’s, no doubt—the biography of the Incumbent of St. Mungo; an account of his early virtues; a copy of his poems; and a hint that he was the gentleman destined for the vacant Deanery.”

“Ridley is not the only man I have helped in this world,” F. B. continued. “Perhaps I should blush to own it—I *do* blush: but I feel the ties of early acquaintance, and I own that I have puffed your uncle, Charles Honeyman, most tremendously. It was partly for the sake of the Ridleys and the tick he owes ’em: partly for old times’ sake. Sir, are you aware that things are greatly changed with Charles Honeyman, and that the poor F. B. has very likely made his fortune?”

“I am delighted to hear it,” cried Clive, “and how, F. B., have you wrought this miracle?”

“By common sense and enterprise, lad—by a knowledge of the world and a benevolent disposition. You’ll see Lady Whittlesea’s Chapel bears a very different aspect now. That miscreant Sherrick owns that he owes me a turn, and has sent me a few dozen of wine—without any stamped paper on my part in return as an

acknowledgment of my service. It chanced, Sir, soon after your departure for Italy, that going to his private residence respecting a little bill to which a heedless friend had put his hand, Sherrick invited me to partake of tea in the bosom of his family. I was thirsty—having walked in from Jack Straw’s Castle at Hempstead, where poor Kiteley and I had been taking a chop—and accepted the proffered entertainment. The ladies of the family gave us music after the domestic muffin—and then, Sir, a great idea occurred to me, You know how magnificently Miss Sherrick and the mother sing? They sang Mozart, Sir. Why, I asked of Sherrick, should those ladies who sing Mozart to a piano, not sing Handel to an organ?”

“Dash it, you don’t mean a hurdy-gurdy?”

“Sherrick,” says I, “you are no better than a Heathen ignoramus. I mean, why shouldn’t they sing Handel’s Church Music, and Church Music in general, in Lady Whittlesea’s Chapel? Behind the screen up in the organ loft, what’s to prevent ’em? by Jingo! Your singing-boys have gone to the Cave of Harmony; you and your choir have split—why should not these ladies lead it? He caught at the idea. You never heard the chants more finely given—and they would be better still if the congregation would but hold their confounded tongues. It was an excellent though a harmless dodge, Sir: and drew immensely, to speak profanely. They dress the part, Sir, to admiration—a sort of nun-like costume they come in: Mrs. Sherrick has the soul of an artist still—by Jove, Sir, when they have once smelt the lamps, the love of the trade never leaves ’em. The ladies actually practiced by moonlight in the Chapel, and came over to Honeyman’s to an oyster afterward. The thing took, Sir. People began to take box—seats I mean, again; and Charles Honeyman, easy in his mind through your noble father’s generosity, perhaps inspirited by returning good fortune, has been preaching more eloquently than ever. He took some lessons of



Husler, of the Haymarket, Sir. His sermons are old, I believe; but so to speak, he has got them up with new scenery, dresses, and effects, Sir. They have flowers, Sir, about the buildin'—pious ladies are supposed to provide 'em, but, *entre nous*, Sherrick contracts for them with Nathan, or some one in Covent Garden. And—don't tell this now, upon your honor!"

"Tell what, F. B.?" asks Clive.

"I got up a persecution against your uncle for Popish practices: summoned a meetin' at the Running Footman, in Bolingbroke Street. Billings, the buttermilk; Sharwood, the turner and blacking maker; and the Honorable Phe-lim O'Curragh, Lord Scullabogue's son, made speeches. Two or three respectable families (your aunt, Mrs. What-d'you-call-'em New-come, among the number) quitted the Chapel in disgust—I wrote an article of controversial biography in the P. M. G.; set the business going in the daily press; and the thing was done, Sir. That property is a paying one to the Incumbent, and to Sherrick over him. Charles's affairs are getting all right, Sir. He never had the pluck to owe much, and if it be a sin to have wiped his slate clean, satisfied his creditors, and made Charles easy—upon my conscience, I must confess that F. B. has done it. I hope I may never do any thing worse in this life, Clive. It ain't bad to see him doing the martyr, Sir: Sebastian riddled with paper pellets; Bartholomew on a cold gridiron. Here comes the lobster. Upon my word, Mary, a finer fish I've seldom seen."

Now surely this account of his uncle's affairs and prosperity was enough to send Clive to Lady Whittlesea's Chapel, and it was not because Miss Ethel had said that she and Lady Kew went there, that Clive was induced to go there too? He attended punctually on the next Sunday, and in the Incumbent's pew, whither the pew woman conducted him, sate Mr. Sherrick in great gravity, with large gold pins, who handed him at the anthem, a large, new, gilt hymn-book.

An odour of millefleurs rustled by them as Charles Honeyman, accompanied by his ecclesiastical valet, passed the pew from the vestry, and took his place at the desk. Formerly he used to wear a flaunting scarf over his surplice, which was very wide and full; and Clive remembered when as a boy he entered the sacred robing-room, how his uncle used to pat and puff out the scarf and the sleeves of his vestment, arrange the natty curl on his forehead, and take his place, a fine example of florid church decoration. Now the scarf was trimmed down to be as narrow as your neckcloth, and hung loose and straight over the back: the ephod was cut straight and as close and short as might be—I believe there was a little trimming of lace to the narrow sleeves, and a slight arabesque of tape, or other substance, round the edge of the surplice. As for the curl on the forehead, it was no more visible than the Maypole in the Strand, or the Cross at Charing. Honeyman's

hair was parted down the middle, short in front, and curling delicately round his ears and the back of his head. He read the service in a swift manner, and with a gentle twang. When the music began, he stood with head on one



side, and two slim fingers on the book, as composed as a statue in a mediæval niche. It was fine to hear Sherrick, who had an uncommonly good voice, join in the musical parts of the service. The produce of the market-gardener decorated the church here and there; and the impresario of the establishment, having picked up a Flemish painted window from old Moss in Wardour Street, had placed it in his chapel. Labels of faint green and gold, with long Gothic letters painted thereon, meandered over the organ-loft and galleries, and strove to give as mediæval a look to Lady Whittlesea's as the place was capable of assuming.

In the sermon Charles dropped the twang with the surplice, and the priest gave way to the preacher. He preached short, stirring discourses on the subjects of the day. It happened that a noble young Prince, the hope of a nation, and heir of a royal house, had just then died by a sudden accident. Absalom, the son of David, furnished Honeyman with a parallel. He drew a picture of the two deaths, of the grief of kings, of the fate that is superior to them. It was, indeed, a stirring discourse, and caused thrills through the crowd to whom Charles imparted it. "Famous, ain't it?" says Sherrick, giving Clive a hand when the rite was over. "How he's come out, hasn't he? Didn't think he had it in him." Sherrick seemed to have become of late impressed with the splendor of Charles's talents, and spoke of him—was it not disrespectful?—as a manager would of a successful tragedian. Let us pardon Sherrick: he had been in the theatrical way. "That Irishman was no go

at all," he whispered to Mr. Newcome, "got rid of him—let's see, at Michaelmas."

On account of Clive's tender years and natural levity, a little inattention may be allowed to the youth, who certainly looked about him very eagerly during the service. The house was filled by the ornamental classes, the bonnets of the newest Parisian fashion. Away in a darkling corner, under the organ, sate a squad of footmen. Surely that powdered one in livery wore Lady Kew's colors? So Clive looked under all the bonnets, and presently spied old Lady Kew's face, as grim and yellow as her brass knocker, and by it Ethel's beauteous countenance. He dashed out of church when the congregation rose to depart. "Stop and see Honeyman, won't you?" asked Sherrick, surprised.

"Yes, yes; come back again," said Clive, and was gone.

He kept his word, and returned presently. The young Marquis and an elderly lady were in Lady Kew's company. Clive had passed close under Lady Kew's venerable Roman nose without causing that organ to bow in ever so slight a degree toward the ground. Ethel had recognized him with a smile and a nod. My

lord was whispering one of his noble pleasantries in her ear. She laughed at the speech or the speaker. The steps of a fine belozenged carriage were let down with a bang. The Yellow One had jumped up behind it, by the side of his brother Giant Canary. Lady Kew's equipage had disappeared, and Mrs. Canterton's was stopping the way.

Clive returned to the chapel by the little door near to the Vestiarium. All the congregation had poured out by this time. Only two ladies were standing near the pulpit; and Sherrick, with his hands rattling his money in his pockets, was pacing up and down the aisle.

"Capital house, Mr. Newcome, wasn't it? I counted no less than fourteen nobles. The Princess of Moncontour and her husband, I suppose, that chap with the beard, who yawns so during the sermon. I'm blessed, if I didn't think he'd have yawned his head off. Countess of Kew, and her daughter; Countess of Canterton, and the Honorable Miss Fetlock—no, Lady Fetlock. A Countess's daughter is a lady, I'm dashed if she ain't. Lady Glenlivat and her sons; the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh, and Lord Enry Roy; that makes seven—no, nine—with the Prince and Princess. Julia,



my dear, you came out like a good un to-day. Never heard you in finer voice. Remember Mr. Clive Newcome?"

Mr. Clive made bows to the ladies, who acknowledged him by graceful courtesies. Miss Sherrick was always looking to the vestry-door.

"How's the old Colonel? The best feller—excuse my calling him a feller—but he is, and a good one too. I went to see Mr. Binnie, my other tenant. He looks a little yellow about the gills, Mr. Binnie. Very proud woman that is who lives with him—uncommon haughty. When will you come down and take your mutton in the Regent's Park, Mr. Clive. There's some tolerable good wine down there. Our reverend gent drops in and takes a glass, don't he, Missis?"

"We shall be most 'appy to see Mr. Newcome, I'm sure," says the handsome and good-natured Mrs. Sherrick. "Won't we, Julia?"

"Oh, certainly," says Julia, who seems rather absent. And behold at this moment the reverend gent enters from the vestry. Both the ladies run toward him, holding forth their hands.

"Oh, Mr. Honeyman! What a sermon! Me and Julia cried so up in the organ-loft; we thought you would have heard us. Didn't we, Julia?"

"Oh, yes," says Julia, whose hand the pastor is now pressing.

"When you described the young man, I thought of my poor boy, didn't I, Julia," cries the mother, with tears streaming down her face.

"We had a loss more than ten years ago," whispers Sherrick to Clive gravely. "And she's always thinking of it. Women are so."

Clive was touched and pleased by this exhibition of kind feeling.

"You know his mother was an Absolon," the good wife continues, pointing to her husband. "Most respectable diamond merchants in—"

"Hold your tongue, Betsy, and leave my poor old mother alone; do now," says Mr. Sherrick, darkly. Clive is in his uncle's fond embrace by this time, who rebukes him for not having called in Walpole Street.

"Now, when will you two gents come up to my shop to 'ave a family dinner?" asks Sherrick.

"Ah, Mr. Newcome, do come," says Julia, in her deep rich voice, looking up to him with her great black eyes. And if Clive had been a vain fellow like some folks, who knows but he might have thought he had made an impression on the handsome Julia?

"Thursday, now make it Thursday, if Mr. H. is disengaged. Come along, girls, for the flies bites the ponies when they're a-standing still, and makes 'em mad this weather. Any thing you like for dinner? Cut of salmon and cucumber? No, pickled salmon's best this weather."

"Whatever you give me, you know I'm thankful," says Honeyman, in a sweet, sad voice, to the two ladies, who were standing looking at him, the mother's hand clasped in the daughter's.

"Should you like that Mendelssohn for the Sunday after next? Julia sings it splendid.

"No I don't, Ma."

"You do, dear! She's a good, good *dear*, Mr. H., that's what she is."

"You must not call—a—him, in that way. *Don't* say Mr. H., Ma," says Julia.

"Call me what you please!" says Charles, with the most heart-rending simplicity; and Mrs. Sherrick straightway kisses her daughter. Sherrick meanwhile has been pointing out the improvement of the chapel to Clive (which now has indeed a look of the Gothic Hall at Rosher-ville), and has confided to him the sum for which he screwed the painted window out of old Moss. "When he come to see it up in this place, Sir, the old man was mad, I give you my word! His son ain't no good: says he knows you. He's such a screw, that chap, that he'll overreach himself, mark my words. At least, he'll never die rich. Did you ever hear of *me* screwing? No, I spend my money like a man. How those girls are a-goin' on about their music with Honeyman. I don't let 'em sing in the evening, or him do duty more than once a day; and you can calc'late how the music draws, because in the evenin' they're ain't half the number of people here. Rev. Mr. Journyman does the duty now—quiet Hoxford man—ill, I suppose, this morning. H. sits in his pew, where he was; and coughs, that's to say, I told him to cough. The women like a consumptive parson, Sir. Come, gals!"

Clive went to his uncle's lodgings, and was received by Mr. and Mrs. Ridley with great glee and kindness. Both of those good people had made it a point to pay their duty to Mr. Clive immediately on his return to England, and thank him over and over again for his kindness to John James. Never, never would they forget his goodness, and the Colonel's, they were sure. A cake, a heap of biscuits, a pyramid of jams, six frizzling hot mutton chops, and four kinds of wine, came bustling up to Mr. Honeyman's room twenty minutes after Clive had entered it—as a token of the Riddleys' affection for him.

Clive remarked, with a smile, the "Pall Mall Gazette" upon a side-table, and in the chimney-glass almost as many cards as in the time of Honeyman's early prosperity. That he and his uncle should be very intimate together, was impossible, from the nature of the two men; Clive being frank, clear-sighted, and imperious; Charles, timid, vain, and double-faced, conscious that he was a humbug, and that most people found him out, so that he would quiver and turn away, and be more afraid of young Clive and his direct straightforward way, than of many older men. Then there was the sense of the money transactions between him and the Colonel, which made Charles Honeyman doubly uneasy. In fine, they did not like each other; but as he is a connection of the most respectable Newcome family, surely he is entitled to a page or two in these their memoirs.

Thursday came, and with it Mr. Sherrick's

entertainment, to which also Mr. Binnie and his party had been invited to meet Colonel Newcome's son. Uncle James and Rosey brought Clive in their carriage; Mrs. Mackenzie sent a headache as an apology. She chose to treat Uncle James's landlord with a great deal of hauteur, and to be angry with her brother for visiting such a person. "In fact, you see how fond I must be of dear little Rosey, Clive, that I put up with all mamma's tantrums for her sake," remarks Mr. Binnie.

"Oh, uncle!" says little Rosey, and the old gentleman stopped her remonstrances with a kiss.

"Yes," says he, "your mother *does* have tantrums, Miss; and though you never complain, there's no reason why I shouldn't. You will not tell on me" (it was "Oh, uncle!" again); "and Clive won't, I am sure. This little thing, Sir," James went on, holding Rosey's pretty little hand and looking fondly in her pretty little face, "is her old uncle's only comfort in life. I wish I had her out to India to me, and never come back to this great dreary town of yours. But I was tempted home by Tom Newcome; and I'm too old to go back, Sir. Where the stick falls let it lie. Rosey would have been whisked out of my house, in India, in a month after I had her there. Some young fellow would have taken her away from me; and now she has promised never to leave her old Uncle James, hasn't she?"

"No, never, uncle," said Rosey.

"We don't want to fall in love, do we, child? We don't want to be breaking our hearts like some young folks, and dancing attendance at balls night after night, and capering about in the Park to see if we can get a glimpse of the beloved object, eh, Rosey?"

Rosey blushed. It was evident that she and Uncle James both knew of Clive's love affair. In fact, the front seat and back seat of the carriage both blushed. And as for the secret, why Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Hobson had talked it a hundred times over.

"This little Rosey, Sir, has promised to take care of me on this side of Styx," continued Uncle James; "and if she could but be left alone, and to do it without mamma—there, I won't say a word more against her—we should get on none the worse."

"Uncle James, I must make a picture of you, for Rosey," said Clive, good-humoredly. And Rosey said, "Oh, thank you, Clive," and held out that pretty little hand, and looked so sweet and kind and happy, that Clive could not but be charmed at the sight of so much innocence and candor.

"Quasty peecoly Rosiny," says James, in a fine Scotch Italian, "e la piu bella, la piu cara, ragazza ma la mawdry e il diav—"

"Don't, uncle!" cried Rosey, again; and Clive laughed at Uncle James's wonderful outbreak in a foreign tongue.

"Eh! I thought ye didn't know a word of the sweet language, Rosey! It's just the Len-

guy Toscawny in Bocky Romawny that I thought to try in compliment to this young monkey who has seen the world." And by this time Saint John's Wood was reached; and Mr. Sherrick's handsome villa, at the door of which the three beheld the Reverend Charles Honeyman stepping out of a neat brougham.

The drawing-room contained several pictures of Mrs. Sherrick when she was in the theatrical line, Smee's portrait of her, which was never half handsome enough for my Betsy, Sherrick said indignantly, the print of her in Artaxerxes, with her signature as Elizabeth Folthorpe (not, in truth, a fine specimen of calligraphy), the testimonial presented to her on the conclusion of the triumphal season of 18—, at Drury Lane, by her ever-grateful friend, Adolphus Smacker, Lessee, who, of course, went to law with her next year, and other Thespian emblems. But Clive remarked, with not a little amusement, that the drawing-room tables were now covered with a number of those books which he had seen at Madame de Moncontour's, and many French and German ecclesiastical gimcracks, such as are familiar to numberless readers of mine. There were the lives of St. Botibol of Islington, and St. Willibald of Bareacres; with pictures of those confessors. Then there was the Legend of Margery Dawe, Virgin and Martyr, with a sweet double-frontispiece, representing (1) the sainted woman selling her feather-bed for the benefit of the poor; and (2) reclining upon straw, the leanest of invalids. There was Old Daddy Longlegs, and how he was brought to say his Prayers; a Tale for Children, by a Lady, with a preface dated St. Chad's Eve, and signed C. H. The Rev. Charles Honeyman's Sermons, delivered at Lady Whittlesea's Chapel. Poems of Early Days, by Charles Honeyman, A.M. The Life of good Dame Whittlesea, by do. do. Yes, Charles had come out in the literary line; and there in a basket was a strip of Berlin work, of the very same Gothic pattern which Madame de Moncontour was weaving, and which you afterward saw round the pulpit of Charles's chapel. Rosey was welcomed most kindly by the kind ladies; and as the gentlemen sat over their wine after dinner in the summer evening, Clive beheld Rosey and Julia pacing up and down the lawn, Miss Julia's arm round her little friend's waist: he thought they would make a pretty little picture.

"My girl ain't a bad one to look at, is she?" said the pleased father. "A fellow might look far enough, and see not prettier than them two."

Charles sighed out that there was a German print, the Two Leonoras, which put him in mind of their various styles of beauty.

"I wish I could paint them," said Clive.

"And why not, Sir?" asks his host. "Let me give you your first commission now, Mr. Clive; I wouldn't mind paying a good bit for a picture of my Julia. I forget how much Old Smee got for Betsy's, the old humbug!"

Clive said it was not the will, but the power

that was deficient. He succeeded with men, but the ladies were too much for him as yet.

"Those you've done up at Albany Street Barracks are famous: I've seen 'em," said Mr. Sherrick; and remarking that his guest looked rather surprised at the idea of his being in such company, Sherrick said, "What, you think they are too great swells for me? Law bless you, I often go there. I've business with several of 'em; had with Captain Belsize, with the Earl of Kew, who's every inch the gentleman—one of nature's aristocracy, and paid up like a man. The Earl and me has had many dealings together."

Honeyman smiled faintly, and nobody complying with Mr. Sherrick's boisterous entreaties to drink more, the gentlemen quitted the dinner-table, which had been served in a style of prodigious splendor, and went to the drawing-room for a little music.

This was all of the gravest and best kind; so grave indeed, that James Binnie might be heard in a corner giving an accompaniment of little snores to the singers and the piano. But Rosey was delighted with the performance, and Sherrick remarked to Clive, "That's a good gal, that is; I like that gal; she ain't jealous of Julia cutting her out in the music, but listens as pleased as any one. She's a sweet little pipe of her own, too. Miss Mackenzie, if ever you like to go to the opera, send a word either to my West End or my City office. I've boxes every week, and you're welcome to any thing I can give you."

So all agreed that the evening had been a very pleasant one; and they of Fitzroy Square returned home talking in a most comfortable friendly way—that is, two of them, for Uncle James fell asleep again, taking possession of the back seat; and Clive and Rosey prattled together. He had offered to try and take all the young ladies' likenesses. "You know what a failure the last was, Rosey?"—he had very nearly said "dear Rosey."

"Yes, but Miss Sherrick is so handsome, that you will succeed better with her than with my round face, Mr. Newcome."

"Mr. *What*?" cries Clive.

"Well, Clive, then," says Rosey, in a little voice.

He sought for a little hand which was not very far away. "You know we are like brother and sister, dear Rosey?" he said this time.

"Yes," said she, and gave a little pressure of the hand. And then Uncle James woke up; and it seemed as if the whole drive didn't occupy a minute, and they shook hands very very kindly at the door of Fitzroy Square.

Clive made a famous likeness of Miss Sherrick, with which Mr. Sherrick was delighted, and so was Mr. Honeyman, who happened to call upon his nephew once or twice when the ladies happened to be sitting. When Clive proposed to the Rev. Charles Honeyman to take his head off; and made an excellent likeness in chalk of his uncle—that one in fact, from which

the print was taken, which you may see any day at Hogarth's, in the Haymarket, along with a whole regiment of British divines. Charles became so friendly, that he was constantly coming to Charlotte Street, once or twice a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherrick came to look at the drawing, and were charmed with it; and when Rosey was sitting, they came to see her portrait, which again was not quite so successful. One Monday, the Sherricks and Honeyman too happened to call to see the picture of Rosey, who trotted over with her uncle to Clive's studio, and they all had a great laugh at a paragraph in the "Pall Mall Gazette," evidently from F. B.'s hand, to the following effect:

"CONVERSION IN HIGH LIFE.—A foreign nobleman of princely rank, who has married an English lady, and has resided among us for some time, is likely, we hear and trust, to join the English Church. The Prince de M—n—c—nt—r has been a constant attendant at Lady Whittlesea's chapel, of which the Rev. C. Honeyman is the eloquent incumbent; and it is said this sound and talented divine has been the means of awakening the prince to a sense of the erroneous doctrines in which he has been bred. His ancestors were Protestant, and fought by the side of Henry IV. at *Ivry*. In Louis XIV.'s time they adopted the religion of that persecuting monarch. We sincerely trust that the present heir of the house of Ivry will see fit to return to the creed which his forefathers so unfortunately abjured."

The ladies received this news with perfect gravity; and Charles uttered a meek wish that it might prove true. As they went away, they offered more hospitalities to Clive and Mr. Binnie and his niece. They liked the music, would they not come and hear it again?

When they had departed with Mr. Honeyman, Clive could not help saying to Uncle James, "Why are those people always coming here; praising me; and asking me to dinner? Do you know, I can't help thinking that they rather want me as a pretender for Miss Sherrick?"

Binnie burst into a loud guffaw, and cried out, "O vanitas vanitawtum!" Rosa laughed too.

"I don't think it any joke at all," said Clive.

"Why, you stupid lad, don't you see it is Charles Honeyman the girl's in love with?" cried Uncle James. "Rosey saw it in the very first instant we entered their drawing-room three weeks ago."

"Indeed, and how?" asked Clive.

"By—the way she looked at him," said little Rosey.

THE LADY'S REVENGE.

YOUNG, beautiful, accomplished, and even learned, was Miss Amarynth St. Quillotte, when she was deserted by her lover and affianced husband, Mr. Emerond, the celebrated philosopher and *fort esprit* of my young days. Above all, she was amazingly rich, her father having been a West Indian planter in the days when West Indian and wealth were terms syn-

onymous. The young girl had been sent over to England by her guardians in her fourteenth year, soon after becoming an orphan; and at twenty-one, beautiful and an heiress, was worth, one would have supposed, the constancy of any man. Mr. Emerond thought differently, however; and after four years' assiduous courtship, took the liberty of changing his mind. He ran away with a silly young girl from a boarding-school, without a pocket-piece even to her fortune; and in a farewell letter to his deceived mistress, coolly told her he found that within his breast which forbade him to be the slave of any woman. And the worst of it was, he had taught Amarynth to love—and need I say what Love is, when he dwells in the heart of an ardent young West Indian? In truth, it is more fervent and fatal in its consequences than colder minds can well imagine. When this love was slighted, repulsed, returned on the hands of her who had bestowed her entire heart on the faithless Emerond, there was a storm of passion kindled not easily allayed nor brought within the limits of reason. "Am I so ugly, then?" soliloquized the discarded beauty, looking in her mirror. The image reflected might, it is true, have been more serene, but, in its own peculiar style, could scarce have been more rare in its loveliness. A smooth olive skin, beneath whose deep hue burned in the velvet cheeks crimson roses; eyes large, dark, soft, and yet glowing; hair long, flowing, silken, by the side of whose jetty luxuriance the raven's plumage would have looked brown; a form slight, elegant, and thorough-bred; a mixture of Spanish and quadroon gracefulness; teeth—but there, I have no more hackneyed smiles at hand; pearls will not suffice; ivory grows yellow in remembrance of those bright, regular, dazzling teeth, which lighted the full crimson mouth, as it were, with a sunbeam. "Am I ugly?" The mirror said No—and it was broken to pieces by the impetuous bereaved girl.

"Of what use is beauty, when a pale skin, yellow hair, and lack-lustre eyes has robbed me of all that life held most dear? Oh, Emerond! my girlhood's idol, my womanhood's pride; come back, yes, come back, I will forgive all, I will." And poor Miss St. Quillotte woke up from her frantic apostrophes to find herself alone, the mirror in shatters, the room in confusion, her brain excited almost to madness, her bosom overcharged with grief to danger of suffocation. Her maid proposed to send for a physician, and was threatened with discharge for the suggestion. "Expose my wretchedness," said Amarynth, "to the eyes of the prying world? Get me some opium and leave me." She was obeyed in her last command; and for the first, Mrs. Abigail mixed a weak solution calculated to soothe but not to destroy. Miss St. Quillotte, however, slept not, but passed the night in meditation. She must be revenged—that she had determined on; her Creole blood demanded it. But how? To visit the guilty man with poison or a dagger was not exactly the

sort of revenge; to kill herself would be futile, inasmuch as she might not be able, in that case, to ascertain how he bore the blow. No, she must wring his heart living; she must prove how little she felt the stroke which in reality had crushed her ardent and haughty spirit to the ground. She would marry. True, Mr. Emerond's was the only offer she had ever received. For him she had spurned, trampled on all suitors, treated all mankind, for his sake, with such disdain, that her reported shrewishness became indeed "a scarecrow to her beauty," but still she supposed that she could attract *somebody*, no matter who—at least her money would. Ah, there was indeed the rub. Give up liberty, wealth, liberty of thought even, perhaps, and all to a man whom, be he what he might, she must loathe—for the very name of man had suddenly become detestable. No, impossible! yet marry she must and would. To die Miss St. Quillotte, and bequeath her wealth to hospitals, parrots, and monkeys! There was no purer light shed on that rebellious soul, no thoughts of gentle ministrings, holy charities, pious sympathies, of drying the mourner's tears, or wiping the brow of sickness and pain. The frightful picture of an old maid, which flitted in the darkness of her overwrought imagination, was that of a splenetic being wallowing in cards and scandal, pampering overfed dogs and cats, sneered at by her acquaintance, reviled by her enemies. "I can never come to that," she resumed, as this horrible portrait rose before her eyes. "He shall not have that gratification. I will have a husband, but he shall be my tool, my slave; he shall be an image set up to sustain my dignity before the world, and he shall be obedient. Never, never can I love and honor any man after such treatment as I have experienced, never shall any man love me more—if man's love can indeed be any thing but mere pretense."

Now this kind of scheme was all very well in theory, but practically it was extremely difficult of execution, setting delicacy aside. If Amarynth really intended to reverse the general custom and propose to some gentleman, still the kind of proposal which only she would agree to, that of entire control over her husband's opinions and actions, was not likely to meet with acceptance. She paused as the many difficulties of her revenge rose in array before her; then suddenly flashed a thought. Was it feasible? Yes! it must, it should be!

Not far from Miss St. Quillotte's residence, which abutted on the Green Park, she remembered to have noticed a young man, whose occupation was—smile if you please, dear reader—a sweeper of the crossing. Amarynth, who frequently, attended by the faithless Emerond, or at times a single man-servant, promenaded in the park, which the garden of her house indeed overlooked, had noticed this person, partly because he looked superior to his menial occupation, and partly because, when she doled out her charity, he appeared to reverence the

beautiful Creole as something more than human. It was toward this creature of her beauty that her thoughts were now directed, certain the man was good-looking enough to be made a gentleman of, to hand her to her carriage, carry her fan in public, attend her to Ranelagh, the opera, the play-house, and to be set up to the world as a lawful defender and protector, and to wring the heart of *him*, the false, the vile, with indignant envy. He was poor, too—a main point—because no rich or independent man could possibly be reduced to such a mere poodle's existence. She spent a day in consideration; and the next morning sent her woman to summon the sweeper, as yet innocent of the strange honors awaiting him. Much astonished was Mrs. Abigail, too, at her mistress's new whim; but her place was good; she was discreet, and made no remark, not even to her fellow-servants.

It was a bitter, piercing day in January, when Paul Meredith was ushered into the splendid mansion of Miss St. Quillotte. He was half frozen, and had been blowing his numbed fingers for the last half hour to keep them from congealing.

Amarynth was not far out in her conjecture. The poor young fellow had feasted his eyes so often on her loveliness, that passion had been nourished in the breast of that ill-fed, half-clothed, hopeless youth. Miss St. Quillotte had become his sun, and when he saw not that vision of haughtiness and beauty, the brightest summer's day was dark enough to him. But further than nourishing her lovely image in his outcast's breast, more than daring to dream of her when he laid his head on his miserable pallet in his garret, or of wondering at her dainty elegance and beauty, he had never aspired even in thought—it was not likely—the great and beautiful heiress, almost too precious for a poor fellow to speak to, save with downcast eyes and humility of tongue—to notice him, impossible. He knew, moreover, that the exquisitely-dressed gentleman who often attended was a favored suitor—so much common report had told the poor and humble road-sweeper; therefore, when he was shown into a noble room, replete with luxuries and elegance, he looked and wondered, and concluded he was about to become the object of one of those sudden and benevolent caprices with which fine ladies sometimes honor poor people. Little did he dream—but in the midst of his bewilderments and wanderings a bright vision appeared to him, alone—and oh, how glorious in its radiant and superb loveliness! The rich furniture, the perfumed air of the luxurious apartment, the beautiful and elegantly-dressed young woman who stood there before him, all combined to awe and abash the poor young man, who felt his unfitness to appear before wealth and refinement; and though, save for his soiled and coarse attire, scrupulously clean, his appearance was strangely out of character with all about him. Yet abashed though he might stand there, Miss St. Quillotte, on her

part, felt no less so. She was about to violate all those nice proprieties which fence in and invest women with the sanctity of respect. She was about forever to annihilate her own self-esteem, and— She paused. At that minute it would have been easy to dismiss the wondering sweeper with an inquiry, a present, any excuse; but the memory of Emerond, his slights, her still deep love, her passionate regrets, her gnawing wish that he too should be made to feel repentance; and she braced up her singular resolution. She spoke; Paul started as the clear, cold, haughty accents fell on his astonished ear. Amarynth, who was easy enough to serve and live with, would not for worlds have spoken in such a tone to one of her humblest domestics.

"You are very poor," frowning as if she was denouncing a flagrant crime.

He raised his eyes—large, bright, and blue they were. Midst his poverty, this young man afforded the purest type of the Saxon race in the pride of manhood. A tall, well-knit frame, fair curly hair, a bright skin, and those clear eyes wherein you might, as in a mirror, behold every object near him reflected. He raised them to her. "I am poor, madam, very; but I am honest."

She curled her lip. Honesty, to her, was but a virtue of the most plebeian order—the saving grace of the very abject.

"I do not suppose you are going to rob me," she answered. A pause. "How would you like to be rich?"

"Madam!" He was so surprised at such a question, his face flushed, he thought the rich beauty had sent for him to mock him for her amusement. He turned, and bowing, prepared to go.

"Stay," said Miss St. Quillotte, reaching a chair, and sitting down, for she felt unequal to stand before that honest amazement and clear searching eyes any longer. "Stay; I have a great deal to say. I propose to bestow wealth on you—to make you rich—to make you, in short, a gentleman."

Bedreddin Hassan, when he was accused of making cream-tarts without pepper in them, was never so astonished as Paul.

"Madam!"

"Speak not—listen; I have things to say still more surprising: hear, but do not interrupt me. Do you comprehend, young man, how this wealth and station is to become yours? I will tell you; you must become—my husband."

It was fairly spoken now, and for some minutes a dead silence reigned throughout the spacious apartment. Neither could speak. Paul's face, which at the first receipt of this wonderful intelligence had lighted up with eagerness and joy, now subsided into gloom and doubt. Miss St. Quillotte's spirit rose.

"Perhaps," she said, haughtily, "I am rejected?"

"For the second time," whispered revenge.

"Madam," said the young man, "I am but a

poor fellow, earning a mere crust by the most degraded labor, but I have yet that in my keeping which is better in the eye of God"—he raised his eyes—those bright, unflinching eyes—reverently to heaven—"than wealth and rank without; I mean, madam, the honor of a man—a man who has never been debased, further than poverty can debase. I think I understand your ladyship"—here he blushed, stammered, hesitated: he was quite unskilled in the polite art of uttering disagreeable truths in an agreeable way. He continued—"My own poverty is irksome enough; I can not bear the burden of a fine lady's shame."

Amarynth started up; her Creole blood turned dark-red in her veins, and swept over her brow, face, and bosom. Here was a precious mistake indeed; the youth fancied her guilty of actual crime, and seeking to conceal her dishonor with the shelter of a husband's name. It was not an unnatural mistake, after all. She recovered. At least, here were noble qualities; stuff, which it is a pity is not oftener found in real, well-born gentlemen. She forced herself to explain. "You are very bold," she said, disdainfully, "but you are mistaken. Listen. He who sought my hand and fortune, and whom I have loved from girlhood, is false: by this time he has wedded another. My soul burns to be revenged, but the name and sight of man is hateful to me. In reality, I will never take on myself the duties or affections of a wife: it is for this I sent for you. You are poor; it will be something for you to be raised out of the mire of poverty and dirt." She sneered. "The ceremony of marriage will confer on you some advantages which wealth can give. In the eyes of the world you will be my husband; to me you must bind yourself by a solemn oath, a written bond, never to be more than you are at this moment, standing there, there, a beggar and an outcast." She glanced around her proudly, though to say truth, her pride at that minute was of the very basest kind—the pride of vulgar riches exulting in its power over honesty and virtue. Again there was a silence. Paul's head bent down on his breast, his eyes fixed on the polished oak floor. Miss St. Quillotte was exhausted; she rose up. "Remain here," she said, "for half an hour; deliberate on the advantages offered—an opportunity of fortune which few would reject in your circumstances. But make no mistake; you will be bound down strictly, and on the least attempt to alter the conditions of our contract, my wealth shall obtain a divorce, and you shall be cast forth to your original station. Remember, the title of my husband, the fortune of a gentleman, but from myself, only the consideration I afford to my *other* paid and fed lacqueys."

With this insolent speech, calculated indeed to crush the most humble, she left the room, and the young man mused on this singular adventure. At first, he was for starting off and leaving the rich lady—whose image, purer and fairer far than the reality, had filled his bosom, and

unconsciously had elevated his thoughts far above his seeming station—to seek some tool better fitted for so humiliating a position; but there arose a picture which effectually chained him to that room, and held him down as it were with chains of lead. This picture presented a bed-ridden woman, whose tender love for her son had been, spite of their wretchedness and want, his saving angel—his guardian spirit. To bestow on her last few remaining days comforts and luxuries unknown—to obtain medical aid hitherto above their greatest hopes—all this constrained him to hesitate and doubt as to whether he should indeed throw by the golden chance fortune had so strangely offered him. Few in his rank and circumstances would have paused a moment, but Paul Meredith was one of those rare human plants which, grown and fostered in a wilderness of weeds, yet loses none of its original purity and fragrance in its forced contact with vile things. His father, a private soldier, had perished in the American war; and his mother, a delicate woman who had followed the camp, returned to England on the cessation of hostilities between that country and America, bearing with her her infant son, then between five and six years of age. On her arrival in London, Mrs. Meredith, who had her own and her child's living to gain, was seized with rheumatic fever, and on her recovery she found she had lost the use of her lower limbs. Henceforth, the poor widow was bed-ridden. With the fortitude and courage which the poor so often display, she sought, by the aid of a kind neighbor or two, for needlework, and for a time managed to support herself and little Paul in decency. At length this resource—precarious in that day as I hear it is said to be in later times—failed. Then she knitted articles for daily use, and the poor boy went about the streets of London vending them for their bread. During this time the poor widow, who as times went was a fair scholar, taught the boy to read and write, and to pray for their daily food: simple teachings, yet the seed was sown on good ground, and promised, in spite of its precocious and forced knowledge of the world around, to bear the fruits of faith, honesty, and love.

Time passed—the widow and her son grew poorer each day; often fasting for long hours—he the sole attendant of her sick and painful bed. The boy might, like his father, have entered the service of his country—but could he leave his mother? She, whose riches he was; whose only hope in this cold, bleak, and rugged world, was the youth's filial love—alone rendering supportable her trials and privations.

This mother, then, was the thought which hindered Paul from departing out of Miss St. Quillotte's house faster than he had entered it. While he thought, and wondered, and hesitated, a servant entered bearing a salver filled with rich viands and generous wines. Poor human nature! I may not paint thee better than thou really art. Hunger and poverty drag down to earth the brightest and most soaring spirit. Paul

ate and drank—looked wistfully at the dainties, as he thought of the dear invalid in their poor garret, and, finally, made up his mind to accept the heiress on her own terms.

After all, do not think so meanly of him; he was but four-and-twenty, and perhaps there burned a latent hope within him that the object of his silent and humble passion might one day repent of her resolve.

She returned, and desired to know if his mind was settled. He, not without much embarrassment, for he was unversed in deceit, signified his acquiescence.

Amarynth's face brightened. After thus exposing her affairs to this creature, it would have been too dreadful to have been spurned by him. She placed a purse filled with gold in his hand, desired he would procure suitable attire, and return to her house at eight o'clock that evening, "when," she said, "I will have the contract between us prepared, and ready for signature. After that I will inform you when the marriage ceremony is to take place. Your name?" He blushed as he told it. He felt this mock-marriage was the only tarnish that honest name had known. She was pleased at its euphony. She had feared some terribly vulgar-sounding cognomen. "For the present," she said, with the air of a queen dismissing a courtier, "adieu. My woman will conduct you through the garden into the park. You will return to-night the same way: it is important that none of the servants should see you." And they separated, each with anxious thoughts: he to tell his mother this strange fortune; she to bribe and coax her lawyer, old Mr. Jeffries, whose aid was indispensable, into acquiescence with her strange whim.

Mr. Jeffries was an old solicitor, who had had the care of Miss St. Quillotte's affairs ever since her minority. He was a peculiar but not an unkindly old gentleman; and when Amarynth sent for him, and disclosing her forsaken plight, acquainted him also with her delectable plan of revenge, that sage counselor, first of all deliberately gazing at his client as she paced up and down her spacious library, which, being a *savante*, she used much as her usual sitting apartment, and then quietly decided she was very mad indeed. He soon found, however, that the form of her mental disease was that of obstinacy; and as it is certain that if all the obstinate people in the world were to be placed under surveillance, the population would thin too greatly, he next only deliberated how he might prevent the rash deed she meditated. I must, however, explain that Miss St. Quillotte kept silent as to the recent occupation of her intended spouse. Mr. Jeffries was led to suppose him respectable, though obscure. Never was there such a wearisome affair. It took two good hours to explain every circumstance to the old lawyer, and then he insisted, with the caution and circumspection of age, in going over every individual circumstance again. At last Amarynth fairly lost her temper. "Do as you please," she said; "either draw up the contract and settlements as I shall dictate, or I

will withdraw my affairs from your hands entirely, and employ some stranger, who will neither question my will nor judgment." Then self-interest prompted Mr. Jeffries to sigh, shrug his shoulders, and to mutter, "Well, I wish you may not repent, my dear;" which being rightly interpreted, meant, "I hope you will." He then sent for his clerk, and, under the dictation of Miss St. Quillotte, a deed of contract and settlement was drawn up. It would, of course, be impossible for me to transcribe that deed: in a word, it contained a contract of marriage between Amarynth St. Quillotte and Paul Meredith on the terms she had proposed—that, in consideration of a settlement of three thousand pounds per annum to be settled on the said Paul, he should entirely forego and resign the authority of a husband; that he was to attend her in public—but in private, separate suites of rooms should entirely separate the pair from the companionship of domestic life, save at dinner, or on the occasion of visitors being present; this last clause dependent on the will of the said Amarynth St. Quillotte. In fine, the young husband, or rather partner, was so hemmed in with conditions, that Mr. Jeffries, who took on this occasion twice his accustomed quantity of snuff, muttered that the man must be a perfect fool who could sign such a deed. The divorcee threat was likewise to be enforced on the failure of the slightest of these conditions. The deed was not half copied, when Mrs. Abigail entering the room, made a sign to her mistress. The young lady nodded, and quitting the apartment, the woman returned, ushering in a youth on whom Miss St. Quillotte gazed with unfeigned surprise. The tailor—the hairdresser—had indeed worked a miracle. Paul, the sweeper, stood there—converted, not into a beau, but a gentleman—little else to betray his origin but his hands, brown and horny with hard work. It was gratifying, but she took no further notice of the young man than to reflect it was a good thing he looked so well. Mr. Jeffries, however, looked from one to the other of these young people. He took a vast pinch of snuff, and stopping his clerk's arm, took him aside, and conferred with that functionary for awhile. Then writing a memorandum he handed it over to the clerk, who resumed his labors. The night was far advanced when they were finished. The deed, by Miss St. Quillotte's desire, concluded with a solemn form of oath, by which both parties bound themselves to observe the conditions inscribed therein. Mr. Jeffries read over the parchment, and the contractors signed it. It was not without some trepidation that Amarynth beheld Paul approach the table for this purpose; but to her relief he *could* write his name, and that in a bold round hand, which would not have disgraced a clerk. During all this time he never once looked at his affianced wife, who on her part regarded him as little. Business over, the bride-elect named two days thence for the ceremony, which was to be strictly private; then all parties separated, to meet no more till the wedding-day,

when they were to be united at Mr. Jeffries's house by special licence.

That day came, and Paul Meredith, the crossing-sweeper, was united in marriage to Miss Amarynth St. Quillotte, the great West-Indian heiress. The remainder of his wedding-day was spent by the bridegroom in the apartment of his bed-ridden mother, for whom he had taken handsome rooms near the bride's house. That eccentric young lady spent hers in tears, sighs, and perpetual revertings to the man of her heart—now lost forever. A brilliant and a happy wedding it was truly.

Mrs. Meredith had no reason to fear her husband's intrusion—he never came, except when she summoned him to attend her abroad, and then it was, apparently, any thing but a pleasure to him. The marriage had been duly announced, and congratulations poured in from all Amarynth's friends. As for the bridegroom, he had never had any, except the penny pieman, who had, in the days of Paul's destitution, frequently given that young fellow a pie to take home to his mother. But the pieman knew naught of Paul's exaltation, and was therefore much mystified and astonished when a strange gentleman, who said he was Mr. Meredith's man of business, inducted him into a thriving trade in his own line, clogged only with the condition that he should never inquire into the name of his benefactor. I have heard Mr. Martin, the grandson of that pieman—who retired at eighty years of age, on a handsome fortune from the profits of the business—tell the story, and he mentioned how his grandfather learned the truth many years after from Mr. Meredith's own lips..... Paul engaged a gentleman to come daily and instruct him in various branches of knowledge, during the hours of leisure, when he was not in attendance on Mrs. Meredith or his bed-ridden mother. When the young man danced attendance on his haughty young wife, he could not avoid seeing how she was admired. Amarynth's marriage, indeed, seemed the signal for homage and adoration of all kinds from the other sex being lavished at her feet. When men no longer dreaded being entrapped into marriage, they were willing enough to admire. Some of these gallants strove to win the husband into intimacy, but that young gentleman, for so he now was in the eyes of the world, avoided all society, except that of his mother and his tutor. And time moved on.

Mrs. Meredith drank deeply of dissipation: wearisome were the balls, the *ridottos*, the *fêtes*, the parties at *faro*, she dragged her reluctant husband to. Paul soon wearied of fashionable life. People wondered at his quiet placidity, and passed on; it was nothing to the world, the distant terms that Mr. Meredith and his beautiful wife appeared on. Paul had soon satisfied himself that Amarynth's reputation was indeed intact. She flirted, it is true, and delighted in the thought that she sometimes with her wit, learning, and beauty, raised in some foolish heart a genuine flame, which she would encour-

age to the last, and then turn round and trample on the unfortunate as—she muttered—her heart had been trampled on. She little dreamed that of all the throngs who dwelt on her charms and delighted in her brilliant conversation, her husband was the most devoted and the most hopeless. How, indeed, could a man see that lovely creature in all the panoply of her beauty—all the *retenue* and finish of her fascinations, and not love her, even if he had not done so from the first. He loved her, indeed, differently from the time when she used to give him silver at the crossing; but not less passionately—far more so—increase of knowledge seldom lessens the passions.

Amarynth strove to keep within her heart the image of Emerond—for the sake of constancy, I grieve to say, that image grew daily fainter and fainter. It was, after all, but a waxen one, which the very heat of resentment and memory gradually melted. In spite of herself, his name no longer caused the blush, nor the throbbing of the heart, which used to follow on hearing of him. I verily believe his existence would have been entirely forgotten, but for the vast heap of his letters with which she fed the dying embers of her *grande passion*, and the lock of his hair, which she watered with her tears till the lachrymal fountain dried up, and refused to gush forth on any such occasion. Just about that time, too, Amarynth's interest was excited by elegant bouquets which were sent to her, accompanied with verses, which her really cultivated literary taste told her were far better than the bombast of the love lays of her day. Sonnets, mostly, the lines were in the form of—the versification not of the smoothest, perhaps, but the sentiments fresh, spontaneous, evidently from the heart. There was the fire of Ovid, without that bard's wantonness. Sometimes they imitated the verse of Horace and Virgil. It was much about that time, that Mr. Meredith had made such progress in Latin that he began to translate the *Æneid*. These verses dwelt greatly on the writer's ardent but hopeless love. She began with interest, and soon entertained an ardent curiosity to see her unknown adorer. She inquired respecting the messenger who brought these passionate effusions. No one knew. Every morning they were found on the marble table in the great hall passage; but no one, strange to say, could tell from whence the offerings emanated. Amarynth's thoughts wandered over her household; but there was no one in it with the least pretensions to reading or writing save old Dobbs, the house steward, and from him such things as flowers and verses were very unlikely. She was being handed to her coach one day by Mr. Meredith, when the mystery was solved. A small edition of Virgil dropped out of his vest while escorting his lady, and a paper in it floated to the feet of Amarynth. It was in the handwriting of the unknown. This, then, was the secret; quick as lightning it flashed on her; but she affected not to see, and as Paul, in some confusion, picked up the

paper, she glanced at him. She could not but marvel at the polish of his appearance. A pure mind and a gentle spirit go far indeed toward creating a gentleman, and Paul was that now in form and manners, as well as in heart and soul. Mrs. Meredith was lost in thought all that evening. Next day, Mr. Meredith sent her a hurried message—his bed-ridden mother was dying; would she spare his services till all was over? She desired to speak with him. He came, all disorder and agitation. All her beauty could not for one moment now attract his notice. "She is all I have in the world to love," he said. How chill those words fell on Amarynth's heart. "Stay," she said, hesitating; "I will go with you." He bowed, but expressed neither joy nor rapture. The coach was called, and for the first time Mrs. Meredith beheld her mother-in-law. The poor woman was all but expiring when they arrived. Paul whispered to her as he supported her dying head; she raised her eyes to Amarynth. "Ah, madam," said she, "let me thank you for all your goodness; but oh, my boy! ah, you know not what a heart you have slighted!" The poor mother grew speechless soon after, and expired on her son's bosom. Amarynth fainted, and knew not how she was taken home. The lady and her husband did not meet till the funeral was over. He started to see her black attire. "You are too good, madam," he said. Did she wish he had said something more? After all, she must own, he observed the terms she had dictated somewhat too literally—her vanity, ever sensitive, began to be wounded. Things, however, went on much as usual; the flowers and the sonnets, though, had ceased to arrive, and Amarynth was fain to console herself with those she had. It was strange how they began to supersede Emerond's letters. I think it was a month or two after, that Mrs. Meredith looked into her own heart one day, and appalled at the discoveries she made there, rose up, went to her bureau, seized those famous letters, and burnt them every one, finishing the bonfire with the lock of hair, which fizzed off on the top, with a hiss of contempt and anger like the last revilings of a disappointed demon. Mrs. Abigail received a hint one day, accompanied by a new Paduasy sacque, and soon afterward a lock of sunny hair was suspended in a locket, and worn next Amarynth's heart. How the waiting-woman got it, was best known to herself; perhaps Mr. Peruke, who every day dressed Mr. Meredith's hair, could have informed the curious inquirer.

Who can date the growth of love? In the history of the passions, time is trampled on. We may experience that to-day, which yesterday we had deemed utterly impossible. The son of Venus, and the son of Nox and Erebus, were not more different than Amarynth's deceased passion, and the pure love which began so gradually to steal over her heart. The one had led to violence, anger, revenge—the other was exalted till it finally aspired to heaven itself, for there only might she love, or acknowledge her

love. That fatal contract, that oath—the death of the happiness she might have known. She would have ceased almost entirely to go out, but that those occasions were the only ones on which she could feast herself with the contemplation of her soul's idol. Be sure, Mrs. Abigail, who was a very shrewd gentlewoman, soon found out the bent of her lady's mind; she, unbidden, related anecdotes of Mr. Meredith, his goodness, his charities, his self-denials. "We servants, madam, think he is an angel who has fallen among us;" and the tears stood in the woman's eyes. Amarynth would hear this till she could bear no more; she would send her maid away, and, burying her face among the cushions of a couch, sob her heart out. Oh, child, grieving for thy neglected and disdained toy! who can relieve or pity thee?

But one day she was startled by a request from her husband—how she loved that word now, and would roll it over her tongue, and mutter it, as something precious and consoling—to have a private audience. Mrs. Abigail brought the message—she had been weeping. "What is the matter?" said her mistress, a thousand fond fears fluttering at her breast. "The poor gentleman—my dear master—looks so ill—fear—die;" and Mrs. Abigail burst into a very Niagara of tears. Amarynth wept for sympathy. "Let him come," she said, "directly." O Heaven, he *was* altered! and yet there was an unwonted pride in his whole bearing. She felt, rich woman and beauty as she was, her inferiority. "Madam," he said, strongly but sternly agitated, "I have come to—to ask a favor, and to make a confession." She started. "Though I loved you long, long ere you took me, a poor wretch from the streets; yet my love is no longer to be borne. If I stay here, I must go mad or die. Oh, madam, that contract!—think you I would have signed it, but for the poor mother who bore me, and who was perishing in my sight when you raised me from the depths of poverty? Forgive my love; I can not help it. I have come to request you will do me one parting favor—purchase me a commission. I would be a soldier, madam; my father was one." She looked at him; she never inquired if he had had a father even. "Yes!" he pursued; "a brave, though a poor one; but I came not to trouble you with my family remembrances. I can live, madam, on my pay; your allowance I request permission to relinquish." "Wherefore?" Thus much, though choked, she contrived to say. "I can not longer subsist on your bounty. I have made much progress, madam, of late. Your wit and accomplishments stimulated me. I can not vie with your learning; but now I may pass unnoticed for ignorance. Forgive me, madam, and sometimes deign to cast a thought on him who adores you, silent and hopeless." Oh, how she longed to cast herself at his feet, to own her deep, her unalterable love—to bid him live for her—to—the freezing thought of her oath—bring perjury on both their souls! Horror! She could not speak;

he mistook her silence for anger, and drooped his head. "Go," she murmured; "I will write to you." He said no more, and withdrew. The commission was purchased, and sent him with this note:

"Your wish is accomplished, but I beseech you retain the income, which you have a legal right to. I need not say be brave; but bravery exists when human hope perishes. Happy are you in the sex which gives you that resource.

"AMARYNTH."

He departed the day after he received this. Here is his final farewell:

"Madam—Ask me not to comply with your request, lest, it being yours, I weakly acquiesce. A legal right? Let me trample on that, as I have on dearer rights which the law itself bestowed on me, when I became your husband. Fear not, madam, my oath is inviolate.

"MEREDITH."

Oh! bitterness of bondage, in which the next two years passed by. She heard of him, though. In 1780 a war commenced against Holland. Paul signalized himself; he gained the most rapid promotion. At last she saw him gazetted—a coloneley. Alas! what cause was there for exultation. Now he was free of her—independent. She had long since discontinued to go out into public. She felt daily growing weaker. At last the thought occurred that if she died, some one must inherit her wealth. Strange not to have thought of it before. She sent for Mr. Jeffries, and communicating to him her love and wretchedness, conjured him to make her will. The old lawyer asked many questions; he seemed actually to gloat over Mrs. Meredith's distress. "He is coming home," he said, "I saw the arrival of the transport announced."

"Home! what home had he?" she bitterly asked. "At any rate he might be in time to see her die."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Jeffries, in the most unfeeling manner; "you'll live long enough, I warrant, to make the man's heart ache worse than it does now."

Ten days after that will was made, Mr. Jeffries drove up to Amarynth's door. An officer was with him. The servants crowded round, for they had recognized their master. They entered the library; Amarynth started up. She, too, knew that beloved face, brown though it was, and scarred on the brow with a soldier's trophy. Oath, or no oath, her impulse was obeyed; her arms were round his neck; her tears wetted his manly cheeks; she called him—husband.

He pressed her to his heart; words failed them both, they were awakening after that indulgence of suppressed love, to the fatal knowledge of the vow which intervened between them.

"One farewell," cried Paul, "and I go."

"Fiddlestick!" said Mr. Jeffries, flinging his brown tie right into the middle of the floor, and capering about with a shiny bald head. "I,

stupid prosy old lawyer though I be, foresaw this hour when I was manufacturing that rigmarole of a deed. You heard me read it once; hear it again. I just introduced a clause which will set all to rights." The oath was registered with a saving clause, that if both parties mutually agreed to hereafter renounce the conditions of the deed, and become man and wife actually, instead of a mere legal fiction, the said agreement was, by mutual consent, to be null and void.

Poor Mr. Jeffries, he was not heard to the end of his preamble. Locked in each other's arms, Paul and Amarynth, now lavishing on one another the dear titles of wife and husband, forgot any presence but their own, and, midst mutual forgiveness and confessions, and utterance of affection, Mr. Jeffries, quietly picking up his periwig, went down to announce to the assembled servants that their lady desired them to drink the colonel's health in a gallon bowl of punch.

It would have done you good to have heard the shout. They heard it not. Wrapped in one another's happiness, they asked none from the outer world. Theirs existed in their own exquisite contentment.

I have no more to relate. I have trespassed on my readers' patience too much as it is. They have long since been dust and ashes, but the son of their son, Paul Meredith, Esq., lives on his own estate in —shire, and perpetuates the virtues, the noble simplicity, the unostentatious charities of his progenitor.

MY SON, SIR!

WHEN first I laid eyes on James Caracole, Junior, he was veiled in a mist of the finest and whitest lace. Vapor seemed to have taken a pattern on purpose to enfold him; in a word, he was in his swaddling clothes. On that memorable occasion I bestowed upon him, in my sponsorial capacity, his name of James, adding thereto the more substantial gift of a richly-chased goblet of silver gilt, with his initials elaborately engraved on the bowl. Though it was the custom, and came in the common course of things, I often thought afterward that there was something fatally symbolical in this present of mine to my godson. A foreshadowing, as it were, of those twin cups which he was doomed to quaff to the very dregs—the cup of luxury and the cup of woe.

James Caracole, Junior, entered the world under the most favorable auspices. Life first shone upon him through lace curtains. His inert form first reposed in down and scented linen, and his earliest fall in life went no further than a velvet carpet of flowery design. He breathed the air of Fifth Avenue, and with it all the luxurious tastes secretly held in solution in the atmosphere of that enchanted region. He knew what it was to whirl through the town in a resplendent coach long before he was able to use the means of locomotion that nature had bestowed on him. He had ostrich plumes

waving above his head at a time when his hairs could have been counted, and the story went—I know not with how much truth—that a French cook had been hired to make his pap.

The father of James Caracole, Junior—I allude to the gentleman thus because this paternity was his only distinction in life—was a merchant of fortune and repute. He had come up, years upon years ago, to the metropolis a poor friendless boy. Ran of errands in a wholesale store for a couple of years. Got promoted to a clerkship. Scraped money together, and then set up for himself in some extraordinary business or other—making the elastic insertions for ladies' boots, I think it was—and when his hair began to turn, had, by dint of boldness, perseverance, and good luck, made about a half a million of dollars. He then thought it was time to marry; but alas, he whose days had been spent in totting up columns of figures and raising moneys to meet notes, knew nothing of the art of wooing. Civilization, however, is prepared for all emergencies, and Mr. Peter Caracole found out very soon that a man with a half a million would find but little difficulty in purchasing a partner for life. In consideration, therefore, of a house in Fifth Avenue, two carriages, a place on the Hudson, and unlimited credit at Madame Larami's, Miss Agnes de Belus, with the consent of her parents—of her own, the less that is said the better—became Mrs. Peter Caracole. People did say, to be sure, that the wedding was a sad one. That Agnes came to the altar with a haggard face, quivering lips, and a wild look in the eyes. They said, too, that in a far corner of the church, with as pale a countenance and as wild a glance as hers, young Adolphus Penniman might have been seen watching the ceremony. But however that might be, there was a grand reception, and the bridal victim was presented to a thousand friends, and after a month of ambiguous bliss, spent at Niagara Falls, Agnes de Belus settled down in Fifth Avenue as Mrs. Peter Caracole.

Independent of unhappiness, the result of this fashionable marriage was Mr. James Caracole, Junior, and for the first time for years, Mrs. Caracole found that there was something to live for besides diamonds at Tiffany's and balls in her "set." Not that she ceased to purchase bracelets, or to waltz with Count Colocotroni. Oh! no. But there was many an idle hour which mayhap might have been worse employed, that she spent beside the little cradle, when the pure glances from her child's eyes seemed for the moment to make her a better woman.

Mr. Peter Caracole was indeed very proud of his son. I shall never forget that memorable ball which was given to commemorate Master James's twelfth birth-day. On that occasion the young gentleman, who was attired in an exquisite costume of the time of Louis Quatorze, looking, indeed, quite wicked enough to have been a sucking Fouqué or Lauzun, made his first entrée into fashionable life. On that

occasion, too, Mr. Peter Caracole, who at his own parties was invariably the most insignificant and unnoticed person in the rooms—on that occasion, I say, he rose into momentary dignity as he presented Master James to the guests, and his old chest was visibly inflated as he proudly added, "My son, Sir!" Poor man, I pitied him from the bottom of my heart, when later in the evening the young *mousquetaire* was found dead drunk in the conservatory, with his mother weeping over him, and Adolphus Penniman trying to force a restorative between the lad's lips!

From that time forward I occasionally met my godson, and not always in his father's house. He used to go to school in the day-time, but his evenings were his own, and for a boy of his age he had strange haunts. I myself being an old bachelor in search of character, and fancying that I am studying human life like a philosopher, esteem it a portion of my privilege to go every where, so in the course of my rambles I frequently stumbled over Mr. James Caracole in places where I certainly did not expect to see him. Among other things the boy persuaded his father to send him to a dancing academy, but as the choice of the establishment rested with himself, he pitched upon one that was situated down town, where he certainly learned to take steps not included in any modern choreographic manual. I have seen him there, night after night, with his handsome young face flushed with wine, a cigar stuck between lips that yet bloomed with the roses of sixteen, whirling round some professional dancing girl in a redowa waltz, with the ease and dexterity of a practiced man of society. There, in company with a knot of young fellows of his own age, he passed many and many a night smoking, and drinking, and talking—well, 'tis no matter what they talked about, it was sad enough to have heard it.

I used to see Adolphus Penniman there sometime too, with what seemed to me a very melancholy expression upon his face. I thought at the time, and found it afterward to be correct, that he came to look after the boy for the sake of the mother, and indeed I could not doubt it, when I saw him mingling freely with that youthful set, and trying in his quiet way to keep the youngster straight. Poor Penniman, he must have loved her very dearly to have taken so much trouble about the son of the man she had married!

Not long after this, as I was sitting one day in my office, cogitating over the late fall in the Crambambuli stock, James Caracole walked in, and the moment he entered I detected from the shadow on his face that something was wrong.

"James," said I, in as kindly a tone as I could, for I loved the young fellow in spite of his follies, "sit down, my boy, and tell me all about it?"

"What! have you heard it, then? he said hurriedly, growing very pale.

"I have heard nothing, James. But I see

from your face that something is the matter, so let me hear it now."

He gave a great sigh of relief, and his handsome young face seemed to brighten up a little as I said this.

"Well, Mr. Troy," said he, the truth of the matter is, that I'm very hard up, and I came to ask you to lend me a little money."

"James," I answered, "it's well that it's no worse; but still, it seems to me a serious matter for a youth of your age, for you are barely seventeen, if I remember rightly—"

"And four months, Sir," he interposed, eagerly. "Seventeen and four months, on my honor."

"Well," I continued, smiling at his anxiety about the odd months, "let it be seventeen and four months. Even then, it is an improper age to get into debt at."

"You see, Sir," said James, with a half-penitent look, "'twas that infernal Equinox Club that did it. The fellows there are all about my own age, and have lots of tin. I'm sure I don't know what has come over my governor lately; whenever I ask him for any money, he looks as black as the ace of spades, and says he hasn't got it."

"But how is the Equinox Club to blame in this matter?"

"Why, you see, Sir, that the fellows there don't care how high they play, and it won't do to allow one's self to be bluffed off, you know. So—so—the fact is, that—the other night Jack Coopay let me in for two hundred and fifty at eucree; and if I don't pay my play-debts, I shall be posted, there's the deuce of it!" and having bolted this confession out rather hurriedly, Master James fumbled in a side-pocket and pulled out some cigars, one of which he offered me, I presume to cover his confusion.

I am the worst lecturer that was ever created. I can not for the life of me sit down opposite to a man, and gravely assert by implication that I am a much superior fellow to him. I never had any talent for those portentous "hems!" with which the lecturer prefaces his admonitions. I feel no pleasure in morally pitching into a fellow, when I know he can't return it; and though I would often gladly give advice, why the fear that it will slide into that confounded lecturing generally deters me. So, instead of squaring my elbows, knitting my brows, and crushing poor James with a lot of maxims out of Poor Richard, I went quietly to my desk and filled up a check for the two hundred and fifty.

"Now, my boy," said I, as I gave it to James, "I'm not going to give you any advice, for I hope the pain you have suffered about this debt will teach you something; but I will tell you one thing, which, if it does not make you feel your folly deeply, you must have a harder heart than I can imagine. You had much better be as economical as you can for the present, and on no account ask your father for any money, because he spoke the truth. He hasn't got it to give you."

Poor boy, what a change came over his face

as I said this! He grew pale as death, and took a step backward, as if struck by a sudden blow.

"Good God! Mr. Troy, you don't mean surely that—"

"I do, indeed, James. Of course you can keep the secret, when I tell you that your father is on the verge of ruin, and has been so for the last four months. He may stave it off for a year or a year and a half longer; but the crash is inevitable: so, my dear boy, I beseech you not to add to his misfortunes by any imprudence of yours."

He seemed truly affected, wrung my hand warmly, and pledged himself with tearful eyes to be careful for the future. I believe sincerely that he was honest in his intentions at the time, but I saw, as he passed my window, that his step was different from that with which he quitted my office; more buoyant and elated, and I sighed involuntarily—for I foresaw that the tide of youth would run strong, and then farewell to good resolutions.

I did not see James Caracole again for about a month, though in the mean time I had heard about him. He had of late been seen walking a good deal with little Emily Breda, a pretty little puss of a thing, with blue eyes, a profusion of fair shining curls, and the most innocent, winning smile in the world; and not long after my interview with Master James, I was informed that they were engaged. 'Twas a good match, in point of means, for James, for Emily was wealthy—though I am quite sure that the boy loved her dearly—and her parents doubtless imagined that old Caracole's son was an excellent *partie*. I knew better.

Not long after I received this intelligence, I was walking up Broadway one night rather late, when who should I see standing on the steps of Harry Quatremain's gambling-house but James Caracole. His face was flushed even in the pale moonlight, and he was laughing loudly. He saw that I had perceived him, and came down of his own accord to speak to me.

"James! James!" I said, reproachfully; "is this the way you keep your promises? Shame upon you!"

"Now, don't scold me, Mr. Troy!" he cried, with one of his bright, winning looks. "See here!"—and diving into his pocket, he pulled out a huge roll of bank bills. "There! I've won all that. You never saw such luck. I went in with only fifty dollars, and I've got two thousand here. By the way, you must let me pay you that two hundred and fifty you lent me, and give you a thousand thanks at the same time."

"Not now, James; not now!" I answered, putting back the notes that he pressed so earnestly on me; "I would rather wait until you have earned the money in some other manner."

"Why, hang it!" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, "it's all fair! I've got a right to win Quatremain's money if I can. He does his best to win mine; and he has won a good deal of it before this," he added, in a gloomy tone.

"My dear boy," said I, earnestly, taking his arm and making him walk along with me, can't you see your danger? Where is the use of your winning a few thousands at faro, when you are certain to lose it all back again, and the chances are, a good deal more with it. You must know that in the long-run all the chances are in favor of the bank, otherwise how should gambling-houses thrive?"

"Oh! I know all that," he cried, with a joyous smile; "but I'm not such a fool as to try my luck again—at least until I can well afford to lose. You won't catch me at Quatremain's again for a long time I warrant you."

"I hope not, sincerely, James. It isn't the place for a young fellow situated as you are now."

"Ah! you have heard of my engagement, then?" he exclaimed, catching me by the hand and stopping. "Oh! Mr. Troy, Emily is the sweetest creature in the world! By heaven!" he continued, almost fiercely, "I would drown myself if I thought I could not make her happy!"

"It is in your own power to do so, James," I answered; "and remember, every thing depends on yourself. Your father may be ruined almost any day; then, if you really love Emily, you will try and establish yourself in some independent position before the crash comes."

"I am going to do so, Sir; indeed I am! I am going, as junior partner, into a business firm down-town; and it won't be my fault if I don't succeed."

"Energy and determination are all that you want, James, and resolution enough to keep out of such places as Harry Quatremain's."

"Never fear, Sir, you shall see me do it. But," he continued, breaking suddenly into his light, joyous tone, "there are some fellows yonder who are waiting for me to go to supper. Come with us, Mr. Troy, and we'll have a jolly time."

"It's too late, James; I must go home."

"Too late! why, it's only half past one. Nonsense! come along. They're capital fellows; and young Laissez Aller, who sings such a capital song, is there. I know you'll enjoy it, if you'll only come!"

It went against my heart to resist the young fellow's hearty invitation, for I confess I should have liked dearly to have had a pleasant carouse with so young and joyous a party; but I felt that I ought not to countenance the lad's dissipation, so I sternly refused. But I stood listening as James went along singing snatches from *Lucrezia*; and, as the party moved off to their rendezvous, I thought I saw Adolphus Penniman coming out of Quatremain's. Could it be that he was watching over the lad still?

From this time out, whenever I saw James Caracole, he was with Emily Breda. They were very soon to be married, and both looked very much in love, and very happy. They made as pretty a couple as could be seen sauntering down Broadway at three o'clock in the afternoon. Emily, on the strength of the engagement, had

taken to leaning on James when they walked together; and she used to hang on his arm in such a bewitching way, and look up in his face with such a sunny, cloudless smile, that I could not help envying the dog the happiness that seemed in store for him. There was, I knew well, a cloud looming in the distance; but I had sanguine hopes that the young people would be wedded and settled before it burst. Matters had been hastened—probably by old Caracole, who saw the coming crisis as well as I did—and, after the usual preliminaries, the wedding was fixed to come off in the course of the ensuing month.

Just then, in spite of his approaching happiness, James seemed to me to be restless and uneasy. At times, when I met him in the street, his face wore a haggard expression—as if he had been up all night before—and he came frequently to my office to borrow money, but never again opened his heart to me, as he had done on the first occasion. In one such interview I ventured to sound him as to what he had been doing; but his eye grew sullen, and he evinced such a disinclination to enter on the subject, that I cut the matter short, and gave him what he wanted. After this, I saw him no more at my office.

All my visions of the security of the Caracole family were one day shattered suddenly. I received a hurried, and almost incoherent note from Mr. Caracole, begging me to come to his house without delay. A terrible presentiment of some evil having happened to James took possession of me; so flinging myself into a cab, I drove as fast as I could to No. —, Fifth Avenue. I found Caracole pacing up and down his study without a coat, and looking the picture of despair.

"My dear friend!" said he, in a low voice, as I entered, "this is a sad business!"

"What has happened?" I cried. "Any thing wrong with James?"—for my thoughts almost instinctively reverted to the poor boy.

"No, thank God!" he said, with a tone of as deep gratitude as his anguish permitted; "but my wife! my wife!" and hiding his face in his hands he sobbed aloud.

"Mrs. Caracole!" I exclaimed in amazement, "is she ill?"

"My old friend," the poor man said, taking my hand and pressing it convulsively, "my old friend, she—she has fled!"

"Fled! left you! with whom? with Penniman?" I exclaimed almost involuntarily, recollecting their old attachment.

"No, no; Penniman has acted like a noble fellow. I found a letter on her table from him, warning her against the villain, and conjuring her, for the sake of her husband and her son, not to take this fatal step, which, it seems, he foresaw. No, it was not Penniman; it was Count Colocotroni."

He appeared utterly prostrated. I did not offer any consolation to him beyond alluding casually, now and then, to his son. Whenever

I mentioned his name, however, his face lighted up, and he seemed for a moment to forget his shame. He was now evidently his only hope on earth!

"Ah!" said he, "there's James, too. The blight will be over him, also! Misfortunes never come single, my friend. You know how long I have been endeavoring to stave off this inevitable failure of our house, simply for his sake. I was in hopes that he would have been happily married to Emily before ruin came upon us. But God has not willed it so," he continued, humbly; "to-morrow our paper will be protested, and all will be known. Then, of course, Emily's family will break off the match. My failure would have been sufficient, doubtless, to induce them to do so, if it came alone; but this additional disgrace heaped upon us by his mother renders all hope vain."

Just here, James came in, in a state of frantic excitement, followed by Adolphus Penniman. He had but just heard of the sad business, and was foaming with rage. He was going off that instant, he said, in search of the fugitives, and would never return until he had avenged the dishonor of the family. This we endeavored to dissuade him from, and Penniman, who appeared to have more influence over him than any one else, showed him that the best and wisest course to pursue, was to let the matter rest forever. Even if he succeeded in inducing his mother to forsake the Count, which was highly improbable, where could she go? Society was closed against her forever, and her husband could not consent again to shield her with a name that she had dishonored.

"Let her go in peace," said Penniman, "and pray that Heaven be merciful to her for her fault."

After a time James calmed down, and Penniman and I left them—the grief of a father and son, mourning over a desolated hearth, seemed too sacred for us to invade it.

Well, the smash came next day. Caracole failed. There were nine days of wonder in Wall Street. The money articles of the various papers chronicled the break up, and then came Timmins's railway fraud on the tenth day, entirely swallowing up the recollection that such a merchant as Caracole ever existed.

But I did not forget it. For I had before me that pale, haggard face of poor James Caracole as he came up one evening to my house to tell me that his heart was broken. Of course I knew why. The Breda's had broken off the engagement, and Emily had been sent to Europe for a year. Poor, poor boy, how he must have suffered! His young cheeks were drawn down, and the roses had faded from his young lips. His hand shook, and that luxuriant curling hair, on which I used to look with such wonder and admiration when I had viewed my own bald pate in the glass, now hung matted and unkempt across his forehead. His dress was slovenly, too, he who used to be the admiration of tailors, and had driven half his companions to despair. I

didn't wonder at it at all, for he told me himself that between his unhappy love, and his mother's elopement, and his father's failure, he was nearly desperate. I have no doubt but he was, for when he shook my hand in going away his breath smelled strongly of brandy, and I shuddered as I thought what a spectacle his youthful beauty might be reduced to in a few years. I suggested a variety of schemes for his advancement, but he scoffed at them all. He had nothing now to live for, he said, and did not care what became of him. I never saw such utter recklessness in any human being.

Well, the end was not long coming, though would to God I could by any sacrifice on my part have averted so terrible a *dénoûment*.

Of course things were now changed with old Caracole. The old house in Fifth Avenue had to be given up, and the once wealthy merchant was living in a boarding-house. Living meanly enough too, for it seemed that the suddenness and number of his misfortunes had paralyzed all his energies, and his only occupation was to moan all day long over his abandonment by wife and child. It was too true, that his last stay in life had deserted him, not nominally because they lived together, but in truth, for James Caracole rarely if ever saw his father now. His life was spent at hotels, in clubs, and in gambling-houses, and many a time coming up Broadway, I heard his voice, thick with drunkenness, shouting hoarse songs through the silent streets.

One night late, just as I was about retiring to bed, I received a strange scrawl from old Caracole, entreating of me to meet him at the — Ward Station-house. Of course I obeyed, thinking that poor James had got into some midnight row and required bail; so putting some money in my purse I hastened off.

The place was somewhere in First Avenue, and I had considerable difficulty in finding it; but as I approached its neighborhood, a small crowd, restlessly moving about a doorway, indicated the *locale*. I put a hurried question to a sleepy policeman as I entered, but he did not answer, and merely nodding, showed me into the guard-room. There were a half a dozen or so policemen in the room—some on benches, some whispering in groups. A man in his shirt-sleeves, with sleepy eyes, was seated at a desk in one corner, taking down what seemed to be the deposition of a rowdy-looking fellow; while in the centre of the floor a dark form lay stretched, and an old man with white hair crouched over it sobbing!

I understood it at a glance. Poor James Caracole had been killed. It was a drunken row, down somewhere near the East River, the policeman told me. James had insulted some men, received an insolent retort, and struck one of them. The next moment a knife was thrust into his side, and the assassin had escaped.

I went to the poor old father, and tried to raise him up. He recognized me, but would not stir, but still crouched over the body of his murdered son.

"Oh!" he moaned to me as I stooped down to talk to him, "Why did this happen? why did they not choose some one else? why did they kill my beautiful boy?"

I might have told him why it happened. That it had happened because he, in common with hundreds of others in this city, brought up his son improperly. Let him loose upon society when he ought to have been at school. Allowed him money for cigars, and, it may be, for worse vices, when he should have given him nothing but marbles. That it happened because he had devoted his whole soul to the accumulation of money; and so long as he made successful operations, did not care to examine into his son's habits or associates. That it happened because he had set the youth a vicious example of luxury and extravagance himself. That it had happened because he mocked at God's law, and fancied that *his* child's principles and intellect could be sooner matured than was allowed in the universal course of nature. I might have told him all this and a great deal more when he moaned out that sorrowful question to me as he crouched upon the ground, but I was silent, for I too loved the boy, and sorrowed for him bitterly.

At last the poor old man rose up. He cast a long, sad look upon the pale, bloodless face of the corpse. Then lifting one of the stiff arms, he let it fall gently, saying, with a wistful look at me,

"This was my son, Sir!"

THE SINGER'S DREAM.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in the Rheinland a peasant boy, of whose lawful name it concerns me not to know or tell, seeing that all men called him the Singer. And that was a fit name, inasmuch as the child was unlike other children; not for his sad eyes, or his long yellow hair, but that he, always and ever, from his cradle on, had sung instead of speaking.

If a child's pains touched him, a low, minor cadence parted his lips; if a child's joyfulness bubbled up in his heart, he uttered it in some buoyant song, that floated higher than the lark's and made the dullest day bright. He sung often in his sleep wonderful hymns of praise, and the church echoed, at all hours of prayer, with such pure anthems that many went to hear the Singer who had not entered there for priest or mass.

But as the child grew toward manhood he seemed not to become old—no childish pleasure lost its freshness to his soul; still he found treasures in the glitter and tint of stones; loved the inimitable grace and recognized the distinct personality of flowers; the birds he fed daily at the window, and paved the brook with round, white pebbles. Even Gyna, the child he best loved, shot up into gracious girlhood, and became a woman before his eyes, still he was an unconscious child; and when the girl—herself loving, but yet a woman—would have roused the man to life and action by some acute sting of jealousy, the Singer only looked at her with wistful surprise, and turned away sighing very softly.

In time came a sadder change—strange languors and inabilities unstrung his frame—work became impossible to him. The peasant's son could not labor, he could only sing, daily, indeed, more exquisite harmonies, but they made neither bread nor salt; and the housewife that was in his dead mother's place reviled the boy, because he ate without toil. Sometimes he ceased singing, and addressed himself to the vineyard, but with little use, for the feeble hands trembled and the eyes filled too readily for such care-taking work; and I know not but he would have starved, had not the laborers who heard him sing agreed among themselves to feed him, if he would beguile the tediousness of their tasks with his music.

So he lived; but these songs were irksome, and he grew daily wearier and weaker, till one day he begged of the housewife a loaf of brown bread, and with an earthen cup in one hand went away to find life in another place.

Long did the child journey silently on; some saw and loved his tender childlike face, and fed him, not with bread alone, but with gentle words and loving looks; others were rougher, but none cruel; and his songs became, through his open heart, sweet and clear as never before. Yet with all these grew daily a shadow in his eyes; some pain and longing stirred incessantly and ached about his heart; and those who watched his sleep saw his thin hands stretched toward the stars, and heard broken words of eager, awful sadness fall like dying prayers from his dream-singing.

Summer, winter, and spring passed over him as the winds over an air-harp; but they passed again and again without quenching the fire in his eyes, or stilling the heart-pain that consumed him. Life staid by him as a spectre haunts its forgetful dwelling; he neither desired or dreaded its shivering tenure, that still hung tremblingly above him. At last, one day, he strayed into the deep forest—trees closed archwise above his path; the honey-bees sung on either hand their labor-anthem; the red and yellow blossoms swung their gay bells to call the delaying butterflies; birds dropped from bough to bough, sliding on their own songs; winds whispered strange mysteries to the nodding branches; the very rocks bore up lovingly crowds of tiny moss-cups, jeweled with scarlet; and vines tangled their delicate sprays and blood-flushed tendrils with fond insufficiency over and around the leaning tree-trunks.

No creature feared the Singer: squirrels eyed him from their knotty perches with soft, shy looks; the panting hare forgot to leave her form; and the wild dove cooed murmurously from an oak-bough as he passed; while a fearless doe and her fawn, pausing at a limpid spring to drink, drooped their erect ears, and bent their graceful heads again to the bright water, sure of safety from him. Out of the marshy spots myriads of blue violets looked at him innocently, and quaint, brown blossoms, with curiously-scented golden anthers swayed back and

forth graciously on their lithe stems. Here and there a scarlet fly gleamed swiftly in the pine branches, or a crested kingfisher dashed aslant the drooping elms; while, far overhead, seen through interlaced leaves, sailed a calm eagle, regnant and self-poised.

All these the Singer beheld with a new strength gathering in his frame; his chilly veins burned and leaped with unwonted fire; his sorrowful eyes shone light and peace; and a tender rose-glow seemed to glitter and quiver all about him, in whose soft transfiguration he to Nature, and Nature to him, renewed severally their primeval type.

Lingeringly he glided onward till the vaulted branches grew lower and thinner, and the trees dwindled about his way; presently he gained a bare rock on whose summit clung a hemlock tree, so crushed inward by the rare air of the extreme height as scarce to seem a tree. Weary and faint, yet with nerve and brain tense as the expectant cord of a bow, the Singer leaned his head against the evergreen boughs and listened. He had climbed far above the mixed voices of earth, and their hushed murmur only heightened the invisible pressure that seemed to bind a heavy crown about his temples and weigh down his eyelids. Eternal silence was around him; miles away the black forests slept on the mountain sides, sweeping up the gradual slopes, and falling back from the brink of fierce crags; below them green hills, silvered by the breezes that ran along them with aerial feet, or adorned with goodly orchards borne up on their broad shoulders, stood everlastingly quiet and strong; and at their feet lay the leveled meadows, through whose golden-green expanse stole blue rivers, muffling the liquid bells that they had tinkled down the rocks from their native springs, as a child hushes its baby mirth in the new repose of youth and love.

As the Singer sat watching the wide, expressive face of earth, an old sadness trembled on his lips and darkened in his eyes. Here and there, ever through his life, he had caught floating accords of sound, of color, and of thought, that haunted him like glimpses of another being, and spelled out dimly to his soul some vast system of harmonies that it became the gradual hope and vision of his existence to discover. But where should he find a teacher? who should note and utter for him the divine chords whose echo pursued him like a fate? Here the universe sent up its silent pulses to his lips with a thrilling vibration that no sound destroyed; and as he sat and mused with painful delight on the possibilities of creation, a wind arose in the deep valley, and creeping over mountain and crag, stirred the hemlock against whose rugged boughs he leaned; the light murmur stole, song-like, over his brain, and as a baby, lulled by the half-conscious singing of the happy mother-heart against which it rests, sleeps with a smile, so the Singer closed his eyes over their last tears, and with drooped head fell into a vague slumber.

Still to himself he seemed awake, and gazing with wakeful earnestness at the heaps of pearl-white cloud that thronged the sky, above the furthest hill-tops, till, without a start or a glimmer of surprise, he saw them, one after another, take the shape of colossal angels, with serene glory on their brows, as if they saw the sun arising in strength, and with wings of such unearthly tints as never met the eye of man, or were named of his lips.

As the celestial creatures drew nearer, through the parting air, the Singer perceived that each clasped his arms over a harp of rough gold, strung for each with different gems. One flashed a diamond light: one was moonlit with pearls: another glowed in the hidden fire of mystic opals: and lucent rubies, cool emeralds, garnets of love-warm depth, clustered on the several strings of each seraphic instrument; and while gathering about the cliff whereon he sat, each drew from the folds of their trailing robes a written score, the Singer forgot the glory of their brows in the look of pale helplessness that seemed to seal their closed lips, and the piteous, trustful appeal that dimmed their searching eyes.

Some sixth sense lit his human soul; neither voice nor articulate sound pealed from angel to angel, but an emanation of meaning, like the mist a hidden river utters to the sun, interpreted the thoughts of those immortal essences to the perceptions of his mortal brain. He felt their intent gaze tremble through earth, and knew that each asked from Nature and each other the harmony of their several parts. One had the wandering resonances of air noted for the task of his diamonded strings; the countless sounds of inanimate earth—pathetic, languid, tranquil—were drawn out from the emerald chords; from the changeful embers of the opal came the heights and depths of human thought and feeling—now faint as dead ashes, now exultant as fire; plaintive water-sounds, waves that dash, weeping brooks, slow-rippling rivers, the drowsy fall of rain, the tiny laugh of boiling springs—these the pearls emitted from their gleaming rows; animate nature spoke imperative life from the warm garnets; light drew its shaded tones of color from the clear rubies. But though the seraphs, standing silently before the Singer, drew out with skillful hands the power of their several harps, they made angry discords with each other, or forced and monotonous unisons, that dimmed the brightness on their foreheads and wove a deeper shadow over their eyes, and the Singer knew, where it stood on their divine faces, the shadow of his own pain.

A few weak and hesitating notes only did the seraphs strike, and then, quieting their perplexed faces to patience, leaned on their harps and bent earthward.

Gradually the patience heightened into expectation, tremulous with joy; and, following the line of their irradiate eyes, the Singer saw, far below, the shape of a worn and solitary man climbing the mountain-side. Bent and sorrowful looked the classic head, with its fair waving

locks; but the face he could not see. More and more earnest grew the expectant choir as up the painful steep the new-comer toiled; at length he stood among them, and with keen but submissive joy they gave into his hand the written scores they held, and waited breathlessly his voice: but there was no speech. Silently, in that silent choir, the man arranged the angelic harmony; and as he restored to each angel his part, and turned his face to the East, the Singer shuddered with an awful sweetness of recognition. The wan, noble face—the eyes of supernatural fire—the unstained forehead—the glittering hair—where had he seen them? But the seraph harps

were strung; the vision looked adoringly heavenward; the birth-pang of a new life ran sharply through the sleeping Singer—he knew himself! and, borne upward on an unutterable harmony—full, resolute, triumphant—stronger than the gorgeous pinions of the six seraphs, he, the dominant seventh, ascended from earth to glory.

Beside his mortal garment stood Gyna, weary and weeping; faithfully her repentant longing had tracked his steps; and there he slept, not awake to greet her! She stooped, with shy tenderness, to awaken him with a kiss; but his calm lips chilled her to the soul. He was past Love, rapt into Immortality.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS met on the 4th of December, and the President's Message was communicated on the same day. Referring, at the outset, to the diminished crops and the visitations of pestilence which have marked the year, the President proceeds to say that, as a nation, we have been but slightly affected by the wars of Europe, and that it has been his earnest endeavor to maintain peace and friendly intercourse with all nations. Notwithstanding the course we have hitherto pursued of avoiding all entangling alliances, and our remoteness from Europe, some of its governments have manifested an increased disposition to influence, and in some respects direct, our Foreign policy. In plans for adjusting the balance of power among themselves, they have assumed to take us into account, and would constrain us to conform our conduct to their views; and one or another of them has from time to time undertaken to enforce arbitrary regulations, contrary, in many respects, to the established principles of international law. The United States, uniformly respecting and observing that law in their foreign intercourse, can not recognize any such interpolations therein as the temporary interests of others may suggest. Leaving the transatlantic nations to adjust their political system as they may think best, we may well assert the right to be exempt from all annoying interference on their part. Systematic abstinence from intimate political connection with distant foreign nations does not conflict with giving the widest range to our foreign commerce. The government of the United States stands prepared to repel invasion, and provides no permanent means of foreign aggression. The rapid expansion of our territory has been regarded with disquieting concern by some European powers, which ought not, considering their own conquests, to look with unfriendly sentiments upon the acquisitions of this country, which have been in every instance honorably obtained. Our foreign commerce has reached a magnitude nearly equal to that of England, and exceeding that of any other nation. Experience shows that when the principal powers of Europe are engaged in war the rights of neutral nations are endangered. This consideration has led at various times to the assertion of the principle that free ships make free goods; but it has never been generally recognized as a principle of international

law. At the beginning of the present war Great Britain and France announced their purpose to observe it for the present—not as a recognized international right, but as a concession for the time being. This action on their part led our government to make a proposition for special conventions with the several powers of Europe, embracing the rule that free ships should make free goods; and also that neutral property, other than contraband, on board enemies' ships, should be exempt from confiscation. Russia acted promptly in the matter, and a convention was concluded between that country and the United States, providing for the observance of these principles, not only as between themselves, but also as between themselves and all other nations which shall enter into like stipulations. The King of the Two Sicilies has indicated his willingness to enter into such a convention. The King of Prussia entirely approves of the project of a treaty, but proposes an additional article, providing for the renunciation of privateering. This was declined by the United States, from obvious considerations. The navy of England is at least ten times as large as that of the United States. In case of war the latter, without the means of resort to its mercantile marine, would be at a great disadvantage; and in a war with any of the secondary naval powers, the greater extent of our commerce would expose us to equal danger. If the leading powers of Europe would agree in exempting private property from seizure upon the ocean by armed cruisers as well as by privateers, the United States would readily meet them upon that ground.—The Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain has gone into effect. There is a difference of opinion between the two governments as to the boundary line of Washington Territory; the President recommends the appointment of a Commission for its adjustment. He advises also the extinguishment, upon just terms, of certain rights guaranteed by the treaty of 1846 to the Hudson's Bay Company, embracing the right to navigate the Columbia river, which have already led to serious disputes. Difficulties have recently arisen with France, which, though they threatened to be serious, have been satisfactorily adjusted. M. Soulé, our Minister to Spain, was recently excluded from France by order of the government; but as subsequent explanations show that it was not the right of transit, but only the right of residence that was

denied him, he has since passed through France to his post at Madrid. Our relations with Spain have suffered no change. Since the revolution in that country no favorable opportunity has been presented for the adjustment of the serious questions between Spain and the United States; there is reason to believe that the new Ministry is more disposed than the old one was to concede our just demands. Negotiations are pending with Denmark to discontinue the practice of levying tolls on our vessels and their cargoes passing through the Sound. The practice is sanctioned not by international law but by special treaty; the President recommends the discontinuance of the treaty by which we have recognized the right. A treaty for commerce and navigation has been concluded with Japan, and only awaits the exchange of ratifications to be effective. Numerous claims upon Mexico for wrongs and injuries to our citizens remain unadjusted, in spite of all our endeavors to secure a favorable consideration for them. Our government has done all in its power to prevent aggressions upon Mexico, though it has not fully succeeded in every case. By treaties with the Argentine Confederation we have secured the free navigation of the La Plata and some of its larger tributaries; negotiations, hitherto unsuccessful, are still pending with Brazil, for the free navigation of the Amazon. Misunderstandings have arisen with Great Britain concerning the provisions of the treaty of 1850 in regard to Central America; our Minister in London is pressing negotiations to bring them to a close. The President vindicates the destruction of Greytown by the sloop of war *Cyane*, on the ground that its inhabitants had been guilty of flagrant outrages upon the rights and property of Americans, and that there was no recognized authority to which we could look for redress. The transaction has been the subject of complaint on the part of some foreign powers, and has been characterized with more of harshness than of justice. The President thinks it would not be hard to find repeated instances in the history of other states, which would fully justify the chastisement of Greytown.—Passing from foreign to domestic affairs, the financial condition of the country first engages attention. At the end of last year there was a balance in the Treasury of \$21,942,892; the receipts of the year have been \$73,549,705—making the total of available resources \$95,492,597. The expenditures of the year have been \$51,018,249; the payments on the public debt have reached \$24,336,380; and there is a balance in the Treasury of \$20,137,967. The public debt remaining unpaid is \$44,975,456, redeemable at different periods within fourteen years. As it is quite certain that the revenue of the next year, though probably less than that of last, will still be greater than the expenditures, a reduction of duties upon imports is recommended. Further legislation is needed for the security of government papers and account-books, which in some cases are claimed by government officers as their own private property. An increase of the military force to be employed in the Indian territory is recommended as imperatively necessary; four new regiments, two of infantry and two of mounted men, it is believed will be sufficient. A revision of the laws concerning the organization of the army is also recommended. An increase of the naval force is also required, for the defense of our coast and the protection of our commerce. Further legislation is also urged for the government and discipline of our commercial ma-

rine, with a view to greater security, and also for the punishment of insubordination, cowardice, or other misconduct, on the part of officers and mariners, producing injury or death to passengers on the high seas.—In the Post-office Department the expenditures of the year amount to \$8,710,907; the receipts being \$6,955,586—showing a deficiency of \$1,755,321—which, however, is \$361,756 less than the deficiency of the year before. The revenue has increased \$970,399. No increase is anticipated for the coming year. The cost of mail transportation has been \$495,074 greater this year than it was the year before.—The number of acres of the public lands sold during the year was 7,035,735, for which \$9,285,533 was received. The whole quantity surveyed was 11,070,935 acres, and 8,190,017 acres have been brought into market. The President renews suggestions previously made concerning donations of lands to aid in the construction of railroads, the policy of internal improvements, and the need of reorganizing the judicial system of the United States.

The Report of the Hon. James Guthrie, the Secretary of the Treasury, sets forth the detailed receipts and expenditures of the year, the aggregates of which are given in the President's Message, and presents estimates of the receipts and expenditures for the next year. The receipts from customs have not fallen off from the pressure in the money market, as it was feared they would; the increased exportations, and a more uniform and better valuation of goods, are assigned as the reasons for this result. The Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain, which introduces free trade with the British colonies, and the short crop, will diminish the receipts from customs for the remainder of the present year. There has been an increase of 395,892 tons in the tonnage of our foreign and coastwise commerce during the year. The imports are \$26,321,317 in excess over our exports—the latter including \$38,000,000 of specie and bullion. The Secretary recommends a reduction of the revenue from customs, in accordance with the recommendation of last year—which proposed having only five schedules of duty; the first of 100, the second of 20, the third of 15, the fourth of 10, and the fifth of 5 per cent.; and also to extend the free list very considerably. He proposes to remove the duty from the raw materials used in several articles of manufactures, as is already done by other countries. There has been, during the year, a large increase of articles of domestic manufacture, and it is believed that this increase during the coming year will be still greater. The revenue from duties on articles which are to be admitted free of duty by the Reciprocity Treaty was \$1,524,457; so that the revenue will be diminished to that extent. A repeal of the fishing bounties is recommended.—The system of monthly settlements with the Collectors of Customs has been carried out, except on the Pacific, and has been found to work well. The condition of the various offices subordinate to the Treasury department is very satisfactory. There has been \$16,152,170 of silver coined during the year, and furnished for circulation; but the full benefits of the silver coinage can not be realized while small bank notes are encouraged under bank charters, and made current by the patronage of the community. The amount of gold and silver coin in the country is estimated at \$241,000,000; of which, \$60,000,000 is in the banks, \$20,000,000 in the independent treasury, and the rest in circulation.

It is in the power of the States, by prohibiting the banks from issuing small notes for circulation, and by making the specie currency the basis of their own receipts and expenditures, to give the predominance to specie. The disorder now felt in money matters is attributed by the Secretary to the failure of many banks, to the large imports, and to the want of confidence between the borrower and the lender: he says it can not properly be attributed to the shipment of gold and silver, which is only a consequence of the other causes. The work on the Coast Survey makes good progress, and if supported a few years longer by Congress, will give us a complete knowledge of our coast and harbors, to the great advantage of commerce. Further action is recommended in order to provide the means of rescuing human life, in case of shipwreck, along our coast. The Secretary recommends additional provision for the public welfare upon several points of minor interest, to which it is not important to make more specific reference in this place.

The Report of Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, states the authorized strength of the army at 14,216 officers and men, while its actual strength is only 10,745. This difference is gradually disappearing under the operation of the law to encourage enlistments by increasing the pay. But little success has attended the efforts to remove the Indians from the Southern part of Florida, in accordance with their treaty stipulations: more vigorous efforts are in progress, which promise better results. In the other departments the Indians have repeatedly come into collision with our troops, and depredations upon frontier residents and upon emigrants are of frequent occurrence. In the West hostilities have occurred with the Sioux, the most powerful and warlike tribe of the West. In Texas the aid of volunteers has been frequently invoked. In New Mexico serious hostilities have been repressed by the prompt and energetic action of the troops employed there; but depredations upon the inhabitants are still of frequent occurrence, and in the department of the Pacific outrages of the most revolting character have been perpetrated upon families of emigrants to California and Oregon. The troops have been actively engaged in the effort to punish these aggressions. On the 16th of August, Lieutenant Grattan, of the Sixth Infantry, was sent with thirty men, by the Commander of Fort Laramie, to punish a band of the Sioux from which emigrants to the Pacific had suffered very severely. The entire detachment was massacred by about 1500 Indians, who formed and executed a deliberate plan for that purpose. It has not hitherto been found possible to concentrate the troops sufficiently to prevent these outrages without too great an exposure of the frontier settlements. Our entire loss, in the several actions with the Indians during the year, has been four officers and sixty-three men killed, and four officers and forty-two men wounded. For military purposes, the territory of the United States is divided into five commands: (1.) The Department of the East, embracing the whole country east of the Mississippi, having 2800 miles of seaboard, 1800 miles of foreign, and 200 miles of Indian frontier, has only *eleven* of its fifty garrisons furnished with men—leaving the remainder exposed to attack from any naval power. The total force in this department is 1574 officers and men, of which 500 are employed on the Indian frontier of Florida. (2.) The Department of the West, including all the country between the Mississippi

and the Rocky Mountains, has a seaboard foreign and Indian frontier of 2400 miles, 2000 miles of routes traversed by emigrants, and an Indian population of 180,000, a large portion of which are hostile to us: the force in this department is 1855 officers and men. (3.) The Department of Texas, with a seaboard of 400 miles, a foreign and Indian frontier of nearly 2000, communications of 1200 miles through an Indian population of 30,000, has a force of 2886. (4.) The Department of New Mexico has an Indian and foreign frontier of 1500 miles, Indian communications of over 1000, an Indian population of 50,000, and a military force of 1654. (5.) The Department of the Pacific has a seaboard frontier of over 1500 miles, an Indian frontier of 1600, more than 2000 miles of communication through an Indian country, an Indian population of 134,000, who are becoming formidable from concentration, a knowledge of fire-arms, and experience in their use, and a military force of only 1305 officers and men. The Secretary urges that this force in the several departments is entirely inadequate to the service required of it, and recommends such an increase as shall give greater security to our frontiers against Indian hostilities. The extension of our boundaries into the Indian territories, renders it quite likely that the ensuing years will be marked by still more numerous and more serious outrages than have been experienced hitherto. The Secretary insists that it is much more economical to maintain a regular army sufficient to suppress these outrages, than to rely upon militia force. During the past twenty-two years over thirty millions of dollars have been expended in the repression of Indian hostilities, to say nothing of the immense sums lost by the destruction of private property, etc. Much of this might have been saved, if the regular force had been sufficient to prevent the outbreaks which it was afterward necessary to suppress. The estimates for the support of the army during the coming year are \$681,688 more than those of the last year. This increase is caused by the law of last session fixing higher rates of payment for the rank and file of the army. An increase in the pay of officers is also recommended; the present rates having been fixed more than forty years ago, when money had a much higher value as compared with the price of food. Additional legislation is needed to settle questions of rank, to equalize the rates of payment, and to remedy other inconveniences in the department. Among other amendments it is proposed to give effect to brevet rank only when the President may see fit to authorize it. The organization of the staff is discussed at length, and a new system is recommended. It is proposed that there shall be nine Brigadier-Generals, instead of five, as at present, so that there may be one for each of the five departments, one for Quartermaster-General, one for Adjutant-General, and two for Inspectors-General. Various details are suggested in reference to the other departments, as well as to various branches of the general service. Improvements of an important character have been made in the academy at West Point, and experiments continue to be made to test the utility of various new inventions in fire-arms. The survey of the northern and northwestern lakes has made steady progress, and steps have been taken to secure the construction of roads in our new territories authorized by law.

The Report of Mr. Campbell, the Postmaster-

General, states that the number of post-offices in the United States on the 1st of December was 23,925; and the total annual transportation of the mails was 63,387,005, at a cost of \$4,630,676. As compared with the service of the preceding year, there was an increase of 1,494,463 miles, or two and a half per cent. in service, and of \$134,708 in cost, or about three per cent. The increase of railroad service is nineteen per cent. in transportation, and not quite *one* per cent. in cost: in steamboat service there has been a reduction of 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., at a reduced cost of 29 7-10 per cent. Great difficulty is still experienced in fixing the rates of compensation for mail service on railroads, and Mr. Campbell expresses the opinion that more is now paid for that service than it is worth. The expenditures of the department for the year have been \$8,577,424, of which \$5,401,382 was for transportation of the mails, and \$1,707,708 compensation to postmasters. The gross revenue of the department was \$6,955,586, of which \$3,277,110 was from letter postage, \$2,146,476 from postage stamps sold, and \$606,148 from newspapers. This shows a deficiency of \$1,621,837, to which are to be added \$133,483 for balances due to foreign offices, making the total deficiency for the year \$1,755,321, which is \$361,756 less than the deficiency of the previous year. The increase in the revenue of the department over the previous year is \$970,399, principally in letter postage and the sale of postage stamps. The expenditures of next year are estimated at \$9,841,921, and the receipts at \$148,023 more. Special attention has been directed to the loss of letters containing money, which is already very great, and seems to be increasing. In order to secure greater safety, the Postmaster-General recommends the adoption of a system of registration, by which a receipt shall be given for any letter containing money, and its address registered at the office from which it is sent. By this means a missing letter can always be traced. The expense of such a system will be considerable, and it is proposed to meet it by an extra charge of five cents for registration, and that postage on all registered letters be prepaid. It is not proposed to make the registration of valuable letters compulsory, nor to make the department liable for their contents. The cost of the mail service for the last year on the several United States mail steamship lines has been as follows—

New York to Liverpool, Collins's Line, 26 trips.	\$58,000
New York to Bremen, 11 trips.	183,333
New York to Havre.	137,500
New York to Aspinwall, 24 trips.	289,000
Astoria to Panama, 24 trips.	348,250
Charleston to Havana, 24 trips.	50,000
New Orleans to Vera Cruz, 24 trips.	37,200
Aspinwall to Panama.	119,727

Total. \$2,023,010

The Postmaster-General makes a variety of recommendations in regard to the several branches of this service.

The Report of Mr. Dobbin, the Secretary of the Navy, gives an account of the operations of the various vessels belonging to the service during the year. The Home Squadron has cruised principally among the West India islands and along the coasts of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. Lieutenant Strain, after a perilous and difficult survey of the proposed route for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, has reported it to be impracticable. The Brazil Squadron has been efficiently engaged in protecting our interests in that

quarter. The African Squadron has been occupied in taking measures to check the African slave trade. The Mediterranean Squadron has been efficient in protecting American interests there. The East India Squadron has had frequent calls upon it for the protection of American interests in consequence of the civil war in China. A treaty has been concluded with Japan, by which two ports are opened to foreign vessels, and shipwrecked American mariners are guaranteed protection and kind treatment.—The Secretary is earnestly in favor of increasing the Navy. Even with the addition of the six steam frigates in process of construction, our naval force will not exceed fifty vessels in condition for service. He enforces his views in favor of an increase at considerable length—urging that the money spent in building ships will be expended among our own mechanics, and that we ought to have the material of a Navy sufficient for all emergencies. The six frigates authorized by law are to be constructed in the navy yards at Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington, and Norfolk—five of them by private contract. The Secretary renews his recommendation of a retired list, on reduced pay, for faithful officers who have become infirm—the discharge of the inefficient who have no claim on the government for services rendered—promotion regulated by capacity and merit, and not solely by seniority—and pay, to some extent controlled by sea service. He urges a better discipline in the service, not by restoring flogging—which he does not think desirable—but by a system of rewards for merit and of punishment by confinement, etc. He intends to adopt the apprentice system, for the introduction of a better class of seamen into the service. We have eight navy yards besides the one in process of construction in California. The yard at Memphis has been surrendered to the city, and abandoned by the Government. The Naval Academy is prosperous and efficient. The Naval Observatory demonstrates constantly the utility of its establishment. Lieutenant Maury's efforts are highly commended. The estimates for the Navy during the next year are \$16,241,931; the total expenditures of the past year have been \$10,801,845.

Various other documents accompanied the President's Message, of which it is not necessary to make special mention in this Record. The proceedings of Congress thus far have been merely formal.

The election for State officers in New York, which took place on the 7th of November, resulted in the success of the Whig ticket, and in the choice of 82 Whigs out of 128 Members of the Assembly. The aggregate vote for State officers was as follows:

Governor.		Lieutenant-Governor.	
Clark.	156,804	Raymond.	157,166
Seymour.	156,495	Ludlow.	128,633
Ulmann.	122,282	Scroggs.	121,037
Bronson.	33,850	Ford.	52,074
Canal Commissioner.		State Prison Inspector.	
Fitzhugh.	161,003	Bowne.	153,497
Clark.	125,210	Andrews.	124,735
Williams.	58,244	Saunders.	120,747
Burnham.	113,968	Vernam.	41,978

From California we have intelligence to the 16th of November. Various projects for works of internal improvement were actively canvassed.—Colonel Devereux J. Woodlief was killed on the 8th in a duel with Achilles Kewen. The difficulty grew out of a casual conversation, in which the latter was wrong, and the former obstinate in re-

fusing an explanation. They fought with rifles, and Woodlief was killed at the first fire.—The recently arrived overland emigrants report farther difficulties with the Indians, who have attacked several companies and destroyed a great deal of property with some lives.—The United States steam frigate *Susquehanna* arrived at San Francisco, on the 11th, from Hong Kong, having paid a visit on her way to Japan and the Sandwich Islands. The harbor of Simoda, which was thrown open to foreign commerce by the treaty with Commodore Perry, is represented to be small and much less convenient than was at first supposed. The surrounding country is highly cultivated, though but small supplies of provisions can be obtained at that port. The morals of the Japanese are represented as being in a low state.

From the *Sandwich Islands* we have information of the negotiation of a treaty of annexation between Mr. Gregg, the United States Commissioner, and the King of the Sandwich Islands. Its details are not yet known, but it is said to be extremely favorable to the United States. A pension is reported to have been provided by its terms for the members of the present Government, who will lose their positions by annexation. The English Consul, Mr. Miller, in a speech to the king, has made a very earnest and emphatic protest against annexation—representing that it would reduce the natives of the Islands to a state of slavery, and be ruinous to the morals of the country.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Public interest is painfully excited by the intelligence from the seat of war, and by the unexpectedly stubborn resistance of the Russians. Although in every engagement the Allies have been victorious, they have suffered very heavy losses, and the ability of the enemy for fresh resistance seems to have been but slightly impaired. The whole number of British troops originally sent to the Crimea was about 28,000; but the losses from war and disease have so reduced the numbers that on the 1st of November they did not exceed 15,500. The news of the wasting attacks of the Russians, of their constant supply of fresh troops from the interior, and of the speedy approach of winter, which would put an end to the active operations of the siege, had stimulated the British government to the greatest energy in sending reinforcements to the Crimea. Two of the Cunard line of steamers between Liverpool and New York had been withdrawn for that service, and other steamers were also in requisition. Recruiting was proceeding with all practicable rapidity, being stimulated by a large increase in the bounty. General enthusiasm in regard to the war continued to prevail. Mr. Bright, however, in spite of this, has published a letter condemning the war in the most emphatic language, declaring that it was caused by the needless interference of the English government in the dispute between Turkey and Russia, and by its culpable neglect to terminate the difficulty when the Czar accepted the Vienna note. That note was prepared by the friends of Turkey, who urged its acceptance on the Russian cabinet. It was accepted—but as some difficulty arose about its terms, Russia proposed that it should be explained by the arbitrators at Vienna. Turkey, however, for whom England was acting, rejected it; and then England also abandoned it, and suffered herself to be dragged into war. Mr. Bright thus throws upon England the whole responsibility

for a war which he pronounces highly criminal and injurious to the interests of the country. The letter is very severely criticised, as unsound in argument and unpatriotic in its influence. Parliament had been summoned to meet on the 12th of December. The business to be submitted is said to be a proposition permitting the militia to be sent out for colonial service, in order to permit sending larger reinforcements of regulars to the seat of war. The financial embarrassments of the war will of necessity engage attention.

THE CONTINENT.

In *Germany* negotiations are said to have been resumed, with a view either to the restoration of peace, or to render it necessary for Austria and Prussia to take some decided part in the prosecution of the war. It is stated that Prussia has declared her willingness to present in the German Diet, for its action, a motion embracing the following points: 1. The German Diet, in accord with Austria and Prussia, recognizes the four points of the Vienna note as the basis of the future treaty of peace. 2. The Germanic Confederation approves the occupation of the Danubian Principalities by the Austrian troops. 3. After the four conditions have been accepted by Russia, Austria will make no other demands on that power. 4. Austria shall pledge herself not to take any further steps in the Eastern question, without having previously come to an agreement on the subject with Prussia and the Federation. 5. Austria, Prussia, and the Confederation shall address a collective summons to Russia, on the subject of the four conditions. 6. Should Russia not reply favorably to this summons, the military Committee of the Diet will immediately take all necessary measures to put the contingents of the Federal States on a war footing. 7. All future resolutions respecting the Eastern question shall be taken by the Diet. 8. Prussia and the Diet declare that they will give Austria their full support in her own territories, and in the Principalities, if she should be exposed to an attack from Russia. The result of this offer is not accurately known; but the probability was that it would be in substance accepted. The Russian ambassador at Vienna has also signified to the government the readiness of the Czar to negotiate for peace on the basis of the Vienna note. A Frankfort paper states that the French and English ministers had informed the Austrian secretary that the operations against Sebastopol would not be suspended, and that the Vienna note could no longer be recognized as a basis of negotiation.

In *Sweden* the King has obtained from the two Court Chambers a further grant of two and a half millions of dollars, demanded as a means of preserving neutrality. No definite explanations of the objects of the grant were made, but intimations were given that Sweden could not take ground against the Western Powers, and that any hostility must be toward Russia. In the House of Nobles the grant was carried by a vote of 122 to 19; in the House of Priests the vote was unanimous. In the House of Burghers there was considerable debate, and the vote stood 39 to 15.

In *Spain* a trial of party strength took place on the election of Provisional President of the Constituent Cortes. The candidate of the Moderate Progresistas was chosen, receiving 112 votes against 88 for the candidate of the Exaltados. The result created a dissension in the Cabinet, which led to the tender by General Espartero of his resignation.

In a speech to the Cortes he disavowed ambition of every kind, and said he should retire from the Ministry, leaving his colleagues in office. The Queen had declined to accept his resignation, so that at the latest dates the government remained unchanged. A good deal of disaffection is felt in political circles, but nothing at all threatening to the monarchy.

THE EASTERN WAR.

The war in the Crimea is still continued, but, up to the time of closing this Record, without any decisive result. After the battle of the Alma, narrated last month, the allied armies advanced toward Sebastopol; the Russians withdrawing in good order from the Alma, and being reinforced by a strong body of troops under General Liprandi. The Allies took possession of the port of Balaklava and the narrow road which connects it with Sebastopol, both being essential to the operations of the siege. The road ran through a gorge in the heights, which constituted the rear of the position which the English troops had taken up. Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-chief, had prepared the defense by placing heavy guns on the heights, and below them the 93d Highlanders, under Sir Colin Campbell, who barred the road leading to the village. A plain extended from the heights northward toward the Tchernaya, which was intersected by a low irregular ridge about two miles and a half from the village. This ridge was defended by four redoubts, which Turkish troops had been directed to hold in front of the centre of the English position. Prince Menschikoff sent General Liprandi to the Tchernaya with some 30,000 troops, to attack the Allies of this point; his object being to assail them in rear, to turn the right and seize Balaklava. In carrying out this plan General Liprandi, on the morning of the 25th of October, divided his forces and commenced the attack, part advancing by the military road, and the rest by the village of Kamara, in front of which the English had erected a strong defensive work. This, as well as the redoubts held by the Turks, was carried by the Russians, who then advanced their cavalry, which was rapidly followed and supported by artillery. The smaller portion of them assailed the front and right flank of the 93d, but were repulsed by a steady and well-directed fire. The larger mass went toward the British cavalry, which met them with a heavy charge, and effectually broke them up. The Russians, though repulsed, still retained the guns they had taken in the redoubts, and had re-formed upon their own ground, with artillery in front and on their flanks. Lord Raglan sent an order to the Earl of Lucan to advance and prevent the removal of the guns. The Earl understood the order to be a peremptory one to attack, and accordingly ordered the Earl of Cardigan to advance with the Light Brigade. The order was obeyed with great spirit. Lord Cardigan charged upon the very centre of the Russian position, but being assailed by a murderous fire from batteries on both flanks and by volleys of musketry, besides being met by a superior cavalry force, was forced back with very great loss. He was somewhat protected in his retreat by a diversion effected by the French. The engagement was then suspended for the day, Lord Raglan resolving to contract his line of defense to the immediate vicinity of Balaklava and the heights in the rear of the British army. Next day the Russians sallied forth from Sebastopol, seven or eight thou-

sand strong, and attacked the right of the English division under Sir De Lacy Evans, who repulsed them, however, with promptitude, being sustained by fresh detachments of both French and English troops. The losses in these engagements were very heavy on both sides, the Russians suffering most.

A still more formidable attack was made by the Russians on the 5th of November. They had received still farther reinforcements from Asia and from the Danube, and their whole force, including the garrison, was estimated at 60,000 men. On the morning of the 5th, strong columns of their troops came upon the advanced pickets covering the right of the English position before Sebastopol. The Second Division, under Major General Pennefather, with the Light Division, under General Brown, were immediately brought forward, together with several others, to resist the advance of the Russians, who had, under cover of skirmishers, brought up numerous heavy batteries, their guns amounting in all to over ninety. The English were once or twice driven back, until they were finally supported by two battalions of French infantry, when the Russians were repulsed. The engagement continued for some time, and resulted in the maintenance of their ground by the Allies, and in the defeat of the Russian attempt, but with very great loss on both sides. The Russians finally withdrew, leaving an immense number of their dead upon the field. While this attack upon the English right was going on, a sortie from the garrison was also made against the French on the left, but without success. This is the last battle known to have taken place. Reports received through Russian channels state that the fire of the besiegers had greatly slackened. The losses in these successive engagements have been very great. On the 5th, the loss of the English was 459 killed, 1933 wounded, 198 missing—that of the French was 1726 killed and wounded. The Russian loss is stated at 2961 killed and 5791 wounded. Among the English officers killed were Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart and Brigadier-Generals Strangways and Goldie. Reinforcements for the Allies had begun to arrive, and preparations were being made for a winter prosecution of hostilities. Upon the receipt of General Canrobert's dispatch concerning the battle of the 5th, the Emperor wrote him a letter, expressing his entire satisfaction with the conduct of the army, and his sympathy with the losses it had sustained and the fatigues it had endured. He had hoped that the victories of the Alma would have seriously weakened the force of the Russians, and that Sebastopol would have more speedily fallen. The obstinate defense of that town and the reinforcements of the enemy had for a time checked the success of the Allies. The Emperor adds that considerable reinforcements are already on the way—that this increase would soon double the allied force, and enable it to resume the offensive—that a powerful diversion is soon to be made in Bessarabia—and that in foreign countries public opinion becomes more and more favorable. "If Europe," he says, "should have seen, without alarm, our eagles, so long banished, displayed with so much *éclat*, it is because Europe knows that we are only fighting for its independence. If France has resumed the position to which she is entitled, and if victory has again attended upon her banners, it is—I declare it with pride—to the patriotism and indomitable bravery of the army that I owe it."

Editor's Table.

WHAT AWAITS OUR COUNTRY? Our country has an area of nearly three millions of square miles. Compared with the greatest empires of antiquity, it is equal in extent to the dominion of Alexander or Rome in the days of their grandeur. Within fifty years it has increased more than three-fold. Our territorial additions have chiefly been made along the Gulf of Mexico, and in regions tributary to it; while in the remote West we have acquired an immense domain on the Pacific. If, at first, our national possessions were mainly connected with the Atlantic and a portion of the Gulf, they now have a shore-line of over twelve thousand statute miles along the coasts of the three large bodies of water that wash the North American continent.

The position of a country, considered in a geographical view, exerts a powerful influence over its civilization. Its history, if not written beforehand, is indicated by the physical circumstances that belong to its peculiar location. There is, at least, a sort of symbolism—a prophecy in soil, rivers, atmosphere, and ocean—that points out its line of action. Nature has formed the earth for man's abode; but she has distributed its advantages with an unequal hand. If we except the primary laws of matter, the different sections of the globe may be practically regarded as a series of habitations for the members of the human family. Would it be thought poetic if we were to speak of it as an *E Pluribus Unum* world? And yet, if not in structure, it is such in its divisions. Climate runs through a scale of vast variety. We have the zero, where the existence of our race is barely possible; and, advancing from that limit, we pass through all modes of physical life to the highest range of adaptation. Utility and pleasure, power and progress, means and ends, are constantly measured out in such degrees as may best subserve the wise purposes of creative skill. The earth has not been given to all to be used alike. It is a home, a sphere, a discipline, for every one; but not in the same unvarying method. Providence has no general plan that does not embrace many minor plans; and hence the material relations of men are so ordained as that dissimilar processes of education and development may contribute to a complete system. The sunshine, the rain, the dew, are the same agents every where; but what a contrast between the grain, the fruits that they cause to grow! What a breadth between the flower-harvest of Persia and the corn-harvest of England—between the olives of Sardinia, the grapes of Italy, the tea of China, and the wheat of New York—the rice of Carolina, and the cotton of Alabama! By these peculiarities of physical law man is trained; to him they are an organic providence; and from them he derives those lessons of experience which fit him to practice the duties of industry and self-reliance. Nations are taught in the same manner. A part of the earth is apportioned to them for sustenance and support. Whatever can be produced beyond their own immediate necessities may be converted into articles of commerce. The interests of the world are thus united, and each fulfilling its distinct relations to nature, and accomplishing its work, becomes tributary to the other.

Our original territory, sloping from the Alleghany range to the Atlantic, and looking eastwardly to the old world, was admirably suited to the incipient forms of colonization. It was not only sufficient for our early trade and commerce, but it afforded the best field for us to serve out a faithful apprenticeship in acquiring the art of settling a continent. Our leading ports were near the ocean, and our most productive lands—so far as then occupied—were convenient to tide-water. Every thing that we needed in laying the foundations of empire was provided there; and especially for the successful issue of the War of Independence, it was the most advantageous location that we could have possessed. Whether we contemplate the facilities for home or foreign intercourse, the opportunities for combining our strength, the subjugation of the Indian tribes, or the establishment of a commercial basis, the Atlantic seaboard was the region for us first to redeem from the wilderness and make the seat of civilization. The colonists were from commercial nations, and hence would naturally seek such proximity to the sea as accorded with their tastes and business. But, apart from this, it was the true training-ground for our countrymen. Its physical arrangements were exceedingly serviceable in constituting American society, and in qualifying us to found new States. It has enabled us to transplant our experience with our institutions, and to preserve that singular continuity of growth which has marked the extension of State authority and Federal jurisdiction over the immense territories of the West and the Southwest.

Our present position is one of striking interest. The frontier-line of the United States, on the British Possessions, is over three thousand miles in length; the shore-line of the Gulf of Mexico about three thousand five hundred; the Atlantic coast nearly seven thousand; and the Pacific over two thousand miles. Allowing for nearly fifteen hundred miles that border on Mexico, we have, within these boundaries, a territory that is five-sixths the size of Europe, and more than one-third of the whole area of the North American continent. Each great subdivision of the country enjoys ample natural advantages, or is capable of perfecting them by means of artificial improvements. On the north, the chain of Lakes; on the south, the Gulf; on the east, the Atlantic; on the west, the Pacific; large rivers draining interior regions, and offering easy outlets to the thoroughfares of commerce; mountains stretching across the entire scope of the land so as to modify climate and promote the interests of agriculture; each territorial section favored in its physical geography, and yet intimately connected with the others: all combine to furnish every facility for intercourse, trade, and enterprise that the most extensive system of civilization can require. Our shore-line averages one mile of coast to every two hundred and forty-one miles of surface, and the inland portions of the country are so situated as to be within reach of the avenues of transportation. Looking at the mere fact of location, one of the most important considerations in the settlement of a people, our national territory presents a most fortunate provision both for diffusion and concentration. A diagram, drawn with reference to the arts

of life, would show that no part of the world is better fitted to independent pursuits, to the successful prosecution of individual business, to the various elements of industry, to the organization of the whole in the relations of commerce. Whether domestic or foreign connections are estimated, our position, as mapped out by nature, indicates that we may command every instrument of prosperity and power. Nor is this all. A country, if its capacity for civilization is to be measured, must be viewed in its social and governmental aspects. The law of society is opinion; the law of government is its written constitution. The vastness of our territory suggests some interesting thoughts on this subject. American society has been greatly aided by the form of our colonization. The inter-emigration from the planting States, and to a considerable extent from New England and the Middle States, has been a movement of families. All the institutions and habits of the household have been carried with it; and hence society has started in the new regions from an advanced point. A nucleus for a correct public sentiment has existed in the elementary stages of the new States, and consequently the conditions of moral growth had not to be supplied. But taking opinion in its wider range, as the conservative force of society, the broad scope of our national domain is calculated to promote its salutary action. The various means that educate its judgment, discipline its taste, and direct its expression, have been brought to bear upon it. And at the same time, physical circumstances have tended to restrain its undue sway. The tyranny of public opinion is not a fiction; it is a reality, that may produce a tremendous amount of mischief; and hence it is exceedingly desirable to protect society against its ravages. In this respect our position is auspicious. Public opinion is diffused over too large a surface to threaten any serious danger. It has the cares of home, neighborhood, and State to engross its anxieties and occupy its efforts; it has a thousand vents through which it may act; it meets with checks and correctives in every local interest; and consequently there is not the exposure to its evils that would exist if it were directed to one absorbing object. And the same train of reasoning applies to our confederated Republic. The size of our country renders a simple, limited government necessary. If the provisions of our Constitution are considered with reference to this fact, it would seem that nothing could exceed the wisdom of their adaptations. By confining the Federal Government to a general supervision; by ordaining such duties as are essential to the public welfare; by resigning all matters of universal concern to its hands, and investing it with sufficient power to execute its offices; by making it an authority over the whole, so far as the security and happiness of the whole demanded; by what is granted and by what has been withheld, it is just such a system as admits of extension over an immense territory. The fable of antiquity, that men sprung from the soil, amuses the scholar; but with what truth of imagination may it be said that the Constitution of the United States is its physical geography in another shape—the images of natural grandeur embodied in principles of corresponding magnificence!

A glance at the map of the globe will enable any one to see that we possess unequalled advantages for enjoying trade and commerce with the world. Tropical latitudes are within easy reach. The vast

regions of South America, that offer so many prospective inducements to enterprise, are convenient to us. Our Pacific slope will soon give us command of the wealth of Asia; while our position on the Atlantic furnishes ready access to the central ocean of civilization. The interior of our country—its Mississippi basin—forming an area of more than one million of square miles, and favored with the finest soil in either hemisphere, has a geographical situation that makes it a supplying reservoir for all the other sections of the North American continent. Its productions, seeking the natural or artificial channels that may convey them to the Atlantic, the Gulf, or the Pacific, will be concentrated in the commercial depots of our national territory, and afford employment to millions of human beings. If our agriculture is laid out on such a scale, the collateral branches of industry must follow. Manufacturing and mining occupations, devoting their numerous arts to useful service, or employing their skill and taste in ministering to the demands of an insatiate luxury, will find ample scope for capital and activity. The main point of interest, however, lies in the fact that our country is so new, so facile, so energetic, that it can accommodate itself to the commercial wants of the age, and embrace any openings for enterprise that may be presented. A necessity in another nation becomes a positive gain to us. If the starving population of England require the abolition of corn laws, we are instantly able to supply the increased want of provisions. The semi-civilized empires of Asia enter into treaty with us, and we are ready to transport our commodities to their ports. And hence the different causes that are so efficiently at work to create an intercommercial system for the whole world, are directly tributary to our advancement. For it must not be forgotten that youth gives pliancy, and prepares a people to avail itself of any auxiliary that may facilitate its progress. Had our trade been the offspring of national policy, or had it been the slow result of accumulated centuries, it is easy to see that we might have been reduced to a commercial régime which would interfere with the successful use of circumstances. But as it is, the commerce of the country is determined by its own laws. Like the country, it is the creature of a fresh and vigorous era, awakening to the quick perception of wonders around it, and confident of its own power to turn them to substantial profit. Our position, therefore, confers vast advantages. It is a position for general action. It is a position from which we can radiate freely in any direction. And especially, it is a position that makes our commerce a preferred candidate for the great prizes of the day. The spirit of exclusiveness, which has so long governed the nations of Asia, is fast yielding, and no people are as well situated as ourselves to realize its benefits. With our maritime strength on the Pacific, and the means of intercourse between the eastern and western sections of the Union that a few years must bring, there is nothing to hinder the commercial ascendancy of the United States over all the world.

But what awaits us abroad must be measured by what awaits us at home. Let us begin with population. If we compute its increase till 1890 at 35.87 per cent. (the rate of advance from 1840 to 1850), and estimate the remaining ten years of the present century at the ratio of the last decade, exclusive of foreigners, it will give us a population of one hundred millions for 1900. The distribution

of this population, if the present proportion of town and country be maintained, will give about twenty-five millions to cities, towns, and villages, and the remaining three-fourths to rural life. There will be more than ten millions of farmers, whose agricultural products may be estimated by the value of 1850 at over \$6,000,000,000. Our foreign and home commerce may be supposed to reach over \$7,000,000,000; exports of domestic goods, \$800,000,000; value of real and personal estate over \$28,000,000,000; real estate holders at about 6,000,000. If our churches should bear the same ratio as now, there would be over 160,000, and more than 125,000 clergymen in regular or occasional service. The teachers may be estimated at about the same number, and 16,000,000 of children will be at school. Over 900 colleges, theological, law, and medical schools will be in operation. If New York city should then have a population in the same proportion to the aggregate people of the country as it had in 1850, it will number over two millions of inhabitants. Supposing that this degree of prosperity is experienced, the density of the country would not be equal to more than four fifths of the present density of New England. Nor would over one third of our territorial area then be improved by agriculture. There would still be ample room for twenty millions of additional farmers. If, indeed, the density of the United States were to become the same as Massachusetts, it would embrace four hundred and twenty millions; and if as great as Belgium (three hundred and eighty-five to the square mile), it would be adequate to accommodate all the present population of the globe. The intelligent reader need not be informed that these estimates are conjectural, but nevertheless, they are warranted fully by existing data. It is probable that they fall short of the approaching reality; for our prosperity, so far, has surpassed the calculations even of enthusiastic statisticians.

The power necessary to obtain a most unexampléd growth is secured to our country. And we speak in this tone of confidence because the power itself dwells in the mind and character of the people. It is not derived from external circumstances. It is not adventitious. Whatever aid may be drawn from outward fortune, the great secret of strength is in the resources of our individual and social nature. The motives that stimulate, and the objects that reward, are common property; and hence the intellect and enterprise of all classes, free from every false restraint and quickened into the utmost intensity, must be adequate to these magnificent results. If this grandeur is realized, it will place a gigantic sceptre in our hands. Such a spectacle as the near future is opening its portals to disclose has never charmed the vision of the world. It will be the miracle of modern life. The heirs of such an inheritance must look forward to its responsibilities; and consequently, nothing is more rational than a profound solicitude to watch those signs which the course of events gives as forecastings of popular preparation for it. A thousand contingencies always attend the advent of humanity into a new sphere; but the laws of human action are permanent; they carry their own prophecy within themselves; they write their own history; and hence, where they have the unrestricted scope that belongs to them on the soil of American freedom, it ought to be possible for us to arrive at just conclusions about our approaching condition.

First, then, it may be said, that no danger is to

be expected from the Government. Our Federal system is so constructed as to be incapable of those enormous excesses which involve nations in ruin. It can not become hopelessly corrupt or recklessly extravagant. If, at any time, it forget its representative office; if it stretch its power and oppress the people; if it violate the sanctity of its high trust and convert it to unhallowed ends—how far could it abuse its prerogatives? The license of a day might be enjoyed, but vengeance would soon reach it. The eyes of its subjects are constantly on it; and whenever they detect the least deviation from the line of official integrity, they have the remedy to apply. It can not pass beyond their reach; it can not annul their sovereignty; it can not deprive them of the means of controlling its operations; and consequently, it can never be made the instrument of their overthrow. With us, Government has no separate and independent interests. It is not a person or a caste, but the simple agent of the people. Outside of the people, it has no meaning—no purpose—no aim; and therefore, united as it is to the people, pledged to their protection, ordained for their welfare, it must fulfill its task in obedience to their sentiments. The theory of our Government in this respect is a matter of increasing consciousness with its citizens. There is a growing disposition to exercise a strict watchfulness over its men and its measures. Not that there is a morbid suspicion on the part of the people, or any tendency to embarrass its legitimate movements; but their relation to its administrative and legislative acts is assuming the form of a practical habit. The progress of popular influence in the history of our country is distinctly marked, and its effects are seen in nothing more strikingly than in the decline of great statesmanship in Congress. American mind now speaks through the press. It speaks its own will in its own language. It is heard every day, on all subjects, and on all occasions; and hence it has not to embody its utterance, as formerly, in the thoughts and eloquence of leading men. The future of our statesmanship is in other fields than those in which Clay, Calhoun, and Webster won so large a portion of their splendid renown. It is in diplomacy—in all those offices that demand mature wisdom and accomplished skill—in foreign policy and international law. The domestic statesman has been partially superseded. The people have advanced to occupy his ground. Once he was the interpreter of their thoughts, and not seldom the originator of them; once they waited on his guidance, and leaned on his arm; but now a change has come: the opinions of the people are anticipative; and, through the direct medium of the daily newspaper, they are freely and forcibly expressed. We can attribute this to nothing but the progressive education of the masses. No additional prerogatives have been conferred upon them; in no degree has their vested power been enhanced; and yet, in practice, they certainly exert a much larger share of political influence than at any previous period in our existence. Common schools—discussions of national affairs—fuller intercourse—and other agencies of instruction have qualified them to act more immediately on the Government. The practical attitude of the people is not yet in perfect harmony with the ideal of the Constitution; for, taken as a whole, they are not as enlightened in judgment and disciplined in virtue as its acknowledgment of sovereignty requires. But the movement is in the right direction. It is on the true line of Ameri-

can progress. It is in the footprints of noble examples. And therefore, its impression on the Government must be salutary; and just in the proportion that it advances, if subordinated as hitherto to the decisions of justice and the instincts of patriotism, will it strengthen our hopes and confirm our trust.

It may be observed, in the next place, that the relations between the people and their respective States are becoming more close and intimate. The doctrine of State sovereignty, if not now the absorbing topic of dispute, is rapidly gaining ground in its practical results. Nor is this at all surprising. Our different States have such control over their local policy, and touch at so many points all the current interests of trade and the general welfare of society, that this effect is inevitable. Individual wealth can not be augmented; business can not extend and prosper; social connections can not multiply, without the State entering into nearer union with its citizens. The more that its resources are developed, the greater is the stake at issue. Every year that adds to its population and swells the aggregate of its property, makes the watchful oversight of the State more necessary. The growth of the country, therefore, not only increases the political importance of the States, but it strengthens the ties that bind them and their subjects together. And hence the institutions of civilized life must advance by the force of State reasons. Every internal improvement, every form of industry, every dollar contributed to revenue, educates the States and their citizens to appreciate their duties. A two-fold provision thus exists for the discipline of American character. State authority and Federal jurisdiction combine to form intelligence and virtue. Side by side, with one spirit and aim, they blend their influence and train the mind of the people to enjoy the blessings of rational liberty.

The real problem of free government is to be solved by the States themselves. A new element has been introduced into the calculation. The extensive empire which we now possess has changed the formula. Men are apprehensive, statesmen are concerned lest we have too ponderous a machinery. But gravitation can govern an ocean as easily as a dew-drop. Magnitude is only minuteness in another shape. If the confederated States, each for itself, will perform their office, we can occupy all our territory without the slightest risk to our organization. The vital duties of government devolve on them. If they wisely regulate their domestic affairs, educate their citizens, and maintain a well-ordered economy, the interests of national freedom will not be likely to suffer. That our States are growing in this conviction can not be doubted; and hence the indications of the day are highly favorable to the permanency of our institutions.

Apart from these facts, the constant tendency of American society is to re-create its energies by allowing the free action of all classes on one another. The entire absence of hereditary privileges and titled orders has a most important effect on public sentiment and national intellect, as well as on civil relations. The apprentices of twenty-five years since, are now, in numerous instances, men of wealth and influence. Mechanics in all our cities have risen to the front ranks of life. Tact and talent, if supported by virtue, ascend to commanding stations, and not infrequently give law to public opinion. The rapidity of these social changes is significant, but their most encouraging

aspect is presented in the effect which is produced on the acting forces of the country. It is really equivalent to the introduction of a new vitality into the social system, pouring a current of fresh healthful blood on the thinking brain, and through the beating heart of the land. Position is power. But among us the power is vastly enhanced by having the foremost men and women of every generation to impart tone to our influential society. Here is one who makes an honorable fortune in business. Here is another who seizes a lucky thought, and converts it into something that is needed to supply a want. Here is a third who invents a piece of machinery, and secures a prominent niche in the industrial temple of the national Patent Office. Here is a fourth who maps out the once blank ocean, and turns over the winds to the custody of commerce. Here is a fifth who is a successful explorer; a sixth who writes a great book. They render a most praiseworthy service to the country by exercising their genius, and in the single view of practical utility, increase its strength and security. But is this all? Is it not, indeed, the secondary interest of their history? They acquire character. They take the seats of private dignity. And now, the fine endowments that made them masters of nature and art—the clear open eye that caught the sunbeam in its glancing, and retained the picture which came in its ray—the listening ear, sensitive to the faintest whisper of a divine truth—the telegraphic nerves, along which the mystic messages of the universe were ever passing—the strong soul that patiently awaited the hour of knowledge, or kept itself girded for the hour of action; all these come forth to their rightful place, and give their virtue, intelligence, and fame to the moral power of the country. Count their votes; you have not counted them. Number them in the census; they belong to a higher reckoning. What counterpoises they, in the midst of disturbing causes! What serene ministries, gliding through the life of the land, and hallowing it for a nobler destiny!

The conservative forces of our country are increasing. If we take wealth, it is not only growing with unexampled rapidity, but diffusing itself throughout all classes and sections. Our new cities (such as Rochester) show a remarkably large average of property-holders in comparison with the population. Whether we look at the results of discovering gold in California, or at the ordinary fruits of industry, the general tendency is to multiply the number of persons in good circumstances. Our agricultural products, which in 1840 were estimated at \$600,000,000, transcended \$1,000,000,000 in 1850; one third more wheat, and double as much corn were raised. In 1834 we manufactured 216,000 bales of cotton; in 1852 over 600,000 bales. The annual value of our labor in manufactures, mining, and the mechanic arts, is computed at \$1,013,336,463, yielding 43 per cent. profit on the whole investment; while the ratio of increase in our tonnage is twice as great as that of Great Britain. The number of real-estate holders is about 1,500,000, which is nearly one person to every three free males over twenty-one years of age. Other facts are also encouraging. The proportion of newspapers to white population has doubled in forty years. If the native inhabitants of the United States be considered, the interests of education have advanced—for in 1840 the proportion for the Union, of pupils at school, was 13.89, and in 1850 it was 20.14 per cent.

Nor have church accommodations been at all neglected. They are now probably equal to 60 per cent. of the inhabitants, as large a ratio as is ordinarily required to be provided for in the means of religious worship. From these statistics we are warranted in the conclusion, that in the ostensible agencies of conservative influence we have grown in strength and security.

Had we to drop our train of reflection at this point, we confess that a profound solicitude would prey upon us. The science of numbers can not figure us into real greatness, nor can the noble labors of statisticians determine our future grandeur. There is that in the human soul which rises above all earthly computations, and asserts its brotherhood with the infinite and eternal. There is a divine principle here, struggling to recover its lost supremacy over the universe, and awaiting that hour of princely coronation, when every myriad shape that utility, beauty, and magnificence have assumed, shall be sanctified by its service and exalted by its presence. Does the sun shine only? Does the broad firmament bend above us as a mere pageantry? Sad would it be to think that all this expenditure of wisdom and skill were a gorgeous mechanism and nothing more; and sadder still to think, that amidst the secret bonds that unite its mighty orbs, there were no ties between the spirit and God. Nations, no less than men, are parts of a moral and spiritual economy, called and chosen to obey its laws and fulfill its ends. Heaven has always accomplished a large portion of its earthly work by means of them; individuals act through their massive strength; eloquence thrills and heroism moves them; and thus, whatever other agencies are employed, they concentrate their quickening forces at last in the bosom of nations, and find therein a perfected life.

Not, then, without thankful joy do we remember that, from the days of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock until this hour, our countrymen have cherished a deep-seated conviction that we were executing a divine purpose. There is a feeling in our breasts that Providence is administering here a vast scheme for the melioration of humanity. Men have sometimes used this argument for evil. It has been a plea for tyranny, an apology for crime, a pretext for licentiousness. But that does not affect its truth to us. The sunshine that adorns the landscape and gilds the sky penetrates the marsh and sets free the poisonous miasma, but evermore, the sunshine is the same pure and beautiful thing. Such men as hold this sentiment within their hearts, and keep over it the vigils of unwearied love; philanthropists and patriots; prophets, who have laid off the sackcloth and put on the vestments of hope; poets, laureates of a higher realm, with harps that are tuneful only to the breath of God; *such* men, what are their impulses but thoughts in another and a more celestial guise, waiting the era of advent, the gift of a language that shall utter, and an imagery that shall grace the rapture of their pure communion with perfect truth! A feeling—none may tell how much of Heaven is in a feeling. None may measure the wondrous inspiration so often awakened there, for feeling is the whisper-voice of the coming Christ. If to this sentiment we yield the devotion of our life; its law, our love; its faith, our strength; what a glory will the dawn of the next century bring to ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF FREEMEN—TO THEIR HOME, THEIR ALTAR, AND THEIR JOY!

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is now just about a year since we rescued our Easy Chair from the falling timbers and the general wreck of our great fire. On the 10th of December, 1853, the great pile of building where the great work of a great business was carried on, and which was the result of long years of steady industry, enterprise, and success, crumbled in a few hours, and lay at sunset a chaos of ruin. For a moment it seemed impossible that any business could surmount such a disaster—so sudden and so complete. But it was scarcely a moment, for the wires that trembled with the news of the accident toward every point of the country, also bore the orders that indicated the resolution not to falter but to conquer. Nor can this Easy Chair ever forget how along those same wires came thrilling a thousand messages of cheerful encouragement, of prompt offers of aid, and of the most generous sympathy. It seemed quite worth while to have suffered such a blow in order to prove the extent and quality of friendliness. Among the manifold and various experiences of a long-continued and large business, there is nothing that is so unusual and so sweet as this proof of hearty interest, because it is the real sympathy of men with men, and not the formal or forced expression of an interested concern. Trials prove friends. Not more surely do the dry leaves blow from the trees when the summer is gone, than false friends from the companions over whom a tempest has swept. When our Chair tottered in the sway of that terrible confusion, a hundred hands of help, unsuspected before, were thrust forward to uphold it. It was not the moment then, when we so much required that kindness, to say how much we valued it. Gratitude, in the moment of succor, seems a matter of course. But now from our new Easy Chair, which seems rather a throne than any lesser seat, firmly, and as we do not doubt, finally planted upon the old spot, we wish to say to all our friends every where, who so encouraged and cheered us in those dark days, that their words are not, and are not to be, forgotten—that their ready offers of assistance showed securely that there is no necessary searing of feelings in the whirl of affairs, and that their generous sympathy is among our sweetest recollections. Many a time, as we sit musing in our Chair, those fearful hours of a year ago return; once more we hear the stern alarm-bell, summoning a city to see and to assist our misfortune. Once more we see the building that we had reared with so much pride, and with pride so pardonable, consumed by inexorable flames. We watch the wild confusion—we hear the crash—we behold the smouldering and smoking ruins; but more clearly than the crash we hear once more the sound of friendly voices, and more plainly than the wreck we see faces lit with kindness.

We are sure you will pardon so much gossiping remembrance to a garrulous old Easy Chair, which has not encountered so much sincerity in life that it can afford to be silent when it recalls last year.

But not only is our Easy Chair planted again, but a great part of the building in which it stands is restored. The same old square between Cliff Street and Pearl Street will be occupied by the new structure. The part which lies upon Cliff Street is already completed and occupied, and the rest will be ready by March. No pains have been spared, no skill, and no expense, to erect the most

perfect and the largest, the safest, and the best book-making establishment in the world; for the necessities of the business to be done in it required nothing less. The building now completed is entirely fire-proof. The walls are brick; the doors and window-frames are iron; the cross-pieces are iron; the floors are laid in cement over brick arching. The communication between the different floors is a circular fire-proof stairway, in a tower built just outside the outer wall, and there is no hatchway or staircase in the building.

The building is distributed in six stories besides the basement, in which is placed the steam-engine. The boilers and furnace are in the open court in the centre of the block. A vault is excavated under the street for the storing of stereotype plates. This vault is well ventilated, and preserves the plates from every kind of injury. Upon the successive floors are the press-room, drying-room, bindery, composing-room, and electrotyping-room. Each floor is furnished with every convenience. They are airy, bright, and well-ventilated, and a general aspect of cheerfulness reigns over all. We hope some day to devote some space of our gossip in the Easy Chair, or even, possibly, in the grave pages of the body of the Magazine, to tell our readers and friends the whole story of our new buildings and of our business, in detail.

These things have not been done—such a business has not been built up—without sacrifice, and the long devotion and industry of many lives and many brains. Mercantile success, in this country of immense and untiring opposition, is a matter of just pride. Yet it is also matter of real regret that there should be fatal differences and misunderstandings, and that bodies marching under the same banner toward the same general end, should find themselves, almost unavoidably, bickering by the way. We have had very many hard things said to us as we sit in our Chair—very many things which the speakers will one day regret having said. If there must be differences, it is a pity they should rankle into disputes and hostility; it is a great pity that men can not agree to differ.

But when a man is assaulted anonymously, or when purely *ex parte* statements are put forth, and statements entirely devoid of truth, as he may have in his hands the means of showing, what part remains for a self-respecting man but to be silent and trust to his good name? It is easy to wage a newspaper war. It is easy to criminate, to recriminate, and to rejoin. But to what end, and for whose benefit? The world cares nothing for the quarrels of individuals; on the contrary, it soon despises those who easily invoke its sympathy. The public has no preference in pictures, but for those which please it. It does not pause to ask about the artist. It may be an interesting inquiry, but it is secondary. The painter paints a picture, which, if it does not of its own merit command the world's admiration, will never secure it by any appeal to sympathy. The public may be persuaded to give alms to an unsuccessful artist, but it will not give admiration. It is much wiser, therefore, to suffer aspersion of a certain kind and to a certain degree, than to rush into print and try to catch the public by the button. What is reputation worth if it is not able to stand a sneer or a question without turning pale and hurrying out the proofs of its integrity? Is character only a wall of Jericho, to fall at the blast of every ram's horn?

Besides this, every man who has some little ac-

quaintance with men and affairs, knows how entirely one side has the right until the other is heard. Consequently, when one side speaks out, however loudly, he knows that there is another; and if he does not hear it, his mind rests quietly, but quite uncommitted to the first eager statement. If we have sometimes been a little restive in our Easy Chair, as we have heard the calumnious stories which are so easily told of every man and body of men, we have presently composed ourselves by remembering that our friends would not believe the whisper of an enemy sooner than the uniform conduct of a friend: and that those who did not know us were yet quite wise enough, by their own experience, to know that we probably had our side and our view of the question. We have preferred to sit quietly and abide the result, confident that if any man were seriously concerned to know the truth, he would come where he could ascertain it, and, at least, would not condemn without a hearing.

Moreover, how can a man reply to advertisements and anonymous attacks without involving himself in an endless and fruitless series of publications? If our tailor posts us as a reprobate old Easy Chair that does not pay for the paint put upon it, it is hardly worth while for us to announce in print that we do. With so many people to talk with, and so many affairs to mind, we could not fairly get our proper business done if we were to keep running from our Chair to hallo *stop thief*, after all the vagrants who try to steal a bit of our good character. We must sit as quietly as we can, and attend to our affairs as closely as possible, and let the malicious whispers, and the mean innuendoes, and the anonymous aspersions drift unanswered to oblivion. But if any man will come to us and ask us if it is really true, as he heard yesterday in the temple of Rumor, that the legs of our Chair are not oak, but pasteboard, and that we ourselves are not a gray old spectator of morals and manners, but a gay young Mephistophiles with a tail coiled snugly under the skirts of his coat, and with feet in two parts—we will promise to turn up our Chair and let him feel the legs for himself; or we will kindly apply them to his head, that he may prove by the best of tests whether they are pasteboard or oak; and we will lift our wig that he may see if we have horns, and our skirts that he may satisfy himself farther.

And as he turns away, we shall beg him hereafter to remember that there may be a fine show of sincerity where there is little enough truth; and that it is easy to roar through the newspapers without necessarily saying any thing; and particularly we shall request him to remark, that if an honest man has an honest and hearty objection to any thing, he is not, first of all, anxious to drag the difficulty before the public eye; but if he has seriously and privately considered all that has been seriously and privately said, he does not invoke the attention of the world without wholly, fairly, and unreservedly stating his opponent's side, that the world may be in possession of the facts, so that its judgment may be a verdict, and not a partisan and interested opinion.

THERE is a subject, strictly connected with the foregoing, upon which we are compelled to offer a great deal of advice; which is sometimes, but not always, perfectly well received. When the young Narcissus recently consulted us about his literary

portrait of Perdita, we gave him our opinion with the frankness becoming an Easy Chair; and we mean to do the same with young Blank, who came yesterday with a face in keeping with his name, and railing vehemently against his publishers.

"Swindling scoundrels!" said the impetuous Blank, "they've tried to cheat me out of all the profits; there's my book advertised every where; praised in all the papers; complimented by my friends in private letters; which has sold immensely, and been noticed in London, and even in the *Revue des deux Mondes* in Paris; and now the beggarly fellows tell me there is hardly a balance of a hundred dollars to my credit. It's too much for human patience. Oh, Easy Chair, why do we unhappy authors always go to the wall?"

The young man was lost in a tumult of wounded vanity and disappointed desire. Every word of newspaper praise had been at least a doubloon in his fancy, and he thought it would be two in his purse. The private letter of some distant friend seemed to him the chorus of a vast region—the voice of the West—the pæan of the South. You may imagine how many such youths there are about an Easy Chair situated as ours is.

"My dear Blank," said we gravely, "this is one of those matters in which experience is wiser than theory. Have we not, in other years, pursued the same bright phantom which you follow? Have we not been slowly taught to discover success within and not without ourselves?"

"Consider the number of manuscripts which are yearly produced. Think of the small proportion of these that ever come into the hands of a publisher. Think how few of those are ever even examined. Of those which are examined, what an immense majority are necessarily rejected! and of the few which are accepted, how very, very few sell, or are ever heard of after the advertisement is withdrawn from the newspapers! And of those which sell, and are heard of, calculate the number which afford any thing like an income, or even a large compensation to the authors, and you will gradually perceive that the prizes of pecuniary success in literature are painfully few, and you may, according to your modesty, reckon your chance of drawing a large one.

"Let us suppose that your manuscript is accepted. After long and inexplicable delays it is published. To you it seems a perfectly easy thing to publish a book as soon as it can be printed. But, Blank, you are not a publisher, or you would understand the waitings for times and seasons, and the thousand details unknown to all but the initiated, which affect the publishing as they do all other business, each in its way. The moment your book is published you acquire an honorable importance in your own eyes. You are the maker of a book; in that, at least, you are like Shakespeare. You belong to the literary guild; in that you are with Voltaire, Johnson, and Goldsmith. You are an author; in that you are like Joel Barlow and Mr. Cornelius Matthews. Your book is announced with due flourish—"A new work by Benoni Blank, Esq." The whole newspaper seems to have been printed to say that one thing. Your eye constantly slips aside from the editorial column, which blazes so brilliantly with Sebastopolic speculations, to that large type in which your small name figures. You can not but wonder if every body sees how remarkably apparent your name is upon the page.

"There is another bliss. It is when you see the shop-posters, and step in, and find fresh copies of your volume upon the counter. There are some noble booksellers, who step forward, blandly smiling, and offer you your own book, saying that 'This is a very popular new work.' You say that you have read it, and found it very entertaining. That, of course, is merely to put the noble shopman off the scent.

"Then come the newspaper notices. You are delighted with the discrimination that discovers the rare merit of this new book, which is destined to a great success, and argues so happily for the career of the author. You think, already, as you lay down the paper, of hobnobbing with Dickens, and calling Bulwer brother. What style of autograph will you adopt, for now it will be in demand? The mail brings you a hundred responses from friends to whom you have dispatched your book, 'with the regards of the author.' They were always sure you would do this thing; they knew that your talents would, etc., and must, etc.; and they congratulate so gracefully that you drop a few pious tears, and wonder how you were such a very clever fellow and had not known it. You had fancied yourself not at all deficient, possibly, but you had not thought of the extraordinary powers you possessed.

"It is not all over with one newspaper, nor with one mail. Fresh notices, fresh letters, fall like dew upon your nascent fame and self-importance. It is natural, it is certainly pardonable, that you should believe the voice of so much newspaper praise, and so many enthusiastic letters, to be the award of fame, and to imply a universal public acquaintance with your great work. How equally natural and pardonable is your consequent indignation at the very limited balance to your credit upon the publishers' books!

"You indignantly demand explanations, and they are graciously given. The newspapers swallowed up at least a hundred copies as material for that fine fulmination in print which has so exhilarated you; a hundred more, presented to your friends 'with the regards,' etc., explain the private pæans. Item; two hundred copies at—apiece, which do not figure upon the credit side of your account. For the rest, ask of the next hundred men you meet how many have read your book; and of those who have read it, ascertain how many have bought it. You will slowly and sadly come to see that you may be an author of repute, and yet have nothing to draw upon at your publisher's. You may be an eminent literary name, and yet find no eminent publisher willing to undertake your work.

"Consider what a book is to a publisher. It is so much pork, cotton, and corn. If your book is the best poetry that has been written in the century, it will not pay you nor the publisher to print it. It is simply a case of red and white blankets. If the demand is for red, you may go hang your whites upon the willows. The publisher is a dealer in certain commodities. It is his business and his instinct to expose for sale what is wanted, and therefore only to buy such. And you will often hear an intelligent publisher say, 'Your book may be the best in the world, but our knowledge of our trade and its demands compels us to decline accepting it; for we do not publish for the sake of literature, but for our own livelihood, just as you write the book. If you have made an economical mistake, in writing a book for which there is no call, and in which there is no possible interest, why

should we make the same one by publishing it? You must excuse us; but really our hands are so full just now. If you could make it convenient to call a year from next June?

"Beside all this, dear Blank, remember that it is not so easy to swindle you in a large establishment, as in your soreness you naturally believe. Every item connected with a book is noted by many different hands, and unless you suppose a grand conspiracy of principals and clerks, to do you out of a few hundreds, and themselves out of their bread and butter and good name, you must relinquish the swindling theory.

"Don't suppose that this Easy Chair has not the liveliest sympathy with you, friend Blank. It has long ago renounced the writing of books, not because it disbelieved the honesty of publishers, but because it saw too plainly the dismal chances of a book-making career. A man who lives by his pen must make up his mind to compromise, and submit, and suffer, as in all other pursuits. If his love of letters is so strong that it can survive the weary wear of book-work, he will be happy, for the muses do indeed bless those that serve them with such devotion. But if vanity, or indolence, or any meaner motive, leads him to literature, it were better for him that a ledger were tied about his neck and he were cast into a counting-house.

"Believe, dear Blank, a veracious old Easy Chair that hath had losses. Be readier to doubt your own power of interesting the public, than to question the integrity of others. Be very sure that your wrath is a sublime anger for the sake of outraged art and letters, and not a very small gust of wounded vanity. If you are a man of letters, and seriously devoted to such pursuits, you are upon the losing side in respect of wealth and ease. But you should not be a man of letters if you do not feel such loss to be your gain. If your object is money-making, don't make books; but go and begin as a small clerk, and then you may gradually grow into a sure and steady, if small, income. We, whose lot is cast in this Easy Chair, have also cast in with Apollo. The smile of the muse is sunnier than the glitter of eagles, and the song of the fauns in the forest sweeter than the clink of silver. The moment it ceases to be so, we will desert the groves and the piping. Oh, Blank! it is less the praise of newspapers than the content of your own heart that is worth craving."

He listened with reluctant ears. Yet his brow relaxed and his voice grew milder.

"I have no right to doubt you," he said; "but it is hard to believe. You who sit in this Easy Chair, and see so much more than I can see of the detail and skeleton of the thing, must be right. I will try to believe it, and be less ready to credit every hard story I hear of every publisher."

Blank went gently away, and we wish his friend Dash would consider these things, and be less loud in his sweeping assertions, and his general condemnation of things he does not understand.

THE kindly season of gifts and compliments has come round again. Lights are put in the windows, and hearts are lighter and eyes brighter. There is loud laughter of children in the early morning as they peep into, and feel of the stockings hanging by the chimney. There is quieter pleasure later around the ample table, heaped with presents, and a fairy gayety at evening about the sparkling Christmas-tree. Every body must smile in these

pleasant days; and even those whose hearts are heavily bowed since the last holidays, have a sad satisfaction in remembering the past. How tenderly Tennyson has touched the theme in the greatest of English poems since *Paradise Lost*. *In Memoriam* is the true *Paradise Regained*. But the singer of *Paradise Lost*, has also the most majestic and appropriate tone for this sacred season. His hymn on the morning of Christ's nativity is a solemn peal of the organ. It has a cathedral grandeur, and might well be intoned in every Christian church on Christmas-day as a fitting service. The poet's learning graces the triumph of Christ with the most costly pagan spoils. No hymns that sing the glory of Peor, and Baalim, and mooned Ash-taroath, make them half so musical or fair as this pæan of their overthrow. The very measure seems to have caught the lofty music of the wail that swept along the Syrian coast, and died far out at sea—"Great Pan is dead." In all literature there is no poem more majestic—

"The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
Mourn."

It is pleasant that the most precious festivals carry us back again to the most precious poetry. It is not to be denied that in a day of such universal printing and reading, the attention of readers is seduced from the books they would gladly know more intimately. The last novelist displaces Milton and Dryden; the new satirist overshadows Pope. Happily no new dramatist as yet supplants Shakspeare. Gradually many great names will be known only as names. Some scholar of centuries hence may wonder what kind of poetry Byron wrote; for the Byrons of his own, and the greater poets of all other times, will monopolize his attention and knowledge. Literature extends so that it is becoming impossible for any man who is not devoted to letters to be generally conversant with foreign authors as well as with those of his own tongue. A man may now be a very pretty scholar and not know German, and only taste Italian diluted in thin translation. Charles Lamb knew no German, and never went to Paris. But by such and similar abstinence he purchased the profoundest intimacy with the great authors of his own language—a language which he has enriched.

It was Charles Lamb who said that a solemn organ service should be performed before reading Milton. But Milton is his own organ. The music of his measure sounds like an anthem along his pages. And as the winter winds blow again, which are "not so unkind as man's ingratitude," and the long evenings and the cheerful fireside invite to domestic repose and enjoyment, take down Milton; with him invoke Sabrina, and mourn for Lycidas; and with his lofty hymn prolong the sweet solemnity of Christmas through all the winter.

LAST month we chatted in our easy way about Leutze's *Washington at Monmouth*. It was one of the topics of town gossip, and yet, although so fine a work, and of a man so venerated, and by an artist of such reputation, it has attracted less attention

and remark than the *Twins*, by Landseer, which has been on exhibition at Williams and Stevens.

Nothing in the growth of New York is more surprising than the increase of taste for works of art. It is not many years since Colman's window, in Broadway, sufficed for the staring and amusement of the passengers who cared for pictures. But now there are noble establishments in which every man may see the best engravings of the best pictures, the finest photographs, and a multitude of original paintings. In the larger warehouses of the fine arts there is a room especially devoted to the exhibition of original works which are to be engraved. We understand that not less than \$30,000 were received in subscriptions to the print of *Scott and his Friends*; a picture so delightful to hang upon the walls of a library whose shelves are filled with their works. At this moment, in two of these establishments, original works of one of the most distinguished living English artists, and of one of the very first of the Frenchmen, are to be seen for the trouble of stepping in from the street.

We learn that it is by the express desire of Landseer that we have had the chance of seeing the *Twins*. The picture was painted for Mr. Robert Stephenson, the distinguished engineer, to whom it was presented by the directors of a railway company in England, and it was at the especial request of the artist that the work was trusted so far. If the story be true, it is a pleasant indication of the natural and inevitable turning of art to the West for sympathy and encouragement. The hosts of pilgrims we have sent to the great galleries have at length made an impression upon the consciousness of art. It is discovered that in a land like ours there may well be no limit to the career of a great artist, as there can be none to the ultimate sway of true art. The artist, instead of waiting for us to come and see his picture, now sends it to us to be seen. Here is a straw. While Sebastopol engages the Allies—while Spain lies in ominous paralysis—while Germany leans toward the Danube and listens, aghast, for the distant thunder of war—the servants of the arts which demand peace and perish in war, turn their looks to us, and appeal to us as patrons.

Landseer's picture is, in color, one of his best. It is exhibited by gas-light, which gives an unnatural brilliancy, but there is great vividness and softness, and general truth. The composition is simple enough. Two shepherd dogs lie upon a Scotch plaid, upon a hillside, in company with, rather than guarding, an ewe and two lambs. The landscape of the picture is locally interesting, and the fine heather blossom in the corner does not cut up the composition, but rather deepens the general and characteristic effect. Nothing can surpass the quality of the sheep's wool and of the dogs' hair. It is hair and wool, and not possibly any thing else, and, although so perfect, it was undoubtedly the result of a few easy strokes of the artist's pencil. But consider how many years of pains go to that moment of ease. Think of the countless hours of hard practice which have given the pianist that facility which so surprises and fascinates.

There is very little material in this picture, but a great deal of interest. The interest, however, is mainly derived from the accurate imitation of the particular objects, and from the association; and has less of that peculiar interest of sentiment which usually characterizes Landseer's pictures. It is objected to him that, after all, he is only a painter of animals,

and that his works can not properly be considered high art. But there is certainly a great difference between Snyders and Landseer, and a greater between Herring and Landseer. There may be less actual reproduction of the bestial nature in Landseer's pictures of animals than there is in Snyders. But there is a development of those instincts in which animals approach humanity, and of which Snyders never dreamed, nor could have perceived. Herring, on the other hand, without the spirit of Snyders, or the sentiment of Landseer, is a smooth imitator of obvious nature. In fact, he is only one of the many imitators whom Landseer has inspired.

Now it does not seem a poor thing to perceive and so cunningly to present this human relation between men and animals, or its possibility. It was an easy thing for a skillful painter to make a portrait of Lady Blessington's Dog. An accurate eye and a delicate hand seem to be all that was required. The animal might have been correctly portrayed sitting, standing, or running, and all the friends of Lady Blessington might have been able instantly to recognize it. Snyders would have given the pure dog—the unmitigated canine characteristics. But Landseer places the dog at the foot of a flight of steps, with eyes and ears erect, attentive to the expected footstep of the mistress. Instantly you perceive that it is a dog from the highest point of view, in his relation to man. That a painter seizes this point, and presents it, is the evidence of his greatness in that department; and if to deal with the display of the passions and powers of man be the highest reach of art, this form claims some consideration, inasmuch as it reveals human sympathy in the brutes.

Remember what the poets have said of this thing; and reflect that what they say so well in one way, Landseer says in another.

"The dog alone of all brute animals has a *storge*, or affection upward to man," says Coleridge. And Otway, in *Venice Preserved*—

"A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures
And ne'er betray their masters; never fawn
On any that they love not."

But, best of all, Goldsmith at the close of the thirteenth essay:

"Of all the beasts that graze the down or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks, in all his necessities, with a speaking eye, for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependent; and in him alone *fawning is no flattery*."

Remember this when you see a Landseer, and determine whether pictures that so faithfully and fully represent all that is said in it are not worthy a high rank among all paintings.

Nearly across the way, at Goupil's, is Ary Scheffer's *Temptation*. This is a work strictly in the style which aims to monopolize that vague term, High Art. It is a striking representation of the Scriptural event, almost bald in its simplicity, but still far from really imposing or sublime.

A man familiar with Scheffer's works, would not be surprised if he failed to satisfy in the treatment of such a subject. His chief excellence is a dreamy grace, a shadowy sentiment, which has its best ex-

pression in the *Francesca da' Rimini* and the *Dante and Beatrice*. His more popular and well-known pictures of *Christus Consolator* and *Christus Remunerator* are much too mannered and sentimental to please a manly Christian. But in the two we have mentioned from Dante, there is an ineffable purity, and tenderness, and grace, which are the individuality of Scheffer. There is, also, in the Luxembourg gallery at Paris, an earlier picture of his, illustrating a German ballad, of an old knight who steals into his tent, after the victory is won, and while the soldiers carouse and rejoice without, he kneels, and weeps, and prays over the dead body of his young son, whose clustering fair locks are sadly eloquent of the youth and beauty which the quick hand of battle has forever blighted. The picture has the sweet pathos of the ballad. It is one of the purest poems among all those pictures.

But when the ballad-singer essays an epic, then we may be disappointed without disparagement of his peculiar excellence—with regret, only, that he has deserted his field of success. In the *Temptation*, Christ stands upon the summit of a desolate mountain pointing upward. Just below him, upon his left, stands, in shadow, Satan with outspread hands, pointing below. It is not the vulgar Satan of hoofs and claws, although he has the unnecessary batwings. It is a head of Mephistophilean character, but more humanly sympathetic than Mephistophiles. Unfortunately for the point of the picture, the chief interest concentrates in Satan. The Christ is a dull, unmeaning, unmanly figure, that appeals to the eye by no charm of grace or beauty, and to the heart by no persuasion of manifest Divinity. He is always the great failure of art. The ambitious attempt to represent something more than man or essentially different from him, must necessarily fail. But Ary Scheffer in Paris in 1854 seems to be no wiser in that respect than any of the old Italians in 1554.

But the presence of these two pictures among us marks an era. In such ways New York begins to be a metropolis. We begin to feel that we need not cross the sea always, or that our children need not, to know what is rife in the World of Art. Such works are the advance-guards and outposts of the coming Muses. They persuade us that we may be not only rich, but may worthily use riches. They give a greater cheerfulness to the gay holiday season, and a heartier tone to the happy New Year which our Easy Chair wishes to all its friends.

As we gather around our warm fires in the long winter evenings, it is impossible not to remember those who have no fires at which to warm themselves, and who, doing hard battle with the "stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," falter, and fail, and fall. At this general season let us remember them with more than usual sympathy. No man is worse for a kind thought. It is not hard to give a smile and a gentle word. That is a charity possible to every poor man, and there is none sweeter.

This sentiment, however, we are glad to see, takes a broader range, and not content with feeling the sorrows which we do not share, it aims not only to alleviate, but to prevent. There never was a time of more universal interest in humane movements than the present. There were never more rich men who justly regarded themselves as almoners of God's bounty, than those who live around our Chair. It is a grateful thing to notice and commemorate. The papers are full of accounts of wise,

and ample, and well-directed charities. The festival of Thanksgiving was rightly named for a myriad of the forlorn and unhappy, who only a few years since could regard such a day as but a melancholy mockery of their lot. Let us rejoice that these things are, and that they improve. Let us perceive that there must be no "let nor hindrance" to our constant exertion. If much has been done, much remains to do. However good the world may become, it will hardly outgrow vice. And, therefore, let us be all the braver, that our children may be encouraged.

These things occurred to us as we lately received an invitation to assist at the inauguration of the new building for the *House of Refuge* on Randall's Island. It was a beautiful occasion, both in its spirit and in its details. It was graced by the presence and the eloquence of men who have earned that best praise in a Republic, of being good citizens. A citizen is not only a tax-payer, and an orderly person who makes no rows in the street, and who refrains from blowing penny whistles in church. He is the man who aims to lessen the burden of taxation by removing temptation to crime, and so diminishing the number of criminals. Of all the various similar celebrations which we have attended, there was none superior to this in interest and significance. Governor Seymour was there, and Robert Kelly, and Hugh Maxwell, and many others whose names we would gladly record as men who knew their duties and delighted to do them. There were speeches good to hear. There was a noble, spacious, and convenient building; and there were four hundred children, whom a generous humanity seizes as they are slipping into sin, and by gentle and gracious treatment aims to restore to society as sound and industrious men.

Who does not gladly hear of this, and rejoice that there are so many other philanthropic movements, which no satirical figure of Mrs. Jellyaby can ridicule, and no cold skepticism discourage? We have no excuse for not doing. We can not say that we have no time to consider nor investigate. There are plenty who will do that. There are enough capable and trusty men who will be the stewards of your charity. Let every man bear his part. As the bright days of Christmas-tide and the New Year lengthen toward the spring, let them be fuller than ever of good thoughts and good deeds. The remembrance of a charitable act is sweeter at night, and secures dreams more delightful than "a night-cap" of the mountain-dew, hot, with sugar. Begin with the year, if you have not yet begun. Help these good works by sympathy and consideration, if you can do no more. Then shall you have a right to sing with the poet:

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the dark'ners of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN, a year ago, we talked of the rumors of war which overshadowed Europe, and which quickened the hammer-strokes in all the arsenals of England and of France, we did it with a selfish feeling of complacency, in the recollection of which our face tingles even now with red reproaches. It

seemed to us that our lusty young country, standing aloof—busy with its myriad-shaped industry—watching hopefully its great granaries of the West—pushing its iron roads through farther forests—launching its mammoth clippers—forgetting its sectional jealousies in the general prosperity, and knowing nothing of the year's desolation save only by the over-ocean reports, would grow more lusty and joyous in its strength than ever before.

But, by a strange Providence (for which we are more than half accountable ourselves), the knell of the old year, which to-day is ended, has been as bitter-toned and as mournful for us as for the Cossacks of the Crimea or the peasant homes of England.

We know it is an ungrateful task to recite our griefs; but, whether dark or light colored, we always dip our pen in the times, and our record shows shadows or sunbeams, as the times are clouded or bright.

First of all, and before the mourning clothes of the New Orleans plague had been cast away, came the dullness and the doubts of blighted trade, with its concealed griefs, throwing gloom on many a household; but it was a measurable trouble, and one against which the American heart, so elastic in its courage, knows how to bear up stoutly, and would have borne up stoutly, if conspicuous crime—in the very quarter where crime was least looked for—had not dampened energy, and covered one of our best colonial names with scorn.

Great conflagrations, too, in the very opening of the year, had lighted up, and lighted away millions of slowly-accumulated property in our Prince of Cities; and the smoke of them had hardly gone by when ships, fetid with disease, brought the cholera to a new revel all along our great water-courses, leaving mourning voices that were heard over the din of Niagara.

Then came the blasting sun, with a scorching air, crisping the meadows of the Genesee, and burning brown all the high lands, and making the broad maize leaves wilt every where, and rustle with a dry sound in August, as they should in late October.

After this set in the Atlantic gales, hurtling the fishermen's fleets on the rocks by Cape Ann, and desolating, far to the southward, the shore towns with a wreck of broken trees, swamped grain-fields, and unroofed houses. All this, too, came when a fever was raging such as had not been known for fifty years—driving people to tents, and thousands besides to the tomb.

And when autumn seemed to breathe coolly again over the burnt-up country to the northward, and Erie even had recovered from the summer's slough, there came—like the roar of a shotted cannon fired upon peaceful homes—the tidings of the lost Arctic!

People read, as if they were reading romance, how the cowardly men and officers fled away from the sinking ship; and how the women and the men, grouped on the quarter-deck with Luce and his crippled boy, looked death very calmly in the face, and using such last effort as they could, and with only one last cry, which despair called out, went down with the foundering vessel. Then there were the stories of the saved ones—cautiously told by those who left in the first boats, as if put on their defense (as they were, and are), but thrilling and natural altogether in the mouths of those who kept by to the last—nervously working with unsteady hands at the raft—seeing the waters rise fearfully—the great hulk reeling—hearing the howl

of the wind as the waters gurgled over the iron chimney—and seeing, at the last, the drift of men, children, and women, tossing on the broken bit of sea, when at last they all, or nearly all, went down.

Do not these things match Silistria, Alma, and Sebastopol? The Europeans may indeed hold the advantage in the number of the slain, perhaps also in the number of desolated homes. Indeed we yield them this. But for variety of grief and of anxiety, and for that double woe which comes from calamities unattended by pomp and circumstance, we think our country may well bear the palm.

While our thought leans, as we write, to that fearful scene of the sinking ship off the Newfoundland shores, let us drop a caution to those who, in the coolness of after-dinner thought, and the easy security of sunshine upon land, presume to say how proper energy of management might have averted half the fatality of the event. We confess to a very great distrust of those who are always seeing "how things might have been done better." We have been sadly pestered by the gossip of those around our Chair, "who would have ordered things differently." Even old sea-captains, wearing the infallible air which belongs to a life-long series of escapes from all hazards, venture upon narrow criticisms of an action which, from its very nature, is beyond the ordinary rules of comparison. Let them rather bless God reverentially who has spared them such trials as might have put the bravest heart in a tremor.

But from that dark spot upon the sea, where now no vestige floats of the wrecked ones, let us carry our view further seaward, until it rests on the shores of the Old World, where the din of war-times has hardly given time for a sigh over the fate of the lost ship.

Even in the gay capital, as they read in chance columns of the loss of a young Duke de Grammont, the streets were clouded with a heavier mourning; and muffled drums, in deep, processional beat, were sounding the requiem of a marshal of France.

They say he was a harsh man, with not much of the geniality in him which ties friends closely, or which makes tearful followers at a bier; but yet he was the type of all those losses among the gallant fellows of the army, who had wasted their lives under the fever skies of Varna or the bullets of the Crimea, and the women and the children who flocked to see the state ceremonial which honored the burial of St. Arnaud, bethought them bitterly, in sight of the sable plumes, of the husbands, or sons, or fathers, who, in a humbler way, had been thrust into foreign burial pits, with no token of love or reverence around them but the musket-volley of their comrades, or the locket they wore on their bosoms.

Nor does it add to the hope or the confidence of those who have as yet seen no near name of kindred on the dead-lists, to find new ships going to the war country, day by day, with fresh freight to fill up the gaps which are made before Sebastopol. It would seem that the Emperor himself cherishes a brooding anxiety for the result, not showing himself now, as in the early season, to the street-world of Paris, nor venturing upon his hunting frolics at Compeigne or Fontainebleau, but keeping quietly immured in the shades of St. Cloud, long after the leaves have fallen, and the winter festivities begun.

The Queen, too, in her stately castle of Windsor, making the rooms ready for her Imperial guest, Eugenie, is subdued to the boding thought of the

nation; she has grown quieter in her royal entertainments, not knowing but her stalwart cousin of Cambridge, who danced so gayly at the Elysées Bourbon a season ago, is now shot down by one of those balls which cut through a ribbon of the Garter as easy as a private's coat.

However this may be, there will be mourning in many English houses in the winter that has opened; and the adventurous Miss Nightingale, with her company of nurses, will have sad work on their hands in the barrack-rooms of Scutari. Our American journals have had their accounts current of the battles and the siege, and our readers know their general history; yet we have snatched from the British papers one or two war paragraphs which are worth preserving, as giving rough and real glances at the slashing work they have been doing in the neighborhood of Sebastopol.

OUR first war-waif—of which we shall continue a series of characteristic fragments—is the story of a wounded private, writing from his hospital-bed, under the heights of Scutari. He says:

"I have been severely wounded in three places, which is as follows—A musket shot through the right arm, which I received about an hour after we commenced the action, but being determined to pay them for making a hole through my jacket and fleshy part of my arm above the elbow, I would not fall to the rear, but made my comrade tie a handkerchief round it, and fought through the action, which lasted three hours after; but just as we thought the action was over, for the Imperial Russian army was routed, and we had gained the entrenchments and forts, they halted and wheeled round, and made another stand, which did not last long, for General Sir G. Brown, or Lord Raglan (I do not know which of them), ordered us, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Scots Fusilier Guards, Grenadier Guards, and the 33d Regiment of the Line, to form up for the charge, which we did directly; and now came the grand charge, and away they went after a few moments, but not before they had left me a bayonet wound in the left thigh and a ball through the left breast, which passed through the breast-bone and left lung, going out under my shoulder-blade. My other wounds are trifling to compare with the latter, for they are nearly healed up. The wound through my breast is closing up quite fast outside, but it will be months, the doctor tells me, before it will be healed up inside, and that I will always have to take great care of myself, for any convulsive or quick movement will be dangerous to me. They seem to think it quite a miracle that I should live, for they have agreed that the ball passed between the leading-strings of the heart, and about half an inch from the heart. Yet I am better, and live in hopes to live better a long time, although I shall never have much power in my left arm, nor shall I ever be upright; at least I can hardly expect it—but I must hope for the best. I shall be home in England in December, and be discharged in May, so you must have a corner berth ready for me. The bit of hair that you sent me, and another bit that a person you know sent me, I wore in a little bag round my neck. It was shot straight through the middle of the bag, and most of the bag and hair went into my breast, and every morning the doctor takes some of it out."

The next war glance we give is but a fragment from the letter of an English naval officer to a friend

at home. It will be a relief almost to the reader to know that the "poor Lord Chewton," of whom so dismal mention is made, is since dead:

"I volunteered to accompany the party to assist in carrying down and embarking the wounded. Immense numbers of boats from all the ships were sent out, and I landed at six o'clock in the morning. The first poor fellow who came down was a 41st man, who was carried past me by two of his comrades, on a stretcher saturated with blood from an amputated leg. Then came a young officer (a perfect boy) of the 55th, with his right arm shattered, led down to the boat by a fine old French soldier. I then proceeded to the temporary hospitals, about three miles distant, and, O God! the sight! There was one train, extending nearly the whole distance, of wounded men; numbers with arms and legs shot off, indeed every description of fearful wounds, the motion often causing the blood to spout out and cover the ground, and at all times the stretchers were saturated. Every few minutes the poor fellows had to be laid down, their agonies being so intense. Many being covered over were remarked as being so easy, when on lifting up the blanket they were found to be dead. On I went, with, I confess, a sickness at heart that I could not shake off; the nearer I approached the scene of the frightful struggle, the more appalling it became. Besides all this dreadful suffering, the plain was strewn with dead men and horses indiscriminately. Some poor fellows with their heads blown off, others cut in two; in one spot, certainly not larger than fifty yards, were seventy bodies awfully mutilated. A short time after this I was told that there were some officers of the Scots Fusilier Guards in a hovel, all very badly wounded, and praying to be removed. I took a party up, and on entering this wretched place saw stretched upon the ground five officers, three of whom I knew intimately. They were all wounded very badly. I certainly then did feel proud of my countrymen, for in all their sufferings their gentleness, patience, and quiet resignation was beautiful. I immediately devoted myself and all my party to remove them. While making arrangements, a brother officer of poor Lord Chewton (one of the worst cases, *he had no less than five wounds and a compound fracture of his right hip, left leg broken, a musket-ball still in his back, his head severely bruised, and three fingers broken, which had to be amputated*) came in and at once recognized poor Chewton. They were very old friends; their interview was one of the most affecting you could possibly imagine. This fine manly young fellow—whose name I forget—was perfectly speechless, and after vainly struggling to overcome his feelings at the thrilling spectacle, put his hands to his face, and I saw the tears stream through his fingers. Poor Lord C. called him, and I heard him say, 'We have known each other for twenty years; if you go, tell my poor wife'—not another word did I hear, for I could stand it no longer."

Still another dismal paragraph is from the private letter of an Irish corporal. He gives an account of his visit to the battle-ground on the day after Alma:

"The day before I laughed and talked of the splendid manner we handled the Russians. Now, I was horrified at bodies without heads, some without legs or arms, bowels torn out, brains oozing through shell or musket-wounds, blood bursting from ears, eyes, mouth, and nose—dead horses in

one place, human heads in another—arms here, legs there, and death every where. The French ground was strewed with hundreds—in fact, all that can be painted, played, written, or read, falls far short of the description. The fighting is delightful—the following day horrifying. We are here within cannon-range of Sebastopol batteries—at this moment a shell has burst about three hundred yards off where I am writing. We expect to open five every day—we are landing our siege-guns—we laugh, sing, and talk as merrily as at home. There are supposed to be 80,000 men in the town: we wish we had them outside, and we'd make quick work of them; we beat about 60,000 from a splendid position, under the great disadvantage of crossing a river, a burning village, and climbing up hills steeper than Patrick's hill going to Cork. I am in good health; hope you are the same—kiss Kate for me. I had no pay this month (September). I can not tell when I can send any. When I do—which will be as soon as possible—I will direct to Miss G. For God's sake, send me a sheet of paper and envelop. I was offered 4s. 2d. for a sheet, and would not give it. Tobacco is offered any money for, and can not be had. We have no tents; we wrap our blankets round us and lie on the ground; the days are hot and the nights very cold and dewy. I can not promise to write again; if I live, of course I will."

Yet one other "amateur" view we give, of the camp-life before the siege-batteries had opened fire. The writer has almost a smack of the Eothen drollery:

"I have slept eleven nights under my little tent, of which you see the portrait in the foreground. I have eaten much fried ham, cheese, figs, pickles, biscuit, and ketchup sauce. My great leather bottle of brandy was drunk out by marauders in my absence. I have lost my twelve-and-sixpenny pony, who gave me a great deal of trouble, picketing in distant valleys for a little grass, losing him overnight, and hunting him in the morning. My health is neither better nor worse. We have had beautiful weather, with the exception of the night before last and all yesterday, which was as terribly bleak, drizzly, grizzly, leaden-colored, gusty, blustering weather as could be, threatening snow, which seemed to be slowly moving down upon us in heavy bolsters from the mountains. It gave us a most bitter foretaste of what the winter will be when it comes, as it may now any day, and make us all the more thankful now our fine warm sun has returned this morning. I am sitting in my tent in (flannel) shirt-sleeves, rather too hot than otherwise, and quite jolly and comfortable. When you read in the columns of 'own correspondents' about his writing under fire, with shot and shell dropping around, and the screech of winged messengers of death in his ears, think nothing at all of his valor, for practically, these distant sprinklings of spent balls and sputtering shell do not kill more than a man or two in a fortnight, and are so constantly whizzing, and popping to so little purpose, that the mind gets weary of being alarmed. When one comes very near, it excites a little emotion, which, in these dull days, passes for amusement, and makes us more cheerful. Last Sunday, as I was making my coffee at Sir G. Brown's fire, there was a very loud pop, out of which came (as light comes out of a cloud) a very long screech, which grew louder and louder, till a great round shot whistled about five yards over my head, and fell about five-

and-twenty yards from my tent. This is the nearest that has happened to me in the course of ten to twelve days passed within range. At church, while all the light division were drawn up in a hollow square, waiting for the clergyman, shot and shell fell about us so close that it was thought advisable to move a few hundred yards backward. A stout, well-fed priest in flowing robes appeared, and read through the service, with his back turned to Sebastopol, with a full, sonorous voice that never changed or faltered as the long screech approached, which, as long as it lasts, may be bringing destruction. The service, under such circumstances, was very impressive. We expected the fighting was to begin on the morrow, and the feeling that it was the last service many of us might hear—nay, that an extra pinch of powder might send a shell to kill fifty or sixty of us on the spot—gave great weight to any allusions to the uncertainty of life. The sermon was very poor. It professed to be extempore, and had not a single metaphorical allusion to the shells, which our plucky pastor had not courage to fashion an unpremeditated mention of, however little he might wince at their actual approach. 'Give peace in our time, O Lord!' sounded remarkable with a congregation of some thousands in the trappings of war, many of them never to see any more peace in this world."

TURNING now from those darker matters which have engaged almost the whole thought of Europe in the month last past, let us see if there be any newspaper-token of things gay, or things new, or things curious, with which we may point our periods and stuff our Chair.

First of all, our eye lights upon a sample chapter of a new book upon our American homes and habits, at the hands of an adventurous French lady, who signs herself Marie Fontenay, and who proclaims as the title to her forthcoming volume *Fleurs Américaines*.

What could have tempted Madame Marie Fontenay to tear herself away from Provençal cookery, with its delicate flavor of garlic—from fricassées of rabbit, *à la sauce blanche*—from her coppery oysters and chablis, for a visit to the barbarous America, where she appears to have traveled, we can not imagine.

We say where "she appears to have traveled;" since her book does not so much promise a legitimate record of a visit, as imaginative sketches of American scenes, lighted up with cursory observations on manners and character, and pointed with lively conceits.

Her initiatory chapter—her first "American Floweret"—bears the euphonious title of "Sarah Cardwell, the *New-Yorkaise*." She is presented to the reader as taking a familiar lunch at Taylor's saloon, with a bank clerk of Wall Street: she falls under the observation of a *spirituel* young Frenchman, reared in the Provençal kitchens, who admires excessively her tournure, and urges his companion (a French dry-goods trader) to present him. The French man of business complies at once, and a rosy acquaintance is opened in Taylor's saloon with the dashing Sarah Cardwell, who is represented as a type of the better class of New York society.

She invites the *spirituel* stranger to her father's house—waltzes with him energetically—flirts with him incontinently—confounds him with her boldness—charms him with her curls and complexion—

bewitches him with her show of tenderness—and stultifies him in the end, by marrying a millionaire both ugly and old.

The impression conveyed to the fifty thousand readers of the *Presse* (where the initiatory chapter appears) would naturally be—that young ladies of respectable connections in New York society amuse themselves chiefly by eating immense quantities of crude apple-tarts, at Taylor's or otherwheres, in company with bank clerks—that they accept voraciously the advances of any adventurous young Frenchman—that they waltz with exceedingly bare shoulders—that their education is limited to French and Bloomerism—that they are rarely seen or attended by their parents—that they coquette much more violently and indecently than the grisettes of Paris—and finally, that they are destitute of all real affection, and fling themselves away in the end for a carriage and velvets.

The lady authoress relieves this general aim of her touching American drama by some very bitter observations upon the American style of cooking. The only quarter in New York where any thing really eatable is to be found, is in a retired restaurant of Grand Street, presided over by a gentleman from Provence. Ham, tobacco, and apple-tarts, according to Madame Fontenay, make up chiefly the American *cuisine*. From New Orleans to Albany nothing is to be found but meagre, insipid dishes—warmed over!

Think of it—says Madame Marie Fontenay—a people who breakfast at seven, and who dine at three in the afternoon; who know no soups but oyster soup; who eat with the end of their knives; who break eggs in a wine-glass; who prefer ham to truffled partridges, and whisky to Bordeaux wine! who never take supper; and who, for delicacies, have only apple-tarts!

This is almost equal to Mr. Daniel's late diplomatic account of the people of Turin.

But Madame Marie Fontenay is not only incensed about the kitchens—notwithstanding the largest part of her souvenirs appear to reside in the stomach.

The Americans have no ear or taste for music: at the Opera she observed that the audience was chiefly composed of cultivated French people. New Yorkers did, indeed, once throng to the concerts of Jenny Lind—chiefly, however, out of regard to Mr. Barnum, who was the manager, and partly from the pride they took in paying extravagant prices.

The most enterprising and fervent Americans are, in her view, the Frenchmen who have expatriated themselves. All others lead a miscellaneous and depraved existence between oysters, apple-tarts, and ham—chiefly the tarts.

The ladies, she admits, are pretty up to the age of five-and-twenty, after which they are insufferably ugly. (*Il ne reste plus qu'une laideur à peine supportable.*)

Their conversation impresses her even more unfavorably than their countenances. Finding herself one day in a very elegant American saloon (hardly that of the restaurateur in Grand Street, we suppose), she observed two richly-dressed ladies conversing with great animation. She tried to overhear the subject of so cheerful a talk. (*Pessayai d'écouter leur conversation.*)

"It's very warm to-day, Emma," said one, laughing.

"Oh, very warm indeed!" returned the other, overcome with merriment.

Upon this, our French lady retired, having gained an interesting incident for her *Fleurs Américaines*.

In the course of her narrative our authoress introduces us further to an evening "meeting" of ladies and gentlemen, who represent the advanced social tendencies of America. It appears that the coquettish Miss Sarah Cardwell—whether from the exigencies of the story, or her own inclination—is an *habitué* at these gatherings, and conducts thither the adventurous young gentleman of Provence.

The speaking at this extraordinary *soirée* is variously diverted to Bloomerism, Slavery, Mr. Greeley, Temperance, Seduction, Peace, and the Fourth of July. On another occasion the parties to the drama attend a lecture from the "Rev. B——" upon the horrors of slavery, upon the eve of which we are entertained by a pretty scenic interview between the philanthropic young *New-Yorkaise* and her French lover; in which the first is represented as reposing upon the shoulder of the young man, and murmuring honeyed words in his ear.

Madame Marie Fontenay does not give the details of this American conversation.

Of course it was *spirituel* on his part; something better than "It's very warm to-day, Emma."

We have thrust our pen through this bit of foolery belonging to Madame Fontenay—first, to show the overgrown conceit, as well as ignorance, of very many French travelers among us; and next, to hint that if New York ladies wish to keep the reputation of their daughters intact, they should watch more closely than they do the names and the nationality of their associates.

MADAME FONTENAY'S drama—of which we have sketched the outline—is redolent of garlic and of kitchen fumes generally: the odor reminds us of the late changes which have come over the Restaurant-world of Paris. Time was, and not long ago, when every stranger was annoyed by the multiplicity of dishes from which he was compelled to make sudden choice. Nothing, indeed, could be more perplexing to a newly-arrived foreigner, with only a modicum of French, than to have placed under his eye a *Carte du Jour* covering some thirty closely-printed pages, and to be compelled in the heat of his hunger, and under the eye of an inquisitive *garçon*, to make out his tale of a dinner.

The matter is now regulated to his hand, at least by the newly-established restaurateurs. Every day at two, a huge board is posted at their doors, giving the list of the dinner for the day. There is a soup, a fish, a boiled dish, two plates of vegetables (with their cognate English names), a dish of roast, a salad, and dessert. The price is named, and the hour at which they can be served: the *flâneur* has only to note them, consider them, and, strolling on, to compare them with the *affiche* of a brother restaurateur, and so make choice at his leisure.

Still another novelty belongs to the great eating-place of the "World's Exhibition"—already installed in advance in magnificent salons of the Rue Lafitte. It is under the control of a joint-stock company, regularly incorporated, and shares in which are issued at twenty dollars each.

Every shareholder, besides being entitled to his proportion of the yearly profits, has liberty to dine at a minimum price (affixed for stockholders only); and furthermore, can at any time consume the

amount of his capital invested, at par, in five franc dinners.

Rumor says the company is in an exceedingly flourishing condition, and has shareholders in every department in France.

FROM table to lodgings the slip of our pen is easy; the furor of lodging-house keepers, which infected the London world when the Hyde Park Exhibition was promised, has now, they tell us, found its way to Paris, and the rental of Boulevard or Rivoli has run up to a fabulous sum. It may even happen that the ugly character of the Crimea advices, and the continued shipments of men from the ports of Toulon and Marseilles, may have their effect in reducing rates; if not, the Exposition will prove a dear one to the stranger as well as to the Government.

Meantime, however, the great Hotel of Europe, which flanks the palace of the Louvre, is being pushed forward with an Aladdin-like rapidity; and there is promise that, by the first of May, the great waste-ground which, in mid-July, showed no sign or material of construction, will be covered with a vast block containing no less than twelve hundred rooms for strangers.

And it will give a feeling of security to the lodger, even upon the sixth floor, to know that not a particle of wood is used in the construction, saving only for the doors and the window-fittings. When shall we be able to say as much of a New York hotel, and not be frightened with the thought of the yellow pine beams, which are every year baking for some future illumination?

LIGHTER Paris gossip is sadly in arrears for the month last past; we can not read of a single piquant scandal; and the anxious holding of the breath, which belongs to the expectation of war-news, seems to have palsied the tongues and the pens of all the gossip-mongers of the capital.

In this dearth we seize eagerly upon a bit of street-talk, which belonged, a fortnight ago, to a bridal array at the Church of the Madaleine.

The bride was pretty and piquant, with a robe from the best modistes, and in a blaze of diamonds. The husband had three-fold her years, and wore a wig, which concealed imperfectly enough the ravages of a long and a loose life.

It was not a contrast, however, to surprise a French circle of friends, or greatly to disturb them; nor would the street-talk have warmed itself into inquiry, if there had not been dropped a hint, from some injudicious acquaintance of the parties, of a piquant drama which belonged to the story of the marriage.

Mademoiselle V—— (a good letter to point a blank with) was pretty, as we said, and piquant. She was well connected, but was not blessed with a rich parentage, and could have little hope of a heavy *dot*.

But her face and grace brought admirers; among them a certain Monsieur T——, young, hopeful, and weak enough, as the story goes, to form a serious attachment for a pretty woman of one-and-twenty, who had neither fortune nor expectations. Mademoiselle V——, who was the subject of this attachment, had grown blindly and injudiciously into a reciprocation of this feeling; and between themselves, their engagement was counted secured.

Neither could boast of fortune; but both had

youth; and a rational affection seemed to cement the tie.

It is true, the young lover had his misgivings about his ability to supply the wants of a household, or the demands of a young girl whose air was always elegant, and whose *mise* (the only English word is, "getting up") were always the trace of the daintiest hands of the daintiest *modistes* of Paris.

But the love, or the what-not, kept him and kept her, long-while, to their plighted faith. At length, on an evil day (he counted them very gleeful), the lover learned that an old bachelor uncle of his own, who had long lived quietly in the metropolis, in very humble quarters, had suddenly become possessed, by his ventures at the Bourse, of a vast fortune. He was his only heir; and, from the kindly way in which he had been always met by the new-made millionaire, could have no doubt that his inheritance was secured.

This security made him ponder sagely—a fortune in Paris opens brilliant expectations, both matrimonial and otherwise. The pretty girl he had loved could boast no coronet in her name; coronets were matters of purchase, specially by a young man of amiable feeling and a full purse.

In short, quietly and gradually the young Monsieur T—— discontinued his visits; he purchased a dashing equipage; he was seen in the *beau-monde*; he wrote an exculpatory line to his *fiancée*—concealing, indeed, the change in his moneyed prospects—lamenting that they were both without resources; fearing their marriage might prove a sad one to her; proposing, in gentle terms, the common relinquishment of their promises until better times should dawn.

Mademoiselle V——, with something of a woman's softness perhaps, had a French *finesse*, and felt very vengefully, as a French woman will, her wounded pride. Her reply was collected even to gayety; she recognized fully the justice of his conclusions, admired the candor of his action, and released him from his promise.

Never was Mademoiselle V—— more gay and lively than the summer past; never was her dress so *soignée*; never her smiles more abundant. Most of all, her attractiveness of manner was lavished upon an old gentleman of sixty odd years, who wore a wig that but illy concealed the furrows in his face. A bachelor, and newly admitted into the coveted regions of the Chaussée d'Autin, he was bewitched by the naïveté and the beauty of the pretty Mademoiselle V——, who honored him with such marked regard.

In short, she won her way to the heart of the old millionaire, and in such triumphal way that she made her own terms of conquest—secured the settlement of his whole fortune (in case of his death) upon herself; and, in this way, had the satisfaction of taking a womanly vengeance upon her former lover, who, by her marriage in the Madaleine, had become the penniless dependent upon his uncle—her husband.

And this was what made the side-chat of those who looked on at the ceremonial. The story is unquestionably true, since the parties are said to be living on the second floor of the house which stands at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Autin and the Boulevard, where they can be seen any day in the week by those who know them.

YET another feathery bit of gossip we catch on our pen point and fasten to paper.

Young Amedée, a poor and almost friendless student of medicine, came to Paris at the close of the autumn vacations, to finish his provincial education by following Chomel and Velpeau in the metropolitan wards.

He brought a single letter of introduction to an old lady-connection of his father's, living a solitary and dismal life in an old house of the Place Royale. The lady received her raw kinsman in a stately way, and gave him formal invitation to come to her lodgings on a given evening of every week, at which time, and which time only, she would be happy to receive him.

The province student, too poor not to be grateful for even the slightest favor, came on the appointed evening to her house, where he met two or three quaintly-dressed old gentlemen, and as many old ladies, who appeared to make up the circle of the hostess's acquaintance.

"Do you play whist?" said one of these old-time people to the student.

The provincial was compelled to say, awkwardly, that he did not. The avowal seemed to produce an unpleasant effect upon the company; most of all upon the hostess, who made no effort to relieve the embarrassment of her young kinsman, or to relieve the tedium of an evening whiled away over the play of his respectable entertainers.

As he arranged his cloak in the ante-room, however, an old gentleman of the party, who was also making ready for his departure, said to the poor student.

"Do you wish a bit of sound advice, young man?"

"I should be very glad of it," returned the provincial.

"Very well," continued the old man, seriously, "learn to play whist!"

With this bit of advice, and this only, to regale himself with after his evening's entertainment, the young man reflected, that considering his friendless condition, and the resources which even a dull game might offer once in a week, he would learn whist.

He learned whist; and at his next presentation in the mouldy apartment of his kinswoman, was able to take a hand at the table. The old lady was evidently softened toward him. Upon a succeeding evening, however, when a storm had prevented all the guests from arriving, and a full table was lacking, he was obliged to avow his ignorance of *piquet*, and declined the play.

The old lady thereupon gave him a piece of advice in her turn, and it was to learn *piquet*.

The room at the old house had now become a habit with him, and he learned *piquet*.

Every week saw him at the old lady's table; but whether at whist or at *piquet*, he soon observed that it was his bad fortune always to be loser. To be sure the stakes were only to the amount of a few sous the game; but in the course of a long evening's play he found that it sadly diminished his very limited pocket-money.

One evening he sat at play with his old kinswoman, wondering over his constant losses, when he fancied he detected a dexterous trick of the hostess, which gave her the winning cards and the command of the game. Watching more closely, he, to his horror, became assured of this. The old lady saw, by his air of dismay, that he had detected her false play, but with only a confused blush, she retained her composure, and continued the game.

The young student determined, in the heat of his indignation, to abandon the acquaintance; but upon reflection, considering again his friendless condition, and the small gains which, after all, were won from him, depriving him only of an occasional bench at the theatre, or a half bottle of Maçon to his dinner, he continued his visits to the ancient neighborhood, and his play with his cheating kinswoman.

By-and-by the old lady sickened and died. A solicitor summoned the young student of medicine to his chambers, where he informed him that he was named a legatee under the old lady's will.

He counted it a pleasant restitution of her informal earnings, and hardly hoped that there would be much besides. But in gratitude for his pleasant companionship, and his delicate consideration for her foibles at cards, she had, it appeared, named him sole heir to an estate of twenty thousand francs a year!

This story is as true as the last; and the happy legatee, having abandoned Chomel and Velpeau, now drives a dashing tilbury, with a tiger in white-topped boots behind him, and may be seen on almost any day of the week whirling through the avenue of the Champs Elysées.

Editor's Drawer.

ROGER WILLIAMS somewhere says (we turn it from the prose form into verse):

"One grain of time's inestimable sand
Is worth a golden mountain."

It is curious, by the way, how much prose writing there is (and this is especially the case with the old English writers), which runs, with scarcely the transposition of a word, into blank verse. Thus Owen Feltham, in his "Resolves," exhorting his reader to overcome the fear of death, says, otherwise we shall

"Daily, with the fear of dying, die.
To put off death is not in man to do.
Fixed fate, without him, dooms him once to die.
The decree is past, and no appeal is left."

There is a striking example of the same near the close of Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit*. As in the former instance we keep the exact order of the author's words, only breaking his prose into verse:

"Thy life is tranquil, calm and happy, Tom.
In the soft strain which ever and again
Comes stealing back upon the ear,
The memory
Of thine old love may find a voice, perhaps;
But it is
A pleasant, softened, whispering memory,
Like that in which we sometimes hold the dead,
And does not pain or grieve thee, God be thanked!"

The semi-versification may have been intentional in this latter case; but numerous instances might be quoted where prose thus runs unconsciously into verse, affording an argument for Wordsworth's bold dictum, that "Prose and verse are not essentially different kinds of writing."

WESLEY said that "ten thousand cares were no more weight to his mind than ten thousand hairs were to his head." Was it he or Whitfield, who, when asked whether a man was answerable for bad thoughts, replied, "I can not help the birds flying over my head, but I can prevent their making nests in my hair."

SOME one suggested as an appropriate epitaph for Hume, who was skeptical as to the reality of matter:

"Beneath this round idea,
Vulgarly called a tomb,
Ideas and impressions lie
Which constituted Hume."

A conundrum occurs to us here, which we once made: "Why is the Atlantic a confirmation of Berkeley's doctrine of the ideality of matter? Because it's merely a notion (an ocean)." And this reminds us of a series of questions and answers, well illustrating the spirit of a certain age:

What is mind?—No matter.

What is matter?—Never mind.

What is spirit?—That's *quite immaterial*.

As to the creed of the materialist, one would think there could be no better cure for it than to see it engraved on a tombstone, as it is in a certain cemetery in New England, as follows:

"THE HUMAN FORM,
RESPECTED FOR ITS HONESTY (!),
AND KNOWN FOR FORTY-THREE YEARS
UNDER THE APPELLATION OF
* * * * *
BEGAN TO DISSOLVE"

Then the date.

THE old Roman, Pliny, in one of his letters, well states an argument which has been sometimes recurring to wise men's thoughts in these latter days: "For opinions are counted, not weighed; nor is any other course practicable in politics, where *nothing is so unequal as equality itself*."

It may sound paradoxical to say, what however is true, that *standing on ceremony* is one extreme, and *trampling on it* is another.

HERE are some Oriental proverbs:

A friend—one soul, two bodies.

The bosoms of the wise are the tombs of secrets.

The pen is a tree whose fruit is expression.

Learning to have, and wisdom to lack,

Is a load of books on an ass's back.

The miser is God's enemy, though he be a monk.

Whose carriage is greediness, his companion is beggary.

It is an interesting fact that the word *piety*, among the old Romans, meant family affection, whether on the part of children or parents, or of brothers and sisters toward each other.

"A LOGICIAN and a swimmer," says a Persian story, "were in a boat together. Said the logician to the swimmer, 'Have you ever studied logic?' 'I never heard the name till now,' was the reply. 'Alas!' said L., 'then has half your life been drowned in ignorance!' Just then a squall came up. Said S. to L., 'Have you ever learned any thing of swimming?' 'Nothing but logic,' was the reply. 'Alas!' said S., 'then the *whole* of your life is drowned!'"

The moral of this, our teacher told us, is, that *logicians sometimes get beyond their depth*.

ANOTHER: "A physician being taken sick, his neighbors came in great numbers to see him, and sat a long time by his bedside. This annoyed him very much. At length one of the company, suspecting it, said, 'Hakeem Sahib (Sir Doctor), have you no farewell advice to give us?' 'Yes,'

he replied, 'when you make visits, don't sit too long.'"

ONE more: "A certain person had a friend who was a miser. One day he said to him, 'I am going a journey—give me your ring, then I shall always have you near me; for whenever I look upon it, you will come to my remembrance.' The miser made answer: 'If you wish to keep me in remembrance, as often as you look at your naked finger, remember that you asked a certain person for his ring, and he refused to give it to you!'"

A VERY bad pun occurs in a verse of Sale's translation of the Koran, where the Lord says, speaking of Solomon (who was King of the Genii, and a great hero among the Mohammedans): "And we also subjected unto his command *divers* of the devils who might dive to get pearls for him." What a dull ear Father Sale must have had!

A NOTE to the Koran relates the following legend; "The angel of death passing once by Solomon in a visible shape, and looking at one who was sitting with him, the man asked who he was, and upon Solomon's acquainting him that it was the angel of death, said, 'He seems to want me, wherefore order the wind to carry me from hence into India;' which, being accordingly done, the angel said to Solomon, 'I looked so earnestly at the man out of wonder; because I was commanded to take his soul in India, and found him with thee in Palestine.'"

ROMANCE OF THE REVIEWER.

(From the German of Uhland.)

Bold Reviewer, knight so valiant,
Mounts his horse, of mettle good,
Though no steed from Andalusia,
'Tis a hobby-horse of wood.

For a sword, a pen well-pointed,
From his ear he draws for fight,
And a mask, instead of visor,
Hides his eye's terrific light.

Lo! his lady fair, the Public,
Danger thousand-fold surrounds:—
Now a Siegfried's dragon, snorting,
Threatens her with barbarous wounds;

Now with lute-tones, soft and treacherous,
Woos her fair a sonneteer;
Now a monk, with mystic preaching,
Crazes and confounds her ear.

Bold Reviewer, knight so valiant,
Tames the dragon's fiery pride,
Breaks the lute in thousand splinters,
Hurls the monk o'er pulpit-side.

Yet the hero, greatly modest,
Wills that none shall speak his name,
Scarce one enigmatic pen-stroke
Shows his shield to waiting fame.

Bold Reviewer, rock of refuge,
Be to us forever true!
Take for payment Heaven's blessing,
And the publisher's pension too!

ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS.

1. WHY are mankind like cows?
Because they have *calves*.
2. What two letters of the alphabet describe a faded loafer?
C D (Seedy).

3. Why is a spirited war-horse, when he hears the signal for battle, like a father refusing his boy's request to stay at home from school?

He answers with a Nay (neigh).

4. What marked event in modern literature is calculated to injure the cause of Temperance?

The free circulation of Punch among the thinking part of the community.

5. Why is it impossible that there should be one best horse in the world?

Because at every race-course you'll find a better.

6. When may two people be said to be half-witted?

When they have an understanding between them.

7. Why is a provident man like a monkey?

Because he's forehanded (four-handed).

8. Why are the names of the Jewish tribes like the serpents in India?

Because they're found in *Numbers*.

9. What singular assortment of wild beasts is mentioned in the table of Troy weight?

12 ounces in one pound.

10. If the letters of the alphabet were accused of combining to form wicked words, which one of their number, and in what language of Shakspeare, would they all unite in exculpating?

"Thou canst not say *I* did it."

11. What is the difference between a flock of sheep in the fold at night, and the words written in a letter?

The former are *penned up*, and the latter are *penned down*.

12. When should a common manual laborer expect higher wages than the President of the United States?

When he's engaged for higher (hire).

13. When may a German boor be pronounced dead drunk?

When he sleeps on his beer (bier).

14. Why is a vulture superior to the man who shoots him?

Because the vulture is a foul creature, but the man who shoots him is a fouler (fowler).

15. Why is a man who marries twice like the captain of a ship?

Because he has a second mate.

16. Why is an empty discourse like a solid one?

Because it is all sound.

17. Why are the cook's tongs in a ship like great mosquitoes?

Because they are galley nippers.

18. Why is a book of conundrums, in a dull company, like a man's inviting a large party and having none come?

Because there's a *host put out* and not one *guest* (guessed).

19. Why are the meadows in spring like an American Revolutionary hero?

Because they're *one general green*.

20. Where were the Tanglewood Papers written?

By a *hawthorn* in a pleasant style (stile).

21. Why are some of the boats in New Bedford harbor probably like the head of Victoria's eldest son?

Because they contain the prints of whales' teeth (the Prince of Wales' teeth).

22. When Shakspeare's mother wished him to confess a theft, what distinguished character did she hold up before him?

William, Tell.

23. Why are tame ducks like the eggs of wild ones?

Because they make water foul (water-fowl).

EVERY body has heard of the famous echo of the Irishman, which, when interrogated "How d'ye do?" would answer, "Pretty well, I thank you;" but we know of a real echo, which, if you ask it "What remedy is there for the evils under which we labor?" invariably answers, "Labor!"

A RECENT traveler up the Mississippi, having been disappointed in his attempt to get a view of Natchez, as the boat stopped a moment under the bluff, reports as follows:

The town of Natchez
We saw by snatches,
Up over the bluff,
Which wasn't enough;
But we couldn't see more,
For the shape of the shore
Prevented,
So we had to be contented.

The same odd genius, having taken passage in the crack steamer Eclipse, seemed to hear her saying all the way to Louisville:

Hurry, skurry! I'm the Eclipse,
That every fortnight makes two trips;
Should like to see the boat that whips
The E-e-e-e- Eclipse.

WHAT a strange, paradoxical thing Time is! The more you have to do, in a given time, the more time you have left. Time is like an India-rubber bag; the more you crowd into it, the more it will hold.

WE once received an invitation to a Lecture, to be delivered

At 7½ o'clock, P. M.,
By William Hill, A. M.

THE Chinese language expresses the idea of government by a hieroglyphic compounded of two, the one signifying *bamboo*, and the other to *thwack*. The word for Barber, in the same language, is *Thi*, compounded of *tow*, to cut, and *ty*, respect: *the man who trims the respectability*.

THE pride of man, says a quaint old German writer, is a singular thing, and not so easy to put down; for if you stop up the hole A, it will peep out, before you think of it, at the hole B; and when you have closed that up, it will run round quicker than thought, and be standing all ready at hole C; and so on.

THE same shrewd writer says, "What makes it especially agreeable to write romances is, that in that way, whatever opinions one wishes to have go out into the world, he can always find a man to father them."

"THE sand in the hour-glass reminds us not only of the swift flight of time, but also of the dust into which we are one day to crumble."

THEY tell us to wait—that time will bring what we want. Friends, time will ripen the corn; but time will not plow the field.

"LIONS and despots see sharper in the dark than in the day."

"CHASTE, cold, and pale as the moon is the German people; chaste because cold, cold because pale, and pale because bloodless. Doctor Howard, in America, has discovered that the rays of the moon have warmth; but only by a burning glass could he succeed in making it act on the thermometer. But where is there a burning glass big enough to hold over the heads of thirty million men? The Liberation-war was such a one."

"THE Germans are always later than other nations in reaching an object, be it in art, science, or politics. Not that they did not know the shortest way, or trudged on too lazily; the reason why they are so much longer in getting to the goal is, that they start so much further back. They always proceed from first principles; and if a grease-spot is to be removed from the coat-sleeve, they study the chemistry first, and study so long and so thoroughly, that while they are doing it the coat falls to rags. But that is just the thing for them—they take the rags and make writing-paper. They turn every thing into paper."

Is there not an admirable moral in this of Börne's? "A rusty shield prayed to the sun: Sun, illuminate me! But the sun said to the shield: Purify thyself!"

"THE credit of having introduced the French Revolution has been ascribed to the philosophers. It is as if one should say, Sunday is the cause of Monday. Whenever new truths appear among men, they become visible first on the towering minds, as the rising sun illumines first the summits of the mountains. Now the enemies of the light think, if there had been no mountains, there would have been no day."

BÖRNE, in his letters from Paris, says, of course without being aware that he was making a pun for an English reader: "Madame Constant (wife of Benjamin) has had three husbands. The first she lost by death, from the second she was divorced, the third was *Constant*."

(From the German of Claudius.)

EPITAPH ON A WIND-MILLER.

The miller Jackson lies buried here!
He lived on wind, with wife and children small;
And many others live on it, that's clear,
Who have no mill at all.

COMPARISON.

Voltaire and Shakspeare: one of them
Is what the other seems.

I weep, says Master Arouet,
While Shakspeare's full eye streams.

HINZ AND KUNZ.

KUNZ. How many doctors may there be in Paris?
I think a hundred, or somewhere near.

HINZ. More, more, most certainly, good neighbor,
For, only think, the list of deaths in Paris
Is twenty thousand every year.

Break not thy head with labor sore;
But break thy will, for that is more.

LINES TO MY DEAD DOG.

Alard is gone!—my swimming eyes run over
With tears of melancholy dim!

Alas, that the cold ground must cover
A dog like him!

That faithful one! how friendly he behaved him!

He clung to me in the last hour!

Gladly would I from death have saved him—
I had no power!

How oft I've sate, when none but he was near me,
At midnight, by the old oak tree;
Alard, I love thee yet!—dost hear me?
I'll bury thee

In that same spot, where spirit-whispers creeping,
Answered my dreams, and shared them, too.
Shine softly, moon, upon his sleeping!

The dog was true.

I flatter myself that I have not quite failed of infusing into this translation from the old Matthias Claudius something of the touching tenderness and simplicity of the venerable original.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A READER
AT SEA.

.... My principal literary occupation to-day was reading a beautiful English volume called "Arctic Miscellanies," a book made up out of a MS. newspaper, edited monthly by the officers and seamen of Captain Ommaney's ship *Assistance*, which went out, with others, under the general command of Captain Austin, to seek for Franklin, and was wedged in by the ice from September, '50, to August, '51. Was struck with one piece (now invested with a painful interest), in which the writer expresses his own ardent hope of rescuing Sir John, in the form of a dream, supposed to be related by the lost navigator, and entitled "FRANKLIN'S VISION." The author's prose, with very few changes, melted into blank verse, as follows:

Sleep and oblivion o'er my wasted form
Their sense-annihilating mantle cast,
And Memory, with her sister Fancy's aid,
Retouched the picture of departed days.

The huge blank front of ice, that reared around
A barrier insurmountable, seemed rent,
And through the opening of the melted wall
Stole a sweet sunlight, soft with tints of morn.
A gentle zephyr's pure, warm, fragrant breath
Melts with its soft caress the yielding mass.
Now brighter shines the color-giving sun,
And through the heavy air harmonious tones
Of woman's long-lost voice steal o'er my soul
With thousand overwhelming memories.
Hot tears of love, streaming from well-known eyes,
Pass freely through the treacherous elements,
Commingle in the ecstasy of joy.
Nearer and nearer still the air-borne sounds
And home-like fragrance come—while in the dim
And lowering distance the dread region fades.
Lo! gentle Spring has decked the barren spot
With flowers that we in laughing childhood plucked.
Here, in gay garments clad, the light, the hope
Of life's bright dawn draws nigh; her buoyant step,
Firm with humanity, yet light, as wing'd
With hope deferred, scarce leaves its print behind—
She, bending, stretches toward my weary frame
Her soothing hand.

What strange, rough forms are these?
What faces strange peer through these shaggy garbs?
Oh, let me dream again! Ha, whence that shout
That makes the very silence seem more void?
Ah! can it be the old, familiar tones
Of my almost forgotten native tongue?
Sweet dream! thou hast foreshadowed things to come!
No beauteous form tends her fair, helping hand;
Yet, in what shape soever thou dost come,
ASSISTANCE,* thou art welcome to my soul,
For wearied, baffled hope had well-nigh sunk
In the blank, boundless ocean of despair!

Spent a good part of the day with that pleasant philosopher, old Gilbert White of Selborne. How charming is the freshness and simplicity of his very phrases! Of the reed-sparrow he records: "A sweet polyglott, but hurrying; it has the notes of many

* The ship's name.

birds." Of the nightingale: "Its beautiful song is the result of long attention to the melody of the older birds of its species." There is a deal of poetry in the old man's homely, quaint expressions, as where he says he found a falcon "nailed up at the end of a barn, which is the countryman's museum." His description of the field-mouse's nest, that "was so compact and well-filled that it would roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice that were naked and blind;" his minute observations on the swallow, the bat, the stone-curlew, that lays its eggs right on the ground, and, when its young are hatched, hurries them off to some flinty field, where they skulk among the stones, and escape detection by their resemblance to them; and finally, the humorous hits at *Timothy, the tortoise*—these are but a few specimens of the vast variety of curious and beautiful things which will repay the readers of "White's Natural History of Selborne."

After dinner began the book which has been so many months lying, like an uncut plum-cake before the self-denying schoolboy's eye, the Autobiography of the Painter Haydon. One's skepticism is excited a little in reading these novel-like lives, by the fact that the very oddities and notabilities one would have wished to see and hear, *e.g.* Wilkie, and West, and Northcote, and Fuseli, appear just at the right time. One would greatly err who should suppose that any man's life ever moved on at the epic pace which Haydon's representation gives to his—I refer particularly to his early years. "Fond memory" singles out those salient points on which the presiding spirit of the after career throws back special glory, and speeds from peak to peak of the life-landscape, neglecting the commonplace valleys beneath and between.

Devoted most of the day to Haydon. Was he not bent upon taking *the kingdom of (his) heaven* (of perfection in the historic department of painting) *by violence*? What does he mean when, after saying of his "Judgment of Solomon," "It was a victory in every sense of the word," he adds, "I did not command bayonets and cannon; *would to God I had?*" What is the meaning of that "melancholy *utinam*," as Sir Thomas Browne would have called it? Would he have swept away that plaguy Academy, and brought the noble and fashionable world to its senses? Ah, Benjamin! there is too much of this world about thee! Thou hast not yet attained to that highest art—the *know thyself*. . . .

Haydon is a very pithy describer. Witness his picture of Dieppe and its old women—"Neither born of woman nor made for man;" and of the Russian sailors, who, when they laughed, *looked like animals*.

Took several more great bites into my plum-cake—Haydon's life. Saw him into jail and out again. What a jumble of prayers, passions, prejudices, lovings and hatings, criticisms, creditors, constables, does that journal present! I find that one of my comments has anticipated the editor, who says: "Haydon prays as if he would take heaven by storm"—"his very piety had something stormy, arrogant, and self-assertive in it."—Some more of Haydon's happy hittings-off of character: He shows up "the Duke of Sussex with a star on his breast, and the asthma inside of it, wheezing out his royal opinions." When his child is born, he hears "a *peaked cry*, as of a little helpless being who felt the air, and anticipated the anxieties, and bewailed the destiny of inexorable humanity." . . .

Finished the second volume of Haydon. An anecdote of Wordsworth I never heard before. "Davy, do you know why I published my *White Doe in quarto*?" "No." "To express my opinion of it." What word-portraits Haydon throws off in a phrase of the celebrities that sate to him. How well acquainted we become with Melbourne, with O'Connell—who has "an eye like a weasel's"—with Jeffrey, and with that reformer who introduced himself, and insisted upon being put into the great picture; to say nothing of Brougham and Wellington. What children the man must have had, according to his own account. Think of Frank, who, when two and a half years old, his father having said to him, as they walked by a grave-yard—"There's where we both must lie," replied, "But, father, you first." Then think of Harry, whom he so mourns, who had such a passion for the memory of Napoleon, having collected 200 pictures of him, which he *perused* every day after dinner; and who talked with rapture of a charge of cavalry—and died at the age of three and a half!

Resumed Haydon, and finished the third volume. Thus have I lived one more life within a week, and what a life! Here is a man who finishes writing his life, and then finishes it in sad reality. He writes *FINIS*—black on white—in his journal, and then in *red ink* on his silver locks. After all, if one looked at this tragedy irrespectively of the hero's responsibility, it would seem as if the catastrophe must be pronounced *in keeping*. But the moral lesson of such a life is that

"Order is Heaven's first law."

This giant refused to order his life in strict reference to the supremacy of moral principle, and how could he expect the blessing? Well may the editor call his *religiousness* a puzzle. How wildly praying and swearing are jumbled in his diary! Indeed, his very prayers are often profane and presumptuous—a sort of taking of the Holy Name in vain.

Tapped another of the literary cakes I had laid up—De Quincey's Autobiographic Sketches. Read the chapter on his Childhood—the period he so beautifully calls "a mighty darkness and a sorrow without a voice." Never knew such good reading so hard to remember. Somebody says, however, it doesn't follow that you were not well fed yesterday, because you forget what you ate.

Read eight books of Pope's *Odyssey*; charming sea-reading. A great deal of old Homer in it after all. Was curious sometimes which to credit for an idea, Pope or Homer; for example, in the case of that striking correspondence to the saying of David, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Pope makes Homer say,

"By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent,
And what to these we give, to Jove is lent."

Read in Bloomfield's Poems. Remember but one striking expression, and that was a line in his description of a skim-milk cheese, quite worthy of Crabbe. The tough article was tossed into the sty, where it was rejected by the nosing porkers, as

"Too big to swallow, and too hard to bite."

How affecting is that saying recorded of Bloomfield's mother, that there were only three enemies she dreaded—Winter, Poverty, and Old Age! . . .

Took up Köhl's "Panorama of St. Petersburg"—well named, for it is a real daguerreotype of that singular city. The book, like Dr. Tschudi's Peru, is a striking specimen of the facility with which the German genius combines poetic play of the facul-

ties in conception and illustration, with business-like accuracy in description and statistics—in two words, enthusiasm with exactness. What can be more perfect than his illustration of a stranger's first sensations in the streets of the great city: "He sees spacious streets, bordered by rows of mute palaces, with only here and there a human figure hovering about, like a lurking freebooter among a waste of rocks!"

THE DEATH OF THE COLONEL.
(From the Polish of *Mitziavitch*.)

Before you hut, with measured pace,
The sentry marches to and fro;
Crowds throng the door, and every face
Is pale with terror and with woe.

What hero, honored and renowned,
Within, upon his death-bed, lies?
Hark! a clear voice with trumpet sound,
Comes mingling with the mourners' cries:

"Saddle my steed once more for me,
Who shared with me so many a fight!
That noble steed, oh, let me see,
Before I close my eyes in night!

"My sword and belt, too, let them lie,
And all my trappings, at my side:
Gazing upon my arms will I
Die as the brave Czarnecki died!"

And when the steed was led away,
The priest bore in the holy bread;
On bended knee the people pray—
The soldiers' cheeks are pale with dread.

Old scythemen who, without a tear,
Poured blood, in Kosciusko's day,
From their own veins and foemen's—here
Weep, as the parting prayers they say.

The chapel bell, at early dawn,
Toll for the parted soul they hear;
And now the soldiers all are gone,
For that the Muscovite is near.

Peasants crowd round the warrior dead,
He clasps the cross as when he died;
Upon his saddle rests his head,
His sword and fire-arms by his side.

But whence this virgin cheek, they said,
And bosom femininely fair?
Now save us, Heaven! It is a maid!
Emilia Plater slumbers there!

"A new Science of Nominology; or, Heraldry improved: being a way by which every man may ascertain the character or condition of his Post-Adamite Ancestry." This is the title of a work which we wonder some curious fellow doesn't undertake. If any should be disposed to, we furnish him hereby a few hints. Let him divide names into classes, as for instance, 1. Names derived from the residence of the family, such as the Hills, the Fields, the Bridges, the Lanes, the Streets, etc. 2. Names derived from occupations; the Fowlers, the Tailors (Tailors), the Sawyers, etc. 3. Names derived from office: the Popes, the Princes, the Sergeants, the Pearsons (Persons or Parsons). 4. Names derived from animals: the Bulls, the Wolves, the Crabbes, the Hawkes, etc. 5. Names derived from qualities: the Littles, the Blunts, the Brights, etc. 6. The nations: Mr. Dutch, Mr. French, Mr. Holland, etc. 7. Names derived from characteristics: as Foote, Shakspeare (it ought always to be written Shakespear), Crown-in-shield, etc. 8. Relationship: Tomkins (Tom's kin), Dixon (Dick's son), etc. Who will undertake the work? We will furnish several lists and hints.

We also wonder that no one has yet edited a "Blunder-Book," containing the odd, and so often felicitous mistakes of printers. We could furnish several that have happened to ourselves. On an occasion we gave a printed copy of some verses to be quoted, and the line

"Did thus the astonished Indian gaze on thee?"
to our astonishment came out in its new dress:

"Die thus the astonished Indian on thee?"

Campbell gives a droll instance. A line of his

"They stamp like dragons to the charge."

was printed

"They stump like dragoons to the charge."

We once heard of a comical Irish erratum: "In our yesterday's paper for *her Grace, the Duke of Dorset*, read *his Grace, the Duchess*."

CHAMISSO, in one of the notes to his poems, gives a funny old French melody, of which the motto might be, "I had a little husband," etc. We have turned it into English as follows:

My father got a spouse for me,
My! such a little spouse was he,
I had to take a lamp to see
Where in the bed my spouse could be.
I burned the bed—and, oh, dear me!
He came out roasted—hi! hi! hi!
I took and put him, do you see?
Under my table carelessly.
The cat comes in, and what does she
But runs off with him—hi! hi! hi!
I thought I should have died with glee—
A cat make such mistake to see,
A husband for a mouse—hi! hi!

A NEW WAY TO "KEEP ONE'S TEMPER." We remonstrated with our steward on the importance of keeping his temper. "Temper!" he exclaimed, catching the last word and flourishing, as he spoke, the carving-knife he was cleaning, as if to compare himself with that instrument—"temper!" he exclaimed, his eyes and the blade flashing in rivalry, "yes, I've got a temper, and I mean to keep it to my dying day."

SHAKSPEARE sings of Queen Bess,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free"—

and a German poet, Gotter, sings for a somewhat different specimen of maiden independence as follows:

I am a maiden, fine and young,
And am, thank God, yet free;
Romantic raptures never flung
Their witching spell on me.

My blood flows light; I love a jest,
I love to dance and sing;
My riches are a happy breast,
My jewels flowers of spring.

To good old mother Eve I hold;
Weak, trusting, vain as she:
Dear curiosity, seven-fold,
Her portion was to me.

At sight of man I'm not afraid:
How oft mamma would say,
For their sakes only we were made—
Creation's lords were they.

And so no stiff and stupid pride
Has e'er set foot in me;
To be a girl I'm satisfied,
Let others angels be!

HOW WORDSWORTH CAME TO WRITE THE "PRELUDE."

When Wordsworth, master of the ethic lay,
Planned a great work that should survive his day,

Before his muse, on that "Excursion" bent,
Through England's fields, in quest of wisdom went
(Say, rather, that *incursion* on the ground,
Held by a school who gave up sense for sound)—
He, of all bards the most considerate one
That ever ripened in this earthly sun,
Sate coolly down, took out a new-laid ream
Of paper, and surveyed the mighty theme.
But ah, as he beheld that page so fair,
And dreamed of all that *might* be written there,
Like a white ghost, the vision of that scroll,
Pure as an infant mind, restrained his soul;
His thoughtful, feeling spirit quite unmanned,
The pen escaped his hesitating hand;
It fell upon the floor—awhile he gazed—
Then stooping down, the feathery tool he raised—
For lo! a gleam of hope had dawned, and now
Lit up a cheerful radiance on his brow.
"May I not write a poem first," said he,
"That I may know if I a poet be?"
A lucky thought! the bard began to write,
And so, at last, the PRELUDE saw the light!

ADDISON'S fine Essay on Friendship contains the following spirited rendering of a passage from the old Roman poet Martial; which shows, by the way, that the countryman's remark—"There's a good deal of human nature in man"—was as true thousands of years ago as it now is:

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a testy, touchy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee nor without thee."

HIM who can do what he will, we call a lucky man;
But he is the wise and great one, who will do what he can.

GIVE words to thy grief—so art thou relieved of it;
Give words to thy joy—so art thou bereaved of it.

TWO MINDS.

I.

I would rather of wealth have a single drop
Than a hogshhead of wisdom filled to the top.

II.

A drop of wisdom is dearer to me
Than a measure of fortune as deep as the sea.

The above sayings are translated from a German book called "*Wisdom of the Morning and Evening Lands.*" (Beautiful expressions for East and West!)

PARSONS have always been among the most noted professors, or practitioners, of the art of *punmanship*. Severe study requires relief and provokes reaction—the grave leads to the gay and the severe to the lively—and they whose constant dealings with Scripture accustoms them to treat words as real things, who so often have to array them in the textual warfare of the sects and the schools, are naturally as likely as any to seek recreation and revenge by manœuvring them in the sham-fight of what Hood (or Lamb?) calls the *Punic* war. Old Mather Byles was perhaps the prince of our Yankee punsters. The old fellow seemed to carry about a sort of Byles's revolver with a hair-trigger. One day, as a company of British soldiers passed his house, the Doctor said he was glad to see that our wrongs were likely to be *reddressed*; and when some one said, "Ah, that won't do, you've used two d's," he instantly replied, "And who's a better right to D.D. than myself?" On another occasion he took some gentlemen up to show them the view from his cupola. "There," said he, "I call this my observatory, because from here I can *observe* a *tory* in any part of the city."

We once heard of a droll application of the words

of a hymn, which, from the contrast of the three parties involved in it, must have been particularly effective in the first hearing. A clerical wag was present one Sunday, when a professional brother had a young beginner to preach for him. The next day, meeting his grave and prosaic friend, he said: "Brother Blank, I always knew that you were very felicitous in your occasional services, but I never heard you so happy as yesterday." Brother Blank looked *very* blank with surprise, and said, he really had not intended any thing especially pertinent to the occasion. "Well, then, it must have been a real inspiration, for don't you remember, as soon as that young man had ended his sermon, you got up and gave out the hymn beginning, 'Lord, what a *feeble piece*,' etc.?"

While on the subject of hymns, we may as well record one or two more parsons' jokes. It is said that, on a certain occasion, a good old minister who had somewhat outlived his popularity, having died, the senior deacon at the next conference-meeting read with great spirit the words of the well-known hymn of triumph on the taking away of the curse of the Law by the Gospel dispensation:

"Believing we rejoice
To see the *cuss* removed."

We once heard a ludicrous illustration of the importance of right emphasis. A prosy parson read the following verse of Doddridge's hymn, laying the stress which we have indicated by Italics in such a marked manner that the effect may be readily imagined:

"The *lamb*s he carries in his arms
And in his bosom *bears*."

Not the worst instance of *mal-apropos-ity* in the adaptation of hymns for the occasion, is that recorded of a clerical joker in New Hampshire. It is or was necessary in that State for a couple "intending matrimony" to have their purpose "published" beforehand from the pulpit. Once when our reverend friend had given notice of intention on the part of a couple to enter the holy state aforesaid, he followed the publication by giving out the hymn commencing—

"Mistaken souls who dream of bliss,
And make their empty boast."

Every one is familiar with the beautiful effect often produced in writing when the sound answers to the sense. We have often heard repeated a droll illustration of an attempt to realize something of the kind on the part of an old clergyman who would read as follows:

"In our vain passions, Lord, we fly
From vanitee to vanitye."

We have often heard it said, but never met with it in the form of a proverb before the other day, in an old German rhyme:

A dinner party never must be
Over 9 nor under 3.

THERE is too much truth in the following: Where money is, there is the devil, and where none is, there he is twice over.

To seize opportunity by the forelock is a familiar piece of advice: We lately saw, in an old book of wisdom, the fact upon which it is founded, viz., that "Opportunity has long hair in front and short hair behind." Too many men fancy that he wears a cue, but find out their mistake when they try to catch it.

Literary Notices.

The Knickerbocker Gallery (published by Samuel Hueston) has made its appearance in a splendid octavo volume, and, apart from the merit of the literary contributions which form its contents, claims a peculiar interest on account of the circumstances in which it had its origin. The editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, Mr. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, so widely known for the exhaustless fund of humor which he serves up on his monthly board, and for his genial relations with many of the most eminent American authors, has performed such laudable service for the literature of his country, that, in the opinion of his "troops of friends," some appreciative testimonial was due to the excellent spirit and signal ability with which he has devoted years of unrequited labor to the cause of letters. With admirable judgment, they decided that such a testimonial should be presented in the form of a tasteful volume, containing original articles from the surviving writers of the *Knickerbocker*, of which the proceeds should be devoted to the erection of a cottage on the banks of the Hudson, "suitable for the home of a man of letters, who, like Mr. Clark, is also a lover of nature and of rural life." The enterprise was equally honorable to its projectors and its objects. Such an expression of sympathy and esteem is one of those rare boons, which bless alike both them "who give and him who takes." The appeal of the more intimate friends of Mr. Clark was promptly and cordially met by the distinguished corps of contributors with whose names the pages of the *Knickerbocker* have been graced. They comprise some of the oldest and most illustrious writers in America, with a noble array besides of men of genius and culture, who, if perhaps less known to fame, have yet gathered worthy literary honors in both hemispheres. A few examples will show the choice materials which have been employed in the composition of the volume. Washington Irving—the beloved and glorious patriarch of our native literature—contributes a delightful paper, entitled "Conversations with Talma," presenting some interesting reminiscences of the great French tragedian, and a series of original suggestions on French dramatic poetry. This was written in 1821, and will furnish a welcome fragment of the author's palmiest days to the host of his admirers who so fondly treasure every production of his fascinating pen. A poem, called the "Snow Shower," by Bryant, is the characteristic offering of our greatest American bard. "The Emperor's Bird's Nest," by Longfellow; "Mascaccio," by Lowell; "A Poetical Epistle to Mr. Clark," by Halleck; "A Vision of the Housatonic," by Holmes; "I'm Growing Old," by Saxe; "To a Beautiful Girl," by Prentice; "On Lake Pepin," by Epes Sargent, are in the happiest style of their respective writers. N. P. Willis, instead of rhymes, gives a kind-hearted and cheery letter from his invalid's retreat at Idlewild; and Tuckerman has a fine critical essay on Edmund Kean. Among other celebrated writers, whose fame is of more recent date, we observe the names of Mitchell, Boker, Kimball, Street, Shelton, Bayard Taylor, Cozzens, Fields, G. W. Curtis, and Stoddard. But space would fail us to enumerate all the celebrities on this red-lettered catalogue, which presents a curious illustration of the signal ability which the editor of the

Knickerbocker has embodied in the long series of his annual volumes. The attractiveness of the work is greatly enhanced by the variety of portraits with which it is embellished, forming an extensive gallery of American authors. These are engraved on steel, in the best style of execution, and, in many cases, from original paintings by Elliot and other eminent artists. Such a varied and admirable collection of portraits, in which a large portion of the community is interested, we presume has never before been presented to the public. The editorial preparation of the work was intrusted to the charge of JOHN W. FRANCIS, GEORGE P. MORRIS, RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, RICHARD B. KIMBALL, and FREDERIC W. SHELTON, who, it is needless to add, have acquitted themselves of their generous duties in a manner which leaves no room for comment, except that of a congratulatory character.

The Rose and the Ring, by Mr. M. A. TITMARSH, is the title of THACKERAY's Christmas-story for the present year, and, with its inimitable pictorial illustrations by the author, is bound to make a sensation in every circle of juvenile readers. It combines the grave, resistless humor of Thackeray's best productions with his remarkable power of adaptation to youthful fancies. A beautiful edition for the holidays was issued by Harper and Brothers, and produced a general clapping of hands among the legion of the author's admirers in Young America.

The Bible Reading-Book, by Mrs. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE (published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.), presents a continuous narrative of the most important portions of the Bible, in the exact words of Scripture, including selections from the sacred history, biography, poetry, prophecy, precepts, and parables. Among the numerous compends of Holy Writ, this volume is distinguished for the simplicity and convenience of its method, the judicious care with which its materials have been selected, and the freedom from sectarian partialities which mark its preparation. It is intended to take the place of the Holy Scriptures in the school-room and family, and appears to be well-adapted for the use of those who are content with any abridgment of the inspired volume.

Leaves from the Tree Igdrasyl, by MARTHA RUSSELL. (Published by John P. Jewett and Co.) Following the hint of Carlyle that in the Northern mythology, "Igdrasyl, the ash-tree of existence, has its roots deep down in the kingdoms of Hila or Death—its trunk reaches up heaven-high—spreads its boughs over the whole universe—every leaf of it a biography—every fibre there an act or word," the writer of this volume has not unaptly selected a quaint title for a record of human experience that appeals to universal sympathies. It consists of a series of sketches, evidently taken from actual life, and though not without a strong tinge of ideality, bearing the stamp of naturalness in the highest degree. They betray the marks of genuine feeling, rich cultivation, and rare powers of expression. In their healthy tone of sentiment, and their style of vigorous simplicity, they are happily distinguished from the numerous mawkish and extravagant fictions which are becoming an unmitigated nuisance.

Maxims of Washington, collected and arranged

by JOHN FREDERICK SCHROEDER, D.D. Under a variety of appropriate heads, the wise suggestions with which the writings of Washington abound are here presented in a manner both to awaken and reward the attention of the reader. The compilation is seasonable, and adapted to do good. The pregnant aphorisms of the Father of his Country can not fail to give weight to important truths, which, in other forms, are apt to be lost sight of amidst the excitement and turmoil of the times. In preparing the collection, the editor has made use of the most authentic materials, including both public documents and private letters, manuscripts and printed volumes, while his devotion to the memory of Washington is a guarantee for the zeal and fidelity with which he has performed his task. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)

Nature in Disease, by JACOB BIGELOW, M.D. (Ticknor and Fields.) Connected with several elaborate essays of a strictly professional character, this volume, by an eminent Boston physician, has a few papers devoted to subjects of more general interest, like those on the Burial of the Dead, on Coffee and Tea, on the History and Use of Tobacco, and so forth. The author belongs to that branch of the old school of medical practice which trusts less, in the curative treatment of disease, to the active interferences of art than to the observance of the salutary indications of nature. During a protracted medical career, he has uniformly sustained the highest character for philosophical acumen, extensive erudition, and practical skill. The present work may be regarded as the last expression of his long experience, and as such, will be read with satisfaction beyond the pale of his profession.

The Lost Heiress, by Mrs. EMMA SOUTHWORTH, is perhaps the most finished production which has come from the pen of that fertile writer. The plot, though often running into superfluous intensity, is comparatively free from the gross improbabilities of some of her previous works, and the character-drawing shows discrimination of judgment as well as force of expression. The career of a popular statesman, and the progress of a gifted artist, which form essential features of the story, are depicted with great power, and furnish an effective contrast to the more romantic incidents which abound in the volume. The faults of this work proceed from an exuberant imagination and an excessive facility of language—but its vigor of conception and brilliancy of description make it one of the most readable novels of the season.

Mile Stones in our Life Journey, by SAMUEL OS-GOOD. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.) The author of this volume has aimed to present the universally acknowledged precepts of religion in a novel and attractive form. He deals sparingly in dogmatic discussion, evidently preferring practical utility to speculative subtleties. He endeavors to connect the every-day realities of life with the benign influence of Christian truth, and to consecrate the lapse of time by intimate religious associations. The different periods of human life are treated with appropriate suggestions, and in a style of winning earnestness and beauty. Several personal reminiscences are narrated in an introductory chapter, containing home-like sketches of social life in New England, and an impressive picture of early incidents in an eminent professional career.

Wisdom, Wit, and Whims of Distinguished Ancient Philosophers, by JOSEPH BANVARD, is a brief

digest of the opinions and sayings of several ancient philosophers, compiled chiefly from Enfield, Stanley, and Yonge. As a convenient manual of reference, it may be of service to readers who have no inclination or opportunity to consult more voluminous works. (Published by Sheldon, Lamport, and Co.)

Webster and his Master-Pieces, by Rev. B. F. TEFFT, L.L.D. (Published by Miller, Orton, and Mulligan.) A popular biography of the great American statesman occupies the first volume of this work, while the second contains a selection from his most celebrated speeches in Congress and on public occasions. Several incidents in Mr. Webster's life which, we believe, have not before been made public are brought forward in the narrative, and the general outline of his professional and political course is portrayed in lively colors. The style of the biographer is diffuse, and often bombastic, but the greatness of the subject can not be concealed by any defects of treatment.

Parish and other Pencilings, by KIRWAN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The effective pen of the famous anti-Catholic polemic is every where to be recognized in this racy volume. It consists of a series of brief articles, some of which have already been widely circulated in another form, treating of events and incidents within the personal experience of the author. A large portion of the work is devoted to familiar narratives, illustrating the leading truths of religion, by examples drawn from real life. Among the most interesting papers in the collection, are sketches of the Rev. Ashbel Green, Dr. Alexander, and Dr. Miller, which comprise a variety of personal recollections of those eminent men, and without pretending to superior elegance or accuracy of style, exhibit a freshness of feeling and sincerity of admiration, which make them valuable specimens of biographical composition. The writings of Kirwan, which have already gained an extensive popularity, will always command the attention of the public by their vehement expression of opinion, their glowing religious spirit, and their robust natural eloquence.

What Not, by Mrs. MARY DENISON (published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.) is a collection of slight sketches, written in a pleasing and unaffected style, and depicting the joys and sorrows of common life. With no parade of wisdom, it inculcates the most wholesome lessons, and is well adapted to exert a beneficent influence by its "delineations of the good and beautiful in humanity." The volume is brought out in excellent style, and is embellished with several appropriate and striking illustrations.

Clovernook Children, by ALICE CARY. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) These stories have the genuine flavor of country life. They were written within the sound of running streams and amidst the odor of blossoms. Such natural pictures always have a charm for juvenile readers, and will make the author as great a favorite with them as they evidently are with the author.

Bruno ; or, Lessons of Fidelity, Patience, and Self-Denial taught by a Dog. This attractive little volume is the first of a monthly series of story-books for the young, announced by Harper and Brothers. The name of the author, Mr. JACOB ABBOTT, gives plenary assurance that they will be wanting in no essential quality for adaptation to their purpose. His happy talent for interesting the minds of young people has been amply tested, and it will now find full scope in the composition of the proposed vol-

umes. The plan of the series is of a very comprehensive nature. The books are not intended to be works of amusement only, but of substantial instruction. Comprising a great variety of subjects, the successive volumes will resemble each other more in their immediate aim than in their mode of treatment—each attempting to impart some useful knowledge, to awaken the intellectual powers, and to enforce the highest principles of conduct. The present number fully confirms the promise set forth in the original announcement. In all respects, *Bruno* is a delightful story. Full of animated description and enticing narrative, it constantly tempts the youthful reader into the pleasant and peaceful paths of true wisdom. It is printed on a large, clear type, and is embellished with a great number of excellent engravings.—Two new volumes of *The Franconia Stories*, by JACOB ABBOTT, entitled *Agnes and Caroline*, have also been issued by Harper and Brothers.

The Romance of American Landscape, by T. ADDISON RICHARDS, is a very attractive gift-book, while it possesses qualities which give it a more permanent value. A score or so of landscape illustrations furnish a text from which the author discourses upon the picturesque and the beautiful, interspersing the dryness of topographical detail and the sameness of verbal description, with legends and incidents connected with the scenery described. It presents in a pleasing manner the leading characteristics of the beautiful natural scenery of our country, and can not fail to aid in the development of the popular appreciation of landscape painting. In thus using his graceful and facile pen as an accessory of the pencil, the author has done good service to his profession of Landscape Painter, in which he has acquired so honorable a place. (Published by Leavitt and Allen.)

The Wide Awake Gift and Know Nothing Token for 1855. (Published by J. C. Derby.) The chief feature which distinguishes this volume from similar compilations is that its contents are wholly of American origin, and for the most part of a patriotic character and bearing. They comprise a suitable variety both of prose and poetry, a portion of which is from the pens of the most celebrated writers in the country. Among the names appended to the different papers are those of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Webster, Everett, Dr. Beecher, E. P. Whipple, Jared Sparks, and many others of no small note. The volume is well-printed and handsomely embellished.

Out-Doors at Idlewild, by N. P. WILLIS. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The invalid poet of Idlewild has turned his leisure to good account in the composition of these sparkling letters. They are in the happiest vein of the author, and present a beautiful illustration of the power of the mind to overcome the effects of physical infirmity. With none of the querulousness or gloom which are the almost inevitable fruits of protracted illness, they jot down the daily ongoing of a tranquil rural life, catching the rapid mood of the moment, and opening the retreats of domestic enjoyment to the sympathy of the reader. They exhibit the same mastery of language by which the most rugged materials become fluent at the plastic touch, and the same power of giving a humorous or a graceful aspect to the most evanescent trifles, which characterize all Willis's writings; while, if we mistake not, they betray a deeper and more genial current of thought than any of his former productions.

They are suited to awaken a feeling of personal interest in the writer, who gives the details of his sick-room with as cordial a frankness as he describes a golden sunset or a summer's shower.

Things as they are in America, by WILLIAM CHAMBERS. (Published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.) An intelligent, matter-of-fact, prosaic Scotchman is the author of this new book of American travels, who traverses the country from Canada to Cincinnati with a diligent spirit of observation and a mind generally free from unworthy prejudices. Nothing very novel or very profound is contained in the record of his experience; but as showing what sort of a figure we make in the eyes of a shrewd, plain-spoken stranger, his book is not without interest.

You Have Heard of Them, by Q. (Published by Redfield.) In a strain of dashing, good-natured gossip, the anonymous author of this entertaining volume relates his impressions of various notabilities in the world of fashion, letters, and art. His connection with the London press appears to have opened the door for him to all sorts of studios, libraries, saloons, boudoirs, and green-rooms, and he has not failed to make the most industrious use of his "privileges." Some myths are no doubt dexterously embroidered upon the substantial texture of his narrative; but without deciding on the comparative share of imagination and memory in the concoction of the work, we may pronounce it one of the most readable of the many readable volumes of the popular publisher.

Southward Ho! A Spell of Sunshine, by W. GILMORE SIMMS. A party of pleasant friends beguile the voyage from New York to Charleston by relating sundry legendary tales, and engaging in lively conversation on topics of mutual interest. The daily talk is served up in this volume with the well-known skill of the practiced novelist. Several of the stories are brilliantly told, while graver discussions of the characteristics of different Southern States give an agreeable variety to the contents of the volume. (Published by Redfield.)

Way Down East; or, Portraits of Yankee Life, by SEBA SMITH (published by J. C. Derby). The veritable Major Jack Downing again makes his appearance in these genuine specimens of the comic traits in New England character. No man is more completely at home in this kind of delineation than the worthy Major. His keen perception of humor is matched only by his skill in life-like portraiture. His brain is overflowing with Yankee traditions, local anecdotes, and personal recollections, which he reproduces with a freshness and point which always protect the reader from satiety. The force of his descriptions consists in their perfect naturalness. They are never overcharged—never distorted, for the sake of grotesque effect—never spiced too highly for the healthy palate—but read almost like literal transcripts of New England country life, before the age of railroads and telegraphs had brushed away its piquant individuality. The lover of the quaint old times of half a century back will welcome these sketches as a faithful record of "what will ne'er be seen again."

Poems, by PAUL H. HAYNE. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) There is true poetry in this little volume, which we presume is the first production of a young writer. The principal piece, entitled "The Temptation of Venus," is founded on a legend which sprung from the horror of the early Christian church for the deification of Love in the

Greek and Roman mythologies. The writer has endeavored to bring out the hidden moral significance of the legend, and to enforce the truth that "the apotheosis of the Sense is the funeral of the Soul." His versification is fluent and vigorous. He has a good command of poetic imagery, which he employs in a judicious manner, without burying his thought in superfluous ornament. Several of the smaller poems in the volume are distinguished for their tenderness and pathos, and nearly all of them give promise of excellence.

Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, delivered in Philadelphia, by Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. (Published by E. H. Butler and Co.) In a well-written Introductory Essay to this volume, by the Right Rev. Bishop POTTER, a brief view is given of the problem of Apologetics, or the scientific Evidences of Christianity. According to the writer, this involves both a practical and a speculative question. The former may be stated as follows: Can the Christian faith be vindicated on those principles of evidence which, in respect to this life, men accept and act upon without distrust or hesitation? The speculative problem brings the inquirer into contact with some of the profoundest difficulties in metaphysical philosophy, including the questions, Whether there is a proper scientific basis for any of our knowledge, or whether it be not, in its first principles, essentially empirical; whether our subjective impressions are a guarantee for our objective beliefs; whether there is any valid foundation for our faith in Goodness, Beauty, Immortality, and God? These problems are discussed by Bishop Potter with learning and acumen. The body of the work consists of discourses on various topics of Christian Evidence, with special reference to the present aspects of infidelity, by distinguished Episcopal divines. In point of argument and composition they are of unequal merit, but they are all marked by earnestness and zeal, and several by impressive eloquence.

HENRI HEINE.—We abridge from the *London Leader* some curious particulars with regard to this erratic man of genius:

"Of deep interest is a little autobiographic fragment of the German poet HEINE. It has been known for some time that a singular mental transformation has come over this most remarkable of the poets of Young Germany, now in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and living, the poor bed-ridden victim of a painful form of disease, in Paris. Rumors of his conversion from the utter Hegelian skepticism which he had formerly professed, and in the spirit of which he had worked both as a poet and as a politician, have long been going about—some saying he had become a Protestant Evangelical of the Berlin school, and others that he had joined the Romish communion. The present fragment clears up, or at least throws light upon, the facts of the case. It is a most curious paper—full of brilliant and eccentric thought on various subjects; and exhibiting a strange mixture of the speculative, the humorous, the sarcastic, and the poetical. It is not unlike some of De Quincey's papers, but far more biting and fervid in its spirit. It is specially with reference to his work *De l'Allemagne*, published some years ago, and in which he expounded the nature of the newest German philosophy to the French, in a manner most original and striking, that he makes his present revelations. He tells what led to the preparation of that work, and how

it dissipated the ideas till then entertained in France of the German philosophy.

"Of this philosophy Mr. Heine was once a votary, as far as it was in the nature of a poet to be. As a young man in Germany he had known Hegel himself—had 'seen him,' as he says, 'sitting in his woeful way, like a hen, on his terrible eggs, and heard his clucking.'

"When Heine came to Paris in 1831 he was an exulting skeptic, carrying a personal adaptation of Hegelianism about with him, if the essential doctrine had not pierced his poetical heart.

"And so he led his brilliant, wild life, the literary fruits of which are before the world. His first shock was on finding that his philosophy was no longer the exclusive possession of men of culture and genius like himself, but was getting down among the 'masses.' On these 'masses' and his own sentimental relations to them he has a curious passage. He avows that though theoretically an ardent friend of the people, yet in fact he had always had a horror of every thing done by their agency, and a dislike to personal contact with them. So long as he and his friends had 'blasphemed among themselves at their little philosophical suppers,' he was contented; but when 'the same themes began to be discussed in the low symposiums,' when 'atheism began to smell of tallow, and *schnaps*, and tobacco,' he was startled.

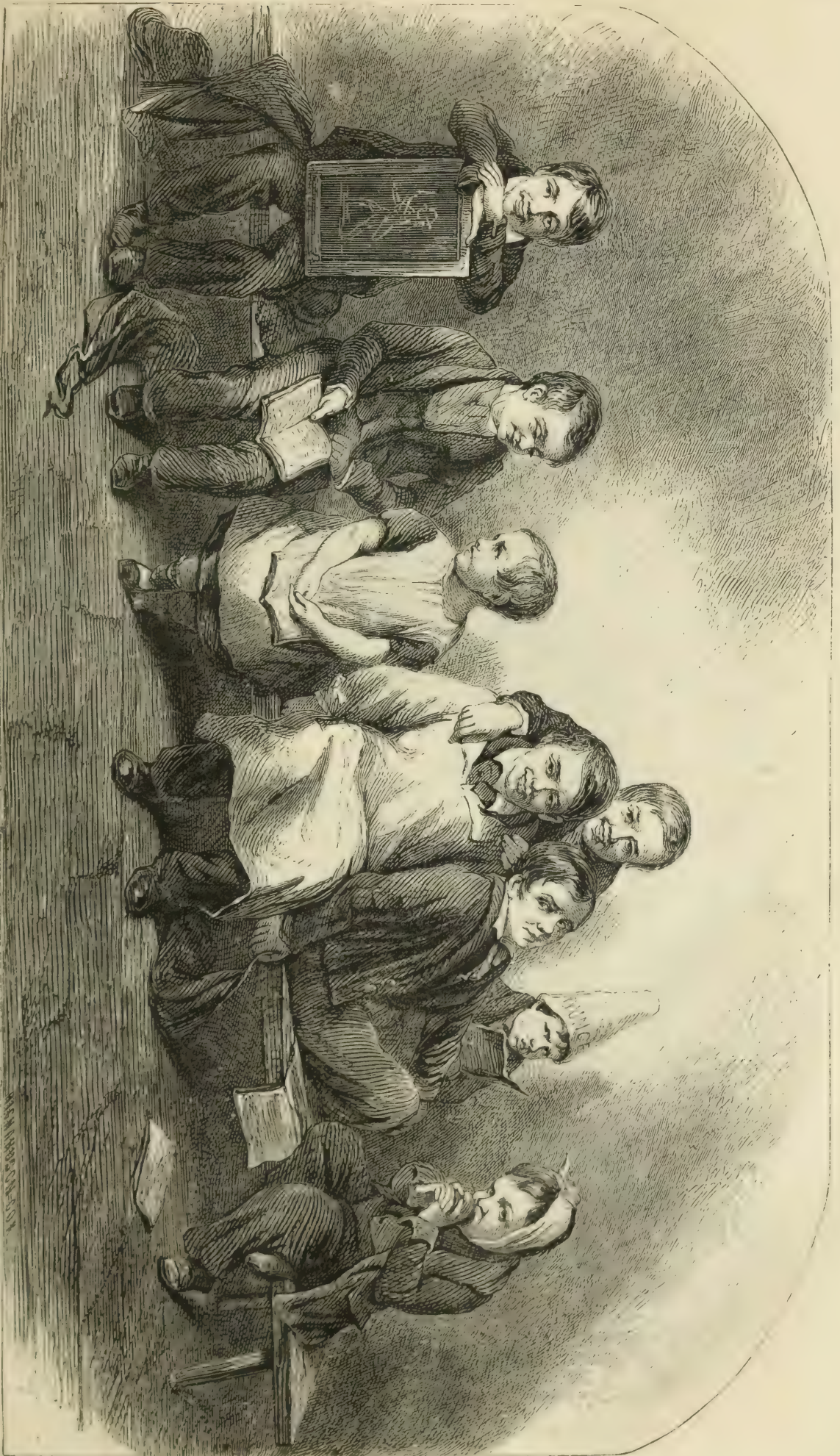
"It was the French Revolution of February, 1848, however, that worked the real change in Heine:

"'The events of those foolish days of February, in which one saw human wisdom at a discount, and the elect of idiotcy carried in triumph, were so extraordinary, so fabulous, that they turned things and ideas upside down. Had I been a man of sense, my intelligence would have given way; but, fool as I was, the contrary occurred, and, strangely enough, it was precisely at a moment of general lunacy that I returned to reason.'

"Poverty and paralysis were the more immediate agents of his disenchantment. Poverty, apparently, did a good deal, but paralysis did more. Here is a touch of Heine's irony—almost ghastly on such a subject:

"'Besides my financial deficiencies, I have not been in the enjoyment of brilliant health; I am even affected with an indisposition, slight, it is true, according to what my physicians say, but which has now kept me more than five years in bed. In such a position it is a great comfort to me to have some one in heaven to whom I can address my groans and lamentations during the night, after my wife has gone to sleep.'

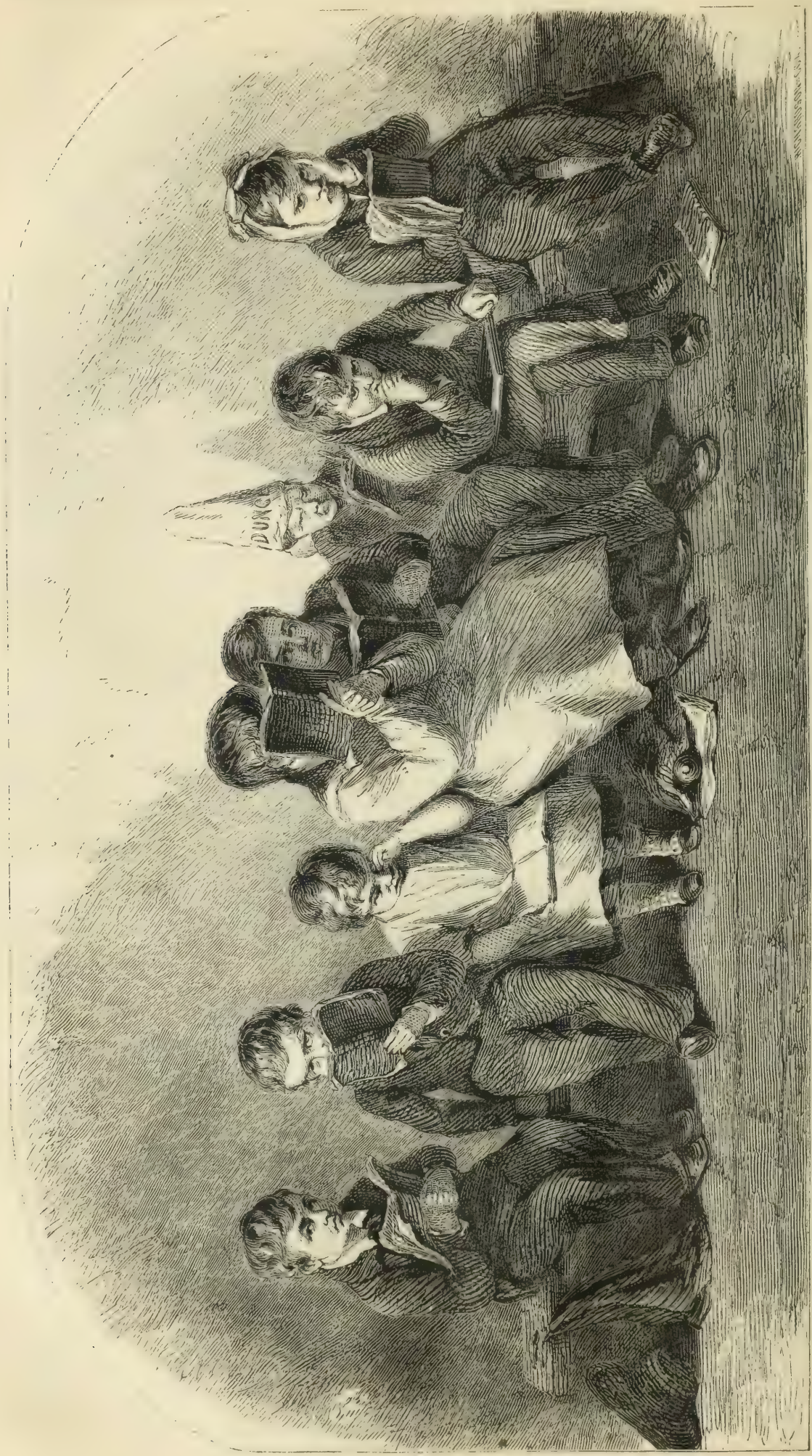
"In this strange, mocking way, Heine announces his recantation of skepticism, Hegelianism, and atheism, and his conversion—to what? This is the question; and he answers it in a roundabout and characteristic way. First, he tells us of his great and sudden comfort in reading the Bible, out of which he derived as much, though not precisely the same in kind, as Uncle Tom did. This leads him into a dissertation on the religion and institutions of Judaism, in the course of which he breaks out into a singularly eloquent descendant on the character of Moses—the greatest of human beings; as he thinks—mixed, in an odd manner, with sneers at the present King of Prussia. Resuming the autobiographic thread, he announces that, on the whole, his conversion has neither been to Roman Catholicism, nor to Prussian Evangelical Protestantism, but, if we may so express it, to a kind of Biblical Deism, formed by himself for his own uses."



The Village School. The Smile.

TELL ME, THEY LAUGHED WITH GOVERNMENT GLEET

GOVERNMENT GLEET



The Village School.—The Frown.

FULL WELL THE BUSY WHISPER, CIRCLING ROUND,
CONVEY'D THE DISMAL TIDINGS WHEN HE FROWN'D.

Fashions for January.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal-street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—HOME DRESS AND CHILD'S COSTUME.

THE HOME DRESS, which forms the principal figure in our leading illustration, is so clearly represented in the engraving that any extended verbal description would be superfluous. The body, it will be perceived, is *demi-basque*. The skirt is very full, touching the ground behind, and just clearing it in front and at the sides. The illustration fully explains the style of the corsage and collar. The sleeve is the most noticeable feature of this dress. Its convenience and elegance must make it a general favorite for an in-door dress. It is so fashioned that alternate shirred and plain bands oppose each other, in the upper and lower sections into which the upper half of the sleeve is divided. The lower portion falls full, but is gathered again at the wrist.

In the CHILD'S DRESS the upper garment is trimmed with swan's down, and the hat bordered with ostrich feathers. This last has become a very favorite style of trimming.

We furnish illustrations of several of the most admired styles of FURS. It will of course be apparent that our illustrations do not present them as they are worn *en suite*, but are purposely varied so as to present specimens of several kinds of furs.—The *Fischer Russe Cape* is of Sable. The *Victorine* is of Chinchilla. The *Muff* and *Cuffs* are of Stone Marten and Ermine.—A great variety of furs are worn. Notwithstanding the greater cost of the Sables and Chinchillas, there are many who prefer our American furs. In Europe, also, they are held in especial esteem.



FIGURE 3.—FISCHER RusSE CAPE.



FIGURE 4.—VICTORINE.

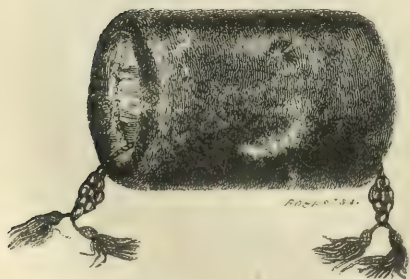


FIGURE 5.—MUFF.

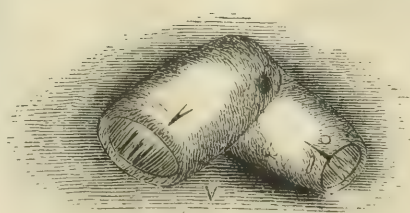


FIGURE 6.—CUFFS.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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EN ROUTE.

VIRGINIA ILLUSTRATED.

ADVENTURES OF PORTE CRAYON AND HIS COUSINS.

Second Paper.

E come il ciel rigò col novo raggio
Il sol', dell' aúrea luce eterno fonte:
Su, Su, gridaron' tutti; e'l lor' viaggio
Ricominciár con voglie ardite e pronte.—TASSO.

ONCE more upon the road! The horses, seemingly tired of inglorious ease and golden oats, trotted along at a jolly pace, expressing their satisfaction in alternate snorts; the coachman flourished his whip with such hearty goodwill that the fuzz flew at every crack; the girls chattered and sang in a manner betokening the highest exhilaration. Porte Crayon alone sat pensive and abstracted. His voice mingled not in the gleeful chorus, and to Mice's frequent exclamations, "Mass' Porte! da's a squirrel—Mass' Porte! da's a crow," he paid no attention. Presently a light hand tapped him on the shoulder. "Cousin, are you asleep? or what has befallen you?"

"I am not asleep, Cousin Dora; and the cause of my hidden grief can never be made manifest. I fear it is beyond the comprehension of you girls."

"Indeed!" cried they, indignantly, "what unparalleled assumption! as if any secret was beyond our comprehension."

"Pish," said Fanny, "I would not give a brass thimble to hear one of Porte's secrets. I

suppose he has lost a favorite lead-pencil, or something of equal importance." And so saying, she looked out of the carriage window with as much *nonchalance* as she could assume.

"I always did despise secrets," said Dora. "I never read one of these mysterious novels but I turned over the leaves to find out the secret before the characters in the book knew it."

"But, Cousin Porte," said Minnie, with her most winning smile, "it seems to me that when persons are traveling together, all the joys and sorrows of the trip should be common property, and that it is selfish, or at least ungenerous, for any one to appropriate exclusively either the one or the other."

"So pretty a speech, Cousin, deserves a better return than I shall be able to make; for, in truth, like Canning's Poor Knife-Grinder, I have no secret to tell. Indeed, if I had not been taken off my guard, I should have been tempted to invent one to satisfy you."

"Now," said Minnie, "I suspect you are wishing yourself back in the cave."

"That was a shrewd guess, Miss Minnie, and very near the truth; for I have been ill satisfied with my success in subterranean sketching, and would fain have had a few more trials. But it is just as well as it is, probably, for if I had remained a month, I do not know that I should have succeeded better. When I compare the soul-filling grandeur of the original with these bits of scratched and smutted paper which I

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have taken so much pains to elaborate, I begin to feel a sort of contempt for my art."

"Why, brother!" exclaimed Fanny with warmth, "the drawings are beautiful. We all recognized them. Mr. Moler recognized them. Any one who has seen the cave would recognize them at first sight."

"But, Cousin Porte, you draw portraits so well," said Dora, encouragingly. "I would much rather excel in likenesses than to have a talent for caves."

"Ah! pretty cousin, I failed more ingloriously in sketching you the other day, than I have done in the cave."

"Mass' Porte picters off a hoss 'mazin good, any how; he tuck dis sorrel so pat, I think I see him switchin' he's tail."

"Truly," said Crayon, with an air of satisfaction, "a little well-timed self-depreciation has brought me abundance of sympathy and consolation. I feel quite refreshed."

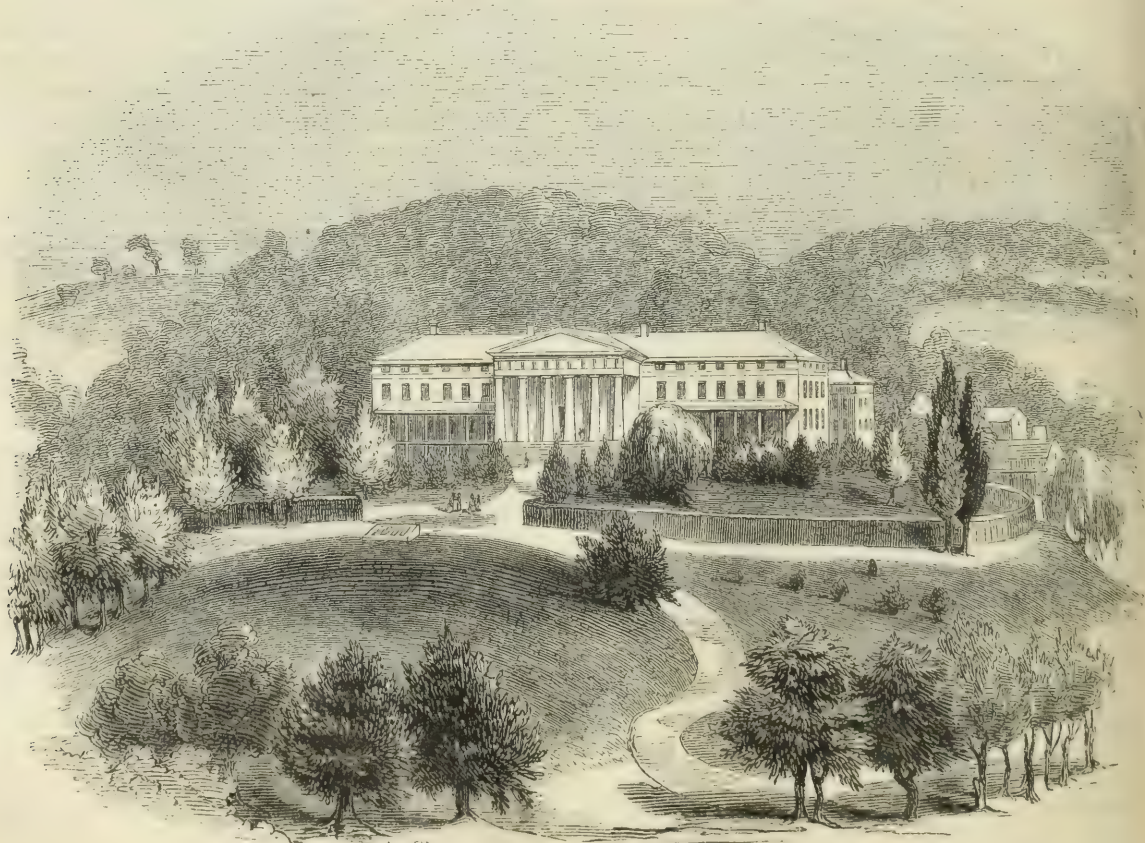
"I'm glad to hear it," said Minnie; "and truly glad on your account that we have got away from the cave. I began to be apprehensive lest you might share the fate of a mocking-bird I once heard of."

"What was that? Tell us about the mocking-bird!"

"Well," said Minnie, "an acquaintance of mine in the lower country had a mocking-bird whose powers of song and mimicking were marvelous, even among the talented race to which he belonged. From his cage that hung in an upper window, he heard and reproduced with

variations and improvements the notes of all the feathered tribe, from the chattering of the wren that built her nest beneath the window-sill, to the cooing of the dove that haunted the locust grove. He had even been known to make recognizable attempts at imitating the gobble of a famous turkey-cock that strutted about the yard, and it was universally conceded he could do every thing but talk. One unlucky day a smart-looking negro rode up to the house, bearing a note from his mistress to the mocking-bird's mistress. As he tarried at the door for an answer to the missive, to pass time he commenced whistling. Now it seems this boy was also a genius in his way. He whistled like a flageolet, and at all the dancing parties, Christmas revels, or huskings, he was the acknowledged leader of the orchestra; fiddle, bones, and tambourine, all playing second to his magnificent whistle. At the first notes which struck his ear the bird's eye sparkled: he raised himself upon his perch, and thus continued, spell-bound, until the strain ceased. His mission finished, the lackey went his way whistling. Then the mocking-bird set himself firmly on his legs, and swelling his throat, began a warble. It was a failure. Again he strove, and again stopped disgusted and dejected. A third time he gathered up his strength, and poured forth a super-avine trill: he ceased, the white film closed over his eye, and with a shivering flutter of his wings, he fell from his perch—dead!"

"Ugh!" said Mice, giving vent to his pent-up feelings. "He bu'st he's heart a-tryin'."



ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

"Poor thing!" said Fanny. "I know how he felt; I heard Jenny Lind once. It was not envy, nor jealousy, nor self-depreciation; but it seemed as if those undefined longings of the soul, those dreams of happiness and perfection were for a moment about to be realized; then the delusion passes away, and for a while after common life appears intolerable."

"How eloquent she is!" muttered Crayon. "There the genius of song got entirely the upper hand of the practical housekeeper."

"Porte! get out with your nonsense. And," continued Minnie, "suppose that Porte, overcome by his high-wrought feelings, had perished in the cave, and become a great stalagmite, like, like—who?"

"Niobe, incrustated all over with carbonate of soda—"

"Of lime," interrupted Crayon.

"Or, like Lot's wife, a pillar of chloride of something or other—a pillar of salt," said Dora.

"True enough; so it was. There goes the chemistry!" cried Crayon. "The laboratory will be blown up directly."

"And as Porte tells us," cried Minnie, "the stalagmite would grow, and grow, and grow, until it reached the roof of the cave, and resemble a tower, which the proprietor, with his usual aptitude in naming, would undoubtedly call the Tower of Genius; and which would be admired and wondered at through all time."

"And if such a thing had happened," quoth Crayon, "you, dear cousin, would have wasted away like Echo, until there was nothing left but the tip of your tongue, which, like the soul, I firmly believe, is destined to be everlasting. And, by the grace of fortune! there's Staunton."

"Where? Let us see!" cried they all at once.

The approach to the town of Staunton, by the road from Weyer's Cave, is quite imposing, especially if the view and its surroundings happen to be lighted by a brilliant autumn sunset, as in this instance. On the right, the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb stands out in bold relief from its background of rich foliage, its Doric portico being one of the best specimens of architecture to be seen in Virginia. On the left are the extensive and commodious buildings for the Insane; and on the surrounding hills are a number of pretty edifices—academies, seminaries, and private residences—exhibiting far more architectural taste than is usually found in the smaller Virginia towns.

As the authorities had not been informed of the approach of our travelers, there was no public demonstration on their entrance into the town. But, in recompense, there was a considerable amount of staring on private account, especially among the colored population. And they flattered themselves, as they descended from their carriage at the door of the principal hotel—Crayon in his hunting costume, and each of the girls with a book in her hand—that there was an unusual commotion among the loungers. The idea of making an impression was not altogether ungrateful to our friends, as they well



RECEPTION IN STAUNTON.

knew that Staunton was renowned all over the State for its cultivated society.

"Hark ye, girls!" said Porte Crayon, making an emphatic gesture with his finger, "no doll babies here."

"Certainly not," replied they in chorus.

"The idea of carrying the books," pursued he, "is a good one; in connection with my sketching, it gives a superior air to the party, suggestive of the literary tourist, or something of that sort. While I don't admire pretension in any thing, there is a certain modest, yet dignified manner of suggesting, rather than asserting one's claims, that goes far among strangers."

At this discourse Dora appeared really alarmed. "Mercy on us! I hope no one will take me for a literary body. I'm confused at the bare idea. I shan't know what to say; I shall be afraid to open my mouth."

"Bless your innocent eyes, Cousin Dimple, don't be alarmed. No one would ever suspect you for a moment. But prattle away in your usual amiable and artless manner, and, believe me, you will be none the less admired."

Here Crayon scrutinized his wards, and then cast an oblique glance at his own figure in the parlor glass. "I don't think," said he, "that a person of ordinary knowledge of the world would be apt to suspect any of us of being literary characters. But we must endeavor to keep up appearances, at any rate."

On the following morning an untoward event occurred, which gave great vexation to our friends, and showed that, however plausible Mr. Crayon's observations might appear, yet upon the whole, those are least liable to mortification or misconception who live and travel without any pretension whatsoever.

On sallying forth after breakfast to see the town, the girls in full costume, each with a magazine, and Porte Crayon with his sketch-book, they marched up street in high good-humor. On turning into the principal street, they saw an object that brought them to a halt. This was no other than that marplot scoundrel, Mice, dressed in his holiday suit, with a ruffled shirt of red calico, a June-bug breastpin, a brass-headed cane like the club of Hercules, and, to crown all, a number of Harper under his arm. As he swaggered along at a leisurely pace, his face beaming with exalted complacency, he was an object of general attention. Occasionally he paused to address a condescending question to some "common nigger," to salute some turbaned damsel of his own race at an opposite window, or to cast a look of ineffable satisfaction at his goodly shadow, which entirely overspread the narrow sidewalk.

Crayon is a philosopher (one of a multitudinous and lofty school), who looks upon the varying events of life with admirable calmness and equanimity, when every thing goes to please him; but who, when disappointed or thwarted, behaves very much like common people. For, as Crayon sagely remarks "It is not well for any individual to be entirely cut off from human feelings and



THE LITERARY VALLT.

sympathies." On this occasion, had his coachman been within reach, he would undoubtedly have caned him. As it was, his perception of the ridiculous got the better of his wrath; and venting his feelings in a jumbled paragraph (which he afterward told the girls was a quotation from *Furius Bibaculus*, the Roman satirist), he turned about and hastened back to the hotel.

"Waiter," said Mr. Crayon, "go into the next street, and when you see a big, foolish-looking negro, parading about with a book under his arm, tell him to come down and get out my carriage, as we wish to take a drive."

"Yes, Sir," replied the grinning waiter. "I know him."

As the streets were very dusty during the remainder of their sojourn in Staunton, our friends generally went out in their carriage.

They were highly gratified by a visit to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, a near approach to which did not disappoint the expectations excited by the distant view. The grounds are already improved with great taste, and, from their peculiarly fortunate location, are susceptible of improvement to an almost unlimited extent. The buildings are extensive, well arranged, and imposing. Our friends took great interest

in the exercises of the different classes of deaf mutes, and saw with wonder and delight how the missing faculties seemed, in some cases, to be more than supplied by the ingenious and skillful cultivation of the remainder. An air of cheerfulness and home-like contentment pervaded the whole establishment, and it is not a matter of surprise that the pupils generally leave their Alma Mater with reluctance. While there they are unconscious of misfortune, surrounded by companions and guardians with whom their intercourse is free and unrestrained, and carried on in a language as graceful and expressive as the most cultivated forms of speech. A part of the establishment is devoted to the Blind, a considerable number of whom are at present under instruction.

On the return of our party, the conversation naturally turned upon what they had seen. Minnie May observed that if she had the choice of misfortunes, she would prefer being blind; "because," said she, "I am naturally fond of talking, and one's friends would read aloud all the new works, and Cousin Fanny would sing for me; and besides, there is a touching interest which attaches itself to the blind, which does not belong at all to the deaf mute. A woman, after all, is a helpless, dependent creature; and this misfortune, in rendering her more so, increases in a still greater degree her claims to attention and protection." Fanny agreed to some extent to the foregoing; remarking that the cultivation of music, and the increased susceptibility to its charms, might compensate in some degree for the loss of sight. She appreciated the pleasure of conversation, the fireside in winter, and the veranda in summer; but she was by no means prepared to admit that women were such helpless or dependent creatures. Moreover, she thought a deaf and dumb lady could keep house quite as advantageously as one that had the use of her tongue, and that upon an average the servants got along as well without scolding as with it. Dora yawned and said, for her part she would be very well contented to remain as she

was; but she did think she would like to have little feet like a Chinese lady.

"Mice," said Crayon abruptly, "don't you wish you were white?"

"Bless your soul, Mass' Porte, I'se better as I is. I'se a pretty good nigger, but I ain't got sense enough to be white."

The Hospital for the Insane consists of a double range of brick buildings, extensive, elegant, and handsomely located, although its position is not so commanding as that of the Asylum, nor are the grounds about it in so forward a state of improvement. This work, however, is in progress, and will be carried out in a style commensurate with the extent and importance of the institution.

Of the visit of our friends to the interior of the establishment they have never said much. They of course saw the public rooms, the cooking apparatus, and the chapel for the use of the patients, which is furnished with a fine organ; all of which are entirely unexceptionable. Porte Crayon, however, was a good deal vexed with his wards for their persevering curiosity, in wishing to see the unfortunate inmates of the Hospital. Having used moral suasion to no purpose, he privately bribed their conductor to tell them that the patients were not permitted to see or to be seen of strangers.

Having thus disposed of the lions of Staunton, our travelers resumed their journey, and leaving the general direction of their route, took the road to the northwest, toward the Chimneys, some sixteen miles distant. Several miles on their way they passed a man engaged in a controversy with a mule. As the presence of witnesses generally serves to aggravate a quarrel, so upon the approach of the carriage both mule and man became more violent in their demonstrations. As well as could be ascertained from their actions, the man wanted to go to Staunton, and the mule seemed willing to go any where else, even preferring the alternative of going backward over a bank ten feet high, rather than yield his point. The quarrel growing out



HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

of this diversity of opinion or of interest seemed likely to last some time, as the mule was a stout, healthy animal, and the rider a sinewy, long-legged, sun-burnt farmer, with a choleric and determined expression of face. The ladies united in desiring Porte Crayon to stop the carriage, that they might see the result of the dispute. This, however, he peremptorily refused to do, alleging as a reason that there was no calculating the time they might lose in waiting; and, besides, that politeness forbade them to be impertinent witnesses of the misfortunes of their neighbors. "Moreover," said he, "judging from the condition of things when we passed, you would most probably overhear, before long, a number of indelicate and profane expressions, improper for female ears."

But Minnie was unwilling to give up the point, and insisted that the poor man might get hurt, and that it would at least be civil to stop and send Mice to his assistance.

"By no means, cousin. I can appreciate your kind motive, but the man in question probably would not—certainly not in his present state of mind. Sympathy, in a case like this, only serves to increase the evil. I know something of these things by personal experience," said Crayon, with a wise wag of his head.

Anon he leaned out from his seat, and looked back with great interest.

"What's the matter? can you see him yet?" exclaimed the girls, looking through the peep-holes in the back of the carriage.

There, indeed, they caught the last glimpse of the unhappy couple, in the same spot where they had first seen them; the mule seated in the middle of the road on his ultimatum, and the rider, burning with rage and grief, standing astride of him, holding on by one ear, and pummeling him lustily with his disengaged fist.



REMINISCENCES OF EARLY DAYS.

Well, Cousin Porte—as politeness forbids us to laugh at the unlucky countryman—suppose you amuse us by the recital of some of your adventures—the experiences in mule-riding, for example—which you hinted at just now."

"Welladay, girls! It has been fifteen years or more since I rode one of them; and, to tell the truth, I have never cared to repeat the experiment. On that well-remembered occasion I was one of a riding-party, consisting of some eight or ten young people of both sexes, bound for a picnic on top of the North Mountain. When the party assembled at the rendezvous, I appeared mounted on a mule. The girls giggled, as a matter of course, and the men criticised my perverse eccentricity, as they called it. I, however, defended my *monture* with great vehemence. The ancient kings of Israel rode mules; knights and ladies in the chivalrous ages ambled on mule-back; the great Mohammed rode one; and why should not Porte Crayon bestride the likeness of Alborac? As the little animal trotted along with great sprightliness, I began to get credit for some judgment in my selection; and one youngster, who was mounted on a bonesetter, begged me to exchange with him. This offer in the pride of my heart I refused disdainfully. On fording the Tuscarora, at the Old Church, we reined up to water our beasts. Alborac junior drank deep of the limpid wave, and, when he had finished, suddenly roached his back, and pitched me plump over his head into the midst of a flock of geese. I remember perfectly how I felt when I rose out of the water. There was the cursed beast sipping away with the most cheerful and unconcerned expression of countenance, and making no attempt whatever to run away. I hastily swallowed a large gulp of fury and water, and mounted the animal again, endeavoring at the same time to appear as little incommoded as



THE CONTROVERSY.

was possible under the circumstances. 'Ha, ha! ha, ha!' said I, forcing a hearty laugh, 'I got a little ducking!' There was no response, but such faces as I could catch a glimpse of appeared all purple with constraint. 'He! he! he!' I snickered again, 'I got a funny fall.' No one replied. 'What the — prevents you from laughing?' cried I, in a fury. 'Nobody's killed!' A chorus of shouts and shrieks followed, long, loud, and unrestrained. I wouldn't have minded it, but Cousin Julia was there, and that infernal fellow Frank Williams. Cousin Julia could scarcely keep her saddle for laughing; in fact, she laughed all the way to the Mountain. Every silly, pointless speech furnished occasion for such extravagant and disproportioned merriment, that it was impossible not to perceive what was at the bottom of it. I had at least the satisfaction of perceiving that Frank was as much annoyed with it as I.

The creature was in love to that degree, that he could neither laugh himself nor endure to see Julia laugh. By the way, I can't imagine a more disgusting condition for any one to be in. They can't appreciate fun in any way, and are totally unfit for general society.

"When we got to the top of the Mountain, and were riding along its wooded crest in search of the spot for the view and the picnic, Williams rode beside me. 'Crayon,' said he, 'I am heartily sorry for your misfortune.'

"I replied, tartly, that I was not aware of having met with any serious misfortune, or of standing particularly in need of any one's sympathy, and especially of his. Frank reddened, and without more words rejoined my cousin. They exchanged a few sentences in an undertone, and presently she whipped up her horse and joined me. 'Porte, my dear cousin, you seem to be hurt. Frank, that is, Mr. Williams, did not intend to wound your feelings; and, indeed, I am extremely sorry —' 'Cousin Julia, stop this stuff. It's bad enough to be thrown by a mule, ducked, and laughed at for an hour and a half without intermission; but to be insulted in this manner, I won't put up with it. As for your Mr. Williams, he shall hear more from me.' And, to cut short the conversation and relieve my excited feelings, I gave my beast two or three sharp whacks across the rump. One would have been enough. He bolted like a shot, and when I found myself, I was hanging to the limb of a scrub oak, unhorsed, and the breath nearly knocked out of my body. I was so bewildered by this '*hey presto*' movement, that although I hung only a few feet from the ground, I had not sense enough to get down myself, but was lifted down and set against a tree by one of the party.

"Like the man of Islington's second leap into the quickest hedge, this second mishap, aided by an apologetic glass of toddy brewed by Cousin



REMINISCENCE NO. 2.

Julia, entirely restored me to my good humor, and by the time the cloth was spread, I felt as well—soul and body—as I did before I ever mounted the accursed mule.

"'Williams, a word with you.' Frank approached me rather stiffly, and we walked toward a laurel thicket a short distance off. I observed Cousin Julia's eyes following us uneasily. 'Frank Williams, I have had an unlucky day of it—I have been ducked, laughed at, and, finally, hung on the limb of a scrub oak like a scarecrow. I have borne the laugh with reasonable fortitude; but politeness and sympathy under such circumstances are beyond human endurance. Let me apologize—' 'No,' said Frank, 'I must apologize—' 'I was ill-tempered,' I insisted. 'I was a fool,' said he; and we both laughed until the tears rolled down our cheeks.

"By this time Cousin Julia had joined us. 'What are you two laughing at?' inquired she, with evident surprise and pleasure. 'Only some funny explanations we've been making,' I replied. 'Then, Sir, you owe me an explanation for your uncivil haste in riding off when I was talking to you;' and as she made this allusion she bit her lips, convulsively striving to avert an approaching paroxysm. 'Indeed, Miss Julia, I shall make no explanation whatever to you—you have diverted yourself sufficiently at me and my misfortunes to-day to clear all scores, and leave me still your creditor for a considerable amount; but Frank—oh, no, I mean Mr. Williams—is dying to make some explanations to you.' 'What do you mean, Porte?' said she, suddenly forgetting her merriment, and blushing scarlet. 'Oh! nothing at all,' I replied, hastening to rejoin the company, and chuckling at my wicked device for stopping Cousin Julia's mirth."

"Well, what became of them?" asked Minnie, with interest.

"Pshaw! They walked off somewhere, and didn't return until we had eaten up all the dinner. Some of the girls were considerate enough to save them a few sandwiches and a piece of pickle; but they didn't want any thing to eat. Frank, on being rallied about his loss of appetite, did take a sandwich; but, after nibbling a mouthful or two, he quietly slipped the remainder to a pointer dog. However, he did not refuse a thumping swig of toddy; and then, seizing my arm, he dragged me off to take a walk with him, and made me the custodier of such a string of mawkish confidences that I returned with the deliberate intention of making him drunk.

"As soon as my cousin laid eyes on us she divined my intentions, and gave me such a look! What an expressive eye Cousin Julia had! Language was really of no use to her—her eyes spoke so handsomely and eloquently; every glance was a paragraph. That look entirely unnerved me; it read thus: 'Dear Cousin Porte, can you be so ungenerous as to take advantage of poor Frank's soft condition? You know, when a young gentleman has just been accepted, he is open to any folly or extravagance that may be suggested. Don't do it, for my sake. Don't make him drunk.' Having first secured a glass of toddy for myself, to nerve me to the sacrifice, I slyly upset the pitcher on the grass. You may imagine how I was berated and reviled. Dick Spindle, who was already in a state of juvenile exhilaration, expressed his regret that the mule had not broken my neck

before I got there. The girls, however, thought the accident was not amiss, and Cousin Julia gave me a look and grateful pressure of the hand that was entirely satisfactory."

"And what became of the mule?" asked Fanny.

"How absent I am. I forgot the mule entirely."

"We all forgot the mule toward the conclusion," said Dora; "and I think, cousin, your mule story was near turning into a love story."

"Bless me, child! what better could I do? The story had to run its course. My hero kicked up and ran away before the story was finished. He left me hanging in a tree with a couple of stupid lovers on my hands. I have got myself out of the tree, disposed of the eatables and drinkables, and left my lovers very happy. What more can any reasonable person ask?"

"I believe," said Minnie, "that Porte was in love with Cousin Julia himself."

"Is that the only moral you can extract from my story, little humming-bird?"

"And that Frank married Cousin Julia, of course."

"Frank did," replied Porte Crayon, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders. "At that day, Frank was a brilliant young man; he had a riding-horse that could out-rack Pegasus, was a jolly sportsman, chock full of adventure, and was the life of all dinner-parties and dances. Now he is the most commonplace of farmers, growing fat and rich, wearing a broad-brimmed hat and green baize leggings. He rides his old



THE CHIMNEYS.

brood mare to town, with a colt trotting after him; has become a squire of the county, and goes to the Legislature. Poor Frank!" sighed Porte Crayon, feelingly, "that he should have sunk to this! And yet he don't seem aware of his degradation; he brags like a Kentuckian. '*Vita conjugalis altos et generosos spiritos frangit, et a magnis capitulationibus ad humilimas detrahit.*'"

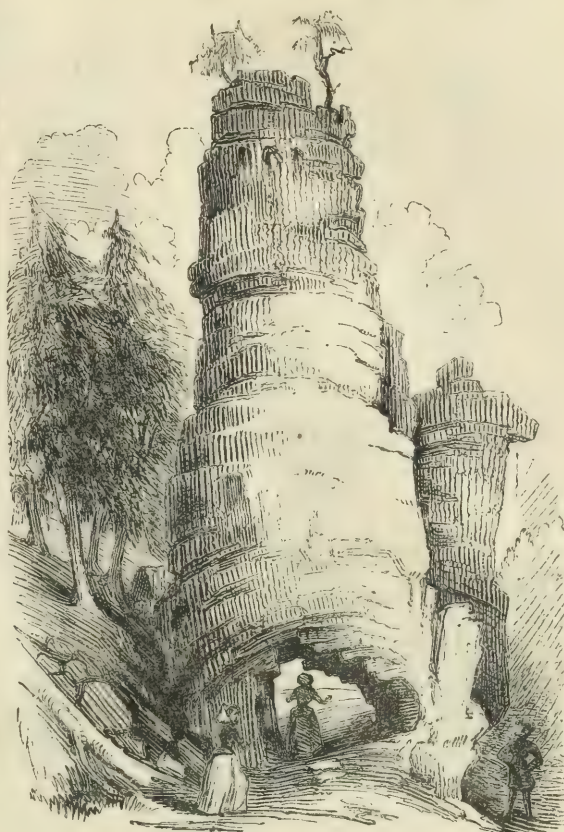
And thus they beguiled the time in pleasant chat, until some two hours after mid-day, when they found themselves within sight of the neat little village of Mount Solon. The inn to which they were directed—the only one in the village—was a very modest-looking establishment altogether, and was kept by an old palsied man, who appeared as if he might have known better days. Ascertaining here that the object of their curiosity was only about two miles distant, they left their baggage and an order for supper with the landlord, and drove on.

After jolting over a rocky, uneven road for a short time, they at length had the satisfaction of seeing the black tops of the Chimneys towering above the trees in the distance. At this point our travelers left their vehicle and proceeded on foot, by a path leading through a barn-yard, to the base of the rocks, about two hundred yards from the main road.

This curious group of natural towers rises at the point of a limestone hill, which juts out like a promontory into an extensive alluvial bottom. There are seven of them, some seventy or eighty feet in height, their bases washed by a small stream, and their whole appearance reminding one of the ruined stronghold of some feudal baron surrounded by its neglected moat. To those whose fancies are more exclusively American, they look like the chimneys of a deserted iron-foundry; and altogether the picture presented is in a high degree unique and interesting. From no point can all the towers be seen at one view. The northern one is the tallest, the most completely detached from the hill, and in all respects the most perfect. Its round, regular stratifications, gradually narrowing toward the top, show like successive galleries and cornices, such as are represented in the old pictures of the Tower of Babel. This structure is about eighty feet in height, and thirty in diameter near its base. It is tunneled below by a wide archway, through which is the most convenient approach to the bases of the other towers; and from one point of view this huge mass appears supported only upon two pillars.

The southern group, consisting of three towers, united for about half their height, is also perforated by a cavernous passage, narrow at each entrance, but opening to a chamber of some size in the centre. None of the Chimneys are completely detached from the hill; and the view from every quarter is intercepted by a heavy growth of timber, much to the annoyance of the artist.

Although these rocks are highly picturesque, curious, and not wanting in grandeur, our travelers, having lately seen objects of such surpass-



THE GREAT TOWER.

ing interest, expressed their gratification here in moderate terms, and were soon seated under some opportune apple trees, discussing their lunch with a zeal and earnestness which neither custom nor daily repetition had in the smallest degree abated.

Not so Mr. Crayon. He spent his time walking curiously about, examining the towers and caverns at all points. Having made several unsuccessful attempts to ascend the rocks, he at length succeeded in reaching the summit of one of the lowest, which is joined to the hill by a natural wall several feet in thickness, and reaching more than half way to the top of the tower. Thinking this no great feat, and perceiving that the ladies were too much engaged to look at him, he came down and betook himself to his sketch-book. Having taken his position at some distance out in the meadow to get a better view of the southern group, he was in a short time surrounded by all the dogs on the plantation—Bull, Ring, and Bobtail—who barked and clamored until they were tired, and then trotted off, surprised and disgusted at the imperturbability of the artist.

The sketches being completed, and the curiosity of all parties satisfied, our friends returned to their carriage. It was unanimously agreed that, although they had been much gratified by their visit, yet there was nothing about the Chimneys to excite enthusiasm—in short, they were wanting in the quality of sublimity. Porte went on further to observe, that he preferred the homely name of "The Chimneys" to the more elegant appellation of "Cyclopean Towers;" for, although an admirer of the classics in the ab-



PORTE CRAYON SKETCHING.

stract, and understanding fully the propriety of the name as applied to this style of architecture, yet he had always felt averse to mixing associations drawn from the Old World with American scenery. The most striking characteristic of our scenery, when compared with the European, is its freshness, observable even in the appearance of the rocks, and the charm of the impression is always disturbed by any association with the old mythology. The family of the Cyclopes was Sicilian, and was disposed of long before the discovery of America by Columbus, in 1492. Let them kick and sprawl till doomsday under their mountain tomb: we doubt if the introduction of distinguished foreigners is of much advantage in any way to us on this side of the water.

Miss Dora expressed a doubt whether there were ever any such persons as the Cyclopes. But Crayon assured her that he had seen the place where they were buried.

Arrived at the barn-yard, they found their horses still engaged in munching some remarkably fine oats, which had been served up in an old pig-trough. Crayon complimented his man on his thoughtful attention, and desired him to go and pay the farmer for the feed.

The coachman replied that, having a suspicion that the horses might get hungry, he had taken the precaution to bring a supply with them, which he had procured from Mr. Moler's barn at the Cave Hotel.

Not recollecting any charge for extra oats at that place, a suspicion began to insinuate itself into Mr. Crayon's mind.

"What?—why, here's a bushel more in the carriage-box! You scoundrel! have you been

stealing, and feeding my horses on surreptitious oats?"

"No, indeed, Mass' Porte; dese ain't dem kind—dese is de best oats I seen sence I left home."

And Mice went on to declare that the oats in question fairly belonged to the horses, as they had not eaten their full allowance while stabled at the Cave Hotel, and he had only taken what he thought they ought to have eaten. He moreover added, by way of strengthening his defense, that the horses relished these oats especially, and that Mr. Moler had such a pile of them in his barn that he would not have missed ten bushels, if any one had seen fit to take that quantity. Notwithstanding this clear explanation, Crayon would have given his coachman a severe reprimand, but they all got into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and one should never attempt to moralize without a sober countenance.

Fanny, being the first to recover her gravity sufficiently, reminded Mice of his devout belief in a place of future punishment, expressed while in the cave. This belief he re-affirmed, but felt assured that he "wasn't gwine to be saunt dere becuse he took good care of his hosses." Porte Crayon then mildly but firmly suggested that whenever there should be need of a fresh supply of oats, he should be informed, and that they should be acquired by purchase in the regular way—as our government *formerly* acquired territory. Mice acquiesced, of course, promising faithfully to attend to the matter; but looked, at the same time, as if he thought this arrangement involved a very unnecessary and absurd expenditure of money.

Our adventurers were on the road next morning before sunrise, while the fields were yet white with frost.

"This is an improvement, girls. How well you all look this morning. This is the glorious time for traveling; the horses move gayly, and puff clouds of smoke from their nostrils, like two steam-engines. Now the sun begins to show his red disk above the hills, and gilds the mountain tops rising to the westward of us."

Dora's eyes sparkled as she suddenly plucked Crayon's sleeve. "Hist! cousin, there's a pheasant."

"Where? quick—point him out!" whispered Crayon, unslinging his Yeager.

"There! don't you see? On that old log among the pines."

Mice had stopped the carriage upon the first intimation of game, and was looking intently in the bushes. "Da he is! I sees him—big as a turkey gobbler. Good Lord, Mass' Porte, shoot quick, he gwine to fly!"

"Be quiet, you blockhead! I see him now; a fine cock, with his neck stretched and his ruff up."

"Bang went the rifle—whir—r, whir—r, whir—r went the pheasants in every direction from among the grape trees, where a large company of them were breakfasting.

"Fotch him!" shouted Mice, tumbling out of



SHOOTING A PHEASANT.

the carriage, and rushing into the bushes. Presently he returned, his face illuminated with a triumphant grin, carrying the bird by the legs. "Bullet tuck him right through the neck; mizable good brile he'll make; fat as butter."

The whole company were now on the alert. "There's a pheasant! No, it's a ground squirrel." "There's one in the grape tree!" Bang! down he tumbled, whirring and fluttering among the dead leaves. The girls clapped their hands, and were so full of the sport that the carriage could scarcely hold them; and when Porte Crayon missed a shot in his haste, they were quite outrageous upon him. He reinstated himself, however, by shooting two more birds shortly after. "We've now come to an open country and there will be no more pheasants this morning," remarked Crayon.

The girls were quite vexed, and insisted on going back over the same road, in the hope of seeing more game. "How blood will show itself in spite of every thing," cried the delighted Crayon; "all our family take to hunting as naturally as sparrow-hawks."

The appearance of the Augusta Springs diverted the attention of our travelers from the subject in hand; and as it was a pleasant, rural looking spot, they determined to tarry for half an hour to see what was to be seen. This place is twelve miles distant from Staunton, and is more frequented by visitors from the neighborhood than by those from a distance, its name being overshadowed by its more celebrated rivals in the counties of Bath and Greenbrier. The water is a sulphur, and is said to possess some value as a remedial agent. The girls here purchased a spotted fawn's skin from an old lady, for the purpose of making Porte Crayon a bullet pouch, to be presented as a testimonial of his skill in shooting pheasants.

About two miles from these Springs our friends struck the Lewisburg road, which passes

the mountain at Jennings's Gap without a perceptible grade. From this point the country becomes more wild and rugged in its features. Mountains rise on every side, forests of pine and hemlock border the way, and limpid streams pour over rocky beds, murmuring of deer and trout. Human habitations become fewer and further between, ruder in their character, and frequently ornamented on the outside with trophies of the chase—deer's horns, racoon and bear skins, and turkeys' wings. At this season too, the road seemed to be deserted by travel. Occasionally, indeed, they met a lonely teamster, who, after ex-

changing with Mice their characteristic salute—a crack of the whip—passed on his snail-like journey toward Staunton.

The horses made good speed that day, although the meridian sun was hot and the road dusty. Cloverdale was reached at length and left behind. It was still far to the Bath Alum, and the sun was rapidly declining. The mountains rose grandly, deep blue with sharp-drawn outline against the glowing west. Still the tired horses were jogging on, fetlock deep in dust. The pine forests grew taller and gloomier in the fading twilight. No sign of life or civilization yet. Then utter darkness closed her wing over all the land. Night is the time for evil doers to be abroad. Night is the time when wild beasts range for their prey. Night is the season for the busy teeming fancy to conjure up its thousand phantoms. The girls whispered timidly among themselves, and Crayon instinctively examined his arms to feel assured that all was right.

"Drive cautiously now, Mice, it is useless to hurry; it can get no darker, and we must trust to the instinct of the horses."

Presently they came to a dead halt of their own accord, nor was a cautious admonition of the voice and whip sufficient to induce them to stir. "Dey sees somethin'," said Mice, who believed firmly that horses could see ghosts and other strange things invisible to mortal eyes. But the animals snorted and gently pawed the ground, thereby intimating to their masters that they were neither frightened nor fatigued, but had stopped from some other motive.

"I think I see something myself," quoth Porte Crayon; "a tall white thing standing on the left of the road."

"Lord bless us, master!" cried Mice, "what you think it is?"

"I think it is a sign-post," replied Porte. "Fanny, feel in my knapsack, under the sketch-



THE WAGONER.

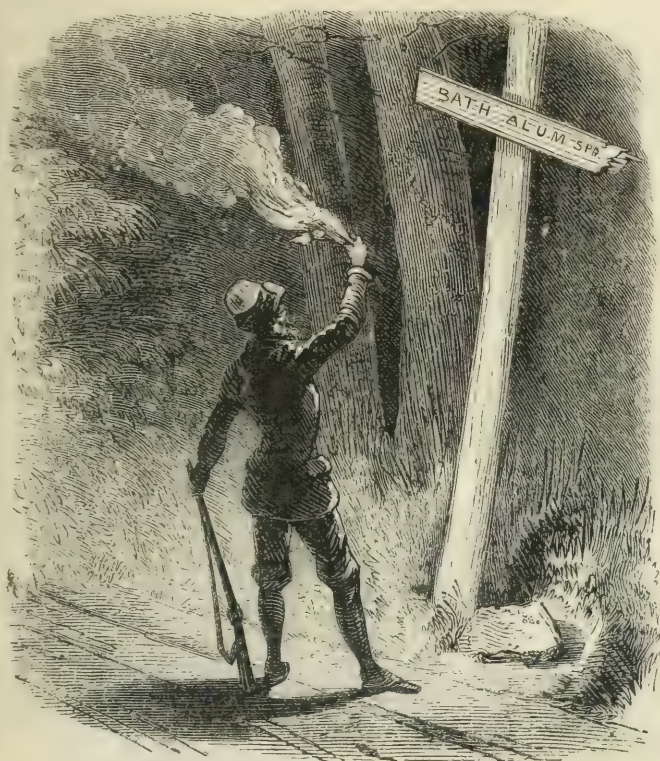
book, and, rolled up in a silk handkerchief, you will find my tin match-box—hand it to me.”

Crayon got out, and having lighted a wisp of paper, found that he had not been deceived. There was a sign-post standing where the road forked, and by the light of his flickering torch he managed to read the direction to the Bath Alum, one mile distant. The horses, satisfied with this reconnoissance, started off briskly before Crayon had fairly regained his seat, or the coachman had given the warning crack of his whip. “D’ye hear, Mice? these horses must be well rubbed and curried before you go to bed to-night—to-morrow they shall rest.”

Now they see the star of hospitality twinkling in the distance, suggestive of smoking suppers and comfortable beds. These promises were in

the present instance destined to be fully realized. Soon the cheerful board spread with biscuit, corn cakes, and hot venison steaks, rejoiced the souls of our benighted travelers, while crackling fires roared in the chimneys of the parlors and bedrooms. “Ah!” said Porte Crayon, throwing himself upon a springy sofa, with a sigh of unspeakable satisfaction, and a dreamy retrospect of numberless corn dodgers, hot and brown, floating in butter, and of four broad cut, generous portions of venison steak—“ah me! as much as I condemn luxury and despise civilization with its attendant fopperies and vices, I don’t mind taking a good supper occasionally.”

“Indeed,” said Fanny, “I don’t think you could take many such meals as you made to-night; the sixth time your plate went up for



THE SIGN-POST.

steak, both the waiter and manager got into a titter."

"My plate went up but four times," replied Crayon, dogmatically, "and the manager was laughing at my wit, and not my appetite."

"It went up six times, as I live."

"Young woman," said Crayon, with feigned asperity, "I did observe, but did not intend to comment on your performance at supper. Suffice it to say, if you had been in a region where fashion takes cognizance of what and how much ladies eat, you would have lost caste forever. Indeed, if those peony-colored cheeks of themselves would not be an insuperable objection to your admission into any refined society."

"Good gracious!" cried all the girls at once; you don't mean to say our cheeks are red?"

"Red!" quoth Crayon, contemptuously, "the word don't express it. A respectable damask rose would look pale beside them."

"This comes of traveling in the sun and wind with these foolish bonnets," cried Fanny, spitefully.

"It comes of exercise, fresh air, and good appetites; for besides, your are getting as fat as partridges."

"It is no such thing," said Minnie, indignantly. "Porte, you're a horrid bear! Come, girls, let us retire and leave him."

"And as freckled as turkey eggs," continued Crayon.

"It is positively insulting; he has no consideration for our feelings!"

"Porte shouted after them as they flounced out of the room, insisting that he had not intended to offend, and had really supposed he was complimenting them.

After enjoying his sofa for a while, it occurred to him to commend his pheasants to the cook,

as they might probably be opportune at breakfast. Nor did he omit to assure himself of the well-being of the horses, and not long after, our hero found himself mentally comparing the merits of a hair mattress with those of the hemlock couch of the Canaan. As no conclusion has ever been reported, it is supposed he fell asleep before finally disposing of the subject.

The drizzling rain which fell during the whole of next day did not prevent our friends from enjoying their comfortable quarters, nor even from making sundry outdoor excursions. The improvements at the Bath Alum are certainly superior, in point of taste and elegance, to those at any watering-place in the mountains of Virginia. At a distance of several hundred yards from the hotel, beneath a slatestone cliff, fifteen feet in height, are found the Alum Springs, which are nothing more than six little reservoirs, so excavated as to catch the drippings from the projecting rock. These reservoirs contain the alum water in different degrees of

strength; one of them is a strong chalybeate, and one a mixture of chalybeate and alum. These waters are but recently known as a remedial agent, and have suddenly obtained immense celebrity by their success in curing diseases hitherto reckoned incurable. Those who are desirous of more accurate and extended information on the subject, are commended to Dr. Burke's excellent work on the Virginia Springs, or what might be still more to the purpose, a visit to the Springs themselves. As for our travelers, having taken large doses of broiled pheasant that morning, they confined their experiments in alum water to a cautious sip from the glass handed by the polite manager, a comical wry face, and a forced compliment to its flavor—faugh!



DELIGHTFUL! ISN'T IT?

In the afternoon the rain increased to a continued heavy shower, notwithstanding which, Crayon, accompanied by his valet, went hunting, and it was near dark before they returned



THE BATH ALUM SPRINGS.

weary, wet, and hungry, with only three or four unlucky squirrels for their pains.

From this place to the Warm Springs, the distance of five miles, is accomplished by traversing the Great Warm Spring Mountain, on an easy, well-constructed road. When our friends set out from the Alum the rain had ceased, and fair promises of a clear day were given. Masses of damp-looking clouds still hung about the tops of the mountains, as if unwilling yet to yield the day to Phœbus, who, for his part, poured his bright rays through at every opening, producing in endless variety those brilliant and startling effects of light and shade so much sought after by the scenic school of English artists. When about half-way up the mountain, the girls, who had walked in advance, were seen suddenly to turn and fly with all speed toward the slow-toiling carriage.

"O Heavens, let us in—let us in quick!"

"What now? What's the matter? Have you encountered some untimely snake, or frost-bitten lizard?"

To Crayon's inquiry they vouchsafed no reply, but in breathless haste bundled into the vehicle; and ere they had fairly disposed themselves in their seats, the question was answered from another quarter. Where the road swept in a bold curve around the base of a cliff, now advanced with slow and stately tread, in all the pomp of bovine majesty, the vanguard of one of those monstrous herds of cattle wending their way from the rich pastures of Monroe and Greenbrier to the eastward. First came a

stout negro, with stupid face and loutish step, leading an ox, whose sublime proportions and majestic port might have served as a disguise for Jove himself.

"Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung,"

while his horns sprung from his curling forehead in tapering length a full cloth-yard each one. What horns! What noble drinking-cups they would have made. One of them would hold enough to fuddle a Thracian. The negro remarked Crayon's admiring glances, and, as he touched his hat, the dull face lighted up with an expression: "Am not I one of the chosen—I who serve so magnificent a beast? Night and morning I curry him, and walk all day in his presence. He and I are the observed and envied of all." "'Pears to me," said Mice, "dat fool nigger is proud to be a leadin' of dat big beef."

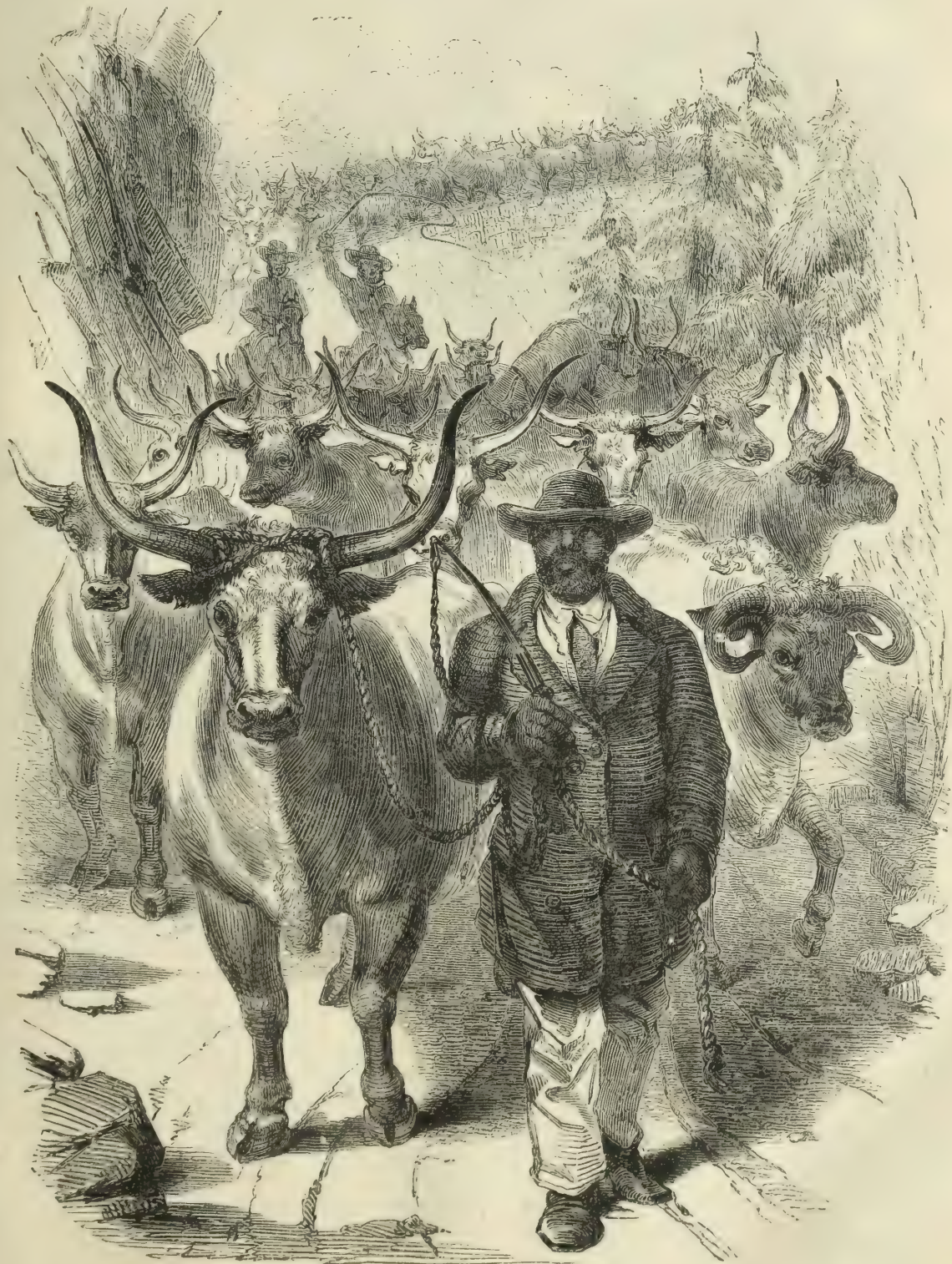
Following this leader came a train of thirty or forty others scarcely inferior in size or appearance; and when the carriage, winding slowly through this formidable-looking company, turned the angle of rock, the road was visible in its windings for a mile or more, alive with cattle and bristling with horns. The horses held on their way through the living mass as steadily as if unaware of their presence, although the mountain resounded far and near with the hoarse bellowing of the beeves, mingled with the oaths and whoops of the drivers. The girls, who at first looked doubtfully upon the array of monstrous horns and the red, lowering eyes of the savage troop, soon regained their self-pos-

session, and commented coolly on their size and keeping.

The celebrated view from the summit of the Warm Spring Mountain did not strike our travelers very forcibly, probably owing to the clouds which hid the distant mountain-tops rising to the eastward. The view of the Warm Springs and the valley seen directly below them was extremely pretty. This village, which is the country-seat of Bath, owes its existence and name to the famous fountain; and, in fact, consists of nothing more than the group of hotels, cottages, and out-houses about the Springs, and the ordinary county buildings, a court-house, jail, etc.

The principal hotel has heretofore had a high reputation for excellence; and the bathing-houses, although somewhat primitive in their construction, furnish a bath at a natural temperature of 98° Fahrenheit, the luxury of which must be experienced to be appreciated.

Our party remained at this place but a few hours, and hurried on to the Hot Springs, five miles distant, where they arrived about five o'clock on Saturday evening, on the 22d of October. Although the hotel here was closed for the season, the proprietor gave them a hospitable welcome, and they soon found themselves installed in comfortable quarters.



THE DROVES.



THE WARM SPRINGS.

This place, to the scientific traveler, is one of the most curious and interesting in the mountains. The Hot Springs, about twenty in number, issue from the base of a hill or spur of the Warm Spring Mountain, and range in temperature from 98° to 106° , but owing to the proximity of fountains of cold water at 53° , baths of any intermediate temperature may be had. The bathing-houses are numerous and well-arranged to suit the purposes of invalids. These waters are chiefly celebrated for their efficacy in rheumatism, dyspepsia, and affections of the liver, although they are resorted to by all classes of invalids. The proprietor is himself an eminent physician, and to the enlightened use of the waters under his direction is probably owing much of their success in the cure of disease.

The hotel and cottages here are pleasantly situated and comfortable, and the table most unexceptionable. Sunday was a delightful day, and our friends passed it pleasantly and quietly, wandering up and down hills, through meadows and forests, drinking in buoyant health with the pure atmosphere, and enjoying the mellow beauties of the autumn landscape. The evening fell in still and solemn grandeur.

"We will have a brilliant starlit night," quoth Crayon; "the air is soft and balmy. To-morrow I will make two or three fine sketches before we leave here."

"To-morrow," said Fanny, "I will produce my colors, and attempt this bit of purple landscape opening to the south."

"To-morrow," laughed Minnie May, "I will

gather leaves of the maple and hickory, and weave chaplets of crimson and gold to crown our artists withal."

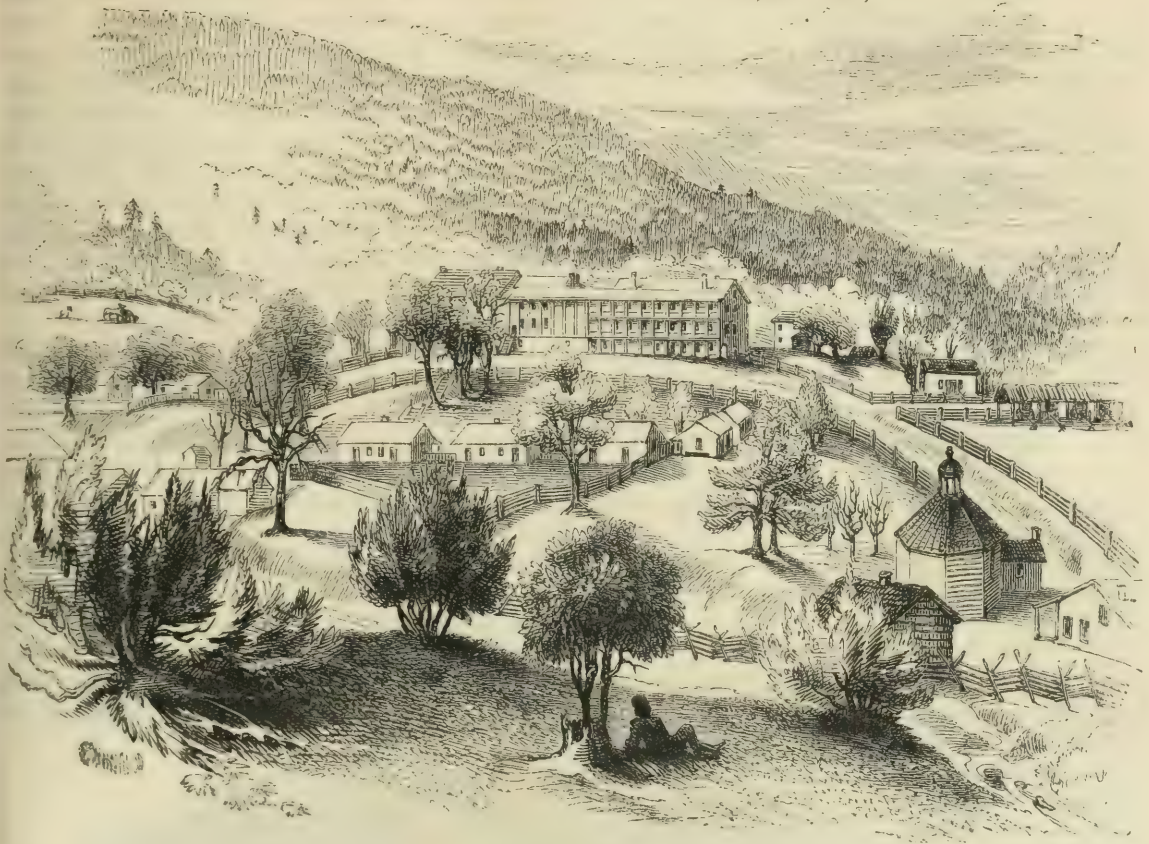
"And what shall I do to-morrow?" inquired Dora. "I'll point Porte Crayon's pencils for him, and hold Fanny's color-box while she paints, and help Minnie to weave her chaplets."

To-morrow, ay, to-morrow—O! simple-hearted schemers, who can reckon what a night may bring forth? In a night the gourd of Jonah grew, and in a night it withered. In a night the host of the Assyrian was blasted. And while your young eyelids are fanned by the soothing wings of sleep, in the darkness and silence of a night, what mighty changes may be wrought upon the face of nature!

"Porte Crayon, Porte Crayon, arise and look out of the window!" Porte Crayon opened his sleepy eyes, and gave a great yawn. "Methinks I heard a voice, and the pattering of light feet about my door." Our hero arose, and hastily donned his vestments; there was no one at the door; he then drew the curtain of the window.

"With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless he stood."

Presently, recovering his faculties in some degree, he rubbed his eyes and looked again. Our hero was well read in the philosophy of the schools, and knew how little credit was due to any appearance based solely upon the evidence of the senses. He pinched his ear, and plucked his beard. He rapped his skull with his knuckles. "*Cogito, ergo sum*," quoth he; "and yet



THE HOT SPRINGS.

this morning I am inclined to be a disciple of Pyrrho.

"If I be I, as I do hope I be,
There are three little girls in the adjoining room, and
they know me."

No wonder that the view from the window confused our hero's faculties and chilled his soul to marble. Lawn and grove, field and forest, meadow and mountain, were all covered deep with a white panoply of snow, and all the air was misty with the thick-descending flakes. Crayon hastily completed his toilet, and sallied forth. The first person he met was his coachman, hat in hand, and with a countenance of dumb dismay. "How now, Mice; what news?" Mice pointed to the front porch of the hotel, where the snow lay eight inches deep. "Mass' Porte, dis is redicklus."

"Go look after your horses; see that carriage and harness are sound and trim; then call for further orders."

The ladies were already in the breakfast-room, huddling around the fire, with looks equally expressive of dismay, but by no means dumb.

"Oh, Cousin Porte, what shall we do?"
"What shall we do, brother?" "What a dreadful thing, what can we do?"

Porte Crayon had that morning been more unnerved at the sight of the snow than he would be willing now to admit; but of all things to rouse the pride and energies of man, there is nothing like an appeal from one or more frightened beauties.

"What shall we do?—Do?", quoth our hero,
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giving his mustache a gallant twirl, "*Impri-mis*, let us breakfast." The cock-eyed servant, with a polite bow, intimated that the meal alluded to awaited their orders. Hot coffee, muffins, and beef-steak are well calculated to inspire vigorous and stout-hearted counsels. Their position and prospects were discussed during the progress of the meal. While waiting for the butter to melt on his fourth muffin, Porte Crayon prefaced a harangue with a thump on the table, so energetic that it made the china dance, and he felt under the necessity of apologizing for his violence before going on with his speech.

"We will push on to the White Sulphur, if we are frozen to mummies. It is written in the programme, and we must accomplish it or perish in the attempt."

Here Dora intimated that she entertained a peculiar dislike to the idea of perishing in the snow.

"True enough, child; you shall not perish; I'll engage to carry you through without the slightest risk, and even without any considerable discomfort. I never was the man," said he, with a valiant look—(here he stopped to point his discourse with a mouthful of muffin and a swig of coffee)—"I never was the man to be bullied by the weather. I am ready to beard old Hiems himself, though backed by his flunkies, blustering Boreas and Jack Frost both together."

Crayon's swaggering manner, conjointly with the beef-steak, inspired all about him. The

girls went bravely to work preparing for the sortie. All the extra shawls and worsted comforters were put in requisition; and Crayon's supply of yarn socks were distributed round to serve as overshoes.

Mice brought up the carriage in complete order; the curtains all down, and the bottom covered knee-deep with fresh hay. All arrangements being now complete, not forgetting a bag plethoric with lunch, Crayon gallantly took the girls in his arms and carried them one by one to the carriage, safe and dry-shod. Then depositing his rifle in a dry place, and brushing the snow from his feet, he took his seat beside the driver. The apron-cloth was drawn up over their legs, and with a brisk chirrup and a crack of the whip they started into the storm.

No spiteful spitting from a passing cloud was this; no accidental dredging from the snow-box; no light squadron of skirmishers adventuring far in advance of the imperial army of winter; here was the Snow-King himself, with all his host, marshaled in

"Battle's magnificently stern array,"

precipitating his squadrons upon the baggage-burdened retreat of Autumn. The 24th of October! Who ever heard of such a thing? It was a surprise, a base violation of compact, ungenerous, unlike a king, thus to take Nature all unwarned and unprepared. The forests, still encumbered with their tawdry apparel, were yielding fast on every side. The younger and lither trees bent their loaded crowns to the earth before the conquerer; the tall pine, whose evergreen top bore up the snow like a broad white canopy, would suddenly rip loose from the earth and fall like some smitten giant. The stout oak, who had braved a hundred winters, stood proud and defiant. "The Old Guard never yields!" Vain boast. A sudden crash proclaims the triumph of this remorseless enemy; and, one by one, his fifty strong arms are riven, and fall helpless to the ground.

The horses bore themselves sturdily. The roan and sorrel

were of good mettle; their backs were white with snow; the snow balled in their hoofs and tripped them as they moved; but they never faltered. When they reached the toll-gate on Jackson's river, nine miles from their starting-place, the storm raged with unabated fury. The toll-gatherer begged them not to persist in the attempt to cross Morris's Hill. The road was blocked up so as to be impassable; a man had made the attempt that morning on horse-back and had returned.—"We will try it. *En avant.*"—"Good luck to you, stranger," shouted the gate-keeper, hurrying into the house.

As they slowly toiled up the mountain through the deepening snow, the scene opened in all its wildness. The North Wind, not then the blustering braggart, came down upon them in his might. The downy-cushioned earth and woods gave back no echo to the sound of his rushing wings; but with silent energy and hissing malignity he drove the drifting clouds before him; now blinding men and horses with the showering flakes, now revealing in a long, wintry vista, the unbroken highway and snow-encumbered forest.

Sometimes the young growth was bowed from either side until the tops, interlocking in the



DIFFICULTIES.



THE SNOW STORM.

centre, formed a snowy archway over the road. Then our adventurers would dash through, helter-skelter, and find themselves half buried in the avalanche from the shaken trees. Sometimes through erring judgment the rush would prove a failure, and they would be brought up standing, with their equipage so entangled in tree tops and grape vines, that it was necessary to open the passage with their knives. Sometimes trees were found lying across the way, as if forbidding their further progress. Then Mice would descend, and setting his ponderous strength against the obstacle, would roll it from the road, and pass on. When they at times

encountered a tree too much for their strength, then, by deftly combining art with force, they would bend the limbs one by one, and hack them off with the hunting-knife until a passage was cleared.

When surrounded by difficulties, Porte Crayon is frequently in the habit of warming his courage by repeating heroic verses. On that occasion the noble lines of Scott, describing the battle of Flodden Field, were uppermost in his mind.

"No thought was there of dastard flight,
Linked in that serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well."

They are brave verses, although they seem to have no especial applicability to the subject.

In the warfare on Morris's Hill, the groom was the predominant character. In narrating the matter, Porte Crayon says, "I was no more to be compared with him on that field than the presumptuous frog to the doughty ox. To be sure I was not idle; I hacked and hewed with my knife to the best of my ability; I waded about in the snow, and gave directions, shouted, sung, and made brave speeches; but Mice performed prodigies. Things that he took hold of seemed to lose their weight and tenacity. He would seize a moderate-sized pine-tree by the crown, and drag it out of the track as though it had been a bush. When the road for an eighth of a mile was so overhung with snow-bowed saplings and grape vines that the possibility of penetrating them was doubtful, he would walk ahead shaking, breaking, and tearing every thing before him, like an elephant in an Indian jungle, or a hippopotamus among the reeds of the Gariep."

"The events of that day," continues Crayon, "have covered the humble name of Little Mice with imperishable glory, nor shall a historian and limner be wanting to blazon his deeds to an admiring world. What a moment for the artist to seize him, as he issued from the bushes covered with snow, looking like a polar bear, and trailing after him, by his unconscious legs, a hundred feet of grape vine!"



THE HERO OF MORRIS'S HILL.

The snow had by this time attained a depth of fourteen inches, and was still deepening and drifting furiously. While the storm grew mightier, human and equine energy had their limits. The horses panted and sobbed at every hard brush, and the snow-flakes no longer whitened their smoking hides. Wet, worn, and chilled, master and man sat drowsily in their seats, feeling the approach of that dangerous lethargy which steals over men too long exposed to cold.

"Mass' Porte, I wish we was at a tavern," exclaimed the subdued coachman.

Porte folded his arms across his breast, and,

with a desperate look, took a rapid mental survey of their position. "It is now four o'clock; night will be upon us a little after five. Since we passed the toll-gate we have scarcely averaged a mile in an hour. The horses are failing; this over-done giant is losing his courage. We shall be benighted, and completely blocked up by the snow in this wild, inhospitable forest. Poor girls! it was my rashness and obstinacy that brought them into this perilous position. God knows what may happen. I dare not think of it. They have been silent within there for some time. I have had no desire to communicate with them. I must warn them against sleeping, however; and must be careful not to alarm their fears. No, not for the world; they would sink under it, if they even suspected their situation."

Crayon quietly lifted the corner of the front curtain, and peeped into the interior of the vehicle.

The first glance at his charge relieved him of any fears as to the state of their minds. They were not asleep, nor were they weeping; but Fanny had the lunch sack in her lap, from which she had distributed sundry biscuits and slices of ham, and at the exact moment of Crayon's observation, all three were so busy in dismembering a broiled chicken, that he dropped the curtain and regained his former position unperceived. One might have supposed that this exhibition of the "*mens æqua in arduis*" in a trio of women would have delighted our hero. On the contrary, he was highly indignant. He mentally accused them of lacking the wit to appreciate their danger, and of the most heartless indifference to his exposure and sufferings. Moreover, when he thought of the heroic labors of Mice and himself, and compared their present forlorn condition with that of the ungrateful girls, giggling over their lunch, he felt strongly inclined to break in upon the feast, and warn them of their approaching fate.

"Mass' Porte, please Sir, ontie dis knot in my whip lash; somehow my fingers won't work."

"Neither will mine," said Crayon, "and I can't limber them. My gloves are wet, and my pockets full of snow."

"Here, take these, Porte," and a dainty little hand appeared beneath the curtain, presenting a pair of fur-tipped gloves. He received them with a gruff acknowledgment, and then regarding the gift with a smile of indifference, muttered—"The inconsiderate child; I couldn't get three fingers into them." So saying, he thrust them carelessly into the left pocket of his vest. Crayon felt a genial warmth pervading his half-congealed breast. It is difficult to believe that so trifling an addition to a man's clothing as those bits of fur and silk could produce so great a change; possibly their location in the vest pocket had something to do with it, but true it is, from that moment our hero felt neither cold nor despondency. Once more he sat erect, and his drooping eye again glanced defiance to the tempest.

"They shall not perish, positively," he growl-

ed between his teeth. "Their entire *insouciance* doubtless proceeds from a firm reliance on my promise that no harm should befall them; and they believe in my ability to fulfill it as confidently as if I were ruler of the storm. How beautifully feminine the trait, and how abject the soul that would not fire with the assumed responsibility!" Crayon's bosom so glowed with these generous emotions, that all the snow melted off the breast of his coat, and he broke forth into voluntary song. What particular song he sung is not recorded. Doubtless it was a good one, for the curtain was drawn up, and voices from the interior of the carriage swelled the jolly chorus.

"Amid the storm they sung"

so blythe a carol, so hearty and so brave withal, that Boreas, in sheer disgust and impotence, gave up the war.

They had passed Morris's Hill, and the road lay before them plain and unencumbered, except by the depth of snow. The country too appeared more open, and the coachman's ardent wish to see a tavern seemed likely to be gratified speedily. Night overtook them, however, still toiling onward at a snail's pace. The driver dozed in his seat, abandoning the vehicle entirely to the discretion and instinct of the horses, and the silence was only disturbed by the creaking of the carriage and the monotonous crunching of the snow beneath the wheels. The effervescence of enthusiasm was past, and overwrought nature claimed her dues. Undisturbed by doubt or apprehension, our travelers sank unresistingly into pleasant reveries, and these, as if by a common instinct, turned toward their distant home. These siren thoughts insensibly glided into dreams. Their journey was accomplished; they had returned to their kindred; the welcome was over; the pantry ransacked to add to the profusion of the groaning board; "the fire fair blazing and the vestment warm" were prepared for them. Caressing friends sat listening with complacent admiration to their narratives of hairbreadth 'scapes and natural wonders. They recalled the Fort Mountains, the Cave, the Chimneys; they remembered the day they crossed Morris's Hill in a snow storm. A terrible day it was, and stoutly they bore themselves through it all.

At length the horses stopped, and the sorrel gave a loud snort, to which the roan replied with a triumphant whinny. Porte Crayon started from his sleep so suddenly that he flattened his cap against the top of the carriage. Before them, at a distance of no more than a couple of hundred yards, he saw a number of lights, and heard a confusion of loud voices. "Wake up, you lout! Here's a tavern at last!" shouted Crayon, shaking and pommeling his man with all his might. In a state of complete bewilderment, Mice stretched his benumbed limbs, and mechanically resumed the governorship of the carriage. "Girls! girls! wake up. We've arrived at last."

"At home? Are we at home?" said Dora, eagerly.

"No, child; but, most fortunately for us, at a tavern."

"Oh, cousin, are we still in the storm?" said Minnie. "I have had such a pleasant dream."

Before our travelers had fairly recovered their consciousness, their vehicle had threaded its way among a number of road wagons, and was drawn up in front of a country tavern—a long, low, wooden building, with a rude porch running the whole length of the front. The girls were daintily transferred to the house, and the horses immediately driven off to the stables.

"May I be spavined," said a wagoner to the group that witnessed the disembarkation, "if there baint an old feller with a beard as white as Noah's when he come out of the ark!"

"Cuss my hide," said a drover, "if I know what started a flock of wimmin to take the road sich a day as this."

The supper, at which the tidy hostess presided, was such as her honest spouse had promised, and consisted of fried middling and flap-jacks, with six varieties of fruit preserved in the same fermented molasses. But, like Baucis and Philemon of old,

"The kindly hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome and with open face;
In all they did you might discern with ease
A willing mind and a desire to please."

During the meal the man was at his wit's end to know how he should lodge his newly-arrived guests; but, on consultation with his wife, it was agreed that their own room, which was in a cottage standing in the yard, and a little way removed from the main building, should be arranged for the young ladies, the dame, with her brood, retreating into the loft, and the man agreeing to take his chance among the wagoners. Crayon desired nothing better for himself; and taking leave of the girls, went in search of his lieutenant, that he might have some assurance of the welfare of the horses. At the end of an hour he found him seated beside the kitchen fire, and there received the following artless report of his proceedings: The stables were even more crowded than the house. Not a stall was to be found, nor even a shed to shelter our faithful pair. The roan and sorrel looked wistfully into the crowded sheds, and saluted the possessors with many gracious and friendly whinnies. These salutations were civilly answered from within, but no movement was made to offer a place to the new-comers. Mice begged and diplomatized in vain; he received nothing but curses and threats from the wagoners. When these, one by one, had looked after their horses and retired to the more attractive precincts of the bar-room, he cast his eye upon the hostler, a negro lad who had been kicked and cuffed enough that day to prepare him for any thing that might be proposed. Mice desired his good offices to assist him in getting his horses under shelter, at the same time greasing his palm with a quarter. The boy insisted that every place was "chock full;" and then added, in a tone that might have passed for suggestive, "Dassent

move any of 'em, no, indeed—eh! eh!”—“Whose hosses is dese?” asked Mice. “Dem’s Mr. Longbow’s, biggest devil of 'em all.”—“Here’s a big, wide stall, only one hoss in?”—“Eh! eh! him kicks like forty jackasses.” Mice inquired still further, and finally ascertained that a couple of horses occupying a very cozy place, belonged to an individual who was dead drunk over in the loft of the tavern. Without more ado he untied their halters, and kicking them out into the yard, introduced his suffering friends into the vacated places. The boy made a show of protesting, and threatened Mice with the awful consequences of his temerity. “De Lord knows,” he sagely observed in reply, “a man what’s dead drunk ain’t a-gwine to hurt any body.” And besides, he promised himself to get up before daylight and replace the unlucky animals whose misfortune it was to have a master that got drunk. The roan and sorrel doubtless had a comfortable night, if indeed the general belief is correct that horses have no consciences.

That portion of the company which more particularly calls for the interest and solicitude of every gallant and humane traveler being disposed of for the present in the most satisfactory manner, if any one is desirous of knowing what further adventures befell our friends during their sojourn at this inn or elsewhere, he is referred to the next chapter of this veritable history.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF THE EMPEROR TO FRANCE.

THE history of most men terminates with the grave. It is not so with Napoleon. His wild and wondrous story is continued beyond the dying hour and the silence of the tomb. Nine years, after the burial of the Emperor, passed away, during which the long agony of St. Helena increasingly engrossed the attention of the world. Every memorial of his cruel sufferings was eagerly sought for, and a chord of sympathy was struck which vibrated in all human hearts.

In the notable three days of July, 1830, the French nation rose as one man, and, for the third time, expelled the Bourbons from the throne of France. In accordance with the prediction of Napoleon the crown was placed upon the brow of Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans. Two months had hardly passed after this event, ere, early in October, a petition was presented to the Chamber of Deputies, requesting that the remains of Napoleon might be claimed of the British Government, and restored to France. The enthusiasm which his name ever inspired, but which had been repressed under the feudal monarchy of the Bourbons, now found free utterance. “Napoleon,” said M. de Montigny upon this occasion, “re-established order and tranquillity in our country. He led our armies to victory. His sublime genius put an end to anarchy. His military glory made the French

name respected throughout the whole world; and his name will ever be pronounced with emotion and veneration.”

This petition was followed by many others, and a flame was enkindled in the hearts of the people which could not be repressed. It may be supposed that the government of Louis Philippe regarded with some apprehension this enthusiasm in behalf of the memory of Napoleon. But resistance was vain. There was no alternative but to attempt to take the lead in the universal movement.

On the 8th of July, 1831, by a national ordinance it was decreed that the statue of the Emperor Napoleon should be replaced upon the column in the Place Vendôme. The now humbled Allies who had, with sacrilegious hands, torn down that statue from its appropriate summit, no longer ventured to resist its triumphant ascension.

On the 29th of July, 1832, the son of Napoleon, born King of Rome, but named by his grandfather the Duke of Reichstadt, died at the age of twenty-one years, a dejected prisoner in the palace of his maternal relatives. Thus the direct line of the Emperor Napoleon became extinct.

The statue of the Emperor, in accordance with the national decree, was elevated upon its glorious pedestal on the 1st of June, 1833, with great pomp; and amidst the universal acclamations of France. Upon that majestic column were inscribed the words:

“Monument reared to the glory of the Grand Army, by Napoleon the Great. Commenced the 15th of August, 1806. Finished the 15th of August, 1810.”

“28th of July, 1833, Anniversary of the Revolution of July, and the year Three of the reign of Louis Philippe I., the statue of Napoleon has been replaced upon the column of the Grand Army.”

By similar ceremonies on the 1st of August, 1834, a statue of Napoleon was placed in the court-yard of the royal hotel of the Invalides. On the 14th of September of the same year, the Court of Cassation, the highest court of appeal in France, rendered homage to the most profound legislator the world has ever known, by suspending in the council chamber a magnificent portrait of Napoleon, representing the Emperor pointing to the immortal Napoleonic code. These acts of grateful recognition were but the prelude to a scene of national homage which arrested the gaze of the world, and which, in all the elements of sublimity and triumph, must forever remain without a parallel.

It will be remembered that the Emperor had written in his will, with his own hand, “It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I loved so well.” The French nation, liberated from the bayonets of the Allies, now, with a united voice, swelling from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, demanded of the English government the remains of their beloved Emperor.

On the 5th of May, 1840, the anniversary of Napoleon's death, the application was made to the government of Great Britain by M. Guizot, in the following official note. M. Thiers was at that time at the head of the French Ministry.

"The undersigned, ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of his Majesty the King of the French, has the honor, conformably to instructions received from his government, to inform his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs to her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, that the King ardently desires that the mortal remains of Napoleon may be deposited in a tomb in France, in the country which he defended and rendered illustrious, and which proudly preserves the ashes of thousands of his companions-in-arms, officers and soldiers devoted with him to the services of their country. The undersigned is convinced that her Britannic Majesty's government will only see in this desire of his Majesty the King of the French a just and pious feeling, and will give the orders necessary to the removal of any obstacle to the transfer of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to France."

Times were now changed, and this demand could not be denied. The response was speedy and cordial. On the 9th of May Lord Palmerston transmitted the following reply, in which it will be observed with pleasure that the English government no longer stigmatized the renowned Emperor of France as a usurping general, but promptly recognized his imperial title:

"The government of her Britannic Majesty hopes that the promptness of its answer may be considered in France as a proof of its desire to blot out the last trace of those national animosities which, during the life of the Emperor, armed England and France against each other. Her Majesty's government hopes that if such sentiments survive any where, they may be buried in the tomb about to receive the remains of Napoleon."

This was all the amends which the English government could make for its unpardonable crime against the independence of nations. Justice exults in seeing the charge of usurpation thus retracted, in the recognition of the imperial title of the monarch of popular suffrage. Napoleon in his tomb had gained the victory.

On the 12th of May the French Ministry made the following communication to the Chamber of Deputies:

"Gentlemen; the King has ordered his royal highness the Prince of Joinville to proceed with his frigate to the island of St. Helena, to receive the mor-

tal remains of the Emperor Napoleon. We come to ask of you the means to receive them worthily upon the soil of France, and to erect for Napoleon his last tomb. The government, anxious to accomplish a great national duty, has addressed itself to England. It has demanded of her the precious deposit which fortune had surrendered into her hands. The frigate charged with the mortal remains of Napoleon, will present itself, on its return, at the mouth of the Seine. Another vessel will convey them to Paris. They will be deposited in the Invalides. A solemn ceremony, a grand religious and military pomp will inaugurate the tomb which is to receive them forever. It is important, gentlemen, to the majesty of such a commemoration, that this august sepulture should not be in a public place, in the midst of a noisy and inattentive crowd. It is proper that it should be in a silent and sacred spot, which can be visited with awe by those who respect glory and genius, grandeur and misfortune. He was Emperor and King. He was the legitimate sovereign of our country. With such a title he could be interred at St. Denis. But Napoleon must not have the ordinary sepulture of kings. He must still reign and command in the building in which the soldiers of the country repose, and to which all who may be called upon to defend it, will go to draw their inspirations. His sword will be placed upon his tomb. Under the dome, in the midst of the temple consecrated by religion to the God of armies, art will raise a tomb worthy, if possible, of the name which is to be engraven upon it. His monument must be of simple beauty, but of noble form, and have



THE INVALIDES.

that aspect of firmness and solidity which appears to defy the action of time. The monument of Napoleon must be as durable as his fame. Henceforth France, and France alone, will possess all that remains of Napoleon. His tomb, like his renown, will belong only to his country."

This annunciation, so nobly expressed, was received by the Chamber of Deputies, and by the whole of France, with a tumultuous burst of applause. The Prince of Joinville, with two armed ships, was immediately sent to St. Helena. General Gourgaud, General Bertrand, and Count Las Cases, the companions of the Emperor's imprisonment, accompanied the expedition. A coffin of solid ebony, elaborately carved in the shape of the ancient sarcophagi, was constructed, large enough to inclose the coffins in which the Emperor was interred, so that his ashes might not be disturbed. One single word, NAPOLEON, in letters of gold, was placed upon the face of this massive and polished sarcophagus. A very magnificent funeral pall of velvet, sprinkled with gold bees, and bordered with a broad band of ermine, was also provided. At each corner was an eagle, embroidered in gold, and surmounted with the imperial crown.

On the 8th of October the two ships cast anchor in the harbor of St. Helena, and were received with friendly salutes from the forts, and also from the English ships of war which were in the roadstead, awaiting the arrival of the French vessels. The 15th of October was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of the august prisoner at this dreary rock. This day was appointed for the exhumation of his remains. Precisely at midnight the British royal engineers, under direction of the Governor-General of St. Helena, and in presence of the French and English commissioners, commenced their work.

After nine hours of uninterrupted labor the earth was dug from the vault, the solid masonry removed, and the heavy slab which covered the internal sarcophagus was lifted by means of a crane. Prayers were then offered with uncovered heads, the coffin was carefully raised, and conveyed to a tent which had been prepared for its reception. With religious awe the three coffins of mahogany, lead, and tin were opened, and upon carefully lifting a white satin vail the body of the Emperor was exposed to view. The remains had been so effectually protected from dampness and the air, that, to the surprise of all, the features of the Emperor were so little changed that he was instantly recognized by those who had known him when alive. His military dress exhibited but slight decay, and he reposed, in marble beauty, as if he were asleep. The emotion experienced by all was deep and unutterable. Many burst into tears. The hallowed remains were exposed to the external air less than two minutes, when the coffins were again closed, and soldered with the utmost care, and were then placed in the massive ebony sarcophagus which was brought from

Paris, and which was also protected by a strong box of oak.

In the mean time clouds darkened the sky, the rain fell in torrents, dense sheets of mist enveloped the crags in almost midnight gloom, and a dismal tempest wailed its dirges over the gloomy rock. Minute-guns, from the forts and from the ships in the harbor, blended their thunders with the sublime requiem of the ocean and of the sky. Still nearly all the inhabitants of St. Helena, regardless of the deluging storm, were at the grave, and followed in the procession from the tomb to the ships. The funeral car was drawn by four horses, each led by a groom, while eight officers walked by the side of the hearse. All the military, naval, and civil authorities of the island accompanied the remains, with crape on the left arm. And, by the express invitation of the Governor, the successor of Sir Hudson Lowe, all the gentlemen of the island were invited to attend in mourning. The whole military force of St. Helena, consisting of the regular soldiers and the militia, were also called out to honor these marvelous obsequies, in which repentant England surrendered Napoleon to France. As the vast procession wound slowly along among the rocks, the most soul-subduing dirges of martial bands blended with the solemn booming of minute guns and with the roar of the elements. The streets of Jamestown were shrouded in crape, the yards of the shipping apeak, and all their flags at half-mast. Napoleon went down into the tomb denounced as an usurper. He emerged from it, after the slumber of twenty years, acknowledged an emperor.

At the quay, where the English lines terminated, the Prince of Joinville had assembled around him the French officers, all in deep mourning. As the car approached, they stood in reverential silence, with heads uncovered. The car stopped within a few paces of the mourning group. The Governor-General of St. Helena then advanced, and, in the name of the British government, surrendered to France the remains of the Emperor. The coffin was then received beneath the folds of the French flag, exciting emotions in the bosoms of all present such as can not be described. From that moment the same honors which the Emperor had received while living were paid to his mortal remains. Banners were unfurled and salutes were fired as the coffin was conveyed in a cutter, accompanied by a retinue of boats, to the ship. It was received on board between two ranks of officers under arms, and was then placed in a consecrated chapel, constructed for the purpose, and illuminated with waxen lights. A guard of sixty men, commanded by the oldest lieutenant, rendered to the remains imperial honors. The ladies of St. Helena had offered, as a homage to the memory of the Emperor, a rich banner, embroidered by their own hands. This graceful token from the English ladies was suspended in the chapel. The affecting scenes of the day were closed by the appropriate observance of

those religious rites which the serious spirit of the Emperor had so deeply revered.

The English authorities had vied with the French in rendering all possible official honors to the memory of the Emperor. "During the whole time," says one of the French officers, "the mission remained at Jamestown, the best understanding never ceased to exist between the population of the island and the French. The Prince de Joinville and his companions met, in all quarters and at all times, with the greatest good-will, and the warmest testimonials of sympathy. The authorities and the inhabitants must have felt, no doubt, great regret at seeing taken away from their island the coffin that had rendered it so celebrated. But they repressed their feelings with a courtesy that does honor to their character."

The vessels sailed from St. Helena on the 18th of October, just twenty-five years and three days from the time when Napoleon was landed upon the island, a captive, to pass through the long agony of his death. As they were crossing the equator, on the 2d of November, a French ship of war met them, with the alarming intelligence that hostilities had probably already commenced between England and France, upon the subject of the Turkish-Egyptian treaty. The danger of capture was consequently imminent. The Prince of Joinville immediately resolved that, in case he should meet with a superior force, rather than surrender the remains of the Emperor again to the English, the ship and all its inmates should go down, to accompany the ashes of Napoleon to a common sepulchre in the abyss of the ocean. This heroic resolve was communicated to the whole ship's company, and was received with an unanimous and an enthusiastic response. Fortunately, however, this cloud of war was dissipated.

On the 2d of December, the anniversary of the great victory of Austerlitz, the two funeral frigates entered the harbor of Cherbourg. Three ships of war, the *Austerlitz*, the *Friedland*, and the *Tilsit*, immediately encircled with protecting embrace the ships which bore the sacred relics. All the forts and batteries, and all the ships of war fired a salute of twenty-one guns each. The coffin was then transferred to the steam-ship *Normandy*, which had been, at great expense and with exquisite taste, prepared for the occasion. On the 9th the convoy entered the mouth of the Seine. A magnificent chapel had been constructed upon the unobstructed deck of the steamer, in which the coffin was placed, so raised as to be conspicuous to all who might crowd the banks of the stream. A very imposing effect was produced by the number of wax-lights and flambeaux which, by day and by night, threw a flood of light upon the coffin. The imperial mantle, sweeping to the floor, covered the sarcophagus. On a cushion at the head of the coffin rested the imperial crown, veiled with crape. A sentry with muskets was stationed in each corner of the chapel. At the head of the coffin stood an ecclesiastic in full canonicals.

Several officers were grouped near him. The Prince of Joinville stood alone at the foot of the coffin.

Thus the cortège approached the city of Havre. Watchful eyes had discerned its coming, when it appeared but as a dark speck in the dim blue of the horizon. The whole city was in commotion. Minute-guns were fired; funeral bells were tolled; and the still air was filled with dirges from well-trained martial bands. All business was suspended. Every sound was hushed but the appropriate voices of grief. The crowd, oppressed with a religious awe, preserved the most profound silence as the imperial steamship, with her black hull and tapering masts—to which were attached the banners of France, gently fluttering in the breeze—glided majestically to her appointed station.

At this place arrangements had been made to convey the remains, by a smaller steamer, up the river Seine, one hundred miles, to Paris. The taste and the wealth of France were lavished in the attempt to invest the occasion with all possible solemnity and grandeur. The steamer *Parisian* led the way, filled with the high dignitaries of the kingdom. Then followed a second steamer, with the crew of the frigate which had borne the remains from St. Helena. After this came the imperial barge, bearing the sacred ashes of the dead. It was richly, but with great simplicity, draped in mourning. The sarcophagus was so elevated in the chapel that every eye could behold it. Ten other steamers composed the unparalleled funeral train.

On the morning of the 10th of December, just as the rising sun was gilding the cloudless skies, this imposing flotilla of thirteen funeral barges, saluted by tolling bells, and solemnly-booming guns, and soul-stirring requiems, left its moorings, and majestically commenced the ascent of the river. The back country, for thirty miles on either side, had been almost depopulated, as men, women, and children crowded to the banks of the stream, in homage to the remains of that great man, who was worthily enthroned in all their hearts. The prefect of the Lower Seine had issued the following proclamation to the inhabitants:

"Fellow-citizens! The department of Lower Seine will be first traversed by the general cortège, proceeding under the direction of his Royal Highness the Prince of Joinville, toward the capital of the kingdom, where memorable solemnities are to be enacted in the presence of the great bodies of the State, and illustrated by all the prodigies of art. There is no event in history which presents itself with such a character of grandeur as that which accompanies the removal of the remains of the Emperor Napoleon. When the vessel containing those venerated ashes shall advance slowly along the river, you will receive it with that religious feeling, and those deep emotions which are ever produced by the recollections of the misfortunes of the country, its triumphs, and its glory. You will render the last honors to that great man, with the calmness

and dignity becoming a population which has so often experienced the benefit of his protecting power and of his special solicitude."

As the cortège passed along, an innumerable multitude gazed in silence, but with tearful eyes, upon the sublime spectacle. Every battery uttered its salute. From the turret of every village church the knell was tolled; and there was not a peasant's hut passed on the route which did not exhibit some testimonial of respect and love. The city of Rouen, containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, is situated half-way between Havre and Paris. The sagacious policy of the Emperor had contributed much to its prosperity, and had rendered it one of the chief commercial and manufacturing cities in the kingdom. "Paris, Rouen, and Havre," said he, on one occasion, "shall form one great city, of which the Seine shall be the main street." Such were the noble objects of Napoleon's ambition. But the Allies thwarted his generous plans by their assailing armies, and hunted him down as if he had been a beast of prey. The Mayor of Rouen, in preparation for the reception of the remains of the Emperor, thus addressed the inhabitants of the city:

"Beloved fellow-citizens! After twenty-five years of exile in a foreign land, Napoleon is at last restored to us. A French prince, the worthy son of our citizen king, brings back to France what remains of the great Emperor. In a few days these glorious ashes will rest in peace under the national safeguard of his glory and the remains of his invincible phalanxes. A few moments only are allowed to salute the coffin of the hero who caused the French name to be respected throughout the world. Let us employ them in solemnly manifesting the sympathies which are in the hearts of a population over whom the Emperor once extended his powerful and protecting hand. Let us unite with a religious feeling in the triumphal funeral reserved to him by the city where his glory and genius are stamped with immortal grandeur."

From the adjoining country more than one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants had flocked to Rouen. Both banks of the river were richly decorated, and long galleries had been constructed, draped in costly silks, for the accommodation of the countless throng. Many lofty pyramids were erected, covered with rich purple satin and spangled with golden tears. Upon the bases of these pyramids were inscribed the names of the principal battles of the Empire. A triumphal arch, of majestic proportions, spanned the whole stream, covered also with richest silk, and brilliantly decorated with bees of gold. Twenty thousand yards of silk were used in this structure, and thirty-six thousand bees. Two ships of honor, imposingly decorated, and covered with the flags of all nations, were so stationed that the funeral procession of steamers might pass between them. The bridges of Rouen were embellished with the highest decorations of art, and from every steeple and turret, and from almost every window of the

city, tricolored banners were floating in the breeze.

Before mid-day all the inhabitants of the city and its environs were assembled—cuirassiers, judges and advocates, ecclesiastics, the national guard, with drooping banners draped in mourning, students, members of the Legion of Honor, retired officers, the veteran and wounded soldiers of the old armies of the Empire, fifteen hundred in number, all at their appointed stations. As these veterans, torn and battered by the storms of war, traversed the streets in long, military array—many of them in extreme old age, and all of them bearing in their hands crowns of *immortelles* and laurel—marching with reversed arms and to the mournful music of the muffled drum, their eyes moistened with tears and their faces flushed with irrepressible emotion, they were greeted with that fervor of enthusiasm which bursts from the soul when moved to its profoundest depths. They were the representatives of Napoleon. They were his *children*. There was probably not one among them all who would not gladly have laid down his life for his beloved chieftain.

Just at noon, of a serene and brilliant day, the funeral procession of steamers made its appearance, moving noiselessly and majestically along the mirrored surface of the river. A sublime peal of artillery, from ships, batteries, and the cannon of the national guard—louder than heaven's heaviest thunders—announced that the Emperor was approaching. The scene of emotion which ensued no language can exaggerate. The Emperor, though in death, was restored, triumphant in love and homage, to his Empire. The honor of France was retrieved; for her most renowned and adored monarch no longer slept, a captive, beneath the soil of his enemies.

The speed of all the boats was slackened that the spectators might have a better opportunity to witness the imposing pageant. On reaching the suspension-bridge, over which, like the bow of promise, rose the triumphal arch, the Imperial barge paused for a while, and the military veterans, defiling along, cast their crowns of flowers at the foot of the coffin, while with wailing voices they tremulously shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The shout, which had so often thrilled in the heart of the Emperor, fell upon the cold and leaden ear of death. Did Napoleon, from the spirit-land, witness this scene, and rejoice in the triumph of his fame? The veil is impenetrable.

The Imperial barge then passed under the arch, and took her station in the center of a circle surrounded by the remainder of the steamers. The bells of the churches tolled the funeral knell, minute-guns were fired, the archbishop read the burial-service, while dirges from many martial bands were breathed plaintively through the air. Immediately after this act of homage to the dead, a salute from the shore announced that the ceremony would henceforth assume a triumphal character. The Emperor had re-

turned to his grateful people, and was to be received as if still living. The bells rang out their merriest peals. All the bands played national airs. The troops presented arms. The artillerymen of the National Guard fired a salute of one hundred and one rounds; and though all eyes were dimmed with tears, and all voices were tremulous with emotion, the clangor of bells, the thunder of artillery, and the peal of trumpets were drowned in the delirious and exultant shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" It was the shout of an enfranchised people, in thunder-peal announcing to astonished despotisms the final triumph of popular suffrage, in the reenthronement of the monarch of the people's choice.

The same evening the procession moved on toward the excited, throbbing, expectant metropolis. The banks of the Seine, from Havre to Paris, are thickly planted with cities and villages. As the flotilla passed along, it was continually received with every possible demonstration of attachment to Napoleon, and of national rejoicing at the recovery of his remains. The shores were lined by thousands of spectators, and the inhabitants of every district did all in their power to invest the scene with the most impressive splendor. Thousands came from Paris to witness a spectacle so singular and sublime.

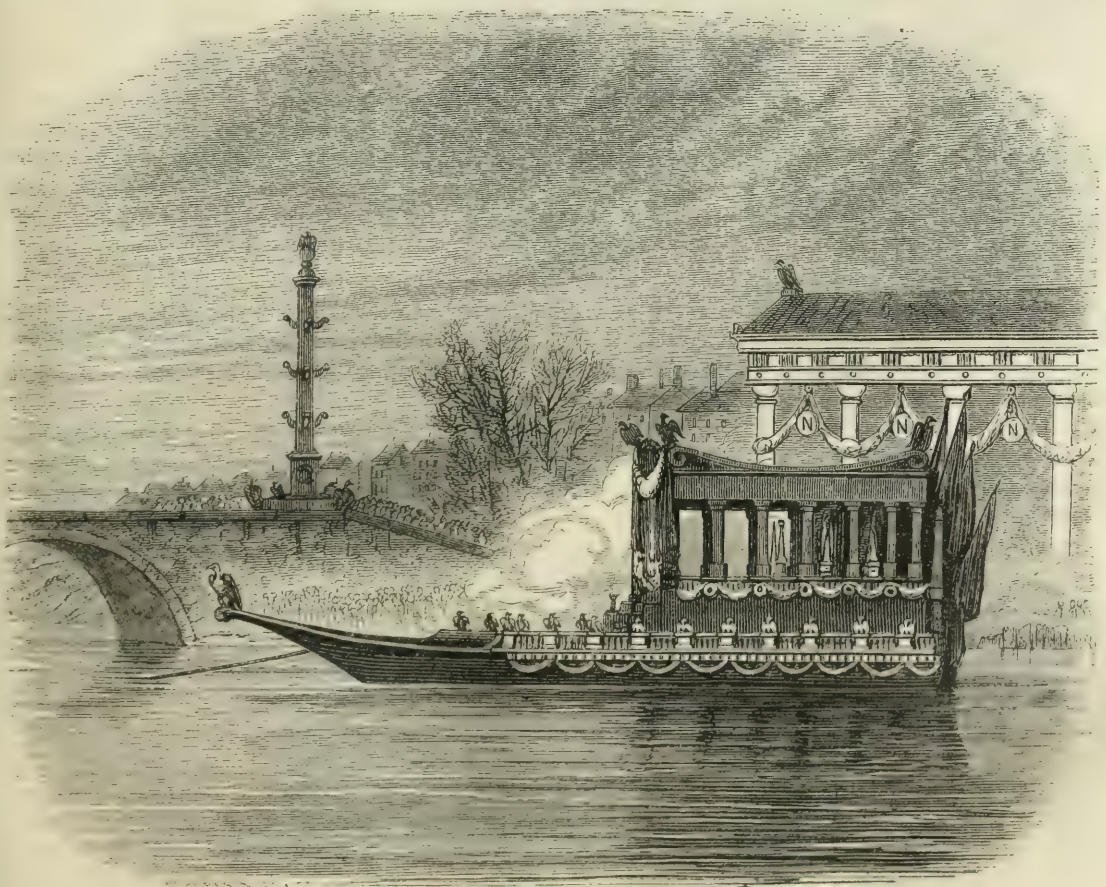
At Annieres lay the massive and gorgeous ship which had been built expressly to convey the remains of the Emperor up the Seine. A receptacle for the coffin had been constructed

upon the deck, in the form of an Egyptian temple, open at the sides, with a flat roof, supported at the corners by four gigantic statues. The entrance to this temple was by a flight of steps. An immense gilded eagle formed the figure-head of the vessel. Tripods, blazing with many-colored flames, were placed around the tomb. This magnificent and costly piece of craftsmanship was, however, found to be too heavy to be towed up the Seine in season for the ceremony appointed on the 15th. But at this place the vessel joined the convoy, adding greatly to its effect.

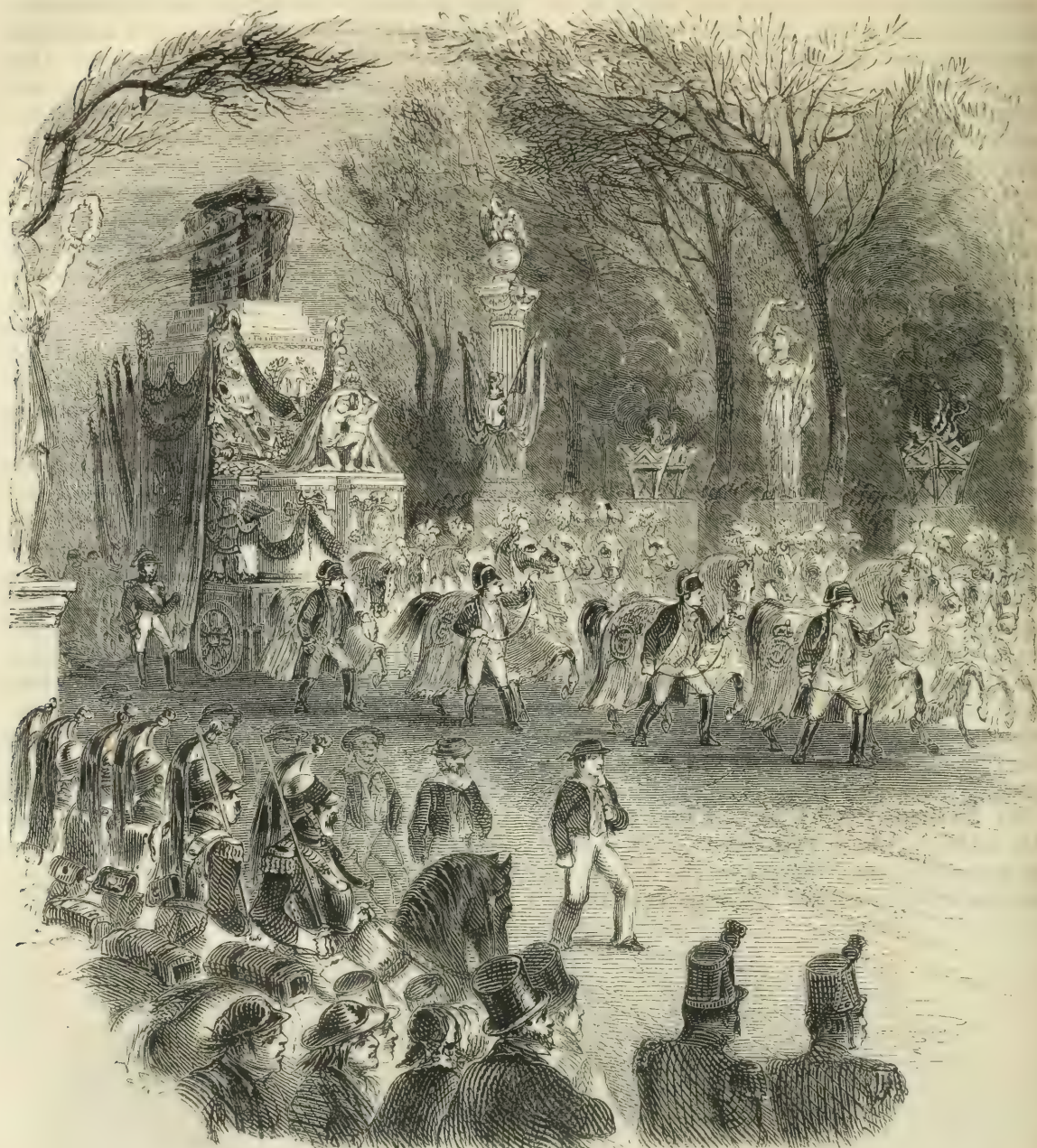
At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th, the flotilla arrived at Courbevoie, a small village about four miles from Paris. Here the remains were to be transferred from the steamer to the shore. Thousands from Paris thronged the village and its environs to witness the imposing pageant. A colossal statue of the beloved Josephine arrested universal attention, as she stood there to greet her returning husband. Maria Louisa, the daughter of the Cæsars, was then living ingloriously at Parma. No one thought of her. At the head of the quay an immense column was raised, one hundred and fifty feet high, surmounted by a globe six feet in diameter, and crowned by a lordly eagle, glittering in gold. Upon the base of the column were inscribed the memorable words:

"It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I loved so well."

A Grecian temple, one hundred feet high,



THE BARGE ON THE SEINE.



THE FUNERAL CAR.

was constructed at the termination of the wharf under which the body was to lie in state, until transferred to the funeral car. Richly decorated tripods, twenty feet high, emitted volumes of flame, producing a very impressive effect. Here Sergeant Hubert, who for nineteen years had kept watch at the solitary grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, landed. All the generals immediately gathered around him, with cordial embraces, and he was received by the people with deep emotion.

During the night all the vessels of the flotilla were brilliantly illuminated. The next morning the sun rose, resplendently glowing in the clear, cloudless, serene sky. Thousands exclaimed, "It is the sun of Austerlitz!" For a week multitudes, not only from the distant cities of France, but from all parts of Europe, had been arriving to witness this spectacle of sublimity unrivaled. For nearly four miles, from the esplanade of the Invalides, along the Quay

d'Orsay, the Bridge of Concorde, the Elysian Fields, the Avenue of Neuilly, the Bridge of Neuilly to the village of Courbevoie, the road was lined by thousands of spectators, and crowded with an indescribable opulence of embellishments. The excitement of the war-worn veterans of the Invalides amounted almost to delirium. The whole National Guard of Paris was drawn out to escort the remains. The Polish emigrants, many of them men of high distinction, sent a deputation earnestly requesting permission to assist at the funeral ceremonies of the only monarch who had ever expressed any sympathy in their cause. Louis Philippe, the King of the French, with all the members of the royal family, and the members of the Chamber of Deputies and the Chamber of Peers, were assembled beneath the gorgeous dome of the Invalides to render homage to the returning Emperor. The embellishments in Paris, along the path of the procession, surpassed every thing

which had ever been attempted before. The Arch of Triumph was decorated with most imposing grandeur. A colossal image of the Emperor stood upon its towering summit, looking serenely down upon his own marvelous triumph, and surrounded by those flags and eagles which his victories had rendered immortal.

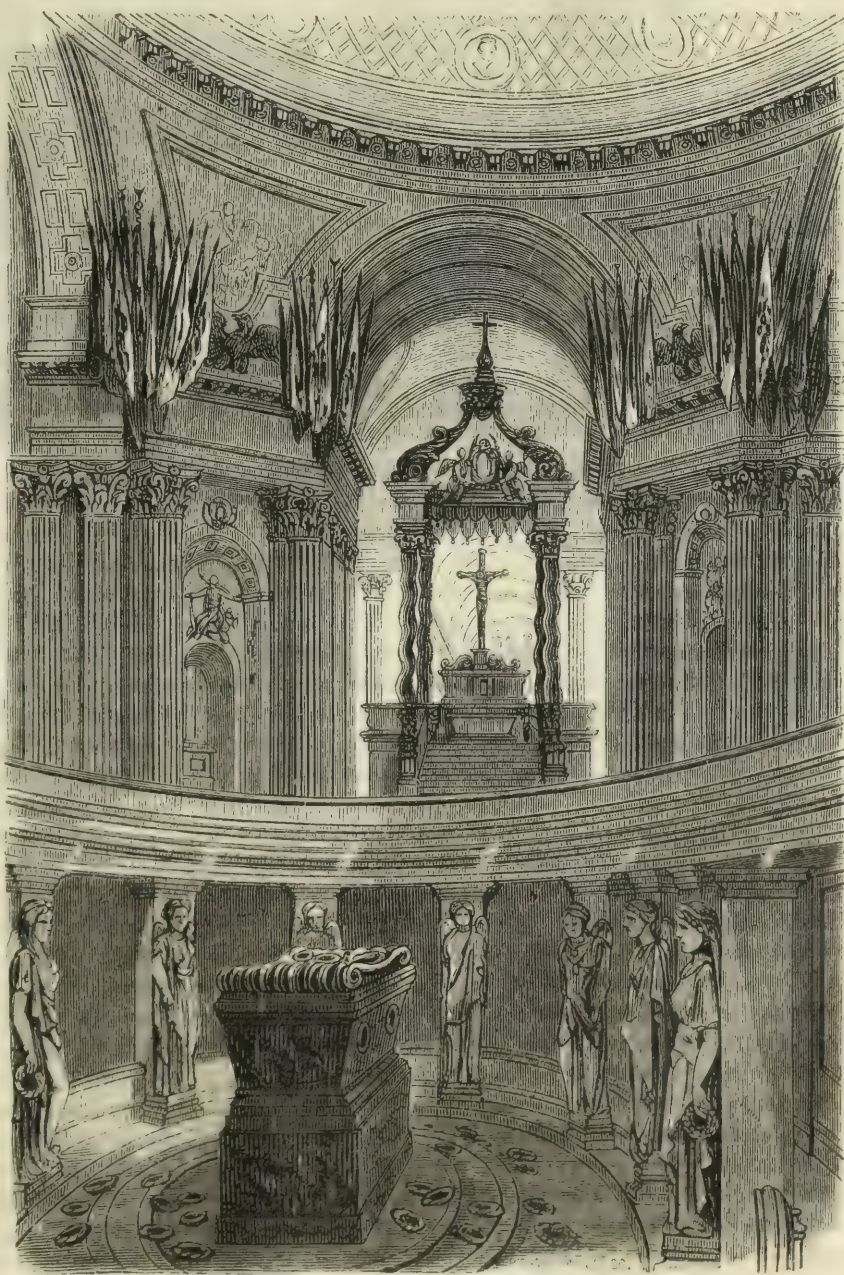
The view down the spacious avenue of the Elysian Fields was imposing in the extreme. Each side was lined with lofty columns, surmounted by gilt eagles and decorated with tricolored flags. Colossal statues, triumphal arches, immense vases blazing with variegated flames, and the assemblage of a countless multitude of spectators, presented a spectacle never to be forgotten.

The Imperial car was composed of five distinct parts—the basement, the pedestal, the caryatides, the shield, and the cenotaph. The basement rested on four massive gilt wheels. This basement, which was twenty-five feet long and six feet high, and all the rich ornaments with which it was profusely embellished, were covered with frosted gold. Upon this basement stood groups of cherubs, seven feet high, supporting a pedestal eighteen feet long, covered with burnished gold. This pedestal, elevated thirteen feet from the ground, was constructed with a heavy cornice richly ornamented. It was hung in purple velvet, falling in graceful drapery to the ground, embroidered with gold, and spotted with bees. Upon this elevated pedestal stood fourteen caryatides, antique figures larger than life, and entirely covered with gold, supporting, with their heads and hands, an immense shield of solid gold. This shield was of oval form and eighteen feet in length, and was richly decorated with all appropriate ornaments. Upon the top of this shield, nearly fifty feet from the ground, was placed the cenotaph, an exact copy of Napoleon's coffin. It was slightly veiled with purple crape, embroidered with golden bees. On the cenotaph, upon a velvet cushion, were placed the sceptre, the sword of justice, and the Imperial crown, in

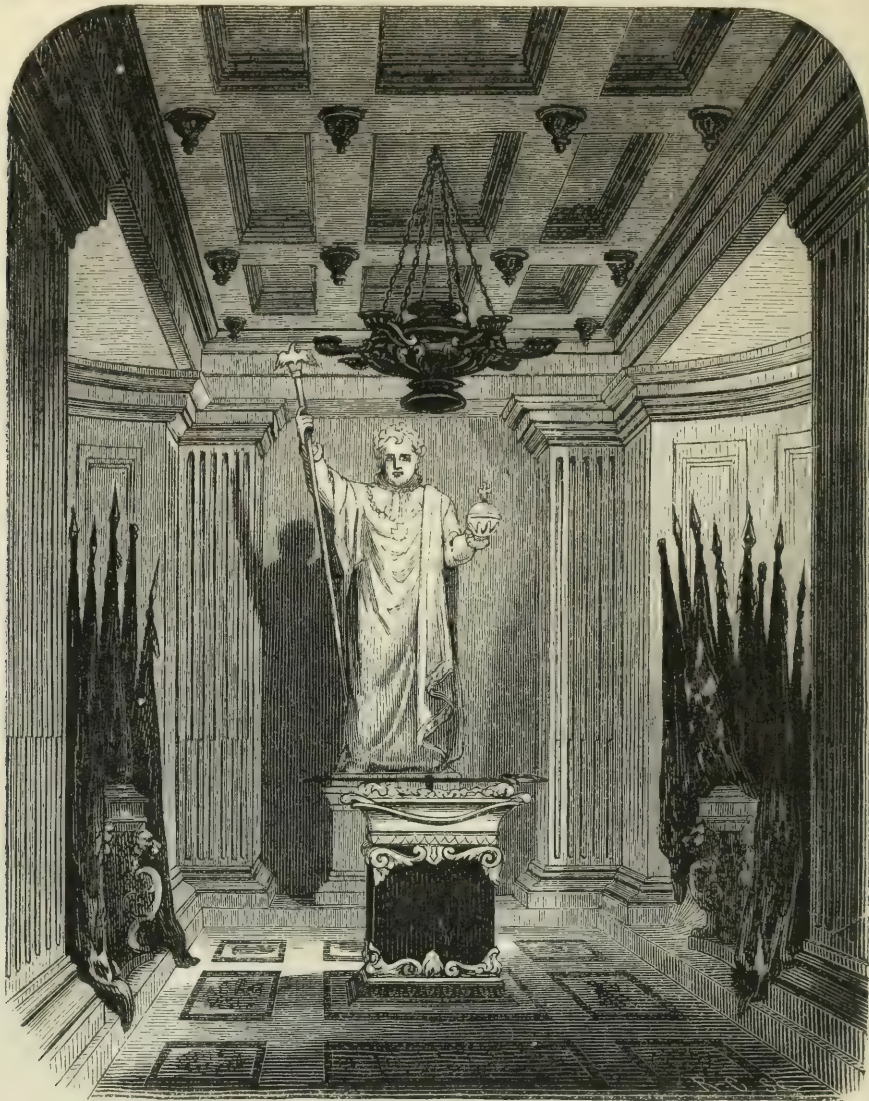
gold, and embellished with precious stones. Such is a general description of this funeral car, the most sumptuous that was probably ever constructed.

This Imperial chariot of velvet and gold, impressing every beholder with its gorgeous and sombre magnificence, was drawn by sixteen black horses, yoked four abreast. These steeds were so entirely caparisoned in cloth of gold that their feet only could be seen. Waving plumes of white feathers adorned their heads and manes. Sixteen grooms wearing the Imperial livery led the horses.

At half-past nine o'clock in the morning, after prayers had been read over the body, twenty-four seamen raised the coffin on their shoulders and, following the procession of the clergy, conveyed it to the Grecian temple. There it was deposited for a short time, while the clergy again chanted prayers. The seamen then again took up their precious load, and conveyed it to the triumphal car. It was placed in



INTERIOR OF THE INVALIDES.



THE SANCTUARY.

the interior of the vehicle, its apparent place being occupied by the cenotaph upon the summit of the shield. As the car commenced its solemn movement the sun and moon were both shining in the serene and cloudless sky, gilding with extraordinary splendor this unparalleled scene. No language can describe the enthusiasm inspired, as the car passed slowly along, surrounded by the five hundred sailors who had accompanied the remains from St. Helena, and preceded and followed by the most imposing military array which the kingdom of France could furnish. More than a million of people were assembled along the line of march to welcome back the Emperor. All the bells in Paris were tolling. Music from innumerable bands filled the air, blending with the solemn peal of minute-guns and of salutes of honor from many batteries. The multitude shouted, and sang, and wept. In a roar as of thunder the Marseilles Hymn resounded from ten thousand voices, and was echoed and re-echoed along the interminable lines.

The church of the Invalides, in the splendor of its adornings, resembled a fairy palace. The walls were elegantly hung with rich drapery of violet velvet, studded with stars of gold, and

bordered with a massive gold fringe. The eight columns which support the dome, were entirely covered with velvet, studded with golden bees. It would require a volume to describe the splendors of this room. Beneath its lofty dome, beneath which the tomb of Napoleon was ulteriorly to be erected, a tomb which would cost millions of money, and which would require the labor of years, a magnificent cenotaph, in the form of a temple superbly gilded, was reared. This temple was pronounced by all judges to be one of the happiest efforts of decorative art. Here the remains of the Emperor were for a time to repose. Thirty-six thousand spectators were seated upon immense platforms on the esplanade of the Invalides. Six thousand spectators thronged the seats of the spacious portico. In the interior of the church were assembled the clergy, the members of the two chambers of Deputies and of Peers, and all the members of the royal family, and others of the most distinguished personages of France and of Europe. As the coffin, preceded by the Prince of Joinville, was borne along the nave upon the shoulders of thirty-two of Napoleon's Old Guard, all rose and bowed in homage to the mighty dead. Louis Philippe, surrounded by the great officers

of state, then stepped forward to receive the remains.

"Sire," said the Prince, "I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon."

"I receive it," replied the King, "in the name of France." Then taking from the hand of Marshal Soult the sword of Napoleon, and presenting it to General Bertrand, he said, "General, I charge you to place this glorious sword of the Emperor upon his coffin."

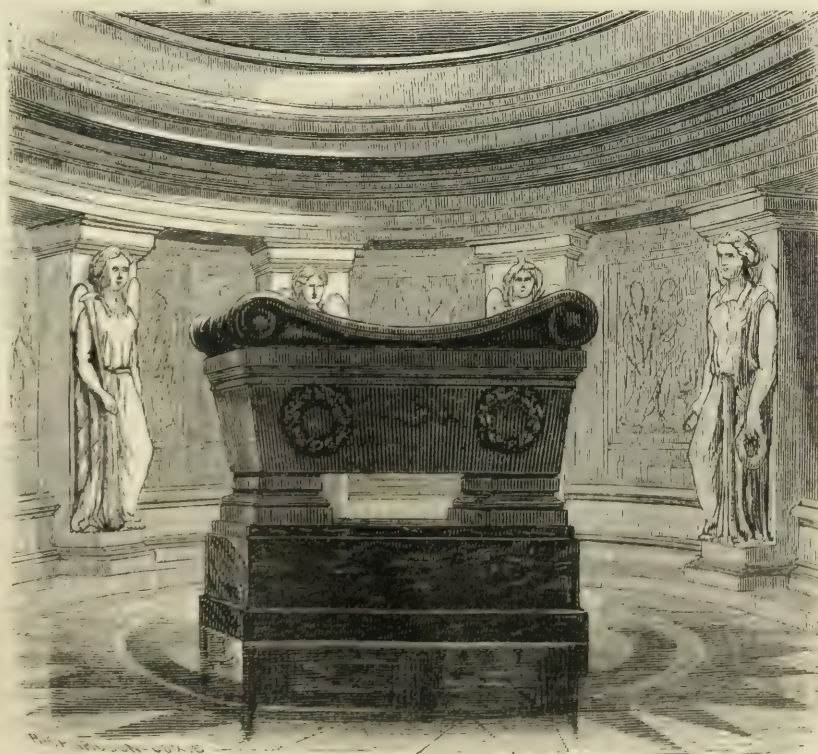
The King then returned to his throne; the coffin was placed in the catafalque, and the last wish of Napoleon was gratified. The funeral mass was then celebrated. The King of France sat upon one side of the altar, accompanied by the Queen and all the princes and princesses of the royal family. The ministers and the marshals of the kingdom, the Archbishop of Paris with his assistant bishops and clergy, and all the prominent civil and military authorities of France gathered reverentially around the mausoleum in this last sublime act of a nation's love and gratitude. As the solemn strains of Mozart's Requiem, performed by three hundred musicians, floated through the air, all hearts were intensely moved. Thus ended a ceremony which in all the elements of moral sublimity has no parallel.

In beautiful tribute to the warm affections of the Emperor, France, in 1847, placed by his side the ashes of two of his most devoted friends, General Bertrand, and General Duroc, each of whom had been Grand Marshal of the Imperial Palace, as if to cheer, by their love and companionship, the solitude of the tomb. "These two men," said General Gourgaud, in the Chamber of Peers, "have been chosen principally because the functions which they have fulfilled near the person of the Emperor, were all those of friendship and confidence. In placing them after their death by the side of his tomb, they will be

there, not as the most illustrious, not as the only devoted and faithful, under a reign which furnished so many illustrations, so many generous sacrifices of every kind, but as the natural representatives of devotion the most pure, the most grateful, and of a fidelity which was manifested the most frequently, the most direct, and the longest continued in good as in adverse fortune."

These two beloved friends now repose by the side of the Emperor. "Dear and venerated veterans," said General Fabvier, "when you meet our chieftain, say to him, that his glory each day extends and brightens, and that this ceremony is a homage which we render to his loving heart, in again giving him the companionship of two of his most cherished associates." France has also established, in grateful commemoration of the virtues of her illustrious Emperor, an annual religious celebration of the return of his ashes, to be observed through all coming time, on the 15th of December, at his tomb beneath the dome of the Invalides.

With such honors has France received back her Emperor, who had been torn from her by combined despotisms. Napoleon, in death, has become the victor over all his foes. Every generous heart now does homage to his lofty character. His last wishes are accomplished, and his ashes repose in the bosom of his beloved France, amidst the imperishable monuments of his wisdom, his goodness, and his glory. France has reared for him a mausoleum which is a nation's pride, and he is enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen as monarch was never enthroned before. Through all coming ages travelers from all lands will, with reverential awe, visit the tomb of Napoleon. His noble fame is every day extending. The voices of obloquy are becoming more faint and few, and soon will be hushed forever.



THE SARCOPHAGUS.

ITALIAN LIFE AND MORALS—EFFECTS OF ROMANISM ON SOCIETY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PARISIAN SIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES."

I HAVE universally found that the differences in the relative prosperity of the inhabitants of Catholic and Protestant countries was in ratio to the degree in which the Holy Father would consider the former faithful and the latter heretical. This has indeed become a trite observation among travelers of both religions. But no less a writer than the Abbé Lamennais denies its truth, and instances for his authority the condition of the very countries which Protestants claim as their own evidence. England, Sweden, and Protestant Germany, according to him, are given over to irreligion, licentiousness, and political turmoil; while those countries that repose under the shadow of the Holy See are stable in their institutions, and united in their faith. A monk of St. Bernard, in conversation with me on the extent and progress of the United States, acknowledged that we were indeed a great nation physically; but, said he, "what a pity it is you have no religion. You will soon perish."

Such is the general sentiment among rigid Catholics. They can not conceive how good morals, prosperity, a wise government, or salvation can exist independent of papal authority. To secure its supremacy, they are ever ready to trample upon those rights which we believe to be essential to human progress. Liberty of press and conscience, and the separation of civil and religious government, they consider equivalent to anarchy and atheism. The very enterprise, toleration, and freedom of thought which are developed by our political institutions, and which we fondly conceive to be the fruits of righteousness, are, in their eyes, so many witnesses of our corruption and infidelity. With them, absolution, or centering faith and power in the Roman Church, is the "one thing needful" for humanity. This accomplished, they close their view to all further comparison; or if by chance they look abroad, and the wide gulf between the wealth, comforts, intelligence, and energy of Catholic and Protestant states is too obvious not to be acknowledged, they class the latter among those who in gaining the whole world are losing their own souls.

Believing, as we do, that the possession of the good things of this earth proceeds mainly from those qualities that heap up most treasure in heaven—or, in other words, that virtue and vice, whether of the individual or nation, have their appointed rewards and punishments in this life as well as in that to come—we consider it a fair rule to judge papal rule by its fruits. In one Swiss Canton we find no beggars, universal thrift, cleanliness, and enterprise; in another, beggary, poverty, dirt, and general distress. The one is Protestant, and the other Catholic.

But as Protestantism predominates in Switzerland, the contrasts are not so striking as between those Catholic countries which are exclusively the religious property of the Roman

See, and England, Prussia, and the United States, where Protestantism, although enforcing toleration, sways or influences the entire population. France is in a transition state, a chaos of atheism, bigotry, and sentiment. Its shopkeepers, in mingled devotion and blasphemy, scarce knowing themselves which impulse predominates, place over their doors, "*La Grace de Dieu*" (the Grace of God), as a sign to attract custom, as may be seen in the street St. Roch, at Paris. The Spaniards call a fighting-vessel the "Most Holy Trinity;" and the Romans name a bank "The Holy Ghost;" but these names are given in sincerity and solemnity. France has grown prosperous and strong in proportion as she has become tolerant and free from the control of Rome; while Italy and Spain, the beloved of the Church, are filled from one extremity to another, in proportion as they are steeped in Romanism, with indolence, superstition, beggary, and their concomitant vices. If, then, wherever Romanism is omnipotent we perceive these results, it is natural to infer that they follow the relation of cause and effect.

My inquiries relate to Italy, and chiefly to Rome. Throughout the peninsula, except where the new-born liberality of Piedmont stimulates, or the iron hand of Austria, as in Lombardy, crushes, we find *Indolence* the national characteristic. The Church encourages this parent of vice, by appropriating more than a quarter of the year to festivals, on which all labor is forbidden and amusements encouraged. The vacations of the schools, on this account alone, are so numerous that the general ignorance ceases to be a wonder. Undoubtedly many of the holydays originated in the desire to relieve overtaxed labor and recall the untaught mind to sentiments of religion; but during so many centuries saints have so rapidly increased as to threaten to entirely monopolize the time of the living. "Let the dead bury their dead," has a pointed moral in Italy in the present age.

Another cause of indolence are the fetters imposed on knowledge. There are numerous primary schools, it is true. Rome alone possesses three hundred and seventy-two, which receive about fourteen thousand children of both sexes. Throughout the country they exist gratuitously; but, beside the simple elements of instruction, they, as well as the universities, are made subordinate to papacy. The instructors, in general, are priests. The Church Catechism is a text-book. All knowledge that tends to expand the mind, liberalize ideas, or develop physical energy unsuited to the theory of absolutism, is rigorously tabooed. Their intent is not to rear citizens, but to make subjects—to train disciples, and not masters. Catholic teachers are free to receive Protestant children—but a Protestant teacher is forbidden to receive a Catholic pupil. Indeed, it is with difficulty that Protestant parents can educate their children, unless they submit to the requisitions of the priesthood. Even the Catholic principal of the best institution in Tuscany, a Frenchman, has with



AN ITALIAN HOLIDAY.

difficulty, by the interference of his ambassador, been allowed to continue his school, because the authorities conceived that he was bringing up his pupils to be "*too manly*." They even wished to exile him from the country.

The field of knowledge being thus limited, enterprise is proportionally so; so that the educated, who have means, become in general effeminate idlers and corrupt in morals; while the poorer sort obtain some nominal office under government, at one or two shillings per day, or else try their fortunes in the few and in general despised branches of commerce left to their option, sufficiently unfettered as to admit of hope. In America, we can not realize the extent of the restrictions to personal freedom, even in the commonest concerns of life, which are the lot of Italians. If you are living on the sea-shore you are denied the use of a boat, unless as a licensed fisherman. Each city has its custom-house. I have seen a carriage stopped at the gates, and a penny's worth of cake, which a little girl held in her hand to eat, taken and taxed the smallest copper coin—equal to a *mill*—for which a receipt was regularly made out and given, before the carriage could enter. The poor are unmercifully fleeced at every *gabelle*; while the rich can carry loads of merchandise, unopened, in their trunks from one end of Italy to another, for a bribe of fifty cents given at each custom-house.

From Rome I have gone by land to Naples, thence through some of the northern states of

Italy, and back to Florence, and never once opened a carriage-load of trunks. The gift was expected, as a matter of course; but for the officers to do their duty, that was quite another affair. The system is seen in its greatest corruption in the Neapolitan kingdom. At every ten miles or so the traveler comes to a *dogana*. The soldiers stop the carriage. The ladies are requested to alight, and the gentlemen are ushered into an upper room, where, in solemn dignity, sit the officials, who become prolix upon the necessity of a strict examination of the baggage. Should you in your innocence offer the keys, they speak more to the point, and at last plainly say that it will save both trouble and expense for you to give them a fee. Otherwise, they will be sure to find something contraband. If you hand a *Napoleon*, they look astonished at your meanness, and shake their heads, and say this will never do. They would do the same if it were a shilling. An Italian must always be *twice* paid. The smallest additional gratuity settles the difficulty; and with a profusion of bows and good wishes you think you are ready to proceed. Descending the stairs, your mistake is at once rectified. First comes the officer of the guard for his gratuity—next the corporal—next the soldiers, each of whom swears he has been your special guard; that is, he has invited himself to a ride on your box for a mile or so—and, lastly, the *facchini*, or porters, the most extortionate of all, who claim high pay for *not* taking your trunks off. This is all done amidst

a throng of beggars and thieves, who pick your pockets or steal from the carriage as opportunity offers, at the same time stunning heaven with cries for charity, or calling upon the Madonna to pass to your credit above the coppers you have distributed among them below.

A little further on occurs a similar scene at a so-called passport-office. I have had money, with which I was paying a porter, snatched from my hand in the streets of Naples by a sentinel on duty, and no one thought it strange. Go where you will in this kingdom, and you find a similar system of organized robbery, which makes one almost regret the good old days of banditti, when novelty and excitement added zest to the adventure. But now it is barefaced extortion, disgusting wrangling, and inevitable pillage. Formerly there was a chance of escape—now none. If you refuse to pay, your baggage remains untouched, but you are not allowed to proceed. The same corruption extends through all classes, with, of course, some honorable exceptions. The King of Naples is well known as the chief of the *lazzaroni*. Hats, handkerchiefs, and sundries are not always safe at an Italian ball, or among even what may be considered a genteel crowd. These peccadilloes, with lying and cheating, so common among even the better classes, bespeak a defective moral education, and find their solution in great measure in the confessional, which acts as a safety-valve to the conscience, a little money or trifling penance securing indulgence or absolution, until at last habit destroys the sense of sin and shame altogether.

In France, lies are expected as a matter of course. Among the ladies they pass under the softened expression of "*broder*" (to romance); with gentlemen, more vulgarly, "*blaguer*" (to fib); but both practice the vice either to please or to add piquancy to scandalous gossip, but seldom from baser motives. They so love to exaggerate, that even their daily newspapers are universally dated *a day in advance*; and even *Galignani* has been compelled to follow their example, to do away with the charge that he did not give the *latest* news.

With the Italians, however, lying is a downright vice. Without the courage and gallantry of the French, they lie from fear as well as fun. One need have no greater evidence of the depravity of morals among the higher classes of Italian cities, than the universal scandal, which spares no one, and at the same time announces a general corruption inconceivable in similar circles in Protestant countries, or which, if existing, would doom the offenders to social isolation. So the universal suspicion proclaims the equally-spread habit of falsehood. However much courtesy may gild social intercourse, the serpent-head of distrust is seen beneath. Jealousy is equally common. Not the more honorable sentiment founded on a regard for chastity, but the meaner spirit begotten of envy. It is really extraordinary to see how ludicrously, not to say inhumanly, domestics and the lower classes

will sometimes exhibit this, when one would suppose that common wants would produce common sympathies. As for the former, when it exists, it is chiefly among lovers, and not married couples, whose connubial eye is supposed to be blind. I have heard it remarked, by other ladies, of one of the chief nobility of Tuscany—a wife and mother that it would be well for the country if it possessed more of—"How strange it is that the Duchess — contents herself with only her husband." Such is the common sentiment. Matrimonial fidelity is the exception.

Generally speaking, Italian women are the most untidy of their sex, both as housekeepers and in their toilet, when not dressed for their diurnal drive. This arises from indolence and want of good home educations. Convents are the schools of Italian mothers. Slipshod at home, they loiter or doze away their time after the most approved listlessness, indifferent to every thing but appearing well on parade or at the opera. Their households are neglected, children intrusted to servants, and their work, if any, confined to embroidery, rarely music, and sometimes a little painting or design. Their want of good taste in dress, in which, as a class, they are behind every other civilized nation, is the more strange, as they possess a natural taste for the beautiful in art. When the sex is thus unrefined in person, the mind is upon a par; so that one is not astonished to find a latitude in conversation, and an ignorance on general topics no less lamentable, but combined with an amiability and wit which, under better auspices of government and religion, would raise them to the level of their sex in more favored countries.

The general effeminacy and want of energy of the male sex, would astonish any one not versed in their political history for the past two centuries. They weigh like nightmares upon the race; but without scope for ambition, or even ordinary physical action, what else can be expected?

The care which an Italian dandy takes to preserve himself from the fresh air of heaven, to avoid all exercise, and to develop his effeminate beauty, is ludicrously wonderful. There are said to be not over three days of their delicious climate in a year which are all right for an Italian. What with its being too hot or too cold, too dry or too humid, too changeable or too monotonous, the poor weather is little able to satisfy the race on which he lavishes most of his bounties. I was at a sea-side watering-place last summer. The water to me, who have lived eight years within the tropics, was uncomfortably warm; but the titled Italians first prepared themselves for their sea-baths by aperient medicines and a course of warm baths, so that their systems should not undergo too great a shock.

To return to schools and ecclesiastical education. One of its chief principles tends to perpetuate a canker which is gnawing at the vitals of Italy. The Church honors beggary in its bosom, by sustaining numerous communities of idle monks, who live on the charity and indus-

try of the public. It teaches through all its lessons, even as an article of faith, that alms expiate sins, and that it is necessary to give continually and abundantly to win heaven. Her charity is not of doctrine; she holds none in store for those who deny her faith—they are inevitably damned; but in good works and almsgiving she is lavish, because by them she buys salvation for herself. This abuse of the doctrine of charity is twofold. It makes heaven a matter of barter, and teaches the poor to believe that it is only necessary to wear rags, and live in filth and idleness, for the wealthy to become their debtors; while the excess of good works of the Church provides them with a bed in a hospital when ill, a snug retreat when old, and the gifts of the rich at all times.

"By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread," was the early mandate of Heaven, carrying with it a blessing. The spur of want is, however, the only sure provocative to labor. In Polynesia, and those climates where Providence, as it were, houses and feeds man gratis, the human race remains stationary, never rising above the incipient stages of civilization. What Providence has seen fit to do for certain races of savages, limiting at once their sphere and their supply, Rome, from the days of the Gracchi through its long decadence, sought to do for its turbulent population. But that which God did in wisdom man imitated in folly. The Romans looked upon the state as a parent bound to provide for its offspring. From daily bread,

they soon learned to demand their daily oil and wine; then money; and, finally, spectacles and amusements—all gratis. The consequence was, that Rome trained its citizens into a mongrel race of beggars and robbers, resolved to live without labor. They succeeded, but Rome fell; for the curse of idleness was upon it.

The Church succeeded the Empire. To destroy its legacy of corruption was no easy task, but one to which Christianity was equal, had she not herself bowed to idols. Under her imperial patrons she conquered but did not reform. True, individual virtue, and occasionally able and upright rulers, did much to counteract the prominent heathen vices, which slowly disappeared before the principles of the gospel; but with all their power they were inadequate, in the hands of papacy, to cleanse the foulest fountain of them all.

The modern Italians, like the ancient Romans, remain a race with outstretched hands. They are beggars. Beggary has become an hereditary vice. Shame, if it ever existed, has long since forsaken the practice. With unblushing falsehood it is to be seen in the palace and in the hovel, in all its cunning degrees, from the throne of St. Peter's to the veriest wretch that coils his scabby limbs under its shadow. The Church is responsible for much of this, not from design, but from its mistaken doctrine, that the greater blessing attends the *giver* than the *worker*. It honors *idleness*, sanctifies the spread palm, and thus impedes *labor*. Sixtus V. la-



ITALIAN MENDICANTS.

bored diligently to arrest this evil. The established workhouses forbade mendicity under the severest penalties, and sought by energetic measures to extirpate the pest, but in vain. After brief intervals of apparent reform, it reappeared as vicious as ever. The popes forgot that, while weeding with one finger, they were bountifully sowing tares with an open hand. The Romans, of all Italians, have in consequence the most profound aversion to labor. They are listless and silent even in their amusements, varied only by occasional flashes of passion, or the excitement of the carnival.

The rich give abundantly and with indiscriminating generosity, but as frequently from policy or ostentation. Like old patricians with their clients, they gather about them a numerous horde of idle dependents or professional beggars, who, content in the abasement of receiving, gratis, their daily subsistence, have ceased to envy the common possessions of their lords. Nearly three-fifths of the real estate within the walls of Rome belong to less than one hundred families; the remaining two-fifths to the hospitals and convents. Consequently, not one in a thousand of the inhabitants of Rome has any fixed property. The Church and Government, including the few noble families able to support their state, own all Rome—a state of things sufficient in itself to kill enterprise, and keep the city as it is, a century behind even the other capitals of Italy.

Each city has its characteristic type of beggars, though none is without specimens of all—as they are a wandering race, and move to where charities are most abundant. Rome, however, is the capital of beggarm. In Venice they ply their art in gondolas. In Florence they dress in filthy rags, whine piteously, expose infants, and train bright-eyed young girls to waylay strangers, demanding alms with a pertinacity proof against all repulse, though liable to the penalties of the law; in fact, throughout Tuscany they are the dirtiest and most beggarly set of beggars Italy can show. At the entrance of Vassieux's reading-room, a white-haired old man, bent with age, his clothes hanging together by scanty stitches, is to be seen sitting in one position, and always in the same spot: for years he has been thus; he never speaks, but, as the visitors pass, meekly bows his head—silent if he receives a copper, and equally silent if disappointed. His dumb appeal is not without its fruits. A more expressive image of venerable patience, poverty, and humility the imagination never conceived; and yet, I presume, the old dodge, like Beppo, the legless, roguish king of beggars at Rome, is rich, and able to dower his daughters, if he have any.

In Naples they beg from the fun of it; bright-eyed, merry boys, full of life and activity, or lazaroni, up to a thousand tricks to excite compassion and gain the trifling sum that will feed them for a week, while, for a bed, stone steps or a basket are sufficiently comfortable. But at Naples they are all ready to do any thing but

actual labor to unloose your purse-strings; they will lie, cheat, or steal as temptation offers, and, if it please you, dance, sing, engulf macaroni, and play the jackanapes after the drollest fashion possible. There is fun and mischief in their begging which half-disguises its viciousness.

The begging monks form a class, *sui generis*, under the especial patronage of the Church: They are the greatest eye-sores of the community, being in general men of almost brutalized appearance, unctuous and ignorant, and of corresponding habits.

Beggary in Italy is elevated to the rank of an occupation. Men and women are born and die beggars, as their parents before them. This class appears the more numerous, because they have the art of multiplying themselves, as it were, interminably. They are the carrion crows of benevolence. They strip it to its very bones, and scent their game afar off. There is no end to their disguises and ailments. Proteus-like, they change their rags and diseases to suit every phase of charity. With an ubiquity that savors of marvelousness they are here, there, and every where at the same instant; now lame, then dropsical, all at once minus an eye, arm, or leg, covered with sores, rheumatic, crippled by age or famished by hunger; surrounded by nursing, starving children; assuming every shape of disease or deformity, with crutches and all the outward appeals to sympathy, they excite terror and disgust as often as charity. There is no disguising their barefaced imposition. If their imperfections are real, the eighteen hospitals of Rome are ample for their relief. But they are like Bedouins in their habits, and prefer the plunder of the public to the legitimate relief of their wants. They are to be seen chiefly on the steps of the churches, when not begging, swearing, card-playing, quarreling, or sleeping from morning to night; where they then retire to, no decent mortal may know.

In contrast with these are the genteel beggars; counts and countesses, veiled ladies in black, who haunt theatres; others in gayer costumes, who track you to your homes; all begging under some pretext or other, and grateful for a half-dollar, when, from their appearance, you feel ashamed to offer the man an eagle. I have had a well-dressed gentleman approach me in the street, bow with great courtesy, apologize for interrupting me, and then go on to inform me that he was of the higher classes, but had lost his money, and would be thankful for a "*mezzo-baiocco*," half-cent! Ladies, too, so grateful as to kiss your hands for a half-dime! The degradation in such cases is too deep for the poverty to be wholly genuine.

The system of asking is universal. At certain palaces where you may have dined, the servants demand of you a fee. Mechanics, tradesmen even, all who serve you in one way or other, with few exceptions, ask for something additional, grateful if they get it, and nevertheless ready to try again if they fail. In the country on the usual routes of travelers



GENTEEL BEGGAR.

this nuisance is universal. Children follow the carriage for miles clamoring for coppers, and if refused, salute your ear with a curse and "May you break your neck! may the apoplexy seize you!" or some equally welcome catastrophe, winding up with some demoniacal sign, indicative of bad luck. I have always noticed that Italians never failed to counteract the spell by some cabalistic movement of the fingers, known only to the initiated.

The usual reference is to the Madonna for your welfare, though all the saints in the Calendar are in turn invoked. Sometimes, especially with the Romans and Neapolitans, there is a touch of flattery, or a dubious wish expressed in their demands extremely naïve and not always creditable to the morals of either party; as for

instance, "May your handsome Excellency be fortunate in your amours."

Aside from the parasitical and fictitious misery of Italy, there exists a vast amount of real, which even the colossal proportions of Roman Catholic charity are not sufficient to relieve. The mass of the people in ordinary times are but scantily supplied with even the most indifferent and least nourishing qualities of food. Consequently, in times of scarcity they are reduced to a condition bordering on absolute starvation. Their chief diet is coarse bread, beans, and chestnuts. Any thing better partakes of the character of luxuries. The faintness or want of strength resulting from so meagre a diet, is relieved by the stimulus of large draughts of the light wines of the country,

in general, mixtures deleterious to the health, though not very intoxicating. Indeed, one cause of the apparent sobriety of the peasantry is said to be their inability to swallow enough to make them tipsy, though there are men among them that will drain a gallon flask at a sitting. They drink sufficiently, however, to excite to crime and disorders; and their temperance may be considered rather a passive than active virtue; though, as men will seek artificial stimulants, it would be an advantage to the United States could light wines be substituted for strong liquors.

The effects of general want and poverty are shown among the Italians generally, and especially the Tuscans, in their short stature, heavy lifeless look and almost haggard appearance; the *tout ensemble* of dress and mien betokening a dispirited, badly-fed, and worse governed race. Their numerous holidays prevent their being overworked, but the pale, spiritless faces, bent figures, and misshapen shoulders of the laboring women, painfully tell their lack of generous diet and healthful employments. I never walk the streets of Florence without feeling pained at the sight of much silent misery that, callous as it were to its own wants, passes humbly and painfully by, seemingly without pleasure in the past or hope for the future. It really appears wrong to dress well and walk erect and joyful in the consciousness of health and the blessings of Providence, not to speak of the ostentation of the rich, in contrast with the blight which has fallen so heavily upon the lives of so many of our fellow-beings, through centuries of oppression and miseducation.

It is difficult to procure reliable statistics in Italy, but the few which I feel authorized to give, will show not only the extent of poverty, but the extent of charity also in this land. Indeed, so numerous and so richly endowed are the "palaces" for the destitute, as the poor houses and hospitals may truly be called, that, in view of the general beggary and destitution, we can not come to other conclusion than that they overdo their own charitable design. Too much assistance has made the population lazy and improvident. They rely more upon public charity than private enterprise. Consequently reform must commence with them.

In 1798 there were thirty thousand poor, or one-fifth of the population of Rome, upon the lists of the curates of the several parishes. Under the administration of the French up to 1814, the proportion had been diminished to one-ninth. Since that period it has been on the increase.

There are in Rome nineteen hospitals for the treatment of diseases. One of them, Saint Roch, is for the reception of pregnant women who wish to be confined in secret. In eight public hospitals the average number of sick daily, is about fourteen hundred, who cost nineteen cents a day each. For every five patients there are two assistants or nurses, at the daily wages of thirty-three cents each, so that nearly

one half of the revenues of the hospitals are expended on the well, who, of course, are greatly interested in multiplying them.

The hospital of the Holy Ghost receives all bastards without question. They cost Rome yearly fifty thousand dollars. There are besides some fourteen semi-convents, where young girls are gratuitously received and educated. They never leave these retreats except to marry or become nuns. If the former, they receive a dowry of thirty-five dollars; if the latter, fifty dollars, so much is celibacy in Rome held in honor above matrimony. As an anomaly, however, in this doctrine, there exists at Rome, and in Italy generally, *dotal* institutions, which annually provide a considerable number of poor girls with sufficient dowries to tempt offers of marriage. The lottery is also a recognized institution of the Church, or, more properly speaking, of its charity. Benoit XIV. ordered that at each drawing five maidens should receive their dowries from as many winning numbers; hence the fortunate damsels are known not by their Christian names, but as Miss 79, or Miss 1025, as the prize numbers may prove. The hospitals succor annually about five thousand poor, at an expense of two hundred thousand dollars.

The Pope has various resources for his public and private benevolence. The Apostolic Aumony, provides him with about five hundred dollars per month for general benevolence. The Datary, whence briefs and bulls are issued, a sort of ecclesiastical chancellery, which employs about one thousand persons, and receives immense sums from the sale of dispensations, indulgences, and the usual paper traffic of Rome, produces the Pope about thirty thousand dollars. An acquaintance of mine paid to this institution two thousand francs for the privilege to marry his deceased wife's sister. Shops for the sale of dispensations from fasting, and all the numerous requirements of the Church of Rome, to say nothing of more criminal indulgences, are common. The lottery produces fifty thousand dollars; the bureau of briefs and other offices some six thousand more, so that the Pope, unless prodigal, need never be empty-handed.

Venice, which once counted nine hundred rich and noble families, now contains scarcely twelve in comfortable circumstances. Some thirty others live obscurely in corners or lofts of their dilapidated palaces, depending upon the scanty rents received from strangers. At one period more than two-thirds of its population, or seventy thousand souls, required public aid. Milan, to the stranger, presents neither beggars or poverty; its aspect is gay and brilliant, but this is owing rather to the severe measures of the Austrian police to prevent mendicity than to real prosperity. Its asylums are on the same scale of palatial splendor as in other parts of Italy. As in Sardinia, the poor are removed from sight, and placed in buildings decorated with columns, mosaics, spacious halls and courts, rivaling in architecture the stately palaces of their rulers; which cold magnificence,



BRIGANDS—ARMED AND UNARMED.

associated often with forced labor, they would gladly exchange for a gipsy life of privation in the open sunshine. Two thousand eight hundred individuals, according to a Milanese writer, are daily succored by the houses of industry of St. Vincent and St. Marc alone, at a net annual expense of eighty thousand dollars. The same establishments at Venice are more prosperous, costing the city but about five thousand dollars, and even producing a saving, if the cleaning and lighting of the streets, with which they are charged, be comprised.

Mendicity in the beautiful and rich Etruria has been very appropriately termed by Doctor Purchetti an "unarmed brigandage." Its insolence and pertinacity, coupled with the healthful and robust appearance of the majority who demand, rather than ask alms, have won for it this character. Even in Florence, where alone it is forbidden by law, it often stalks the streets apparently unmolested, though it frequently assumes the disguise of traffic to blind the eyes of the police. Unlike other parts of Italy, it seldom descends to wanton exposure of ulcered or crippled limbs, or other disgusting corporeal modes of exciting compassion, but boldly says it is hungry, and simply exclaims, "Give me a quattrino." Florence and Arezzo alone have organized houses of industry for the unoccupied poor. Elsewhere they are at the mercy of, or prey unmolested upon, individual benevolence. All strangers arriving at Leghorn are taxed nearly one dollar a head for the poor. But their "palace" is occupied by Austrian soldiers,

while in rags and vermin they are allowed to infest the streets with more the air of nobles than of beggars. Such sights are not grateful to the eyes of a court. Consequently when the Grand Duke goes to the baths of Lucca or elsewhere, the police are active in clearing the roads of a class of his subjects which reflect no credit on his government. After his departure they make up their temporary losses by harassing strangers with two-fold energy. In the capital, however, the severity of the law, which inflicts imprisonment or fines for the first offenses, and perpetual imprisonment with forced labor for renewed transgressions, serves in some degree to abate the nuisance.

Formerly there were three hundred churches and convents in the little city of Florence, owning the larger part of its real estate. Thanks to the enlightened Ferdinand and the French, the greater part of these abodes of idleness were suppressed. Even now, however, the Church owns a large proportion of the city. The numerous heraldic devices of the lamb and cross, to be seen on so many of the houses and palaces of the city, indicate the wealth of the cathedral alone. At present there are seventeen convents of men and fourteen of females, besides seven houses of refuge for young girls under the charge of nuns. Of hospitals of all kinds there are eight or ten; that of Santa Maria Nuova, founded in 1287, being one of the finest and best organized in Europe, and succoring annually more than three thousand sick of both sexes.

In this hospital is to be seen the museum of the late Professor Segato, who discovered the process of petrifying animal substances, so that while they retained their natural colors and shapes, they became as hard as stone. The Church, as usual, interfered with his art, on the ground that it was contrary to the scriptural doctrine of "into dust shalt thou return." Consequently, unable to prosecute the discoveries further, he soon after died, leaving to the world this unique museum as the evidence of his success, and to tantalize science with regrets for the lost secret.

It comprises every portion of the human body transformed to stone, destined to endure as long as the world itself, if not ground to pieces by violence. There are two tables, one finished and polished, the other incomplete, made of mosaics, formed by sections of human bones, brain, lungs, blood-vessels, intestines, and muscles, as firm as marble, showing the internal structure of each, but resembling colored stones. Without an explanation every visitor would presume them to have come from some stone mosaic manufactory, for they are symmetrically arranged in squares, with the great variety of colors nicely graduated. Different portions of the human body, showing the internal anatomy, are so perfectly petrified as to form perfect objects of study for the medical student. Even morbid anatomy was subjected with entire success to this process. Animals of all kinds, reptiles, chickens, in and out of the egg—in short, nothing that had warm blood was capable of resisting his petrifying touch. The beauty of his art was that it preserved the life-like appearance and color of the animal; hence, for anatomical and natural history museums, his discovery was invaluable. The student had before him the real object of his study, perfect as in life, without any of the inconveniences and imperfections attending waxen representations and stuffed, or spirit-preserved, specimens. The Roman Church, above all others, did wrong to discourage the art. Next to medical colleges it is the largest dealer in dead men's bones. What an improvement it would have been, instead of exhibiting a knee-pan in a vial, or a dried skull in a gold case, to have held up for adoration an entire saint as fresh as in life. All skepticism in relics would then disappear, for however easy it may be to substitute one bone for another, there could be no possibility of destroying personal identity. The stone saint would be the actual image of the live saint; no daguerreotype could be half so exact; and when not in use, could be quietly laid by on the shelf, as is frequently done in life.

What a gallery of great men might not be bodily perpetuated to the world by this art. Who would not now like to see the real Homer, Socrates, or Cæsar, not in cold marble, but looking as if they merely slept, their actual flesh and blood stiff and erect before us? The sculptor would have abandoned his art in despair. I can not say that I should look complacently on

the process as applied to one's own family. Perhaps the relations of Homer, Socrates, and Cæsar would have had similar objections, and so we should have preferred the funeral pile to the adamantine embalmment. There is, however, in this museum the head of a young girl, with long flaxen hair of remarkable beauty, as soft and tresslike as in life. Belonging to this head is a virgin bosom, snow-white, and of a perfection of form that nature seldom equals, and art never surpasses. Power's Greek Slave, or the Venus de Medici, could exchange busts with this maiden without loss; so exquisite are its proportions, and so pure its outlines. Here, then, exists a figure which women will envy, and men admire through all time, as cold and hard as flint, yet warming the feelings with love and pity for the fate of one so young and beautiful. All that is known of her is that she was found dead with others under the roof of a church that fell in, and Segato possessed himself of her corpse.

Hospitals for foundlings appear to be a peculiar charity of Roman Catholic countries. They indicate both great distress and a low scale of morality. Increasing as they must, from the facilities they afford to illegitimacy and concubinage, evils scarcely less than those which they seek to remedy, Protestants should be cautious in imitating them. Indeed, in countries of their origin they are defended only as a choice between the infanticide and abandonment, which it is their peculiar province to prevent and relieve. Both legitimate and illegitimate infants find a home in these asylums to the number of several thousands annually. When of sufficient age they are placed in the families of the peasants, who receive a trifling sum for their maintenance, which ceases when the children are able to earn something for themselves. If the girls marry, they are entitled to a dowry of about thirty dollars, but after they have left the hospital and are at service, they frequently continue to obtain this sum without the necessary condition, through others to whom they furnish their papers for that purpose. In 1825 there were 10,194 infants received into the several foundling hospitals of Tuscany. The number increased to 12,494 in 1834, owing, in part, to the increase of population. In 1841 the family of the Royal Hospital of Innocents of Florence alone, numbered 7511, a large number of whom are legitimate children abandoned from cause of poverty by their parents. They can, however, at any time reclaim them by reimbursing the hospital for the expenses incurred. A considerable number, one in sixteen, are thus withdrawn, but with all the care and kindness bestowed upon those who remain, their lot is a hard one. I had a domestic once who knew nothing more of her childhood than that she was found in the streets and placed in one of these hospitals, where, after receiving the usual fare and education for a certain number of years, she was sent out into the world to gain her own subsistence. She knew neither parent nor rel-

ative—in fact, was perfectly alone, united to society only by the indissoluble chain of servitude; for what hope has one of these public orphans to contract ties of family when even noble born maidens without dowries are compelled to pine in solitude, or seek religious consolation in cloisters. She was humble and grateful, but sad; feeling deeply her forlorn situation, aggravated as it was by a pulmonary complaint, which threatened soon to terminate her sorrows in life, and unite her with Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. I know not who are most to be pitied; the parent driven by shame or poverty to violate the purest instincts of human nature; or their offspring, fatherless and motherless, knowing no kin, nursed during infancy by hirelings, or else confined within the walls of a charitable institution, deprived of the sacred joys of a home, until bone and muscle are sufficiently grown for them to take their places as "the drawers of water and hewers of stone" for their more fortunate brethren. Vice brings with it another punishment. Whoever has noticed these orphans will have perceived that they appear like an inferior race of humanity, compared with the civilized European type. Their faces and forms seem as if run in one mould, with dull, unintellectual, almost imbecile expressions, and short stubby figures, like those of well-fed swine. After looking at these children I ceased to wonder at the stunted, haggard, lifeless population so often seen in the streets.

Naples, in its "Albergo dei Poveri," possesses one of the most sumptuous poor-houses in existence; one immense establishment, accommodating upward of three thousand paupers of both sexes, in which there are not only workshops for the fabrication of silks, cottons, laces, the cutting of coral, and other trades, but also schools of music, design, arithmetic, and other branches of knowledge, besides a printing-office, type-foundry, and other arts, so as to afford suitable employments and instruction for all capacities. Notwithstanding this model establishment and numerous others, whose annual revenues amount to nearly two millions and five hundred thousand dollars, Naples is infested with an idle, begging population, to reform which, would require all the energy of well-directed, liberal institutions, or else a severity which even its heartless despotism dare not exercise.

There is an important distinction between Roman Catholic and Protestant benevolence in modes of action. Both are comprehensive, self-denying, laborious, and unwearied. The former, however, partakes of the parade and ostentation of the Church, which controls and directs its operations. It delights in uniforms, chantings, torch-lights, and masquerading. When it visits the sick or buries the dead, it puts on its robes of office. With all its apparent humility, it blazons forth its good deeds to the world by a state and trappings that announce its errand, and proclaim its subserviency to the Holy See. To relieve is the secondary, to proselyte is the

primary object of its creed. Its various associations form the militia of popery, and, owing to their real virtues, they are the most successful of its soldiers in extending its conquests. No one can meet the Roman "Brethren of the Dead," whose office is to bury the deserted victims of contagion, see the mournful costume of the Florentine "Brethren of Pity" in their more comprehensive errands of mercy, or watch the noiseless steps of the French "Sisters of Charity," as they glide, like ministering angels, to the hearthstones of poverty or the bedsides of the sick and dying, without feeling his heart respond to the sublime doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man, and involuntarily reverencing that form of Christianity which thus manifests its benevolence to the world. But is there not more real sublimity in the silent, humble walk of Protestant benevolence—the doing good in secret—than in all the mighty machinery of Rome? The one takes hold of the sentiment, and exalts the imagination; it proclaims its work and demands its tribute. The other also has in its ranks Sisters of Charity and Brethren of Mercy as devoted and unwearied as any in the ranks of Rome. But they go forth on their daily rounds of Christian love unheralded by chants, and undisguised in the robes of state; less known to the public than if, in their spiritual pride, they doffed their usual habiliments to bury themselves and their good works in those lugubrious costumes with which Romanism conceals all but the eyes, for fear that the right hand shall know what the left doeth, while at the same time they bid the world to do them reverence.

Protestantism washes no pilgrims' feet, and feeds no paupers in the pride of charity amidst the splendors of a dominant hierarchy. It makes no theatrical exhibition of its benevolence, though its English form delights too much in good dinners. Its benevolence flows not at the command of a human "Holy Father," directed by one fallible will toward one infallible purpose; but is the offspring of individual hearts, concentrated by love, for the simple purpose of visiting "the widows and fatherless in their affliction."

Men see not the Protestant Brethren of Mercy as they pass by, for they are like other men; neither do women kneel on stony pavements when the Protestant clergyman carries hope to the dying, for his presence is not pompously announced by a long train of priestlings in gaudy robes, with the tinkling of bells, and the armed soldiers, who guard the Roman minister as he bears the body and blood of the Prince of Peace on his way to absolve dying sinners; nor do our Sisters of Charity wear other garb than that in which they so faithfully perform their duties as Christian mothers.

Protestant benevolence appeals directly to "Our Father in Heaven" to sustain and direct its energies; it acknowledges its accountability to the public, from which it derives its material aid: and in all points it seeks to dispense its bounties as Providence extends its blessings,

silently and effectively, to all who hunger and thirst. Both are the children of Christianity. Which does it most honor, and partakes largest of its spirit, the records of eternity alone may decide. Would that, while both remain on earth, their rivalry were solely in provoking each other to good deeds!

Roman Catholic cities, in their primary aspect, present a higher appearance of public morality than Protestant capitals. But few public women are met in their streets; drunkenness seems rare; and there is a general quiet and lethargy, the exact reverse of the bustle and enterprise of those towns that acknowledge Protestantism. Nowhere is this parallel more strikingly shown than between Geneva and Lucerne, Florence and New York, or Rome and London. This external morality is readily explained.

While the grosser forms of prostitution are not so openly exhibited in Papal cities as in Protestant, the distinction between virtue and vice is much less rigorously drawn. The Roman clergy are able to repress it outwardly, but it extends inwardly. Society in general is corrupt, while the streets are comparatively pure. The forced celibacy of the priesthood ever has produced, and will continue to, while it exists, a vast amount of hidden concubinage. The religious restraints and expenses of marriage produce more that is open, while the general laxity of public opinion tolerates corrupt unions that in England and the United States would bring upon the offenders the penalties of law and expulsion from society. Possibly there are fewer

public prostitutes in strictly Roman Catholic towns than in Protestant, but as an offset, the morals of their women are looser, and afford wider scope for intrigue, so that licentiousness is not concentrated, as in general with us, to a class of degraded females, and reduced to the baser condition of traffic. Our streets too are freed from a nuisance which no traveler escapes from in Italy. Pimps dog his steps every where, and though he may escape the sight of loose women, he is constantly haunted by the obscene importunities of their beastly male agents.

Intoxication is rarer, because strong liquors are not so available. There is, however, more general drinking, and perhaps, in the mass, more aggregate vice and misery from this cause than in America. In Italy all drink; teetotalism is unknown. If we possess a confirmed race of drunkards, they do not understand the principle of temperance; so that while they fail to show as many repulsive specimens of this vice as we, they exhibit more general misery and degradation.

The average morality of the Italian races, in other respects, I consider as beneath the American. Why is it that the lower story of every house and palace is fortified by iron gratings and massive doors, so as to resemble more a prison than private dwellings, if it be not from the general sense of insecurity to property? Petty dishonesty, pilferings, and what may be comprehended under the general term of knavery, extend to degrees of society whose social position would apparently place them above all



AN ITALIAN WINE-SHOP.

risk of taint. The servility which panders to vice and clutches at gain, through ignominy or disregard of self-respect, is painfully apparent. Female servants kiss the hands of their masters, and obsequiousness is the chief recommendation in domestics. There is much kindly feeling in the relation of servant and master in Italy, it is true, to the credit of both parties; but the *gulf* between the two is an impassable one—its boundaries are those of perpetual caste.

Italians are not educated up to the Protestant standard of *truth* and *honor*. As beggary with the lower classes carries with it no shame, so falsehood among the higher would not be deemed a vice. The multiplicity of newspapers in the United States prevents any crime from being long hid. Every thing which in any way interests the public is spread before it, from one extremity of the Union to the other, with the rapidity of thought. In consequence, all our evil deeds are dragged to light, and every day develops, as it were, some new crime. At the first glance it would appear as if we were a peculiarly criminal race, but when we consider that the newspapers reflect as a looking-glass the moral condition of a population of twenty-five millions, our surprise is rather at the paucity than the extent of crime. Italy presents nothing of the kind. Its population is not one of readers. Journals are small, scarce, and restricted to only what jealous governments permit to be known. They are but an indifferent clew to the moral condition of Italians. Crimes may be common or rare, and nothing be heard of them away from their immediate circle. Still, I do not believe that the Italians are given to the cold-blooded atrocities which figure not unfrequently in the criminal calendars of England and America. At all events we rarely hear of coolly-planned murders for the sake of booty; and yet brigands and assassinations figure largely in Italian tales. The Italian kills in warm blood, or in his profession of a "bravo." He uses his knife, particularly the Roman, as an Anglo-Saxon does his fists. It is his national weapon, and the idea of courage is particularly connected with a prompt thrust in revenge of real or fancied wrong. The Italian is like the Indian in respect to his mode of retribution. He seeks it in the way in which he himself is safest; and what northern minds would consider as base and cowardly, he considers as courageous and justifiable. All who have read the appeals of Mazzini to his countrymen will not fail to perceive that he relies chiefly on treachery and assassination—a wholesale repetition of the Sicilian vespers—to bring about a revolution. The criminal statistics of Rome would show that he does not appeal to their skill in the use of their national weapon without reason.

During the last century, the average of murders in Rome, with a population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls, was five or six a day, and on one occasion fourteen. While occupied by the French, there were in a single day one hundred and twenty assassinations. And as

late as 1828 they averaged one daily. A chapel of the Madonna in the church of the Augustins is hung about with knives, dirks, and other murderous instruments, suspended there by their owners, at the order of their confessor, as a condition of absolution and evidence of pardon of their crimes.

The streets of Rome are not safe at the later hours of night, even now, for any one who has aught about him to tempt the cupidity of its highwaymen. Roman friends of mine are accustomed to place their watches in their boots when out late at night. Every housekeeper will tell you the risks they run in not keeping the strictest watch over their premises; and any one's experience in visiting Italian families will convince them that they have more confidence in their portcullis doors and massive gratings than in either the honesty of their countrymen or the guardianship of the police. It is customary, when a visitor calls, to reconnoitre, either through a loop-hole or an upper window, so as to ascertain his quality and business before withdrawing the bolt. Fear and suspicion are manifested to great extent in the domestic arrangements of Italians, and with reason, for in no country is there more sympathy felt for the bandit. As he protects the poor, he is considered more as their champion than a criminal. The ranks of highwaymen are often recruited from the disaffected toward the government, whose oppressions force them, as it were, into open hostility. Hence they partake in part of the character of patriots; and, even with the aid of French and Austrian troops, Italy finds it no easy task to keep her roads and cities safe for the traveler. Judge, then, what would be the condition of the country were its five hundred thousand bayonets reduced to the number that compose the army of the United States!

The chiefs of the Roman brigands, from their audacity and extent of their crimes, have ranked with the vulgar as heroes. The Roman government, unable to cope with them, has, after they had glutted themselves with plunder, pardoned and pensioned them to keep the peace.

One of the most noted was Gasparone, who began his career by killing his confessor for refusing to absolve him for a robbery. Yet so scrupulous was he in the performance of those religious rites that ignorant Romanism substitutes for spiritual worship, that he acquired with the country people a reputation for sanctity; particularly for his devotion to Saint Anthony, and his careful abstinence from murders on Sundays and Church festivals.

Another, Gobertino by name, killed, during his career, with his *own hand*, nine hundred and sixty-four adults and six *infants*; regretting only on his death-bed that he had not been able to make up the number to a thousand. Aronzo Albagna massacred his entire family, including his father, mother, two brothers, and sister. America and England may contain criminals capable of rivaling these exploits; but it is certain that the opportunity never would be allowed



ITALIAN BRIGANDS.

them. It is rare in either country that a villain gets beyond his first great crime.

My object in presenting this unfavorable summary of Italian character is to show to what extent, in comparison with Protestantism, I consider Romanism to be responsible for it, both for what it has actually done and what it has failed to do. If such are the results where Romanism is supreme, are not other nations in which it seeks to find sway warranted in viewing it, both in a political and moral sense, with a jealous eye? If there be in the institutions of Protestant countries any superiority over those of Roman Catholic, it is owing to the purer faith, greater knowledge, and more elevated view of human rights which they have developed. Protestantism is progressive. It looks both to the temporal and eternal welfare of the individual. What it claims for itself it allows to others, asking deference only to civil law, while creeds are left intact. It seeks to convert the understanding, and not to terrify the nerves and lull them into a false repose.

Romanism, on the contrary, is the opposite of all this. She forbids liberty of speech and freedom of the press. She refuses the appeal to the Bible. Intolerance is her constant principle. By one weapon or another, by being all things to all men, by persuasion when possible, by force when she has the power, she seeks to bind all nations to her spiritual despotism. Romanism and republicanism are antagonistic powers. When together, one or the other must succumb. In the United States, thus far, Protestantism has succeeded in extracting the sting

from her enemy. There are only two powers equal to cope with her. Democracy, on the one hand, strong in its own rights, and enlightened as to its true mission to elevate mankind by the gradual spread of liberty sanctified by religion and knowledge; on the other, a despotism capable of controlling elements as powerful as its own. In England and America it is kept within restricted limits by the superior power of an enlightened public opinion. In France it has again become restless and aggressive; not content with equality, it seeks supremacy. Whether the infidelity of France will be able to retain the toleration it has permitted to all sects in the contest with the subtleties and fanaticism of popery, remains to be seen. The policy for Romanism is to demand for itself all that it refuses to another—the golden rule has no place in its creed. Protestantism asks nothing more than that all sects should be placed on an equal basis, and left to find their way to the hearts of men through the paths of knowledge and truth. In doing this, she disarms herself of weapons that Romanism unscrupulously uses to her injury. They do not meet on equal terms except on Protestant grounds. When the Pope rules, the tongue is tied and the limbs fettered if they do not acknowledge his supremacy. It is a mistake to suppose that the attacks of popery are confined to Protestant countries. Her power has been checked repeatedly by Catholic princes, and equally against them she wages endless war on every point that crosses her selfish interests. Venice was free and powerful while she was tolerant and uncompromising to the demands

of Rome; Florence populous and prosperous until her rulers became priests and her interests confided to Rome. All free communities that have trusted to her for salvation have fallen by her arts. There is no hope for Italy while popery exists as a dominant creed. It opposes an insurmountable barrier to freedom and knowledge. None are more painfully convinced of this than enlightened Italians themselves. Piedmont is now a rising state, but every step of her progress is one of contest with the Pope. In Spain, popery refuses a Christian burial to a Protestant. In Germany and France she calls marriages concubinage when not sanctified before her altars with gifts to her priests. But I have already pursued this topic sufficiently far to bear my witness against the giant cause of the darkness and ignorance that overspreads so large a portion of our globe.

One topic which enlists the sympathies of liberty every where still remains. Will Italy ever become a united, free country, or must she ever remain, in the words of Metternich, merely a geographical idea? Nature evidently intended her for a unity. This, however, has never been accomplished. Rome founded her power over isolated cities and kingdoms; she melted them in the crucible of her power, but did not cast them out a united state. Romans, not Italians, ruled the world. When Rome fell, Italy resumed her previous condition of rival communities engaged in ceaseless contests. Commerce and war developed wealth and energy. Italy became great from the genius and arts of her hostile sons. She contained within herself all the elements of the first power on earth but union. Her commercial cities were each worth the ransom of kingdoms. They conquered territories and spread their power abroad, while neglecting to insure it at home. All paid homage to Rome as their spiritual head. Then was the time for a patriot Pope to have healed their dissensions and united them as one people. But no! The Popes were alive only to the extension of their own petty temporal sovereignties. They esteemed it a higher honor to rule over a few cities, wasted with fire and sword at their command, than to be the saviours of Italy. To this end they sowed fresh dissensions; they repeatedly leagued with transalpine enemies; they exterminated liberty; and finally became the chief among the many sad causes which have contributed to make Italy what we now find her—the mere foot-ball of European policy.

Besides popery, Italy is held down by two-fold bonds. First, the policy of France and Austria is to prevent a rival power, such as she would be if free and united, from holding a rank on the shores of the Mediterranean. Secondly, and by far the greater obstacle, is the spirit of disunion among her own sons. So long have they been accustomed to look upon cities as countries, that each citizen considers his neighbor of another city as a stranger—their country is embraced within the limits of their city walls. The bitter recollections of former feuds and rivalries

are still active. Venice hates Milan—Leghorn, Florence—Pisa, both; in short, the nearer are towns the more cordial is the hatred that exists between them. Patriotism is purely local. During 1848, the Livornese wished to plunder Florence, and would have preferred turning their arms against their countrymen rather than against their common enemy. The little, poverty-struck Lucca, now merged into Tuscany, mourns its court, and resents as an injury its absorption into a greater and more powerful state. The feeling between the numerous states into which Italy is divided, is far more cordial than between the cities of each state. Genoa is restless under the sway of Piedmont, and exalts in her imagination the departed glories of the Ligurian Republic. Venice dreams still of her old doges, and the power and commerce that have forever forsaken her wave-washed palaces. The peasantry of Lombardy prefer Austrian rule to Italian, and fired upon the patriots in 1848 who marched to their relief. Those of Tuscany cling likewise to their bondage. They say, we would rather have one “padrone” than many. The Grand Duke has a right to be our master, because his family have always ruled us; so we had rather have him than new masters. The unlettered Italian mind has no conception of liberty. It is a condition it never dreamed of. Despotism may be created in an hour, but republicanism is of slow growth. Those who hope to regenerate Italy in an hour, are putting faith in dreams.

Is there then no hope of Italy? Many shrewd observers say no. I differ from them. True, I believe that the vices of Italy are as great as I have represented them to be. But there is also, in her varied population, as much innate talent, genius, and natural goodness of heart as exists in any country. Romanism has wilted all that it has touched, but the germ still exists. Remove the causes, and the evils will disappear. In the simple-hearted inhabitants that people her mountain valleys she has resources of mind and soul that need but the talisman of cultivation to flood with new life her cities and her fields. Her towns still shelter learning, science, and virtue. Her industry is indeed crushed, and her commerce annihilated; but the same race that once won the markets of the world still exists, emulous of the fame of their fathers. New Savonarolas, Michael Angelos, and Rienzis will arise. The race of great hearts and lofty minds is not extinct. We say that nations die out. Is it so? A name may die out, but humanity never. It is a common saying that the races of Europe are in their decline, as if races of human beings, by a physical law, arose to a certain climax and then degenerated to mere brutes again. If this theory were true, what creates the greatness of the United States, for Americans are but transplanted Europeans? In America the citizen creates the government, in Europe the government creates the subject. This simple fact explains the gulf between them. The European thrives just in proportion as his government per-

mits. The Italians are but what their rulers have made them. Change their rulers, and there is hope. Unfetter the mind, and it will develop new channels of thought and enterprise. Mental stagnation was never intended by Providence as the condition of beings created in his own image. I will not theorize as to the immediate agencies by which Italy can be united and regenerated, for that concerns more particularly her own sons; but that she can be, and through her own instrumentality, aided by the sympathy and experience of other nations who have passed through their agony of travail, I both firmly believe and devoutly hope.

GLANCES AT OUR MORAL AND SOCIAL STATISTICS.

PROFESSOR DE BOW, Superintendent of the United States' Census, has just issued a new and most interesting volume of statistics. Last January, the House of Representatives ordered a compendium of the Seventh Census, embracing many details that had not hitherto appeared, to be printed for its use. The present work has been prepared in answer to that resolution. Its collection of information and facts is exceedingly valuable. Immense labor and research have been bestowed upon it, and no possible pains have been spared, by the study of collateral sources of knowledge, and the employment of every incidental aid, to make it a complete and reliable American Encyclopædia.

Viewed altogether—in its relation to statistical science, in its bearing upon the policy of the country, in its suggestiveness to the political inquirer, the social reformer, the intelligent moralist, and the cultivated Christian—it is not too much to say that it is one of the most attractive and important books ever presented to the American public. It may be termed a hand-book for the Republic—a condensed but explicit manual of progress and position—a broad outlining of what we are, where we are, and whither we are tending.

A census is not a mere enumeration of the people. It is not simply a series of figures, nor a tabular statement, in stiff and forbidding form, of sexes, births, ages, dwellings, industry, and similar topics; nor is it only a diagram, indicating by lines how our population has disposed of itself, and in what physical relations it stands. All this it is and much more. Whoever takes a comprehensive view of it can not fail to perceive that, beneath this arithmetical exterior, there are found the great cardinal facts of our real life. The register of the past, the prophecy of the future, are here. If read rightly, we can see therein an ample commentary on the principles of American Liberty and the precepts of American Law. The heart of our country, so far as mortal eye can penetrate it, can thus be searched, and we can ascertain, at least with a high degree of probability, the point we have reached in the scale of humanity.

On these accounts we welcome this volume. Congress has done a good service to the coun-

try in ordering one hundred thousand copies of it, and we can but hope that it will be judiciously circulated. We have been permitted to examine the work in advance of its appearance, and to lay before our readers a selection from some of its statistics:

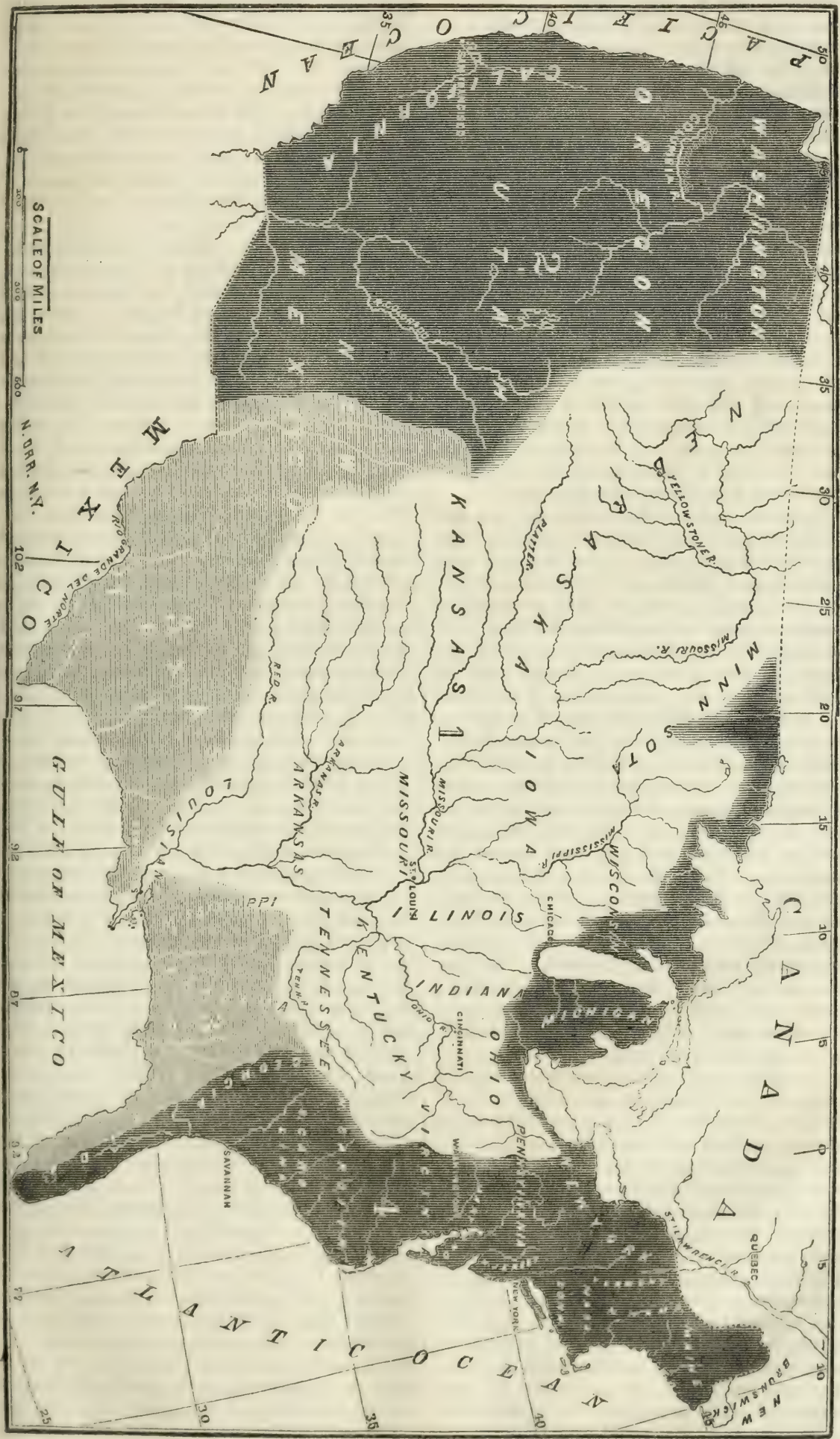
AREA OF THE UNITED STATES.

The superficial area amounts to 2,963,666 square miles. Our original territory was 820,680 square miles, and hence our increase has been over three-fold. If we compare the soil of the United States in 1783 with its size in 1854, it is not the mere fact of geographical extension that strikes us so much as the value of the additions themselves. It has not been our policy to acquire remote colonies, or establish distant outposts, but to enlarge our immediate territory. Whatever we have gained has become a part of our national home. It has been made subservient to our wealth and power as well as to our dominion; and if we now reach from the Island of Brazos, in the Gulf of Mexico, to the Straits of Fuca, in the Northern Pacific, and from the Aroostook Valley to the Bay of San Diego, the whole of this vast surface—three times as large as France, Britain, Austria, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Denmark put together—is either directly or prospectively tributary to our strength and advancement. The territorial growth has resulted from the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, the admission of Texas, and the Oregon and Mexican treaties.

At the present time, the States and the Territories have about an equal area. In the former, we have 1,464,105 square miles against 1,472,061 in the latter. There are, east of the Mississippi, 865,576 square miles; west, 2,070,590; intermediate between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, 1,200,381; west of the Rocky Mountains, 870,209. Slaveholding States and District of Columbia have 851,508 square miles; Non-slaveholding, 612,597.

If the reader will turn to the accompanying map, he will see the minor divisions of the country depicted. Their relative size is finely presented. One-fourth of the total area belongs to the Pacific slope; one-sixth to the Atlantic proper; one twenty-sixth to the Lakes; one ninth to the Gulf. If the Lake and Gulf regions be included in the Atlantic section, it will make it one third. More than one half is embraced in the Middle region, and over two-fifths are drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries.

Let us stand in the southern part of Illinois and survey the scene. Far away to the northeast the Ohio river extends one thousand miles, its branches entering into the interior of New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and receiving their products for distant transportation. Along the north a shore-line of lakes stretches for more than thirty-five hundred miles; toward the west, the Missouri reaches three thousand miles; while, north and south, the Mississippi measures the length of our possessions.



Looking toward the Atlantic, we see a range of mountains rich in every variety of minerals. Ages since, the deep beds of their wealth were formed by the mighty agencies of nature. Sunshine, that left the parent orb centuries ago, is imprisoned in their dark recesses; and there, too, is the wondrous working of the earth's great furnace; and there, the monuments of ancient upheaval efforts by which the treasures of the globe were brought within the grasp of man. See the gigantic basin, with its sides sweeping from mountains that are sufficiently wide apart to shelter three hundred millions of people; the stupendous provisions for convenience and comfort; the inexhaustible materials for the noblest forms of civilization and the fullest security of empire. What a prophecy has the past recorded here! Geology explains its strata, and Natural History its records; but what are they in comparison with those perfected uses to which the future will reduce them in the service of our race! It is not what the globe is, but what man will make it, in executing the decrees of Providence, that its true grandeur lies.

No sooner had our Independence been won than a new era of extension and occupancy commenced. A procession began to move westwardly—small at first, but swelling in succeeding years, until it seems as if the magnificent crusade of peace were to be enacted here. The movement has been easy, natural, and safe. No shock has been given to the States or to the country. The early disposition of emigrants was to adhere to their old lines of latitude as far as practicable, and thus the practical effect was to render the new settlement a continuation of the original colonization. Hereditary usages, ancestral sentiments, and established habits were perpetuated in this way. It was the nation expanding itself. It was the same energy, the same lofty attributes of character, the same sincere trust in the guidance of an unseen hand, that had signalized the battle-fields of the Revolution. Heroic days were those—days of dauntless courage and enduring fortitude. Civilization, retiring with a crown of victory from a contest with tyranny, transferred the struggle to another field. Wildernesses were explored; forests leveled; cities founded; rivers converted into highways of trade, and States erected. Above all, the Union has been cemented. If the North and the South have extended themselves according to the laws of natural direction, they have subverted the interests of each other and of the whole. Northern capital and Southern labor, Northern industry and Southern consumption, have been brought into nearer relations of mutual profit and assistance. The laws of physical geography have combined with circumstances to promote growth and strength. The constant tendency of our advancing civilization, by consulting the facts of climate and social peculiarities, has been favorable not merely to sectional wealth and power, but yet more to the real, vital connection of the parts themselves. No surer plan could have been adopted

to unite the agricultural Northwest with the South; to identify Boston and New York with Charleston and New Orleans; to make each portion of the Union sensitive to the welfare of the other, than the one which we have unconsciously worked out in the progress of our national history. The colonization of the Valley of the Mississippi may, therefore, be said to have done more to break up any tendencies toward insulation, and to cement our bonds of fraternal sympathy, than all other physical causes put together.

It has had another effect. The increase of our territory, followed by the organization of new States, has illustrated the beauty and wisdom of a simple, limited Federal Government. If the prerogatives of the Federal Government had been more numerous, if its authority had been spread over every local affair, it is impossible for us to conceive how it could have sustained itself with such a surface. Its duties complicated, its offices intertwined with every thing, its immediate representatives multiplied into a host of dependents, no one can see in what way its existence could have been continued. But organized as it is, the length and breadth of its dominion interposes no impediment in its path. Each State, vested with the sovereignty necessary for its own control, training its citizens to the virtuous, intelligent exercise of freedom, and managing its own separate interests to suit its views and circumstances, relieves the central power of all onerous burdens; while it, occupying the ground of federal relations, and administering a general superintendency over the concerns of common welfare, is able to fulfill its watchful guardianship in every part of its immense empire. Fifty years since, each one of the members of the House of Representatives numbered a constituency of thirty-three thousand, now it is ninety-three thousand four hundred and twenty. Thirty-two Senators then represented sixteen States, now sixty-two form that branch of our National Legislature. In 1820 our Atlantic States sent one hundred and ninety-six members to Congress against sixty-two from the West; in 1850 the former had but one hundred and sixty-seven against one hundred and twenty-nine from the latter. Amid these changes the varied wants of the country have been met, and the public good consulted. New States have vied with the old thirteen in loyalty to the Constitution of the land. Looking at the vast additions to our territory, the multiplication of States, the birth of new centres of trade and influence, the variety of claims to be regarded and interests to be preserved, and then, contemplating the fact that the same Constitution which was provided for the welfare of three millions of people, now protects the rights and upholds the honor of twenty-five millions—its essential principles unchanged, and its authority still supreme—who can fail to see that it presents the most remarkable instance known to history, of a sagacity that read the future—of fruitful intellects that had garnered

wisdom for coming ages—of true and noble hearts, that felt the prophetic throbbings of humanity in their burning pulses—of a guiding will and a sustaining hand, higher and purer than the world can give?

GROWTH OF STATES.

The least growth in ten years belongs to Vermont, her gain having been but 7.59 per cent.; the greatest to Wisconsin, her increase having amounted to 886.88. The smallest rate of growth within the last sixty years is that of Delaware (54.89), while the largest is Tennessee (2701.58). The ratio of increase of the Slaveholding States at the census of 1840, was 25.41 per cent.; in 1850, 31.73: for the Non-Slaveholding States and Territories it was, for 1840, 38.73; 1850, 38.98. Our general growth for the decade 1800–1810, was 36.45 per cent.; for 1840–1850 it was 35.87. The ratio of increase from 1840–1850 is larger for the Slaveholding than for the Non-Slaveholding States, and the average growth of the whole is greater than ever before, the decade of 1810 excepted.

MALES AND FEMALES.

The number of white males in the country is 10,026,402; of white females, 9,526,666. The excess of white males is 499,736. There has usually been in the return of each census about 96 white females to 100 white males. The excess of males has been increasing—in 1850 there were 100 for every 95 females. The number of males in 1850 in Great Britain and the Islands of the British Seas, was 10,223,558, while the females numbered 10,735,919. White females in New England are always in excess; in 1820 there were in that section 103.01 against every 100 males; in 1850 the proportion was reduced to 100.87. All other parts of the Union give an excess to the males; it is generally the largest in the southwest, where there are about 100 males to 91 females. The relations of the ages of the sexes present some interesting facts. We learn from Table XXXIII. of the Compendium, that in about every section of the Union the white females between the ages of fifteen and twenty outnumber the males; thus, in Connecticut there are 105.1, in District of Columbia 121.3, in Louisiana 117.6, in Massachusetts 114.6, in Maryland 108.1 for every hundred males. From twenty to fifty years of age the males are usually in excess. Beyond seventy the females show a greater number in most of the States. It appears from the British census for 1851, that for all ages, there were 103,363 females to 100,000 males, a singular contrast to our own returns. Nor does the contrast end here. Boys are born in greater proportions than girls, and yet, in Great Britain there are 105,291 females at twenty years of age against 100,000 males; at forty years, 105,628 against 100,000. The disparity is unnatural, and can only be explained by the intervention of artificial causes. The marked inequality in Scotland is worthy of notice. For every 100 Scotchmen at the ages of twenty to forty there are

112 Scotchwomen; at forty to fifty there are 117; at sixty to eighty there are 135; eighty to a hundred there are 159. Whether Scotchmen die in greater numbers than Scotchwomen, or leave their wives at home when they go abroad, or marry English wives, we can not say, but the disparity of numbers at those seasons of life when the male sex predominates, is certainly a phenomenon. From twenty to forty the proportion in the United States is about 14 men to 13 women.

Another fact of interest is the number of our white population under twenty-six years of age. According to the first, second, and third census, about one-third of the whole was under ten years of age, another third between sixteen and twenty-six. Over ten millions are under twenty years of age, and more than six millions range from twenty to forty, while from twenty to fifty we have over seven millions and a half. The present number of persons in middle life shows a gain on preceding ages, and consequently the producing classes are advancing.

FAMILIES AND DWELLINGS.

Among our white and free colored population there are 3,598,195 families, and 3,362,337 dwellings. The ratio of dwellings to 100 families is 93.44; the ratio of families to 100 inhabitants is 18.00. In Utah and Oregon there is one dwelling to every family; in Louisiana 100 to every 110; in Connecticut 100 to 114; in Massachusetts and Rhode Island 100 to 126 families. In England the proportion of families to houses is 12 to 10. The general rule in England, says the British Census, is for every family to have its own house, but exceptional cases exist in London and the large towns. The crowding of many families into the same building is carried to a much greater extent on the Continent than in the British Islands. There can be no doubt that wherever strong domestic sentiments exist, the prevailing disposition of a people will be to enjoy the privacy of home. The idea of seclusion, indeed, is essential to our conception of home; for only so far as it contrasts with the free intercourse of public life, the daily throng bearing us on as a part of its restless activity, can it be cherished as the dwelling-place of our hearts. Our countrymen, inheriting the Anglo-Saxon love of retirement, evince this sentiment in its strongest form. A home of their own; where their thoughts may be free, where the offices of affection may be serenely discharged, and the wearied pulses of their being may throb with renewing vigor, is always before their youthful fancy. Romance glows with no more resplendent hue than when it paints such a scene, nor has age a brighter memory than that which preserves, amidst feebleness and decay, its sunny aspects. The power of this passion in educating us to appreciate the value of our republican institutions, in cultivating the cardinal virtues of citizenship, and making us jealous of every thing that might impair the stability of our government, can scarcely be estimated. It is this deep-rooted anxiety in the American mind

to have a home, that has prompted so many to emigrate to the West. It has stimulated industry and enterprise. It has multiplied owners of farms and other real estate. And especially has it evinced itself in that fearless encounter of the responsibilities of business in early manhood, which is so marked a feature in our character. If our people are excessively eager in the pursuits of mammon, to their credit be it said, that the best earthly feelings of our nature are generally connected with their devotion to trade.

A few paragraphs above, the attention of the reader was drawn to the large number of young persons in our country. We have eight millions of our white population under fifteen years of age. Such a vast element in our social system suggests many serious reflections. A mass of mind like this, surrounded by circumstances that generate sufficient excitement to fill every moment, and awaken every faculty to its utmost stretch, inheriting tendencies to every kind of earnest, ambitious effort, and finding the broad fields of activity open and tempting before it, must necessarily be computed in our estimate of the future character and influence of the republic. Happily for us, a profound concern for the young is one of the traits of American life. It is seen in the immense provision for their secular instruction, in the Sabbath-schools of our churches, in the literature written expressly for them, and in many other forms of benevolent interest.

The ratio of Marriages is supposed by Professor De Bow to be about one in one hundred persons. In England, there is 1 marriage to every 130 inhabitants; in France and Austria, 1 in 123; in Prussia, 1 in 110. Combining the different facts that bear on this branch of inquiry—relations of the sexes, dwellings, marriages, families, and children—it would seem that our domestic system approaches nearer to completeness than is found elsewhere. Nor is this at all surprising. The circumstances of our country directly tend to produce this result. The doctrines of Malthus are not applicable to us; our condition is favorable to the obtainment of a competent support for a household; the opportunities that lie open to industry and enterprise are numerous and inviting; and hence, nature is as little restrained here in seeking the lawful gratification of its social instincts, as it could be under the present arrangements of humanity. One of the greatest advantages of good government is in that entire freedom which the social relations possess, and by which they can adjust themselves in simple obedience to their own inherent laws. Where the physical circumstances of a nation harmonize with such a civil policy, there is nothing left for man to desire. The world, stamped all over with his Maker's promise, offers its treasures to fill his hands, supply his senses, satisfy his wants, please his taste, and exalt his life. That this state of things exists, in an encouraging degree, in our country, can not be doubted; nor can we fail to

perceive that it must exert a most beneficial agency in fitting us to enjoy the blessings of liberty.

UNION CEMENTING THE UNION.

The migratory habits of our citizens are well known. Wherever interest offers a strong inducement, there they are sure to settle; a stronger motive, presenting readier or larger gains, soon moves them again; and in some instances—numerous enough to attract notice—the change continues until life is exhausted in the chase after novelty. The number of those residing in the States of their birth is 13,624,897; of those living out of their native States, 4,112,681. More than one-fourth of the free persons born in the Southern States have removed to other sections; one-sixth have left the Eastern or Middle States; one-tenth the Southwestern; and one-fortieth the Northwestern and the Territories. Among those who live in the Slaveholding States, 726,450 are natives of Non-Slaveholding States, and 332,112 of those residing in the Non-Slaveholding States are natives of Slaveholding States. Any one must see that this extraordinary system of interchange must have a potent influence in making the various sections of the country better acquainted with one another, in correcting errors and eradicating prejudices, and above all, in establishing the closest bonds of social union. Whoever has traveled much through the United States, and observed the intimate connection between families in remote sections, must have been struck with the thousand ties that have thus been formed. The intelligent young lady of New England, introduced to the South as a teacher, has, in very many cases, changed this relation for the position of a wife and mother. Men of the North, seeking Southern cities and towns for mercantile and commercial purposes, have married Southern ladies, and settled permanently in the States of their adoption. In all parts of the national territory our habits of inter-emigration have produced these results. One town in Mississippi may be given as an illustration. Out of 548 families, the husband and the wife of 225 were from different States, domestic or foreign; 61 were natives of Non-Slaveholding States, intermarried with those of Slaveholding States. The fireside is thus made tributary to our union; and how typical is it of the flame that burns on the altar of our common land!

FREE COLORED POPULATION.

Its number is 434,495; of which 275,400 are black, and 159,095 are mulattoes. The ratio of its increase is declining. "In New England the increase is now almost nothing." In the Southern States it is only about one-fourth of what it was from 1800 to 1810. The Northwest shows the largest ratio of advance. If the rank of the States be considered with reference to this class of population, Maryland stands the highest, as it has done for forty years; Virginia is the second. Massachusetts, from being the fourth, has become the thirteenth. Interesting facts are presented in regard to their occupations. Out

of 7693 free colored persons in Connecticut, there are—farmers, 146; mariners, 316; servant, 108; laborers, 1108, over fifteen years of age. Out of 17,462 in Louisiana, there are—carpenters, 521; cigar-makers, 169; coopers, 55; farmers, 158; laborers, 411; masons, 325; planters, 244; shoemakers, 99; tailors, 86; doctors, 6; brokers, 9; capitalists, 4. Of this class in New York city, 1 in about 55 is engaged in an occupation that requires an education; in New Orleans, 1 in 11. In Connecticut it is 1 in 100; in Louisiana, 1 in 12 of the whole free colored.

PERSONS OF FOREIGN BIRTH.

There are living in the United States 2,244,648 of this class, and they are distributed as follows, viz.: Eastern section, 306,249, against 2,421,867 native-born; Middle, 1,080,674, against 5,447,733; Southern, 43,531, against 2,342,255; Southwestern, 105,335, against 1,973,531; Northwestern and Territories, 708,860, against 5,557,529: total of foreign birth, 2,244,648, against 17,742,915 native-born. The largest per cent. is in the Middle section, being 19.84; the smallest in the Southern, being 1.86. The amount of personal property brought by foreigners to the United States can not be accurately estimated, but taking the calculation of the English Commissioners of Emigration, it is set down at \$21,644,480 for the last six years. Where do these foreigners prefer to reside? They seek the towns and cities; for out of 961,719 Irish, it has been found that 382,402 are in the large cities. The ratio among the Germans and Prussians is nearly the same; in the former being 39.76 in favor of the cities, and in the latter 36.43.

REAL AND PERSONAL ESTATE.

The approximative value of real and personal estate is \$7,066,562,966. The real estate is over 45 per cent. greater than the personal. A rough estimate of the real estate holders makes about 1,500,000 persons, or 33 per cent. of the free males over 21 years of age. The expenditures of the States are estimated at \$24,628,666, and their debt \$191,508,922. The amount supposed to be paid by each individual in the Union, for every species of taxation, is \$3 58, against \$2 55 in 1832.

FARMS AND THEIR PRODUCTIONS.

There are 1,449,075 farms and plantations, averaging 203 acres each, and valued each, with implements, at \$2362. About one-thirteenth of the whole area of the organized States and Territories is improved, and one-eighth more is occupied but not improved. About one-sixth of the national domain is occupied or in ownership. Taking New England, we find that 26 acres in the 100 are improved; in the South, 16; Southwest, 5. The average value of occupied land is, in New England, \$20 27; Middle States, \$28; Southern, \$5 34; Southwest, \$6 26; Northwest, \$11 39; Texas, \$1 44 per acre. The value of agricultural products for 1854 is estimated at \$1,600,000,000. In meadows, there are 33,000,000 acres; in wheat, 11,000,000; in corn, 31,-

000,000; in cotton, 5,000,000; in potatoes, 2,000,000; in all crops, 113,000,000. Among the planters, there are 74,000 producing over 5 bales of cotton each; 2681 sugar planters; 551 rice planters, growing over 20,000 lbs. each; 15,745 tobacco planters, raising each over 3000 lbs.; 8327 hemp planters. The crop States only are taken in the latter statements.

RAILROADS, CANALS, TELEGRAPHS.

There are now nearly 20,000 miles of railway in the United States; cost of construction, \$489,603,128. About 12,000 miles are in construction. In 1828, there were but 3 miles of railroad; in 1830, 41; in 1840, 2167; in 1850, 7355. Great Britain has constructed 7686 miles; Germany, over 5000; France, over 2000. We have about 5000 miles of canals. A report of 2356 miles of canals, shows a total cost of nearly \$55,000,000. We have 89 telegraphic lines, as estimated in 1853, with over 23,000 miles of wire; but at the present time we have over 30,000 miles of wire.

COMMERCE.

Imports of the principal States in 1821 and 1852.

	IMPORTED.	
	in 1821.	in 1853.
MASSACHUSETTS	\$14,826,732 ..	\$41,367,956
NEW YORK	23,629,246 ..	178,270,999
PENNSYLVANIA	8,158,922 ..	18,834,410
MARYLAND	4,070,842 ..	6,330,078
VIRGINIA	1,078,490 ..	399,004
SOUTH CAROLINA	3,007,113 ..	1,808,517
GEORGIA	1,002,684 ..	508,261
ALABAMA	809,562
LOUISIANA	3,379,717 ..	13,630,686

The largest exporting States are given as follows, viz.: Louisiana, 1853, exported \$67,768,724; New York, \$66,030,355; Massachusetts, \$16,895,304; Alabama, \$16,786,913; South Carolina, \$15,400,408; Georgia and Maryland, each over \$7,000,000; Pennsylvania, over \$6,000,000.

A comparison of the leading articles of exportation, in point of time, shows—

	EXPORTED.	
	in 1821.	in 1853.
Cotton	\$20,157,484 ..	\$109,456,404
Tobacco	5,648,962 ..	11,319,319
Rice	1,494,307 ..	1,657,658
Flour	4,298,043 ..	14,783,394
Fish	973,591 ..	461,016
Manufactures	2,584,916 ..	22,721,660
Lumber	1,822,077 ..	4,996,014
Beef, etc., etc.	2,052,439 ..	8,416,878

The export of specie in 1821, was \$10,478,059, and in 1853, \$27,486,875.

Our exports to Great Britain between 1790 and 1854, have increased fourteen-fold; to France, seven-fold. For each person in the United States we consumed \$5 72 of foreign goods in 1790; and in 1853 it was \$9 92. The proportion of exports of domestic goods in 1790 to each person was \$5 00; and in 1853 it was \$8 44.

The imports of several leading articles into the United States are given thus:

	In 1821.	In 1853.
Cotton Manufactures..	\$7,589,711 ..	\$27,731,313
Woolens	7,437,737 ..	27,621,911
Linen	2,564,159 ..	10,236,037
Silk	4,486,970 ..	33,048,542
Coffee.....	4,489,970 ..	15,564,590
Sugar.....	3,553,895 ..	14,993,003
Tea	1,322,636 ..	8,224,853
Iron and Steel Manufac.	1,868,529 ..	7,838,791

Our use of foreign cottons and woolens has increased nearly four-fold within the above period; linen shows a greater advance; while silk has increased nearly eight-fold. The cost of our silk importations, if averaged to our population, is nearly \$1 50 for each person. Our people were much more economical in this respect in 1821, for then the average expense was less than 50 cents. The large increase in the use of coffee is also noticeable, the average having advanced from about fifty cents for each person to nearly seventy cents. Tea shows nearly the same advance as silk.

The proportion of our debt in 1790 was \$19 21 for each person; in 1853 it was \$2 23. The proportion of revenue in 1790 to each person was 71 cents; in 1800, \$2 00; in 1820, \$1 74; in 1830, \$1 89; in 1840, \$1 00; in 1850, \$1 87; in 1853, \$2 43. The proportion of our tonnage to every 100 persons in 1790, \$12 78; in 1800, \$18 33; in 1810, \$19 68; in 1820, \$13 28; in 1830, \$9 26; in 1840, \$12 77; in 1850, \$15 24; in 1853, \$17 42.

Our domestic exports in 1790 amounted to \$19,660,000; in 1800, \$31,840,903; in 1820, \$51,683,640; in 1840, \$113,895,634; in 1850, \$134,900,233; and 1853, \$213,417,697. The increase in our exports to Great Britain and France has been given above. We now export to Russia \$2,456,653 against \$66,221 in 1795; to China, \$3,736,992 against \$1,023,242 in 1795; to Spain and her dependencies, \$11,847,101 against \$4,714,864 in 1795.

The imports from the South American States into the United States are nearly three-fold as great as our exports to them. It is about the same in the case of China.

PRODUCTS OF MANUFACTURES, MINING, AND THE MECHANIC ARTS.

The total capital invested in these branches of industry in 1850 was \$527,209,193; raw material used, \$554,655,038; males employed, 719,479; females, 225,512; total of hands, 944,991; wages paid, \$229,736,377; annual product, \$1,013,336,463; per cent. profit, 43. The seven States which have the largest of these investments are, New York, with nearly \$100,000,000; Pennsylvania, over \$94,000,000; Massachusetts, over \$83,000,000; Ohio, over \$29,000,000; Connecticut, over \$23,000,000; New Jersey, over \$22,000,000; and Virginia, over \$18,000,000. The per cent. profit ranges from 12.85 in Minnesota to 812.52 in California. Taken by geographical sections, New England has an average gain of 31 per cent.; Middle States, 43; Southern, 37; Southwest, 40; Northwest, 71; Slaveholding States, 48; Non-Slaveholding, 51 per cent. profit.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

There are 38,183 buildings used for religious worship in the United States, capable of accommodating 14,270,139 persons, and valued, with other church possessions, at \$87,446,371. The new tables, which appear in the Compendium, are of great interest. The average value of the churches is \$2357, and the capacity of accommodation is 376 persons. In every 1000 of the whole population 619 can be seated at one time in the churches, and if the whites and free colored are estimated, nearly three-fourths (72 in 100) can be accommodated. Taking the various denominations, it seems that the Methodists have one church for every 1739 of the total population; the Baptist, one for 2478; the Presbyterians, one for 4769; the Protestant Episcopal one for 15,874; the Catholics, one for 18,901; and other sects, one for 2923. If we examine the provisions for religious worship in the States, we find that the largest accommodation is afforded in the following, viz.: Indiana and North Carolina, 2.06 churches to every 1000 of the whole population; Georgia, 2.05 do.; Florida and Tennessee, over 2. For the several great sections, it is estimated that *New England* has Churches, 4612; Accommodation, 1,895,285; Average Accommodation, 411; Ratio of Accommodation, 69.47. *Middle States* have for C., 9714; A., 4,306,483; A. A., 443; R. A., 65.00. *Southern States* have for C., 7394; A., 2,571,412; A. A., 348; R. A., 65.05. *Southwestern States* have for C., 5415; A., 1,596,750; A. A., 295; R. A., 48.08. *Northwestern States* have for C., 10,926; A., 3,853,926; A. A. 353; R. A., 60.41. *California and Territories* have for C., 122; A., 46,283; A. A., 379; R. A., 25.03. The average value of the churches in New England, Middle States, California, and Territories, is nearly the same, and it is nearly four times as great as that of the other sections; but the average accommodation, as will be seen in the above statement, does not so materially differ. Among the large cities, it appears that Albany ranks, in the ratio of accommodation, 70.52; Baltimore, 47.59; Boston, 56.26; Charleston, 67.58; Chicago, 73.76; Cincinnati, 46.63; Louisville, 56.92; Mobile, 63.37; New Orleans, 23.50; New York, 41.53; Philadelphia, 45.70; St. Louis, 42.74. About 30,000 clergymen are regularly or occasionally employed.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

The Federal Government has granted over 48,000,000 acres of land for school purposes, and over 4,000,000 for universities. More than four millions of children, as returned by families, attend school. Maine has a larger proportion at school than any other country in the world. The number there is one to three persons. Denmark has one to 4.6; United States, without slaves, one to 4.9—with slaves, one to 5.6; Great Britain has one to 8.5; France one to 10.5. In New England only one person over twenty years of age in every 400 native whites is unable to read and write: in the South and Southwest, one in every 12; in the Territories, one in 6; in the

whole Union, one in 22. Among the foreign-born, there is one illiterate to 12; and hence it appears that this class is about twice as numerous as the native illiterate. The proportion of pupils to the whole population has largely increased in the several sections, but most in the South and Southwest. The advance has been from 13 to 20 per cent. But, in consequence of the influx of foreigners, the number over twenty years of age who can not read and write has increased in every section, and for the whole Union it has gone up to 5.03 per cent. from 3.77. The Colleges, Theological, Medical, and Law Schools are reported at 215, and the students at 18,733.

STATISTICS OF THE PRESS.

There are 2526 Newspapers in the United States, and they circulate annually about 500,000,000 of copies. 855 of them are reported as Whig; 742 Democratic; Literary and miscellaneous, 568; Religious, 191; Scientific, 53. In 1810, we had 359 newspapers; in 1828, 852; in 1840, 1631. The proportion to every 100,000 persons in 1810 was 6.1; in 1850, 12.9. The ratio of political papers to each person is, in New England, 16.38; Middle States, 16.30; Southern, 6.18; Southwestern, 8.66; Northwestern and Territories, 6.92; for the Union, 11.35. But these estimates, as representing sections, must be taken with caution, as the Northern papers circulate largely in every part of the country. About \$15,000,000 are expended upon the newspapers press; and if the whole issue for one year be estimated, it would cover a surface of 100 square miles, or form a belt, thirty feet wide, around the earth.

PAUPERS.

The whole number of paupers, supported in whole or in part in the different States, within the year ending June 1, 1850, is—native, 66,434; foreign, 68,538; total, 134,972. The annual cost of support is nearly \$3,000,000.

PRISONS AND PENITENTIARIES.

The whole number of white persons confined is set down at 4758. Nearly one-third of these are foreigners. Colored and slaves are reported at 888. Total, 5646. For every 10,000 native whites, there are nearly two in prison; for every 10,000 foreign whites, there are over six; for every 10,000 native and foreign white, there are between two and three in confinement. In the Slaveholding States, thirteen free colored in every 10,000 are in prison; in the Non-Slaveholding, 28.

GROWTH OF OUR CITIES.

The increase of Charleston for 30 years was, in 1850, 73 per cent.; Savannah, 102; Baltimore, 169; Philadelphia, 198; Boston, 221; New York, 316; New Orleans, 328; Louisville, 976; Cincinnati, 1097. For about the same period, Paris had increased 47 per cent.; London, 91; and Berlin, 134. The native and foreign-born free population of some of the cities is as follows: Baltimore, native, 130,491; foreign, 35,492. Boston, native, 88,948; foreign, 46,677. Charleston, native, 17,809; foreign, 4643. Chicago, native, 13,693; foreign, 15,682. Cincinnati,

native, 60,558; foreign, 54,541. New Orleans, native, 50,470; foreign, 48,601. New York, native, 277,752; foreign, 235,733.

TASTE IN NAMES.

Americans are famous for names. There are, among cities, towns, townships, and the like, 26 places called Adams; 9 Addison; 8 Albion; 9 Albany; 9 Alexandria; 8 Allen; 13 Athens; 14 Auburn; 7 Avon; 9 Bath; 11 Beaver; 12 Bedford; 22 Benton; 17 Berlin; 13 Bethel, and 10 Bethlehem; 19 Bloomfield; 9 Boone; 14 Bristol; 12 Brooklyn; 19 Brown; 12 Buffalo; 18 Burlington; 17 Butler; 15 Camden; 11 Canaan; 14 Canton; 11 Carroll; 11 Cass; 47 Centre; 32 Clay; 31 Clinton; 19 Columbia; 22 Concord; 7 Crawford; 13 Decatur; 15 Deerfield; 21 Dover; 12 Eagle; 10 Eden; 24 Fairfield; 8 Fayette; 85 FRANKLIN; 11 Fulton; 15 Goshen; 26 Green; 18 Greene; 20 Hamilton; 20 Hanover; 57 HARRISON; 123 JACKSON; 74 JEFFERSON; 22 Lafayette; 13 Lexington; 64 LIBERTY; 47 MADISON; 43 MARION; 57 MONROE; 17 Montgomery; 14 Newport; 16 Newton; 20 Orange; 57 PERRY; 18 Pike; 14 Penn; 15 Porter; 45 Richland; 13 Rome; 38 Salem; 15 Scott; 41 Springfield; 25 Troy; 113 UNION; 28 VAN BUREN; 28 Warren; 138 WASHINGTON.

OUR OCCUPATIONS.

The returns of the census for 1850 show, that for every 1000 free males in the United States, there are 514 engaged in some occupation. If we deduct one-third in each 1000 as being of ages unsuitable for business, it will give a large proportion who have regular employment. Our pursuits are diversified. The number of agriculturists is large. If we take the free male population over fifteen years of age, who are employed, it would seem that 44 per cent. are connected with the cultivation of the soil. In 1820, there were 190 in every 1000, who were devoted to agriculture; in 1840, there were 217. The estimate for 1850 is on a different basis, and hence is useless for comparison. Looking, however, at the facts presented, we see that it is a popular branch of industry and that our people are fond of rural life. It would seem, indeed, as if the great garden of America had been brought into the service of man just at the time when its amazing fertility was most needed. Nor are we only benefited. Wherever men are emerging from the lower stages of civilization, the agriculture of our country aids their progress, for it is ready to supply their physical wants and promote their comfort. Our manufacturing, mining, and mechanical industry is also extending rapidly. Taking the exports of our manufactures alone, we find that in 1821 they amounted to over \$2,000,000, while in 1853 they were nearly \$23,000,000.

American Labor is just now entering on its wonderful career. One of its chief aims hitherto has been to supply machinery to meet its wants, and it has, in a considerable degree, succeeded. Automatic action has been made to do the work of numbers, and machines have mul-

tiplied fingers. The intelligent foreigners who visit our establishments, notice our inventions for making seamless grain-bags, ladies' hair-pins, button-shanks; for manufacturing wood and stone; for turning out clocks and revolvers by the hundred, as well as many other substitutes for muscular toil. If our industry is not yet divided into its distinct departments, with those minor subdivisions that are so essential to perfect skill, there is much in our system to encourage versatile talent, and to improve individual character. We are laboring to liberate the workman from the degradation of drudgery, and to elevate his position. This spirit animates the American mechanic. It inspires the humblest artisan; and hence he is ever anxious for his personal freedom from every sort of service that machinery may be employed to execute. The idea of manhood is a growing idea with his class, and every facility that will tend to improve his circumstances is eagerly sought and cherished. For he feels that something else is before him; that life is rich in means and opportunities; that society presents no barrier to his progress; and consequently he has a quick mind to invent, and a ready hand to embrace whatever will make labor more productive, and enterprise more successful.

Accepting the statistics as indications of the respective branches of active life, which they represent, we may derive from them some reflections of practical as well as of speculative interest. The first point that we notice, is the increase of persons in "ALL OCCUPATIONS." The proportion can not be accurately ascertained, but it is sufficiently clear that the tendency to industrial pursuits is becoming greater. We think that this opinion is fairly borne out by circumstantial reasoning. Any one who has noticed the progress of American sentiments, has not failed to observe that there has recently been a much more full, earnest, intelligent discussion of the dignity of human labor than ever before. As a fundamental law of life, as a divine institution, as a necessary component in our probationary state, it has been most admirably expounded in the pulpit, as well as elaborately treated in the popular forms of instruction. Its relation to Political Economy has long been argued. But of late years it has been considered on higher grounds. Labor has been shown to be a noble discipline, a means to form character, promote virtue, secure happiness. The wisest thinkers of the age have rejoiced to urge its claims as something more than a simple provision for food and raiment. Raising it above mere earthly aspects, and investing it with those moral interests that belong to the permanent being of our spiritual nature, they have demonstrated its fitness to elevate mankind, and prepare it to discharge the duties that revelation enforced. On no subject has there been a greater degree of valuable truth uttered. Among the foremost topics of the day, we recollect not one that has kindled a warmer glow in philanthropic hearts, or been more eloquently pressed on the

meditative mind of the world. How much that was hidden to the eyes of former generations, or, if not hidden, was scarcely appreciated, has been brought forth into clear, intense light! What arguments have been found in the absolute wants of our immortal existence, in the brotherhood of the race, in the doctrines of Christianity, in its behalf! Viewed in certain connections, it must, indeed, be regarded as a curse; but false is that philosophy, and sullen that piety which contemplates it in no other bearing. The whole machinery of Providence, the example of Christ himself, prove that it has been adopted into the redeeming scheme of mercy, and that its office is now to combine with other instruments in exalting man to his lost position in the universe. Labor may look up to the heavens and be glad. Thorns and thistles may pierce its feet, but flowers bloom for its brow, and fruits ripen for its hand.

The literature of labor is an expression of modern intellect. It is a late growth, and, to a considerable extent, the product of our free institutions. If our republicanism had ended with a political system, its most important benefits would have been denied us. The greatest blessing of liberty is that it enables man to work out his destiny in humble obedience to the ordinations of infinite wisdom. Of what avail would our magnificent birth-right be—our ancestral honors—our franchise and sovereignty—if the unfettered limb and the fearless mind were to rest in the impotence of idleness? Our freedom is but a means for a vast end. Its opportunities for achieving a victory over the rude forces of nature, creating wealth, diffusing trade, improving social relations, and perfecting moral power, are its richest gifts. And hence nothing is more in accordance with our condition than a literature of labor. If the intelligence of this country were competent to originate a new form of government, placing man on equal footing with his fellows, and acknowledging his inherent claims to all the rights with which the Creator has endowed him, what more natural than that this same intelligence should cover the whole ground of his interests, stimulate energy, encourage invention, honor industry, and make the fresh Continent of the West a palace for the coronation of labor? It is labor that has written the strongest and soundest exposition of our national creed. It is this that has given the profoundest interpretation to our bill of rights, and presented a commentary on our Constitution that none can controvert. There is a logic in the simple spectacle which our country exhibits, that can not be resisted. It is not the language of books or art. Argument is not needed to strengthen, nor eloquence to animate it. The voice of nature speaks it in her own sublime images; and wherever it is heard, there is a benediction in its utterance to cheer the hope, and gladden the heart of all mankind.

The next point worthy of attention is the great increase in those departments of labor

which require more than a common degree of intelligence and skill. Commerce, manufactures, and mining, included in one division, show that the proportion of persons connected with them has been advancing. Various reasons may be assigned for this change. The fixed capital of a country, created at first by the profits of agriculture, and the trade resulting from it, seeks investment in those arts of industry which furnish the implements of husbandry, the tools of the mechanic, and the textile fabrics used for clothing. As society progresses, the demand for manufactured articles increases. A greater proportion of persons becomes necessary to convert raw materials into such objects as a high state of civilization requires, and to carry on the operations of commerce in facilitating the interchange of products. The profit of the manufacturing, mining, and mechanic arts, estimated at 43 per cent., naturally offers inducements to this sort of investment, and hence the advance has been rapid in these branches of industry. But again, the vast influx of foreign population has tended to elevate the occupations of our native working classes, by relieving them of the humbler forms of labor, and making it their interest to cultivate those departments of industrial life which are dependent on tact, intelligence, and enterprise. Our circumstances have singularly contributed to enhance the value of American skill. A premium has been set on mind. There is nothing in the history of the modern world more striking than the fact, that just as our common schools and other modes of popular instruction had prepared the intellect of the masses for the most thorough and valuable service in the important walks of industry, it should have found such a broad opening in them for all its talent and activity. It is here that the advantages of education are so apparent. American operatives and mechanics are intellectual agents, and not wheels and pulleys in human shape. The worth of their labor is consequently enhanced. Resources are in their hands that belong to no corresponding class in any other country. Where thought is money, as it certainly is in the United States, the condition of the working classes leaves nothing to be desired; for it puts every kind of improvement within their reach, and leaves them to be the architects of their own fortunes.

Nor are the triumphs of American labor the only lessons of this attractive volume of statistics. Far from it. If these facts, detailing our past progress and present prospects, could be changed into pictures; if a panorama of the census could be made; who would not wish its broadest space and most glowing colors to be reserved for those scenes that would represent the gigantic steam-press—the district school-house—the Sabbath sanctuary—the happy homes of this free land? Europe may justly boast of her splendid monuments of art. The magnificence of the past is fixed in her carved stone and polished marble; but where has she a sta-

tue that breathes forth its music beneath the rising sun of the world? And yet, every heart in this chosen country is filled with the inspiration of the future; every hand is a ministry in its service; and every voice is ready with the exultant strains of its eloquence, or the loudest swell of its music, to celebrate the glories which it will bring to redeemed humanity.

THE ZONE OF PLANETS BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER.

BY ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D.

SEVENTY-FIVE years since, the only planets known to men of science were the same which were known to the Chaldean shepherds thousands of years ago. Between the orbit of Mars and that of Jupiter, there occurs an interval of no less than 350 millions of miles; in which no planet was known to exist before the commencement of the present century. Nearly three centuries ago, Kepler had pointed out something like a regular progression in the distances of the planets as far as Mars, which was broken in the case of Jupiter. Having despaired of reconciling the actual state of the planetary system with any theory he could form respecting it, he hazarded the conjecture that a planet really existed between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and that its smallness alone prevented it from being visible to astronomers. The remarkable passage containing this conjecture is found in his *Prodromus*, and is as follows: "When this plan, therefore, failed, I tried to reach my aim in another way of, I must confess, singular boldness. Between Jupiter and Mars I interposed a new planet, and another also between Venus and Mercury, both which it is possible are not visible on account of their minuteness, and I assigned to them their respective periods. In this way I thought that I might in some degree equalize their ratios, which ratios regularly diminished toward the sun, and enlarged toward the fixed stars."

But Kepler himself soon rejected this idea as improbable, and it does not appear to have received any favor from the astronomers of that time.

An astronomer of Florence, by the name of Sizzi, maintained that as there were only seven apertures in the head—two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, and one mouth—and as there were only seven metals and seven days in the week, so there could be only seven planets. These seven planets, according to the ancient systems of astronomy, were Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon.

In 1772, Bode published a treatise on Astronomy, in which he first announced the singular relation between the mean distances of the planets from the sun, which has since been distinguished by his name. This famous law may be thus stated. If we set down the number four several times in a row, and to the second 4 add 3, to the third 4 add twice 3 or 6, to the next 4 add twice 6 or 12, and so on, as in the following Table, the resulting numbers will represent

nearly the relative distances of the planets from the sun :

4	4	4	4	4	4	4
	3	6	12	24	48	96
4	7	10	16	28	52	100

If the distance of the Earth from the Sun be called 10, then 4 will represent *nearly* the distance of Mercury; 7 that of Venus; 16 that of Mars; 52 that of Jupiter; and 100 that of Saturn. This law exhibited in a striking light the abrupt leap from Mars to Jupiter, and suggested the probability of a planet revolving in the intermediate region. This conjecture was rendered still more plausible by the discovery, in 1781, of the planet Uranus, whose distance from the sun was found to conform nearly with the law of Bode. In Germany, especially, a strong impression had been produced that a planet really existed between Mars and Jupiter, and the Baron de Zach went so far as to calculate, in 1784-5, the orbit of the ideal planet, the elements of which he published in the Berlin Almanac for 1789. In 1800, six astronomers, of whom the Baron was one, assembled at Lilienthal and formed an association of twenty-four observers, having for its object to effect the discovery of the unseen body. For this purpose the zodiac was divided into twenty-four zones, one of which was to be explored by each astronomer; and the conduct of the whole operation was placed under the superintendence of Schröter. Soon after the formation of this society, the planet was discovered, but not by any of those astronomers who were engaged expressly in searching for it. Piazzi, the celebrated Italian astronomer, while engaged in constructing his great catalogue of stars, was induced carefully to examine, several nights in succession, a part of the constellation Taurus, in which Wollaston, by mistake, had assigned the position of a star which did not really exist. On the 1st of January, 1801, Piazzi observed a small star, which on the following evening appeared to have changed its place. On the 3d he repeated his observations, and he now felt assured that the star had a retrograde motion in the zodiac. On the 24th of January he transmitted an account of his discovery to Oriani and Bode, communicating the position of the star on the 3d and 23d of that month. He continued to observe the star until the 11th of February, when he was seized with a dangerous illness which completely interrupted his labors. His letters to Oriani and Bode did not reach those astronomers until the latter end of March, at which time the planet had approached too near the sun to admit of further observations, and it was necessary for this purpose to wait until the month of September, when the planet would have extricated itself from the solar rays. Its re-discovery, after the lapse of so considerable a period subsequent to the most recent observation, could not be accomplished without a pretty accurate knowledge of the orbit in which it was moving; but the data communicated by Piazzi

were insufficient for this purpose. After some delay, he communicated to astronomers all the observations made by himself down to the end of February. Professor Gauss found that they might all be satisfied within a few seconds by an elliptic orbit, of which he calculated the elements; and with the view of aiding astronomers in searching for the planet, he computed an ephemeris of its motion for several months. The planet was finally discovered by De Zach on the 31st of December, and by Olbers on the following evening. Piazzi conferred on it the name of Ceres, in allusion to the titular goddess of Sicily, the island in which it was discovered; and the sickle has been appropriately chosen for its symbol of designation.

The mean distance of Ceres, as determined by the calculations of Gauss, was 2.767. The distance assigned by Bode's law was 2.8. In this respect, therefore, the newly-discovered planet harmonized with the other bodies of the system to which it belonged. The new planet was, however, excessively minute; its diameter, according to Herschel's measurements, amounting to only 161 miles. Its inclination to the ecliptic exceeded ten degrees, and consequently it deviated from that plane more than either of the older planets.

The discovery of Piazzi was soon followed by another of a similar nature. Dr. Olbers, while engaged in searching for Ceres, had studied with minute attention the various configurations of all the small stars lying near her path. On the 28th of March, 1802, after observing the planet, he swept over the north wing of Virgo with an instrument termed a "Comet Seeker," and was astonished to find a star of the seventh magnitude, forming an equilateral triangle with two other small stars, whose positions were given in Bode's catalogue, where he was certain no star was visible in January and February preceding. In the course of less than three hours he found the right ascension had diminished and the north declination increased. On the following evening, as soon as the twilight permitted, he looked again for his star; it no longer formed an equilateral triangle with the stars above-mentioned, but had moved considerably in the direction indicated by the preceding night's observations. On the 30th, after again observing the planet, Dr. Olbers wrote to Bode at Berlin, and to Baron de Zach, giving an account of his discovery. "What a singular accident," he exclaims, "was it by which I found this stranger nearly in the same place where I had observed Ceres on the 1st of January!" The elements of the orbit were quickly determined by Professor Gauss, who found the most remarkable peculiarity consisted in the great inclination of its plane to the ecliptic, which amounted to $34^{\circ} 35'$. The orbit was found to be an ellipse of not much greater eccentricity than that of Mercury, with a mean distance *nearly the same as that of Ceres*. Dr. Olbers suggested Pallas as the name for this new member of our system.

A comparison of the relative magnitudes of the planetary orbits had suggested the existence of an unknown planet, revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. Instead of one planet, however, two had been discovered. Olbers remarked that the orbits of these two bodies approached very near each other at the descending node of Pallas, and he conjectured that they might possibly be the fragments of a larger planet which had once revolved in the same region, and had been shivered in pieces by some tremendous catastrophe; and he intimated that there might be many more similar fragments which had not yet been discovered. He also inferred, that though the orbits of all these fragments might be differently inclined to the ecliptic, yet, as they all had a common origin, their orbits would have two common points of intersection, situated in opposite regions of the heavens, through which every fragment would necessarily pass in the course of each revolution. He proposed, therefore, to search carefully, every month, the northwestern part of the constellation Virgo, and the western part of the constellation of the Whale, being the two opposite regions in which the orbits of Ceres and Pallas were found to intersect each other. Meanwhile the discovery of a third planet tended to confirm the truth of his hypothesis, and to encourage him in his arduous undertaking.

Professor Harding, of Lilienthal, undertook to construct a series of charts upon which should be represented the positions of all the small stars lying near the paths of Ceres and Pallas, with a view to assist the identification of these minute bodies. On the 1st of September, 1804, while engaged in exploring the heavens for this purpose, he perceived a small star in the constellation Pisces, very near to that part of the constellation of the Whale through which Olbers had asserted that the fragments of the shattered planet would be sure to pass. On the evening of the 4th he re-examined the neighborhood, and found that the star had changed its place. On the 5th and 6th, he observed it more accurately, and finding that the positions deduced from his observations confirmed the motion indicated by the estimates on September 1st and 4th, he announced the discovery to Dr. Olbers, at Bremen, on the 7th, who saw it the same evening. Professor Harding named his planet Juno. The elements of its orbit were calculated by Gauss, who found its mean distance from the sun to coincide nearly with the mean distances of Ceres and Pallas. The eccentricity surpassed that of any other member of the planetary system. Like Ceres and Pallas, it is remarkable for its extreme smallness. Herschel was unable to pronounce with certainty that its diameter exhibited any sensible magnitude.

Stimulated by the discovery of Juno, Olbers continued with unremitting assiduity to explore the two opposite regions of the heavens through which he conceived the fragments of the shattered planet must pass. At length, after he had been engaged nearly three years in this la-

borious pursuit, his perseverance was crowned with success. On the evening of the 29th of March, 1807, while occupied in sweeping over the north wing of Virgo, he discovered an object shining like a star of the sixth or seventh magnitude, which he concluded at once to be a planet, inasmuch as the previous examination of the vicinity had indicated no star in the position of the stranger. On the same evening he satisfied himself that it was really in motion, and continuing his observations until the 2d of April, he obtained sufficient evidence to justify the public announcement of his discovery of another new planet. Accordingly, on the following day he wrote to Professor Bode of Berlin, and to Baron de Zach of Gotha, and particularly mentioned that his second discovery was not the result of accident, but of a systematic search for a body of this nature. The elements of the orbit were determined by Gauss, who executed the calculations required for this purpose within ten hours after he obtained possession of the observations. The planet was found to revolve in the same region with Ceres, Pallas, and Juno, its mean distance from the sun being somewhat less than that of either of those bodies. At the request of Dr. Olbers, Gauss consented to name the planet, and decided upon Vesta, the symbol of designation being the altar on which burned the sacred fire in honor of the goddess. This planet is even smaller than either of the three others previously discovered, but it is remarkable for the brilliancy of its light. Near her opposition to the sun, a person with good sight may often distinguish her without a telescope.

Dr. Olbers continued his systematic examinations of the small stars in Virgo and Cetus, between the years 1808 and 1816, and was so closely on the watch for any moving body, that he considered it very improbable a planet could have passed through either of these regions in the interval, without being detected. No further discovery being made, the plan was relinquished in 1816.

In 1825, a fresh impulse was given to researches of this nature, by the resolution of the Berlin Academy of Sciences to procure the construction of a series of charts representing the positions of all the stars, down to the ninth magnitude, in a zone of the heavens extending fifteen degrees on each side of the equator. Only about two-thirds of the charts contemplated in this great undertaking have yet been executed.

About the year 1830, M. Hencke, an amateur astronomer of Driessen, in Germany, commenced a careful survey of the zone of the heavens comprised within the charts published by the Academy of Berlin. He extended those maps by the insertion of smaller stars, and made himself well acquainted with their various configurations. After fifteen years his perseverance met with its due reward. On the 8th of December, 1845, while engaged in comparing the map of the fourth hour of right ascension with the heavens, he noticed what appeared to be a star of the

ninth magnitude, between two others of the same brightness in Taurus, which had not been noted in his previous examinations. Without waiting for any further observations, M. Hencke wrote to Professors Encke and Schumacher, stating his reasons for supposing that he had detected a new planet. On the 14th of December the Berlin astronomers found the stranger in a position where no star was marked on the corresponding chart of the Academy, and the motion was easily perceived the same evening. On this occasion the elements of the orbit were rapidly determined, not by Gauss individually, as on previous occasions of a similar kind, but by a host of young astronomers throughout Europe, who had become familiar with the methods of that illustrious master. The results of their calculations showed the body to be one of the family of asteroids. M. Hencke requested Professor Encke to name his new planet, and the Professor conferred on it the appellation of *Astræa*.

Encouraged by his success, M. Hencke continued his search for planetary bodies, extending and verifying the Berlin Academical charts, and by frequent comparison with the heavens acquiring an extensive knowledge of the configurations of the smaller stars in certain regions about the equator and ecliptic. On the 1st of July, 1847, while engaged in examining the seventeenth hour of right ascension, he perceived a small star, of about the ninth magnitude, which was not marked on the corresponding map of the Academy. On the 3d, he repeated his observation, and found that, during the intermediate period, its right ascension had sensibly diminished, leaving no doubt of its planetary nature. Information of the discovery was circulated by M. Hencke on the following day, and the planet was soon recognized at the principal observatories of Europe. The illustrious mathematician, Professor Gauss, was deputed by the discoverer to select a name for the stranger, and it received the name of Hebe, with a cup for the symbol, emblematic of the office of the goddess in mythology. The orbit is very eccentric, and inclined more than 14 degrees to the plane of the ecliptic.

The next two members of this remarkable group in order of discovery were found by Mr. Hind, at the observatory erected by Mr. Bishop, in the grounds of his private residence in the Regent's Park, London. So early as April, 1845, a search for planetary bodies was commenced, but in consequence of other classes of observation, no systematic plan of examination of the heavens was attempted. In November, 1846, a rigorous search was undertaken, the Berlin Academical charts being employed as far as they extend; while ecliptical charts, including stars to the tenth magnitude, were formed for other parts of the heavens, where the ecliptic passes beyond the limits of the Berlin maps. On the 13th of August, 1847, after nine months' close observation on the above system, an object resembling a star of the eighth magnitude was discovered, which was not marked on the cor-

responding Berlin map. Its planetary nature being immediately suspected, it was attentively observed, and in less than half an hour the motion in right ascension was detected. In the course of an hour the planet had retrograded two seconds of time, a sufficient change of place to be indubitable. An announcement of the discovery was made to astronomers generally on the following morning, and observations were soon obtained at most of the European observatories. At the suggestion of Mr. Bishop the planet was named *Iris*. The symbol is due to Professor Schumacher, and is composed of a semicircle representing the rainbow, with an interior star, and a base line for the horizon. Several observers have remarked decided variations in the light of this planet, which are not accounted for by change of distance from the earth and sun, and which there is strong reason to suppose are in a great measure independent of atmospheric conditions.

Continuing the plan of observation already described, Mr. Hind noticed, on the 18th of October, 1847, in the constellation Orion, a star of the eighth or ninth magnitude, which had not been previously visible in the position it then occupied. Micrometrical measures of its position, made after the lapse of about four hours from the time when he first observed it, established the existence of a proper motion, and it was immediately announced to astronomers as the eighth member of the group of small planets. At the suggestion of Sir John Herschel the new planet received the name *Flora*, and a flower, the "*Rose of England*," was chosen as the symbol. Its period of revolution is shorter than that of any other of the asteroids, being only about 1193 days. *Flora*, therefore, comes after Mars in order of mean distance from the sun, and approaches nearer to the earth than the rest of the group to which she belongs. The planet is somewhat rudely, but without any hazy appearance, such as might be supposed to arise from an extensive atmosphere.

In the year 1848 another member of this interesting group was brought to light by Mr. Graham, at the private observatory of Markree Castle, Ireland, under the direction of Mr. Cooper. Having formed a chart of the stars near the equator, in the 14th hour of right ascension, on a more extended scale than that of the Berlin charts, he remarked, on the 25th of April, a star of the tenth magnitude in a position where none had been visible before, and noted it down for re-examination. On the following evening this object was found to have retrograded one minute, thus leaving no doubt of its planetary nature. On the 27th the discovery was announced to several astronomers in England and on the Continent, and soon became generally known through the circulars issued by Professor Schumacher. The name selected for this planet is *Metis*, with an eye and star for a symbol. This planet is remarkable for the near coincidence of its mean motion with that of *Iris*, the difference of their periodic times, according to the

most recent calculations, amounting to less than one day.

On the 12th of April, 1849, Dr. Annibal de Gasparis, assistant astronomer at the Royal Observatory at Naples, while comparing the Berlin chart for the twelfth hour of right ascension with the heavens, perceived a star of between the ninth and tenth magnitude, in a position which he had found vacant at previous examinations of this region. Unfavorable weather interrupted his observations for that evening, but on the 14th he ascertained that it had sensibly changed its place, and was therefore a new planet. Professor Capocci, Director of the Neapolitan Observatory, named the planet Hygeia. The mean distance of this planet from the sun is, with perhaps a single exception, greater than that of any other known member of this group, corresponding to a revolution in 2041 days.

On the occasion of the discovery of Hygeia, Sir John Herschel had suggested that Parthenope would be a very appropriate name to commemorate the site of the discovery; the nymph having given her name to the city now called Naples. Signor de Gasparis states that he used his utmost exertions to realize for Sir John Herschel a Parthenope in the heavens, and his endeavors were crowned with success on the 11th of May, 1850. This new planet appeared like a star of the ninth magnitude.

On the evening of September 13, 1850, Mr. Hind noticed a star of the eighth magnitude in the constellation Pegasus, near another small one frequently examined on previous occasions, without any mention being made of its bright neighbor. Its peculiar bluish light satisfied him at once as to its planetary nature, and the micrometer was introduced to ascertain the difference of right ascension between the two objects, and to obtain conclusive proof of the discovery of a new planet. In less than an hour the brighter star had moved westward about two seconds of time, so that no doubt could be entertained in respect to its nature and position in the solar system. Mr. Hind selected for this planet the name Victoria, with a star and laurel-branch for its symbol. In case, however, this name should be considered objectionable, he proposed that of Clio, which name has been generally preferred by American astronomers.

Remarkable changes of brilliancy in this body have been noticed at the Washington Observatory. On the night of November 4, 1850, the planet appeared of the tenth magnitude. On the succeeding night it had diminished to the twelfth magnitude, while the star of comparison exhibited no perceptible change. Differences to a greater amount were observed between the 22d and 25th of February, 1851. On the nights of the 1st and 2d of March, 1851, it appeared as a star of the twelfth magnitude, and was observed without difficulty; the star of comparison being near, and of about the same magnitude. On the night of the 3d, Clio could barely be observed with the faintest illumination, while the same star of comparison used

on the nights of the 1st and 2d appeared as before. On the night of the 4th, the planet appeared even more brilliant than it did on the nights of the 1st and 2d instant. These changes seem to suggest the probability that the light is reflected with unequal intensity from different sides of this asteroid. Similar differences of magnitude in the other asteroids have been noticed, particularly in Astræa.

The discovery of Victoria was soon followed by that of another asteroid by Dr. Annibal de Gasparis, at the Royal Observatory, Naples. In this case, a star map was not the means of discovering the planet, but its existence was indicated by a series of observations in zones of declination which had been undertaken for the express purpose of finding new planets. On the 2d of November, 1850, Dr. Gasparis met with the thirteenth asteroid in the constellation Cetus. It was sensibly fainter than stars of the ninth magnitude. M. Le Verrier, to whom was delegated the right of naming this planet, proposed Egeria, the councilor of Numa Pompilius. The orbit is more inclined to the plane of the ecliptic than that of most of the other planets.

The next member of the group of small planets in the order of discovery, was found by Mr. Hind in the constellation Scorpio, on the 19th of May, 1851, and four days later by Dr. Gasparis, at Naples. It appeared like a star of between the eighth and ninth magnitudes, with a full blue light, and seemed to be surrounded by a faint nebulous envelope or atmosphere, which could not be perceived about stars of equal brightness. The nature of this object was satisfactorily established within half an hour from the first glimpse of it on the 19th of May; repeated examinations of the vicinity on previous occasions having indicated no star in the position of the stranger. At the recommendation of Sir John Herschel the new planet was named Irene, in allusion to the peace prevailing at that time in Europe; the symbol proposed being a dove with an olive-branch and star on its head.

On the night of July 29, 1851, another small planet was discovered by Dr. Gasparis, at Naples, in the course of his zone observations, commenced with an especial view to the discovery of new planets. It shone as a fine star of the ninth magnitude; but owing to its low situation in the heavens, was not so generally observed during its first apparition as some of the other newly-discovered bodies. Dr. Gasparis named his planet Eunomia, who in classical mythology was one of the Seasons, a sister of Irene.

On the 17th of March, 1852, M. de Gasparis, at Naples, discovered another small planet near the bright star Regulus. It appeared like a small star of the tenth or eleventh magnitude, and has received the name of Psyche. Mr. Hind, of London, narrowly missed the honor of being the first discoverer of this body. On the 29th of January preceding, he entered upon his chart a star of the eleventh magnitude in the place where, according to subsequent computations, this planet ought to have been. The chart was

immediately sent to the engraver, and not returned until March 18; but on the evening of that day he discovered that the above star was missing. He immediately commenced a search for the planet, and actually recorded it again on the 20th as a fixed star, but moonlight and unfavorable weather prevented him from establishing its planetary nature before he received the announcement of Dr. Gasparis' discovery.

On the 17th of April, 1852, another planet was discovered near Flora by Mr. R. Luther, at the Observatory of Bilk, near Düsseldorf. Professor Argelander, of Bonn, proposed for this planet the name of Thetis, which name was accepted by the discoverer, and has been adopted by astronomers.

On the 25th of June, 1852, Mr. Hind, at London, discovered another planet, having the appearance of a star of the ninth magnitude, and of a yellowish light. Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, having been requested by Mr. Bishop to select a name for this planet, proposed to call it Melpomene. It is one of the nearest of the group of asteroids, making its revolution in about 1269 days.

On the 22d of August, 1852, Mr. Hind discovered another planet not far from the ecliptic in the constellation Aquarius. It appeared like a star of the ninth magnitude, and exhibited the same yellowish color which was remarked about Melpomene. Mr. Hind having been requested by Mr. Bishop to find a name for this planet, proposed to call it Fortuna.

The next planet was independently discovered by Professor de Gasparis on September 19th, and by M. Chacornac, assistant to M. Valz, at Marseilles, on the 20th of the same month. M. Chacornac was occupied in completing some ecliptic charts of the stars according to a plan adopted by Professor Valz in 1847, and on the night of September 20, he remarked a star of the ninth magnitude in a position where none had been seen before. M. Valz proposed the name Massilia for this object, in which Professor de Gasparis, who had a prior claim to the discovery, appears to have concurred. The inclination of its orbit to the ecliptic is less than that of any other known planet, Uranus not excepted.

On the 15th of November, 1852, another planet was discovered, at Paris, by M. Hermann Goldschmidt, a historical painter, residing in that city. M. Arago proposed to call it Lutetia. It resembled a star of the ninth or tenth magnitude.

On the night following the last discovery (November 16th), Mr. Hind, of London, detected a new planet with the assistance of one of the ecliptical star-maps at present in course of publication from Mr. Bishop's observatory. It was not much over the tenth magnitude, which is rather beyond the limit of the Berlin charts. Mr. J. C. Adams, President of the Astronomical Society of London, being requested to name the planet, proposed to call it Calliope.

On the 15th of December, 1852, another planet was detected by Mr. Hind. It had a pale bluish light, and resembled a star of the

tenth or eleventh magnitude, and being not very far from perihelion, is probably one of the faintest members of the group. Mr. Bishop, at the request of Mr. Hind, has selected for this planet the name Thalia.

Thus within a period of nine months were discovered eight small planets belonging to the group between Mars and Jupiter, and four of them were discovered by Mr. Hind, of London, a fact altogether without precedent in the history of Astronomy—a result not of accident but of a systematic and persevering survey of the heavens.

On the 5th of April, 1853, Professor de Gasparis discovered in the constellation Leo, a very minute object, estimated as not brighter than a star of the twelfth magnitude, which on the following evening he recognized as a new planet in consequence of its proper motion. This discovery was ascribed to the circumstance that on the 5th of April, 1851, very near to the place where this planet was found, he had observed a star of the twelfth magnitude, which had subsequently vanished; for which reason he was led to examine the neighboring stars with unusual care. Professor Secchi having been invited by Professor de Gasparis to select a name for this planet, proposed the name of Themis; the same which Professor de Gasparis had originally proposed for Massilia. The mean distance of Themis from the sun is greater than that of any other known asteroid excepting Hygeia, corresponding to a period of 2036 days.

On the night after the preceding discovery, April 6th, M. Chacornac, at Marseilles, discovered another small planet. It appeared of a bluish tint, and of the size of a star of the ninth magnitude. M. Valz proposed to call this planet Phocæa, Marseilles having been founded by a colony from Phocæa.

On the 5th of May, 1853, Mr. R. Luther, director of the observatory at Bilk, near Düsseldorf, discovered a new planet like a star of the eleventh magnitude. This planet was christened by the celebrated Baron von Humboldt, who selected for it the name of Proserpina, with the symbol of a pomegranate and a star in its centre.

On the 8th of November, 1853, Mr. Hind discovered another planet within the limits of his ecliptical chart for the third hour of right ascension. It was as bright as stars of the ninth magnitude, and its light appeared remarkably blue. This planet has received the name of Euterpe.

On the 1st of March, 1854, Mr. R. Luther of Bilk, near Düsseldorf, discovered another planet. It appeared like a star of the tenth magnitude, and has received from Professor Encke the name Bellona; the symbol proposed being a whip and a lance.

On the same night as the preceding, but about two hours later, Mr. Albert Marth, at the Regent's Park Observatory in London, discovered another planet near Spica Virginis. It appeared like a star of the tenth or eleventh magnitude, and Mr. Bishop has proposed for it the name Amphitrite. On the 2d of March the same ob-

ject was independently discovered at the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford, England, by Mr. Pogson; and on the third of March it was discovered independently by M. Chacornac, assistant observer at the Observatory of Paris. The same impression of the *Times* contained two independent communications from Mr. Hind of London, and Mr. Johnson of Oxford, each containing the announcement of this discovery. Also on the 4th of February, at Marseilles, M. Chacornac noted a star of the tenth magnitude which is now wanting in that place, and which is shown to have been the body first recognized as a planet by Mr. Marth.

On the 22d of July, 1854, the thirtieth asteroid was discovered by Mr. Hind at Mr. Bishop's observatory in Regent's Park, London. It appeared like a star between the ninth and tenth magnitude. Professor de Morgan, who was requested by Mr. Bishop to find a name for this planet, has recommended *Urania*.

On the 1st of September, 1854, the thirty-first asteroid was discovered at the Washington Observatory, by Mr. James Ferguson. It was situated near Egeria, and nearly equaled it in brightness. Mr. Ferguson has been employed for several years with the great equatorial telescope at Washington, and has spent a large portion of his time in observing the places of the newly-discovered asteroids. This is the only instance in which any American astronomer has been the first discoverer of a primary planet. Mr. Bond, of Cambridge, was the first discoverer of the faint satellite of Saturn, and several American astronomers have enjoyed the honor of having first discovered a comet. The honor of naming this new planet was left to Mr. Ferguson, and he has selected the name of *Euphrosyne*.

On the 28th of October, 1854, two new asteroids were discovered at Paris, one of them by Mr. Goldschmidt, the other by M. Chacornac. The former appeared as a star of somewhat less than the tenth magnitude, and has been named *Pomona*; the latter was somewhat smaller than a star of the ninth magnitude, and has been named *Polymnia*.

On reviewing the preceding sketch, we find that Mr. Hind, of London, has been the first discoverer of ten asteroids; M. de Gasparis of seven; Mr. Luther of three; while Olbers, Hencke, Chacornac, and Goldschmidt have each discovered two. We also see that, in several instances, the same asteroid has been independently discovered by more than one astronomer. Among all the astronomers of the present or any former age, Mr. Hind stands pre-eminent for his success in the discovery of new planetary bodies. These discoveries were all made at the private observatory of George Bishop, Esq., which was erected in the year 1836, in Regent's Park, London. The principal instrument of this observatory is an equatorial telescope, constructed by Mr. Dollond, of London, and equipped on the plan known as the English mounting. The solar focus of the telescope is ten feet ten inches, and the clear

aperture of the object-glass seven inches. The circles are three feet in diameter; the hour circle reading by verniers to single seconds of time, and the declination circle to ten seconds of arc. The instrument is driven by clock-work; this part of the machinery in particular being very elaborately worked. The telescope is provided with a series of magnifying powers up to 1200.

In the year 1844, Mr. Bishop secured the services of J. R. Hind, Esq., then an assistant in the magnetical department of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, where he had already distinguished himself by the zeal and ability with which, in addition to his ordinary duties, which were severe, he devoted himself to the labor of observing comets, and calculating the elements of their orbits.

Almost from the time of Mr. Hind's appointment, the observations took that character for which his talents peculiarly fitted him, viz., the search of the heavens for new comets, planets, etc. His labors were almost immediately rewarded with success. Two comets were discovered in 1846, and another in 1847, the latter of which became visible at noonday, when near its perihelion, and for which the King of Denmark's gold medal was awarded.

The search after small planets lying between Mars and Jupiter was still more successful. His plan for detecting them was to observe and map all the stars down to the eleventh magnitude for several degrees on each side of the ecliptic, and then by a subsequent observation noting whether any of them seemed to have changed its place, this being the only planetary characteristic observable. For the discoveries of *Iris* and *Flora* in 1847, a prize on the Lalande foundation was received from the Academy of Sciences at Paris in April, 1850; and in February, 1853, he received the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London for his numerous astronomical discoveries, and in particular for his discovery of eight small planets.

The rapid discovery of twenty-nine new asteroids, after a barren interval of almost forty years from the discovery of *Vesta*, is calculated to excite surprise; but it is explained by the diminutive size of the new planets, and the great increase in the number of observers, as well as the use of more powerful instruments. *Vesta* appears like a star of the sixth magnitude, *Pallas* of the seventh, while *Ceres* and *Juno* are of the eighth. Of the twenty-seven asteroids more recently discovered, none of them, if we except perhaps *Iris* and *Flora*, are larger than the ninth magnitude, while several are as small as the tenth, and one or two scarcely, if ever, rise as high as the tenth magnitude. The reason that Olbers was not more successful in his search was, that he employed a telescope of too small power, and did not extend his examination beyond stars of the eighth magnitude. Only must

Some may conclude that the number, but the asteroids now known is so great, that the discovery of additional ones is a matter of little interest, and is unworthy the attention, when at their

tronomers. We regard the question in a very different light. If only one planet had hitherto been discovered between Mars and Jupiter, our idea of the simplicity and perfection of the solar system would have been satisfied, and there might have been found ingenious minds attempting to prove by *à priori* reasoning that no other planets could possibly exist, unless beyond the limits of the orbit of Neptune. But our theory of the solar system, although apparently simple, would not have been the true theory. Every new discovery shows the solar system to be more complex than we had supposed; and unless we prefer error (provided it has a show of simplicity) to truth, when it appears to our view complex, we shall value every new discovery in the solar system, because it promises to conduct us nearer to the true theory of the universe. Every new asteroid which is discovered, is a new fact to be explained. It presents a new test by which every theory is to be tried. If our theory be false, it is probable that some of these facts may be shown to be inconsistent with it. When the number of known facts is small, they may all frequently be explained by different and conflicting theories. As the number of known facts increases, some of them will probably be found inconsistent with one or other of the theories, until at last we reach a fact—the true *experimentum crucis*—which is inconsistent with every theory but one. Thus the true philosopher, instead of regarding the rapidly increasing number of asteroids with indifference, will watch each new discovery with growing interest, in the hope that it may furnish the key to the true theory of the solar system.

ELEMENTS OF THE ASTEROIDS.

No.	Name.	Distance from sun.	Time of revolution in days.	Eccentricity.	Inclination of orbit.	Long. of ascending node.	Long. of perihelion.
1	Ceres.....	2.766	1680	.0079	11°	81°	156°
2	Pallas.....	2.770	1683	.239	35	173	122
3	Juno.....	2.668	1592	.256	13	171	54
4	Vesta.....	2.361	1325	.090	7	103	251
5	Astræa.....	2.577	1511	.189	5	141	136
6	Hebe.....	2.425	1379	.202	15	139	15
7	Iris.....	2.386	1347	.231	5	260	41
8	Flora.....	2.201	1193	.157	6	110	33
9	Metis.....	2.336	1346	.123	6	68	72
10	Hygeia.....	3.149	2041	.101	4	238	227
11	Parthenope.	2.448	1399	.098	5	125	317
12	Clio.....	2.335	1303	.045	8	235	302
13	Egeria.....	2.577	1512	.085	17	43	120
14	Hene.....	2.584	1518	.169	9	187	179
15	Eunomia....	2.643	1570	.188	12	294	28
16	Psyche.....	2.933	1825	.131	3	151	11
17	Thetis.....	2.484	1430	.131	6	125	259
18	Melpomene.	2.294	1269	.215	10	150	16
19	Fortuna....	2.444	1396	.159	2	211	31
20	Massilia....	2.401	1359	.145	1	207	99
21	Lutetia.....	2.434	1387	.162	3	80	327
22	Calliope....	2.912	1815	.104	14	67	59
23	Thalia.....	2.645	1571	.240	10	68	123
24	Themis.....	3.111	2037	.123	1	36	133
25	Phocæa.....	2.401	1359	.253	22	214	303
26	Proserpina..	2.588	1522	.069	4	46	175
27	Euterpe....	2.348	1314	.171	2	94	87
28	Bellona.....	2.731	1694	.163	9	145	120
29	Amphitrite.	2.546	1484	.069	6	356	54
30	Urania.....	2.359	1322	.155	2	308	27
31	Euphrosyne	2.948	1840	.076	23	33	352
32	Pomona.....						
33	Polymnia....						

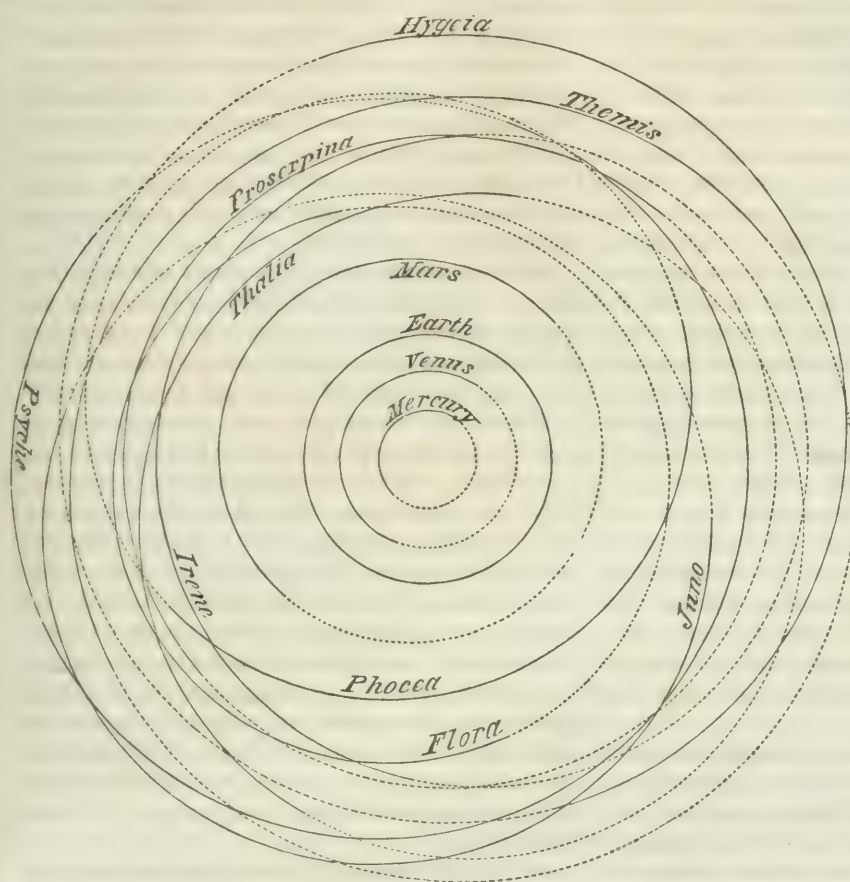
The preceding table exhibits a summary of

the principal elements of thirty-one asteroids. The last two having been so recently discovered, their elements could not be included in the table. Column first shows the number of each planet in the order of its discovery; column second the name of the planet; column third shows the average distance from the sun (the distance of the earth from the sun being taken as unity); column fourth shows the number of days required to make one revolution about the sun; column fifth shows the eccentricity of the orbit, or the quantity by which it departs from the form of a circle; column sixth shows the number of degrees by which the plane of the orbit is inclined to the orbit of the earth; column seventh shows the position of the line in which the plane of the orbit intersects the orbit of the earth; and the last column shows the position of that point of the planet's orbit which is nearest the sun.

The existence of thirty-three planets revolving round the sun at distances closely allied to each other, and differing from all the other planets in their diminutive size, is one of the most singular phenomena in our solar system. This fact will appear the more striking if we draw a diagram representing the orbits of all the known planets in their proper proportions. We shall find that while the orbits of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars are quite detached from each other, and the orbits of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune are separated by intervals which the imagination can with difficulty grasp, between Mars and Jupiter is a cluster of bodies whose orbits are so interlaced as to suggest the apprehension of frequent and inevitable collision.

The diagram on the following page represents the orbits of nine of these small planetary bodies, designed to be selected so as to afford a tolerable specimen of the whole. The other twenty-two orbits are omitted, to avoid the confusion of so many lines in a single diagram. In one respect this representation is calculated to convey an erroneous impression. All the orbits are represented as situated in the same plane, whereas, in reality, no two of them are situated in the same plane. These planes all pass through the sun, and are inclined to the earth's orbit in angles indicated in column sixth of the preceding Table. One-half of each orbit must therefore be *below* the earth's orbit, and the other half *above* it; and in order to indicate as fully as possible the actual position of these orbits, the portion which falls below the plane of the earth's orbit is indicated by a dotted line, while the remainder is indicated by a continuous black line. These orbits, then, do not really intersect each other as represented in the diagram. Indeed, no two of the planetary orbits intersect, although some of them approach within moderate distances of each other. The orbit of Fortuna approaches the orbit of Metis within less than the Moon's distance from the earth. The orbit of Massilia approaches almost equally near to the orbit of Astræa, and the orbit of Lutetia to that of Juno.

It is evident, then, at a glance, that these



PLANETARY ORBITS.

thirty-three small planets sustain to each other a relation different from that of the other members of the solar system. We see a family likeness running through the entire group, and it naturally suggests the idea of a common origin. This idea, as has been already stated, occurred to the mind of Olbers after the discovery of the second asteroid, and led to his celebrated theory that all these bodies originally constituted a single planet which had been broken into fragments by the operation of some internal force. Have we any means of testing the soundness of this theory?

If the earth should be broken into fragments by the operation of some internal force (such, for example, as that which causes the eruption of a volcano), the fragments might be projected in various directions and with very unequal velocities; but each would describe an ellipse of which the sun would occupy one of the foci—if we except the extreme but possible case of a fragment projected with such a velocity as to carry it beyond the limit of the sun's attraction. Leaving out of view the disturbance arising from the mutual attraction of the planets, which produces only minute effects, each fragment would continue to describe the same ellipse in its successive revolutions about the sun; in other words, these ellipses *would all have a common point of intersection*. The same conclusion must hold true for the asteroids, according to the theory of Olbers. The question then arises, have the orbits of the asteroids a common point of intersection? A single glance at the above diagram

will settle this question in the negative. But Olbers replies that the orbits of the planets are disturbed by their mutual attractions. These orbits should *originally* have had a common point of intersection, but at each revolution they suffer a slight displacement, until, in the lapse of time, the position of the orbits has become so completely changed as to show scarcely a trace of their original intersection. Is such a result possible? A few simple considerations will satisfy us that if the orbits of the asteroids ever had a common point of intersection, such a result must have belonged to a period of time indefinitely remote.

The line in which the plane of a planet's orbit intersects some other plane selected for common reference is called technically the line of the *nodes*. If the asteroid orbits ever had a common point of intersection, all the nodal lines upon one of the orbits must have coincided. Now as two of the asteroid orbits are inclined less than one degree to the earth's orbit, we will, for greater convenience, employ the latter as the plane of reference. By referring to our Table on page 350, it will be seen that the ascending nodes of the asteroids are distributed, though unequally, through the four quadrants of the circle. Nine of them lie in the first quadrant, twelve in the second quadrant, six in the third, and four in the fourth. The nodes of all the planetary orbits are in constant motion, but the motion for a single year is extremely small. The annual motion of the node of Mercury is ten seconds; that of Venus twenty seconds; Mars twenty-five seconds, etc. The nodes of the asteroids, as far as the computation has been made, move at somewhat similar rates; the most rapid motion known being about fifty seconds a year. If we suppose the nodal lines of all these orbits to move steadily toward each other, it would require in some of them a motion of fifty seconds a year, continued for more than 6000 years, to bring them to a coincidence.

It should also be observed, that not only must the nodes of all the asteroids coincide, but the distance of the planets from the sun must be the same at that instant. Now the distances of these planets from the sun, when at their

nodes, differ by more than a hundred millions of miles; so that to bring them all together requires something more than a change in the position of the nodes. We may bring about a coincidence, in the case of some of the asteroids, by supposing the longer diameter of the elliptic orbit to change its position in the plane of the orbit. Such a change does really take place in the case of every planetary orbit, but with none of the larger planets does it exceed twenty seconds a year. This motion for the asteroids, so far as it has been computed, is somewhat more rapid, amounting, in one instance, to seventy seconds a year; but even with this motion it would require the lapse of five thousand years to bring about an intersection in the case of many of the asteroid orbits. When now it is remembered that in order to give a common point of intersection to these thirty-one orbits all the nodal lines upon one of the orbits must coincide, and at the same instant all the distances from the sun must be equal to each other, we must be prepared to admit that such an occurrence could only have taken place myriads of years ago.

The preceding difficulties, however, are small in comparison with another which remains to be stated. The orbit of Hygeia completely incloses the orbit of Flora (and indeed several other orbits), and would still inclose them although the greater diameter of each of them were revolved through an entire circumference, since the least distance of Hygeia from the sun exceeds the greatest distance of Flora. The same is true of Themis, as compared with Flora and several other orbits. The least distance of Hygeia from the sun exceeds the greatest distance of Flora by *more than twenty-five millions* of miles. In order to render an intersection of these orbits possible, we must suppose a great variation of the eccentricity. But the change of eccentricity of the planetary orbits is exceedingly slow, and the present rate of increase of the eccentricity of Vesta must be continued *twenty-seven thousand years* to render the aphelion distance of that planet equal to the perihelion distance of Hygeia. Moreover, the eccentricity of the orbit of Vesta is now *increasing*, which implies that in past ages the interval between Vesta and Hygeia must have been greater than it is at present; whence the conclusion seems irresistible, that the orbits of Vesta and Hygeia can not have intersected for *several myriads* of years. When the secular variations of the elements of each of the asteroids have been computed, astronomers will be able to assign a limit of time beyond which the intersection of all the asteroid orbits must have occurred, if, indeed, such an intersection ever took place. The discovery of many of these bodies is so recent that, as yet, there has not been sufficient time for such a computation; but from what we already know, we hazard little in venturing the opinion that when this computation shall be made it will appear, that if the asteroid planets ever composed a single body which exploded, as Olbers

supposed, such explosion must have occurred *myriads of years ago*. Indeed, the discovery of such a host of asteroids seems to have stripped the theory of Olbers of nearly all the plausibility it possessed when it was originally proposed; and it would seem hardly less reasonable to suppose that the Earth and Venus originally constituted but one body, than to admit the same for the thirty-one asteroids.

But if we reject the theory of Olbers, what do we conclude? That the asteroids bear no special relationship to each other? Do they not all clearly indicate a family resemblance? And if so, how do we account for this relationship?

There are several reasons for believing in some peculiar relationship between the asteroids:

1. Unlike the other planets of our system, they are all of diminutive size—the largest of them hardly exceeding one or two hundred miles in diameter. M. Le Verrier, after a close examination of the nature and amount of the influences exerted by the entire group of asteroids upon the nearer planets Mars and the Earth, has arrived at the conclusion that the sum total of the matter constituting the small planets situated between the mean distances 2.20 and 3.16 (including undiscovered as well as known asteroids), *can not exceed about one-fourth of the mass of the earth*.

2. The asteroids in their position occupy a zone entirely distinct from the other planets of the solar system. Between the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn—between Saturn and Uranus—is an immense interval furnishing space enough for a host of little bodies to circulate around the sun; but in not a solitary instance has any such body been found, except between Mars and Jupiter. Some may attempt to account for this circumstance by saying that astronomers have long been watching exclusively this portion of space, and have left all other regions entirely unexplored. An exploration conducted upon such a principle is simply a physical impossibility. If there were a small planet between the Earth and Mars, it would have stood the same chance of detection, in the explorations of the past ten years, as if it were situated between Mars and Jupiter; and, indeed, it would have stood a better chance of detection, inasmuch as it would appear of greater brightness on account of its proximity to us. If there were a small planet circulating between Jupiter and Saturn, it would have stood the same chance of detection as if it had been placed this side of Jupiter, except that it would appear somewhat fainter on account of its increased distance. The fact that we have discovered thirty-three small planets between Mars and Jupiter, and not a solitary one in any other portion of the solar system, points to something *special* in this region of the heavens. In other words, we have discovered a *limited zone* of little planetary bodies, and have not been able to discover a single body of the same class situated out of this zone.

3. The orbits of these little bodies present some special peculiarities.

If we refer to the Table on page 350, we shall perceive that the ascending nodes of the orbits are not distributed uniformly through the zodiac. Thus, within the space of 140 degrees, from longitude 33° to longitude 173° , we find the nodes of twenty-one orbits; while only ten are left for the remaining 220 degrees of the zodiac. A similar remark applies to the position of the perihelia. In the first half of the zodiac we find twenty-three perihelia, while only eight remain for the other half of the circumference. The inclinations of the orbits range from zero to 35° degrees; the eccentricities range from near zero up to more than one quarter; and it is remarkable that those orbits which have great eccentricity have generally great inclination to the ecliptic, while small inclination is generally accompanied by moderate eccentricity.

4. But the most striking peculiarity of these orbits is, that they all lock into one another like the links of a chain, so that if the orbits are supposed to be represented materially as hoops, they all hang together as one system. The orbits of Hygeia and Themis, being the largest of all the orbits, completely inclose nearly all of them, and lock into but a small number; while the orbits of Massilia, Astræa, Pallas, etc., lock into nearly all of the orbits; so that if we take hold of the orbit of Hygeia (supposed to be a material hoop), it will support the orbits of Iris, Thalia, Calliope, and two or three others, while these in turn lock into and support all the rest. Indeed, if we seize hold of any orbit at random, it will drag all the other orbits along with it. This feature of itself sufficiently distinguishes the asteroid orbits from all the other orbits of the solar system.

If we reject the theory that these asteroids were originally united in one solid body, it seems nevertheless difficult to avoid the conclusion that similar causes have operated in determining the orbits of this zone of planets. It is impossible to assign any cause for these resemblances without adopting some theory respecting the origin of the solar system. The theory of gradual condensation, as developed by Laplace in the nebular hypothesis, affords at least a plausible explanation of these phenomena.

Laplace supposed that the matter composing the bodies of our solar system originally existed in the condition of an immense nebula, extending beyond the limits of the most distant planet—that this nebulous mass had an exceedingly elevated temperature, and a slow rotation on its axis—that the nebula gradually cooled; and as it contracted in dimensions, its velocity of rotation, according to the principles of mechanics, increased, until the centrifugal force arising from the rotation became equal to the attraction of the central mass for the exterior zone, when this zone necessarily became detached from the central mass. As the central mass continued to contract in its dimensions and its velocity of rotation continued to increase, the centrifugal force again became equal to the attraction of the central mass for the exterior zone, and a second

zone was detached. Thus a number of zones of nebulous matter were successively detached, until, by gradual condensation, the central mass became of comparatively small dimensions and great density.

The zones thus successively detached would form concentric rings of vapor, all revolving in the same direction round the sun. If the particles of each ring continued to condense without separating from each other, they would ultimately form a liquid or a solid ring. But generally each ring of vapor would break up into separate masses, revolving about the sun with velocities slightly different from each other. These masses would assume a spheroidal form; that is, they would form planets in the state of vapor. But if one of these masses was large enough to attract each of the others in succession to itself, the ring of vapor would be converted into a single spheroidal mass of vapor, and we should have a single planet of great mass for each zone of vapor detached. But if no one of these masses had a preponderating size, they would all continue to revolve about the sun in independent orbits, and would form a zone of little planets such as we have actually discovered between Mars and Jupiter.

With regard to the actual number of bodies belonging to this zone of planets, we can do little more than conjecture. Already we have one asteroid of the sixth magnitude, one of the seventh, four of the eighth, eighteen of the ninth, and nine of the tenth or eleventh. It would require 400 bodies as large as the largest of the asteroids to make a body one fourth of the size of the earth; and, according to Le Verrier, the sum of all the asteroids can not exceed this limit. When we consider the shortness of the period during which stars below the eighth magnitude have been systematically observed, we see room for the discovery of several more planets of the ninth magnitude, and perhaps three or four hundred more of inferior dimensions.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XLV.

A STAG OF TEN.

THE London season was very nearly come to an end, and Lord Farintosh had danced I don't know how many times with Miss Newcome, had drunk several bottles of the old Kew port, had been seen at numerous breakfasts, operas, races, and public places by the young lady's side, and had not as yet made any such proposal as Lady Kew expected for her granddaughter. Clive going to see his military friends in the Regent's Park once, and finish Captain Butts's portrait in barracks, heard two or three young men talking, and one say to another, "I bet you three to two Farintosh don't marry her, and I bet you even that he don't ask her." Then as he entered Mr. Butts's room, where these gen-

* Continued from the January Number.



tlemen were conversing, there was a silence and an awkwardness. The young fellows were making an "event" out of Ethel's marriage, and sporting their money freely on it.

To have an old countess hunting a young marquis so resolutely that all the world should be able to look on and speculate whether her game would be run down by that stanch toothless old pursuer—that is an amusing sport, isn't it? and affords plenty of fun and satisfaction to those who follow the hunt. But for a heroine of a story, be she ever so clever, handsome, and sarcastic, I don't think, for my part, at this present stage of the tale, Miss Ethel Newcome occupies a very dignified position. To break her heart in silence for Tomkins who is in love with another; to suffer no end of poverty, starvation, capture by ruffians, ill-treatment by a bullying husband, loss of beauty by the small-pox, death even at the end of the volume; all these mishaps a young heroine may endure (and has endured in romances over and over again), without losing the least dignity, or suffering any diminution of the sentimental reader's esteem. But a girl of great beauty, high temper, and strong natural intellect, who submits to be dragged hither and thither in an old grandmother's leash, and in pursuit of a husband who will run away from the couple, such a person, I say, is in a very awkward position as a heroine; and I declare if I had an-

other ready to my hand (and unless there were extenuating circumstances), Ethel should be deposed at this very sentence.

But a novelist must go on with his heroine, as a man with his wife, for better or worse, and to the end. For how many years have the Spaniards borne with their gracious queen, not because she was faultless, but because she was there! So Chambers and grandees cried, God save her, Alabarderos turned out, drums beat, cannons fired, and people saluted Isabella Segunda, who was no better than the humblest washerwoman of her subjects. Are *we* much better than our neighbors? Do we never yield to our peculiar temptation, our pride, or our avarice, or our vanity, or what not? Ethel is very wrong, certainly. But recollect, she is very young. She is in other people's hands. She has been bred up and governed by a very worldly family, and taught their traditions. We would hardly, for instance, the staunchest Protestant in England would hardly be angry with poor little Isabella Segunda for being a Catholic. So if Ethel worships at a certain image which a great number of good folks in England bow to, let us not be too angry with her idolatry, and bear with our queen a little longer before we make our pronunciamiento.

No, Miss Newcome, yours is not a dignified position in life, however you may argue that hundreds of people in the world are doing like you. Oh, me! what a confession it is, in the very outset of life and blushing brightness of youth's morning, to own that the aim with which a young girl sets out, and the object of her existence, is to marry a rich man; that she was endowed with beauty so that she might buy wealth, and a title with it; that as sure as she has a soul to be saved, her business here on earth is to try and get a rich husband. That is the career for which many a woman is bred and trained. A young man begins the world with some aspirations at least; he will try to be good and follow the truth; he will strive to win honors for himself, and never do a base action; he will pass nights over his books, and forego ease and pleasure so that he may achieve a name. Many a poor wretch who is worn out



now and old, and bankrupt of fame and money too, has commenced life at any rate with noble views, and generous schemes, from which weakness, idleness, passion, or overpowering hostile fortune have turned him away. But a girl of the world, *bon Dieu!* the doctrine with which she begins is that she is to have a wealthy husband: the article of faith in her catechism is, "I believe in elder sons, and a house in town, and a house in the country?" They are mercenary as they step fresh and blooming into the world out of the nursery. They have been schooled there to keep their bright eyes to look only on the prince and the duke, Cræsus and Dives. By long cramping and careful process, their little natural hearts have been squeezed up, like the feet of their fashionable little sisters in China. As you see a pauper's child, with an awful premature knowledge of the pawnshop, able to haggle at market with her wretched halfpence, and battle bargains at hucksters' stalls, you shall find a young beauty, who was a child in the school-room a year since, as wise and knowing as the old practitioners on that exchange; as economical of her smiles, as dexterous in keeping back or producing her beautiful wares; as skillful in setting one bidder against another; as keen as the smartest merchant in Vanity Fair.

If the young gentlemen of the Life Guards Green who were talking about Miss Newcome and her suitors, were silent when Clive appeared among them, it was because they were aware not only of his relationship to the young lady, but his unhappy condition regarding her. Certain men there are who never tell their love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on their damask cheeks; others again must be not always thinking, but talking about the darling object. So it was not very long before Captain Crackthorpe was taken into Clive's confidence, and through Crackthorpe very likely the whole mess became acquainted with his passion. These young fellows, who had been early introduced into the world, gave Clive small hopes of success, putting to him, in their downright phraseology, the point of which he was already aware, that Miss Newcome was intended for his superiors, and that he had best not make his mind uneasy by sighing for those beautiful grapes which were beyond his reach.

But the good-natured Crackthorpe, who had a pity for the young painter's condition, helped him so far (and gained Clive's warmest thanks for his good offices), by asking admission for Clive to certain evening parties of the *beau-monde*, where he had the gratification of meeting his charmer. Ethel was surprised and pleased, and Lady Kew surprised and angry at meeting Clive Newcome at these fashionable houses; the girl herself was touched very likely at his pertinacity in following her. As there was no actual feud between them, she could not refuse now and again to dance with her cousin; and thus he picked up such small crumbs of consolation as a youth in his state can get; lived

upon six words vouchsafed to him in a quadrille, or brought home a glance of the eyes which she had presented to him in a waltz, or the remembrance of a squeeze of the hand on parting or meeting. How eager he was to get a card to this party or that! how attentive to the givers of such entertainments! Some friends of his accused him of being a tuft-hunter and flatterer of the aristocracy, on account of his politeness to certain people; the truth was, he wanted to go wherever Miss Ethel was; and the ball was blank to him which she did not attend.

This business occupied not only one season, but two. By the time of the second season, Mr. Newcome had made so many acquaintances, that he needed few more introductions into society. He was very well known as a good-natured, handsome young man, and a very good waltzer, the only son of an Indian officer of large wealth, who chose to devote himself to painting, and who was supposed to entertain an unhappy fondness for his cousin the beautiful Miss Newcome. Kind folks who heard of this little *tendre*, and were sufficiently interested in Mr. Clive, asked him to their houses in consequence. I dare say those people who were good to him may have been themselves at one time unlucky in their own love affairs.

When the first season ended without a declaration from my lord, Lady Kew carried off her young lady to Scotland, where it also so happened that Lord Farintosh was going to shoot, and people made what surmises they chose upon this coincidence. Surmises, why not? You who know the world, know very well that if you see Mrs. So-and-so's name in the list of people at an entertainment, on looking down the list you will presently be sure to come on Mr. Whatyoucallem's. If Lord and Lady Blank, of Suchandsuch Castle, received a distinguished circle (including Lady Dash), for Christmas or Easter, without reading farther the names of the guests, you may venture on any wager that Captain Asterisk is one of the company. These coincidences happen every day; and some people are so anxious to meet other people, and so irresistible is the magnetic sympathy I suppose, that they will travel hundreds of miles in the worst of weather to see their friends, and break your door open almost, provided the friend is inside it.

I am obliged to own the fact, that for many months Lady Kew hunted after Lord Farintosh. This rheumatic old woman went to Scotland, where, as he was pursuing the deer, she stalked his lordship: from Scotland she went to Paris, where he was taking lessons in dancing at the Chaumière; from Paris to an English country house, for Christmas, where he was expected, but didn't come—not being, his professor said, quite complete in the Polka, and so on. If Ethel were privy to these manœuvres, or any thing more than an unwittingly consenting party, I say we would depose her from her place of heroine at once. But she was acting under her grandmother's orders, a most imperious, irre-

sistible, managing old woman, who exacted every body's obedience, and managed every body's business in her family. Lady Ann Newcome being in attendance on her sick husband, Ethel was consigned to the Countess of Kew, her grandmother, who hinted that she should leave Ethel her property when dead, and while alive expected the girl should go about with her. She had and wrote as many letters as a Secretary of State almost. She was accustomed to set off without taking any body's advice, or announcing her departure until within an hour or two of the event. In her train moved Ethel, against her own will, which would have led her to stay at home with her father, but at the special wish and order of her parents. Was such a sum as that of which Lady Kew had the disposal (Hobson Brothers knew the amount of it quite well) to be left out of the family? Forbid it all ye powers! Barnes—who would have liked the money himself, and said truly that *he* would live with his grandmother any where she liked if he could get it—Barnes joined most energetically with Sir Brian and Lady Ann in ordering Ethel's obedience to Lady Kew. You know how difficult it is for one young woman not to acquiesce when the family council strongly orders. In fine, I hope there was a good excuse for the queen of this history, and that it was her wicked domineering old prime minister who led her wrong. Otherwise, I say, we would have another dynasty. Oh, to think of a generous nature, and the world, and nothing but the world, to occupy it!—of a brave intellect, and the milliner's bandboxes, and the scandal of the coteries, and the fiddle-faddle etiquette of the court for its sole exercise! of the rush and hurry from entertainment to entertainment; of the constant smiles and cares of representation; of the prayerless rest at night, and the awaking to a godless morrow! This was the course of life to which Fate, and not her own fault, altogether, had for a while handed over Ethel Newcome. Let those pity her who can feel their own weakness and misgoing; let those punish her who are without fault themselves.

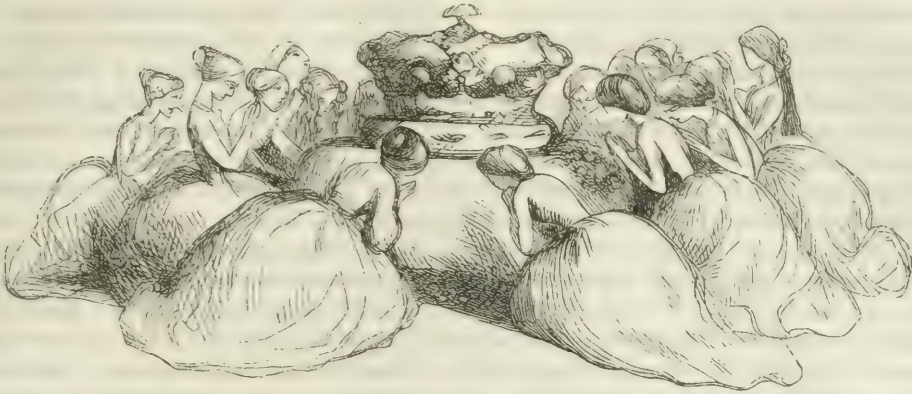
Clive did not offer to follow her to Scotland. He knew quite well that the encouragement he had had was only of the smallest; that as a relation she received him frankly and kindly enough, but checked him when he would have adopted another character. But it chanced that they met in Paris, whither he went in the Easter of the ensuing year, having worked to some good purpose through the winter, and dispatched, as on a former occasion, his three or four pictures to take their chance at the Exhibition.

Of these it is our pleasing duty to be able to corroborate, to some extent, Mr. F. Bayham's favorable report. Fancy sketches and historical pieces our young man had eschewed; having convinced himself either that he had not an epic genius, or that to draw portraits of his friends was a much easier task than that which he had set himself formerly. While all the

world was crowding round a pair of J. J.'s little pictures, a couple of chalk heads were admitted into the Exhibition (his great picture of Captain Crackthorpe on horseback, in full uniform, I must own was ignominiously rejected), and the friends of the parties had the pleasure of recognizing in the miniature-room, No. 1246, Portrait of an Officer—viz., Augustus Butts, Esq., of the Life Guards Green; and portrait of the Rev. Charles Honeyman, No. 1272. Miss Sherrick the hangers refused; Mr. Binnie, Clive had spoiled, as usual, in the painting; the chalk heads, however, before named, were voted to be faithful likenesses, and executed in a very agreeable and spirited manner. F. Bayham's criticism on these performances, it need not be said, was tremendous. Since the days of Michael Angelo you would have thought there never had been such drawings. In fact, F. B., as some other critics do, clapped his friend so boisterously on the back, and trumpeted their merits with such prodigious energy as to make his friends themselves sometimes uneasy.

Mr. Clive, whose good father was writing home more and more wonderful accounts of the Bundelcund Bank, in which he had engaged, and who was always pressing his son to draw for more money, treated himself to comfortable rooms at Paris, in the very same hotel where the young Marquis of Farintosh occupied lodgings much more splendid, and where he lived, no doubt, so as to be near the professor, who was still teaching his lordship the Polka. Indeed, it must be said that Lord Farintosh made great progress under this artist, and that he danced very much better in his third season than in the first and second years after he had come upon the town. From the same instructor the Marquis learned the latest novelties in French conversation, the choicest oaths and phrases (for which he was famous), so that although his French grammar was naturally defective, he was enabled to order a dinner at Philippe's, and to bully a waiter, or curse a hackney coachman with extreme volubility. A young nobleman of his rank was received with the distinction which was his due, by the French sovereign of that period; and at the Tuileries, and the houses of the French nobility, which he visited, Monsieur le Marquis de Farintosh excited considerable remark, by the use of some of the phrases which his young professor had taught to him. People even went so far as to say that the Marquis was an awkward and dull young man, of the very worst manners.

Whereas the young Clive Newcome—and it comforted the poor fellow's heart somewhat, and be sure pleased Ethel, who was looking on at his triumphs—was voted the most charming young Englishman who had been seen for a long time in our salons. Madame de Florac, who loved him as a son of her own, actually went once or twice into the world in order to see his *début*. Madame de Moncontour inhabited a part of the Hotel de Florac, and received society there. The French people did not understand what



bad English she talked, though they comprehended Lord Farintosh's French blunders. "Monsieur Newcome is an artist! What a noble career!" cries a great French lady, the wife of a Marshal, to the astonished Miss Newcome. "This young man is the cousin of the charming Mees? You must be proud to possess such a nephew, Madame!" says another French lady to the Countess of Kew (who, you may be sure, is delighted to have such a relative). And the French lady invites Clive to her receptions expressly in order to make herself agreeable to the old Comtesse. Before the cousins have been three minutes together in Madame de Florac's salon, she sees that Clive is in love with Ethel Newcome. She takes the boy's hand and says, "*J'ai votre secret, mon ami;*" and her eyes regard him for a moment as fondly, as tenderly, as ever they looked at his father. Oh, what tears have they shed, gentle eyes! Oh, what faith has it kept, tender heart! If love lives through all life; and survives through all sorrow; and remains steadfast with us through all changes; and in all darkness of spirit burns brightly; and, if we die, deplores us forever, and loves still equally; and exists with the very last gasp and throb of the faithful bosom—whence it passes with the pure soul, beyond death; surely it shall be immortal? Though we who remain are separated from it, is it not ours in heaven? If we love still those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love? Forty years have passed away. Youth and dearest memories revisit her, and Hope almost wakes up again out of its grave, as the constant lady holds the young man's hand, and looks at the son of Thomas Newcome.

CHAPTER XLVI. THE HÔTEL DE FLORAC.

SINCE the death of the Duc d'Ivry, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots, the Comte de Florac, who is now the legitimate owner of the ducal title, does not choose to bear it, but continues to be known in the world by his old name. The old Count's world is very small. His doctor, and his director, who comes daily to play his game at picquet; his daughter's children, who amuse him by their laughter, and play round his chair in the garden of his hotel; his faithful wife, and one or two friends as old as himself, form his society. His son, the Abbé, is with

them but seldom. The austerity of his manners frightens his old father, who can little comprehend the religionism of the new school. After going to hear his son preach through Lent at Notre Dame, where the Abbé de Florac gathered a great congregation, the old Count came away quite puzzled at his son's declamations. "I do not understand your new priests," he says; "I knew my son had become a Cordelier; I went to hear him, and found he was a Jacobin. Let me make my salut in quiet, my good Léonore. My director answers for me, and plays a game at trictrac into the bargain with me." Our history has but little to do with this venerable nobleman. He has his chamber looking out into the garden of his hotel; his faithful old domestic to wait upon him, his House of Peers to attend when he is well enough, his few acquaintances to help him to pass the evening. The rest of the hotel he gives up to his son, the Vicomte de Florac, and Madame la Princesse de Moncontour, his daughter-in-law.

When Florac has told his friends of the Club why it is he has assumed a new title—as a means of reconciliation (a reconciliation all philosophical, my friends) with his wife *née* Higg of Manchester, who adores titles like all Anglaises, and has recently made a great succession, every body allows that the measure was dictated by prudence, and there is no more laughter at his change of name. The Princess takes the first floor of the hotel at the price paid for it by the American General, who has returned to his original pigs at Cincinnati. Had not Cincinnati himself pigs on his farm, and was he not a general and member of Congress too? The honest Princess has a bedchamber, which, to her terror, she is obliged to open of reception-evenings, when gentlemen and ladies play cards there. It is fitted up in the style of Louis XVI. In her bed is an immense looking-glass, surmounted by stucco cupids; it is an alcove which some powdered Venus, before the Revolution, might have reposed in. Opposite that looking-glass, between the tall windows, at some forty feet distance, is another huge mirror, so that when the poor Princess is in bed, in her prim old curl-papers, she sees a vista of elderly princesses twinkling away into the dark perspective; and is so frightened that she and Betsy, her Lancashire maid, pin up the jonquil silk curtains over the bed-mirror after the first night; though the

Princess never can get it out of her head that her image is still there, behind the jonquil hangings, turning as she turns, waking as she wakes, etc. The chamber is so vast and lonely that she has a bed made for Betsy in the room. It is, of course, whisked away into a closet on reception-evenings. A boudoir, rosetendre, with more cupids and nymphs by Boucher, sporting over the door-panels—nymphs who may well shock old Betsy and her old mistress—is the Princess's morning-room. "Ah, Mum, what would Mr. Humper at Manchester, Mr. Jowls of Newcome (the minister whom, in early days, Miss Higg used to sit under) say if they was browt into this room!" But there is no question of Mr. Jowls and Mr. Humper, excellent dissenting divines, who preached to Miss Higg, being brought into the *Princesse de Moncontour's* boudoir.

That paragraph, respecting a conversion in high life, which F. B. in his enthusiasm inserted in the "*Pall Mall Gazette*," caused no small excitement in the Florac family. The Florac family read the "*Pall Mall Gazette*," knowing that Clive's friends were engaged in that periodical. When Madame de Florac, who did not often read newspapers, happened to cast her eye upon that poetic paragraph of F. B.'s, you may fancy with what a panic it filled the good and pious lady. Her son become a Protestant! After all the grief and trouble his wildness had occasioned to her, Paul forsake his religion! But that her husband was so ill and aged as not to be able to bear her absence, she would have hastened to London to rescue her son out of that perdition. She sent for her younger son, who undertook the embassy; and the Prince and *Princesse de Moncontour*, in their hotel at London, were one day surprised by the visit of the Abbé de Florac.

As Paul was quite innocent of any intention of abandoning his religion, the mother's kind heart was very speedily set at rest by her envoy. Far from Paul's conversion to Protestantism, the Abbé wrote home the most encouraging accounts of his sister-in-law's precious dispositions. He had communications with Madame de Moncontour's Anglican director, a man of not powerful mind, wrote M. l'Abbé, though of considerable repute for eloquence in his sect. The good dispositions of his sister-in-law were improved by the French clergyman, who could be most captivating and agreeable when a work of conversion was in hand. The visit reconciled the family to their English relative, in whom good nature and many other good qualities were to be seen, now that there were hopes of reclaiming her. It was agreed that Madame de Moncontour should come and inhabit the *Hôtel de Florac* at Paris: perhaps the Abbé tempted the worthy lady by pictures of the many pleasures and advantages she would enjoy in that capital. She was presented at her own court by the French embassadress of that day; and was received at the Tuileries with a cordiality which flattered and pleased her.

Having been presented herself, Madame la *Princesse* in turn presented to her august sovereign Mrs. T. Higg and Miss Higg, of Manchester, Mrs. Samuel Higg, of Newcome; the husbands of those ladies (the Princess's brothers) also sporting a court-dress for the first time. Sam Higg's neighbor, the member for Newcome, Sir Bryan Newcome, Bart., was too ill to act as Higg's sponsor before majesty; but Barnes Newcome was uncommonly civil to the two Lancashire gentlemen; though their politics were different to his, and Sam had voted against Sir Bryan at his last election. Barnes took them to dine at a club—recommended his tailor—sent Lady Clara Pulleyn to call on Mrs. Higg—who pronounced her to be a pretty young woman and most haffable. The Countess of Dorking would have been delighted to present these ladies had the Princess not luckily been in London to do that office. The Hobson Newcomes were very civil to the Lancashire party, and entertained them splendidly at dinner. I believe Mrs. and Mr. Hobson themselves went to court this year, the latter in a deputy lieutenant's uniform.

If Barnes Newcome was so very civil to the Higg family, we may suppose he had good reason. The Higgs were very strong in Newcome, and it was advisable to conciliate them. They were very rich, and their account would not be disagreeable at the Bank. Madame de Moncontour's—a large easy private account—would be more pleasant still. And Hobson Brothers having entered largely into the Anglo-Continental Railway, whereof mention has been made, it was a bright thought of Barnes to place the Prince of Moncontour, etc. etc., on the French Direction of the Railway; and to take the princely prodigal down to Newcome with his new title, and reconcile him to his wife and the Higg family. Barnes, we may say, invented the principality; rescued the Vicomte de Florac out of his dirty lodgings in Leicester Square, and sent the Prince of Moncontour back to his worthy middle-aged wife again. The disagreeable dissenting days were over. A brilliant young curate of Doctor Bulders, who also wore long hair, straight waistcoats, and no shirt collars, had already reconciled the Vicomtesse de Florac to the persuasion whereof the ministers are clad in that queer uniform. The landlord of their hotel in St. James's got his wine from Sherrick, and sent his families to Lady Whittlesea's Chapel. The Rev. Charles Honeyman's eloquence and amiability were appreciated by his new disciple: thus the historian has traced here, step by step, how all these people became acquainted.

Sam Higg, whose name was very good on 'Change in Manchester and London, joined the direction of the Anglo-Continental. A brother had died lately, leaving his money among them, and his wealth had added considerably to Madame de Florac's means; his sister invested a portion of her capital in the Railway in her husband's name. The shares were at a premium, and gave a good dividend. The Prince

de Moncontour took his place with great gravity at the Paris board, whither Barnes made frequent flying visits. The sense of capitalism sobered and dignified Paul de Florac: at the age of five-and-forty he was actually giving up being a young man, and was not ill-pleased at having to enlarge his waistcoats, and to show a little gray in his mustache. His errors were forgotten: he was *bien vu* by the government. He might have had the Embassy Extraordinary to Queen Pomaré; but the health of Madame la Princesse was delicate. He paid his wife visits every morning: appeared at her parties and her opera-box, and was seen constantly with her in public. He gave quiet little dinners still, at which Clive was present sometimes; and had a private door and key to his apartments, which were separated by all the dreary length of the reception-rooms from the mirrored chamber and jonquil couch where the Princess and Betsy reposed. When some of his London friends visited Paris he showed us these rooms, and introduced us duly to Madame la Princesse. He was as simple and as much at home in the midst of these splendors, as in the dirty little lodgings in Leicester Square, where he painted his own boots, and cooked his herring over the tongs. As for Clive, he was the infant of the house, Madame la Princesse could not resist his kind face; and Paul was as fond of him in his way; as Paul's mother in hers. Would he live at the Hôtel de Florac? There was an excellent atelier in the pavilion, with a chamber for his servant. No! you will be most at ease in apartments of your own. You will have here but the society of women. I do not rise till late: and my affairs, my board, call me away for the greater part of the day. Thou wilt but be ennuyé to play trictrac with my old father. My mother waits on him. My sister au second is given up entirely to her children, who always have the *pituite*. Madame la Princesse is not amusing for a young man. Come and go when thou wilt, Clive, my garçon, my son: thy cover is laid. Wilt thou take the portraits of all the family? Hast thou want of money? I had at thy age and almost ever since, *mon ami*: but now we swim in gold, and when there is a Louis in my purse, there are ten francs for thee. To show his mother that he did not think of the Reformed Religion, Paul did not miss going to mass with her on Sunday. Sometimes Madame Paul went too, between whom and her mother-in-law there could not be any liking, but there was now great civility. They saw each other once a day: Madame Paul always paid her visit to the Comte de Florac: and Betsy, her maid, made the old gentleman laugh by her briskness and talk. She brought back to her mistress the most wonderful stories which the old man told her about his doings during the emigration—before he married Madame la Comtesse—when he gave lessons in dancing, parbleu! There was his fiddle still, a trophy of those old times. He chirped, and coughed, and sang, in his cracked old voice, as he talk about them. “Lor!

bless you, Mum,” says Betsy, “he must have been a terrible old man!” He remembered the times well enough, but the stories he sometimes told over twice or thrice in an hour. I am afraid he had not repented sufficiently of those wicked old times: else why did he laugh and giggle so when he recalled them? He would laugh and giggle till he was choked with his old cough: and old St. Jean, his man, came and beat M. le Comte on the back, and made M. le Comte take a spoonful of his sirup.

Between two such women as Madame de Florac and Lady Kew, of course there could be little liking or sympathy. Religion, love, duty, the family, were the French lady's constant occupation—duty and the family, perhaps, Lady Kew's aim too—only the notions of duty were different in either person. Lady Kew's idea of duty to her relatives being to push them on in the world: Madame de Florac's to soothe, to pray, to attend them with constant watchfulness, to strive to mend them with pious counsel. I don't know that one lady was happier than the other. Madame de Florac's eldest son was a kindly prodigal: her second had given his whole heart to the church: her daughter had centred hers on her own children, and was jealous if their grandmother laid a finger on them. So Léonore de Florac was quite alone. It seemed as if Heaven had turned away all her children's hearts from her. Her daily business in life was to nurse a selfish old man, into whose service she had been forced in early youth by a paternal decree which she never questioned; giving him obedience, striving to give him respect—every thing but her heart, which had gone out of her keeping. Many a good woman's life is no more cheerful; a spring of beauty, a little warmth and sunshine of love, a bitter disappointment, followed by pangs and frantic tears, then a long monotonous story of submission. “Not here, my daughter, is to be your happiness,” says the priest; “whom Heaven loves it afflicts.” And he points out to her the agonies of suffering saints of her sex; assures her of their present beatitudes and glories; exhorts her to bear her pains with a faith like theirs; and is empowered to promise her a like reward.

The other matron is not less alone. Her husband and son are dead, without a tear for either—to weep was not in Lady Kew's nature. Her grandson, whom she had loved perhaps more than any human being, is rebellious and estranged from her; her children separated from her, save one whose sickness and bodily infirmity the mother resents as disgraces to herself. Her darling schemes fail somehow. She moves from town to town, and ball to ball, and hall to castle, forever uneasy and always alone. She sees people scared at her coming; is received by sufferance and fear rather than by welcome; likes perhaps the terror which she inspires, and to enter over the breach rather than through the hospitable gate. She will try and command wherever she goes; and trample over dependents and society, with a grim consciousness that it dislikes her, a rage at its

cowardice, and an unbending will to dominate. To be old, proud, lonely, and not have a friend in the world—that is her lot in it. As the French lady may be said to resemble the bird which the fables say feeds her young with her blood; this one, if she has a little natural liking for her brood, goes hunting hither and thither and robs meat for them. And so I suppose, to make the simile good, we must compare the Marquis of Farintosh to a lamb for the nonce, and Miss Ethel Newcome to a young eaglet. Is it not a rare provision of nature (or fiction of poets, who have their own natural history) that the strong-winged bird can soar to the sun and gaze at it, and then come down from heaven and pounce on a piece of carrion?

After she became acquainted with certain circumstances, Madame de Florac was very interested about Ethel Newcome, and strove in her modest way to become intimate with her. Miss Newcome and Lady Kew attended Madame de Moncontour's Wednesday evenings. "It is as well, my dear, for the interests of the family that we should be particularly civil to these people," Lady Kew said; and accordingly she came to the Hôtel de Florac, and was perfectly insolent to Madame la Princesse every Thursday evening. Toward Madame de Florac, even Lady Kew could not be rude. She was so gentle as to give no excuse for assault: Lady Kew vouchsafed to pronounce that Madame de Florac was "*très grande-dame*"—"of the sort which is almost impossible to find nowadays," Lady Kew said, who thought she possessed this dignity in her own person. When Madame de Florac, blushing, asked Ethel to come and see her, Ethel's grandmother consented with the utmost willingness. "She is very *dévoté* I have heard, and will try and convert you. Of course you will hold your own about that sort of thing; and have the good sense to keep off theology. There is no Roman Catholic *parti* in England or Scotland that is to be thought of for a moment. You will see they will marry young Lord Derwentwater to an Italian princess; but he is only seventeen, and his directors never lose sight of him. Sir Bartholomew Fawkes will have a fine property when Lord Campion dies, unless Lord Campion leaves the money to the convent where his daughter is—and, of the other families, who is there? I made every inquiry purposely—that is, of course, one is anxious to know about the Catholics as about one's own people: and little Mr. Rood, who was one of my poor brother Steyne's lawyers, told me there is not one young man of that party at this moment who can be called a desirable person. Be very civil to Madame de Florac; she sees some of the old legitimists, and you know I am *brouillée* with that party of late years."

"There is the Marquis de Montluc, who has a large fortune for France," said Ethel, gravely; "he has a humpback, but he is very spiritual. Monsieur de Cadillan paid me some compliments the other night, and even asked George Barnes what my *dot* was. He is a widower,

and has a wig and two daughters. Which do you think would be the greatest incumbrance, grandmamma—a humpback, or a wig and two daughters? I like Madame de Florac; for the sake of the borough, I must try and like poor Madame de Moncontour, and I will go and see them whenever you please."

So Ethel went to see Madame de Florac. She was very kind to Madame de Préville's children, Madame de Florac's grandchildren; she was gay and gracious with Madame de Moncontour. She went again and again to the Hôtel de Florac, not caring for Lady Kew's own circle of statesmen and diplomatists, Russian, and Spanish, and French, whose talk about the courts of Europe—who was in favor at St. Petersburg, and who was in disgrace at Schoenbrunn—naturally did not amuse the lively young person. The goodness of Madame de Florac's life, the tranquil grace and melancholy kindness with which the French lady received her, soothed and pleased Miss Ethel. She came and reposed in Madame de Florac's quiet chamber, or sate in the shade in the sober old garden of her hotel; away from all the trouble and chatter of the salons, the gossip of the embassies, the fluttering ceremonial of the Parisian ladies' visits in their fine toilets, the *fadaises* of the dancing dandies, and the pompous mysteries of the old statesmen who frequented her grandmother's apartment. The world began for her at night; when she went in the train of the old Countess from hotel to hotel, and danced waltz after waltz with Prussian and Neapolitan secretaries, with princes' officers of ordonnance—with personages even more lofty very likely—for the court of the Citizen King was then in its splendor; and there must surely have been a number of nimble young royal highnesses who would like to dance with such a beauty as Miss Newcome. The Marquis of Farintosh had a share in these polite amusements. His English conversation was not brilliant as yet, although his French was eccentric; but at the court balls, whether he appeared in his uniform of the Scotch Archers, or in his native Glenlivet tartan, there certainly was not in his own or the public estimation a handsomer young nobleman in Paris that season. It has been said that he was greatly improved in dancing; and, for a young man of his age, his whiskers were really extraordinarily large and curly.

Miss Newcome, out of consideration for her grandmother's strange antipathy to him, did not inform Lady Kew that a young gentleman by the name of Clive occasionally came to visit the Hôtel de Florac. At first, with her French education, Madame de Florac never would have thought of allowing the cousins to meet in her house; but with the English it was different. Paul assured her that in the English chateaux, *les Meess* walked for entire hours with the young men, made parties of the fish, mounted to horse with them, the whole with the permission of the mothers. "When I was at Newcome, Miss Ethel rode with me several times," Paul said;



"à preuve that we went to visit an old relation of the family, who adores Clive and his father." When Madame de Florac questioned her son about the young Marquis to whom it was said Ethel was engaged, Florac flouted the idea. "Engaged! This young Marquis is engaged to the Théâtre des Variétés, my mother. He laughs at the notion of an engagement. When one charged him with it of late at the club; and asked how Mademoiselle Louqsor—she is so tall, that they call her the Louqsor—she is an *Odalisque Obélisque*, ma mère; when one asked how the Louqsor would pardon his pursuit of Miss Newcome? my Ecossois permitted himself to say in full club, that it was Miss Newcome pursued him—that nymph, that Diane, that charming and peerless young creature! On which, as the others laughed, and his friend

Monsieur Walleye applauded, I dared to say in my turn, 'Monsieur le Marquis, as a young man, not familiar with our language, you have said what is not true, Milor, and therefore luckily not mischievous. I have the honor to count of my friends the parents of the young lady of whom you have spoken. You never could have intended to say that a young Miss who lives under the guardianship of her parents, and is obedient to them, whom you meet in society all the nights, and at whose door your carriage is to be seen every day, is capable of that with which you charge her so gayly. These things say themselves, Monsieur, in the *coulisses* of the theatre, of women from whom you learn our language; not of young persons pure and chaste, Monsieur de Farintosh! Learn to respect your compatriots; to honor youth and

innocence every where, Monsieur!—and when you forget yourself, permit one who might be your father to point where you are wrong.”

“And what did he answer?” asked the Countess.

“I attended myself to a *soufflet*,” replied Florac; “but his reply was much more agreeable. The young insulinary, with many blushes, and a *gros juron* as his polite way is, said, he had not wished to say a word against that person.’ ‘Of whom the name,’ cried I, ‘ought never to be spoken in these places.’ Herewith our little dispute ended.”

So, occasionally, Mr. Clive had the good luck to meet with his cousin at the Hôtel de Florac, where, I daresay, all the inhabitants wished he should have his desire regarding this young lady. The Colonel had talked early to Madame de Florac about this wish of his life, impossible then to gratify, because Ethel was engaged to Lord Kew. Clive, in the fullness of his heart, imparted his passion to Florac, and in answer to Paul’s offer to himself, had shown the Frenchman that kind letter in which his father bade him carry aid to “Léonore de Florac’s son,” in case he should need it. The case was all clear to the lively Paul. “Between my mother and your good Colonel there must have been an affair of the heart in the early days during the emigration.” Clive owned his father had told him as much, at least that he himself had been attached to Mademoiselle de Blöis. “It is for that that her heart yearns toward thee, that I have felt myself *entrained* toward thee since I saw thee”—Clive momentarily expected to be kissed again. “Tell thy father that I feel—am touched by his goodness with an eternal gratitude, and love every one that loves my mother.” As far as wishes went, these two were eager promoters of Clive’s little love affair; and Madame la Princesse became equally not less willing. Clive’s good looks and good-nature had had their effects upon that good-natured woman, and he was as great a favorite with her as with her husband. And thus it happened that when Miss Ethel came to pay her visit, and sat with Madame de Florac and her grandchildren in the garden, Mr. Newcome would sometimes walk up the avenue there, and salute the ladies.

If Ethel had not wanted to see him, would she have come? Yes; she used to say she was going to Madame de Préville’s, not to Madame de Florac’s, and would insist, I have no doubt, that it *was* Madame de Préville whom she went to see (whose husband was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a *Conseiller d’Etat*, or other French big-wig), and that she had no idea of going to meet Clive, or that he was more than a casual acquaintance at the Hôtel de Florac. There was no part of her conduct in all her life which this lady, when it was impugned, would defend more strongly than this intimacy at the Hôtel de Florac. It is not with this I quarrel especially. My fair young readers, who have seen a half-dozen of seasons, can you call to mind the time when you had such a friendship

for Emma Tomkins, that you were always at the Tomkins’s, and notes were constantly passing between your house and hers? When her brother, Paget Tomkins, returned to India, did not your intimacy with Emma fall off? If your younger sister is not in the room, I know you will own as much to me. I think you are always deceiving yourselves and other people. I think the motive you put forward is very often not the real one; though you will confess, neither to yourself, nor to any human being, what the real motive is. I think that what you desire you pursue, and are as selfish in your way as your bearded fellow-creatures are. And as for the truth being in you, of all the women in a great acquaintance, I protest there are but—never mind. A perfectly honest woman, a woman who never flatters, who never manages, who never cajoles, who never conceals, who never uses her eyes, who never speculates on the effect which she produces, who never is conscious of unspoken admiration, what a monster, I say, would such a female be! Miss Hopkins, you have been a coquette since you were a year old; you worked on your papa’s friends in the nurse’s arms by the fascination of your lace frock and pretty new sash and shoes; when you could just toddle, you practiced your arts upon other children in the square, poor little lambkins sporting among the daisies; and *munc in ovilia*, *mox in reluctantes dracones*, proceeding from the lambs to reluctant dragoons, you tried your arts upon Captain Paget Tomkins, who behaved so ill, and went to India without—without making those proposals which, of course, you never expected. Your intimacy was with Emma. It has cooled. Your sets are different. The Tomkins’s are not *quite*, etc. etc. You believe Captain Tomkins married a Miss O’Grady, etc. etc. Ah, my pretty, my sprightly Miss Hopkins, be gentle in your judgment of your neighbors!



CHAPTER XLVII.

CONTAINS TWO OR THREE ACTS OF A LITTLE COMEDY.

ALL this story is told by one, who, if he was not actually present at the circumstances here narrated, yet had information concerning them, and could supply such a narrative of facts and conversations as is, indeed, not less authen-



tic than the details we have of other histories. How can I tell the feelings in a young lady's mind; the thoughts in a young gentleman's bosom? As Professor Owen or Professor Agassiz takes a fragment of a bone, and builds an enormous forgotten monster out of it, wallowing in primæval quagmires, tearing down leaves and branches of plants that flourished thousands of years ago, and perhaps may be coal by this time—so the novelist puts this and that together: from the footprint finds the foot; from the foot, the brute who trod on it; from the brute, the plant he browsed on, the marsh in which he swam—and thus in his humble way a physiologist too, depicts the habits, size, appearance of the beings whereof he has to treat; traces this

slimy reptile through the mud, and describes his habits filthy and rapacious; prods down this butterfly with a pin, and depicts his beautiful coat and embroidered waistcoat; points out the singular structure of yonder more important animal, the megatherium of his history.

Suppose then, in the quaint old garden of the Hôtel de Florac, two young people are walking up and down in an avenue of lime-trees, which are still permitted to grow in that ancient place. In the centre of that avenue is a fountain, surmounted by a Triton so gray and moss-eaten, that though he holds his conch to his swelling lips, curling his tail in the arid basin, his instrument has had a sinecure for at least fifty years; and did not think fit even to play when

the Bourbons, in whose time he was erected, came back from their exile. At the end of the lime-tree avenue is a broken-nosed damp Faun, with a marble panpipe, who pipes to the spirit ditties which I believe never had any tune. The *perron* of the hotel is at the other end of the avenue; a couple of Cæsars on either side of the door-window, from which the inhabitants of the hotel issue into the garden—Caracalla frowning over his mouldy shoulder at Nerva, on to whose clipped hair the roofs of the gray chateau have been dribbling for ever so many long years. There are more statues gracing this noble place. There is Cupid, who has been at the point of kissing Psyche this half century at least, though the delicious event has never come off, through all those blazing summers and dreary winters: there is Venus and her Boy under the damp little dome of a cracked old temple. Through the alley of this old garden, in which their ancestors have disported in hoops and powder, Monsieur de Florac's chair is wheeled by St. Jean, his attendant; Madame de Préville's children trot about, and skip, and play at cache-cache. The R. P. de Florac (when at home) paces up and down and meditates his sermons; Madame de Florac sadly walks sometimes to look at her roses; and Clive and Ethel Newcome are marching up and down; the children, and their *bonne* of course being there, jumping to and fro; and Madame de Florac, having just been called away to Monsieur le Comte, whose physician has come to see him.

Ethel says, "How charming and odd this solitude is; and how pleasant to hear the voices of the children playing in the neighboring Convent-garden," of which they can see the new Chapel rising over the trees.

Clive remarks that "the neighboring hotel has curiously changed its destination. One of the members of the Directory had it; and, no doubt, in the groves of its garden, Madame Tallien, and Madame Récamier, and Madame Beauharnais have danced under the lamps. Then a Marshal of the Empire inhabited it. Then it was restored to its legitimate owner, Monsieur le Marquis de Bricquabracque, whose descendants, having a law-suit about the Bricquabracque succession, sold the hotel to the Convent."

After some talk about nuns, Ethel says, "There were convents in England. She often thinks she would like to retire to one;" and she sighs as if her heart were in that scheme.

Clive, with a laugh, says, "Yes. If you could retire after the season, when you were very weary of the balls, a convent would be very nice. At Rome he had seen San Pietro in Montorio and Sant Onofrio, that delightful old place where Tasso died: people go and make a retreat there. In the ladies' convents, the ladies do the same thing—and he doubts whether they are much more or less wicked after their retreat, than gentlemen and ladies in England or France."

Ethel. Why do you sneer at all faith? Why should not a retreat do people good? Do you suppose the world is so satisfactory, that those who are in it never wish for a while to leave it? (*She heaves a deep sigh and looks down toward a beautiful new dress of many flounces, which Madame de Flouncival, the great milliner, has sent her home that very day.*)

Clive. I do not know what the world is, except from afar off. I am like the Peri who looks into Paradise and sees angels within it. I live in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square: which is not within the gates of Paradise. I take the



gate to be somewhere in Davies Street, leading out of Oxford Street into Grosvenor Square. There's another gate in Hay Hill: and another in Bruton Street, Bond—

Ethel. Don't be a goose.

Clive. Why not? It is as good to be a goose, as to be a lady—no, a gentleman of fashion. Suppose I were a Viscount, an Earl, a Marquis, a Duke, would you say Goose? No, you would say Swan.

Ethel. Unkind and unjust!—ungenerous to make taunts which common people make: and to repeat to me those silly sarcasms which your low *Radical literary* friends are always putting in their books! Have I ever made any difference to *you*? Would I not sooner see you than the fine people? Would I talk with you, or with the young dandies most willingly? Are we not of the same blood, Clive; and of all the grandees I see about, can there be a grander gentleman than your dear old father? You need not squeeze my hand so. Those little imps are look—that has nothing to do with the question. Viens Léonore! Tu connois bien, Monsieur, n'est ce-pas? qui te fait de si jolis desserts?

Léonore. Ah, oui! Vous m'en ferez toujours n'est-ce-pas Monsieur Clive? des chevaux, et puis des petites filles avec leurs gouvernantes, et puis des maisons—et puis—et puis des maisons encore—où est bonne Maman?

(*Exit little LEONORE down an alley.*)

Ethel. Do you remember when we were children, and you used to make drawings for us? I have some now that you did—in my geography book, which I used to read and read with Miss Quigley.

Clive. I remember all about our youth, Ethel.

Ethel. Tell me what you remember?

Clive. I remember one of the days, when I first saw you, I had been reading the "Arabian Nights" at school—and you came in in a bright dress of shot silk, amber and blue—and I thought you were like that fairy-princess who came out of the crystal box—because—"

Ethel. Because why?

Clive. Because I always thought that fairy somehow must be the most beautiful creature in all the world—that is, 'why and because.' Do not make me May Fair courtesies. You know whether you are good-looking or not: and how long I have thought you so. I remember when I thought I would like to be Ethel's knight, and that if there was any thing she would have me do, I would try and achieve it in order to please her. I remember when I was so ignorant I did not know there was any difference in rank between us.

Ethel. Ah, Clive!

Clive. Now it is altered. Now I know the difference between a poor painter and a young lady of the world. Why haven't I a title and a great fortune? Why did I ever see you, Ethel; or, knowing the distance which it seems fate has placed between us, why have I seen you again?

Ethel (innocently). Have I ever made any difference between us? Whenever I may see you, am I not too glad? Don't I see you sometimes when I should not—no—I do not say when I should not; but when others, whom I am bound to obey, forbid me? What harm is there in my remembering old days? Why should I be ashamed of our relationship?—no, not ashamed—why should I forget it? Don't do that, Sir; we have shaken hands twice already. Léonore! Xavier!

Clive. At one moment you like me; and at the next you seem to repent it. One day you seem happy when I come; and another day you are ashamed of me. Last Tuesday, when you came with those fine ladies to the Louvre, you seemed to blush when you saw me copying at my picture; and that stupid young lord looked quite alarmed because you spoke to me. My lot in life is not very brilliant; but I would not change it against that young man's—no, not with all his chances.

Ethel. What do you mean with all his chances?

Clive. You know very well. I mean I would not be as selfish, or as dull, or as ill-educated—I won't say worse of him—not to be as handsome, or as wealthy, or as noble as he is. I swear I would not now change my place against his, or give up being Clive Newcome to be my Lord Marquis of Farintosh, with all his acres and titles of nobility.

Ethel. Why are you forever harping about Lord Farintosh and his titles? I thought it was only women who were jealous—you gentlemen say so—(*Hurriedly*).—I am going to-night with grandmamma to the Minister of the Interior, and then to the Russian ball; and to-morrow to the Tuileries. We dine at the Embassy first; and on Sunday, I suppose, we shall go to the Rue d'Aguesseau. I can hardly come here before Mon— Madame de Florac! Little Léonore is very like you—resembles you very much. My cousin says he longs to make a drawing of her.

Madame de Florac. My husband always likes that I should be present at his dinner. Pardon me, young people, that I have been away from you for a moment.

[*Exeunt CLIVE, ETHEL, and Madame DE F. into the house.*]

CONVERSATION II.—Scene 1.

Miss Newcome arrives in Lady Kew's carriage, which enters the court of the Hôtel de Florac.

Saint Jean. Mademoiselle—Madame la Comtesse is gone out; but Madame has charged me to say, that she will be at home to the dinner of M. le Comte, as to the ordinary.

Miss Newcome. Madame de Préville is at home?

Saint Jean. Pardon me, Madame is gone out with M. le Baron, and M. Xavier, and Mademoiselle de Préville. They are gone, Miss, I believe, to visit the parents of Monsieur le Baron; of whom, it is probably to-day the fête: for Mademoiselle Léonore carried a bouquet—

no doubt for her grandpapa. Will it please Mademoiselle to enter? I think Monsieur the Count sounds me. (*Bell rings.*)

Miss Newcome. Madame la Prince—Madame la Vicomtesse is at home, Monsieur St. Jean?

Saint Jean. I go to call the people of Madame la Vicomtesse.

[*Exit old SAINT JEAN to the carriage: a Lackey comes presently in a gorgeous livery, with buttons like little cheese-plates.*]

The Lackey. The Princess is at home, Miss, and will be most 'appy to see you, Miss. (*Miss trips up the great stair: a gentleman out of livery has come forth to the landing, and introduces her to the apartments of Madame la Princesse.*)

The Lackey to the servants on the box. Good-morning, Thomas. How dy' do, old Backstopper?

Backstopper. How de do, Jim. I say, you couldn't give a feller a drink of beer, could yer, Moncontour? It was precious *wet* last night, I can tell you. 'Ad to stop for three hours at the Napolitum Embassy, where we was a dancing. Me and some chaps went into Bob Parson's and had a drain. Old Cat came out and couldn't find her carriage, not by no means, could she, Tommy? Blest if I didn't nearly drive her into a vegetable cart. I was so uncommon scruey! Who's this a hentering at your pot-coshare? Billy, my fine feller!

Clive Newcome (by the most singular coincidence). Madame la Princesse?

Lackey. We, Munseer. (*He rings a bell: the gentleman in black appears as before on the landing-place up the stair.*) [*Exit CLIVE.*]

Backstopper. I say, Bill: is that young chap often a-coming about here? They'd run pretty in a curricule, wouldn't they? Miss N. and Master N. Quiet old woman! Jest look to that mare's 'ead, will you, Billy? He's a fine young feller, that is. He gave me a sovering the other night. Whenever I sor him in the Park, he was always riding an ansum hanimal. What is he? They said in our 'all he was a hartis. I can 'ardly think that. Why, there used to be a hartis come to our club, and painted two or three of my 'osses, and my old woman too.

Lackey. There's hartises and hartises, Backstopper. Why there's some on 'em comes here with more stars on their coats than Dukes has got. Have you never 'eard of Mossyer Verny, or Mossyer Gudang?

Backstopper. They say this young gent is sweet on Miss N.; which, I guess, I wish he may git it.

Tommy. He! he! he!

Backstopper. Brayvo, Tommy. Tom ain't much of a man for conversation, but he's a precious one to drink. Do you think the young gent is sweet on her, Tommy? I sor him often prowling about our 'ouse in Queen Street, when we was in London.

Tommy. I guess he wasn't let in in Queen Street. I guess hour little Buttons was very

near turned away for saying we was at home to him. I guess a footman's place is to keep his mouth hopen—no, his *heyes* hopen—and his mouth shut. (*He lapses into silence.*)

Lackey. I think Thomis is in love, Thomis is. Who was that young woman I saw you a dancing of at the Showmier, Thomis? How the young Marquis was a cuttin' of it about there! The pleace was obliged to come up and stop him dancing. His man told old Buzfuz up-stairs, that the Marquis's goings on is hawful. Up till four or five every morning; blind hookey, shampaign, the dooce's own delight. That party have had I don't know how much in diamonds—and they quarrel and swear at each other, and fling plates: it's tremendous.

Tommy. Why doesn't the Marquis man mind his own affairs? He's a supersellious beast: and will no more speak to a man, except he's out-a-livery, than he would to a chimbly swip. He! Cuss him, I'd fight 'im for 'alf a crown.

Lackey. And we'd back you, Tommy. Buzfuz up-stairs ain't supersellious; nor is the Prince's walet nether. That old Sangjang's a rum old guvnor. He was in England with the Count, fifty years ago—in the hemigration—in Queen Hann's time, you know. He used to support the Old Count. He says he remembers a young Musseer Newcome then, that used to take lessons from the Shevallier, the Countess' father—there's my bell. [*Exit Lackey.*]

Backstopper. Not a bad chap that. Sports his money very free—sings an uncommon good song.

Thomas. Pretty voice, but no cultivation.

Lackey (who re-enters). Be here at two o'clock for Miss N. Take any thing? Come round the corner. There's a capital shop round the corner. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

SCENE II.

Ethel. I can't think where Madame de Moncontour has gone. How very odd it was that you should come here—that we should both come here to-day! How surprised I was to see you at the Minister's! Grandmamma was so angry! "That boy pursues us wherever we go," she said. I am sure I don't know why we shouldn't meet, Clive. It seems to be wrong even my seeing you by chance here. Do you know, Sir, what a scolding I had about—about going to Brighton with you? My grandmother did not hear of it till we were in Scotland, when that foolish maid of mine talked of it to her maid; and there was oh, such a tempest! If there were a Bastile here, she would like to lock you into it. She says that you are always upon our way—I don't know how, I am sure. She says, but for you I should have been—you know what I should have been: but I am thankful that I wasn't, and Kew has got a much nicer wife in Henrietta Pulleyn, than I could ever have been to him. She will be happier than Clara, Clive. Kew is one of the kindest creatures in the world—not very wise; not very strong: but he is just such a kind, easy, gener-

ous little man, as will make a girl like Henrietta quite happy.

Clive. But not you, Ethel?

Ethel. No, nor I him. My temper is difficult, Clive, and I fear few men would bear with me. I feel, somehow, always very lonely. How old am I? Twenty—I feel sometimes as if I was a hundred; and in the midst of all these admirations and fêtes and flatteries, so tired, oh, so tired! And yet if I don't have them, I miss them. How I wish I was religious like Madame de Florac; there is no day that she does not go to church. She is forever busy with charities, clergymen, conversions; I think the Princess will be brought over ere long—that dear old Madame de Florac! and yet she is no happier than the rest of us. Hortense is an empty little thing, who thinks of her prosy fat Camille with spectacles, and of her two children, and of nothing else in the world besides. Who is happy, Clive?

Clive. You say Barnes's wife is not.

Ethel. We are like brother and sister, so I may talk to you. Barnes is very cruel to her. At Newcome, last winter, poor Clara used to come into my room with tears in her eyes morning after morning. He calls her a fool; and seems to take a pride in humiliating her before company. My poor father has luckily taken a great liking to her; and before him, for he has grown very hot-tempered since his illness, Barnes leaves poor Clara alone. We were in hopes that the baby might make matters better, but as it is a little girl, Barnes chooses to be very much disappointed. He wants papa to give up his seat in Parliament, but he clings to that more than any thing. Oh, dear me, who is happy in the world? What a pity Lord Highgate's father had not died sooner! He and Barnes have been reconciled. I wonder my brother's spirit did not revolt against it. The old lord used to keep a great sum of money at the bank, I believe; and the present one does so still: he has paid all his debts off: and Barnes is actually friends with him. He is always abusing the Dorkings, who want to borrow money from the bank, he says. This eagerness for money is horrible. If I had been Barnes I would never have been reconciled with Mr. Belsize, never, never! And yet they say he was quite right; and grandmamma is even pleased that Lord Highgate should be asked to dine in Park Lane. Poor papa is there: come to attend his parliamentary duties as he thinks. He went to a division the other night; and was actually lifted out of his carriage and wheeled into the lobby in a chair. The ministers thanked him for coming. I believe he thinks he will have his peerage yet. Oh, what a life of vanity ours is!

Enter Madame de Moncontour. What are you young folks a-talkin' about—Balls and Operas? When first I was took to the Opera I did not like it—and fell asleep. But now, oh, it's 'cav-
enly to hear Grisi sing!

The Clock. Ting, Ting!

Ethel. Two o'clock already! I must run back to grandmamma. Good-by, Madame de Moncontour; I am so sorry I have not been able to see dear Madame de Florac. I will try and come to her on Thursday—please tell her. Shall we meet you at the American minister's to-night, or at Madame de Brie's to-morrow? Friday is your own night—I hope grandmamma will bring me. How charming your last music was! Good-by, mon cousin! You shall not come down stairs with me, I insist upon it, Sir: and had much best remain here, and finish your drawing of Madame de Moncontour.

Princess. I've put on the velvet, you see, Clive—though it's very 'ot in May. Good-by, my dear. [Exit ETHEL.]

As far as we can judge from the above conversation, which we need not prolong—as the talk between Madame de Moncontour and Monsieur Clive, after a few complimentary remarks about Ethel, had nothing to do with the history of the Newcomes—as far as we can judge, the above little colloquy took place on Monday: and about Wednesday, Madame la Comtesse de Florac received a little note from Clive, in which he said, that one day when she came to the Louvre, where he was copying, she had admired a picture of a Virgin and Child, by Sasso Ferrato, since when he had been occupied in making a water-color drawing after the picture, and hoped she would be pleased to accept the copy from her affectionate and grateful servant, Clive Newcome. The drawing would be done the next day, when he would call with it in his hand. Of course Madame de Florac received this announcement very kindly; and sent back by Clive's servant a note of thanks to that young gentleman.

Now on Thursday morning, about one o'clock, by one of those singular coincidences which, etc. etc., who should come to the Hôtel de Florac but Miss Ethel Newcome? Madame la Comtesse was at home, waiting to receive Clive and his picture; but Miss Ethel's appearance frightened the good lady, so much so that she felt quite guilty at seeing the girl, whose parents might think—I don't know what they might not think—that Madame de Florac was trying to make a match between the young people. Hence arose the words uttered by the Countess, after a while, in

CONVERSATION III.

Madame de Florac (at work). And so you like to quit the world, and to come to our *triste* old hotel? After to-day you will find it still more melancholy, my poor child.

Ethel. And why?

Madame de F. Some one who has been here to *égayer* our little meetings will come no more.

Ethel. Is the Abbé de Florac going to quit Paris, Madame?

Madame de F. It is not of him that I speak, thou knowest it very well, my daughter. Thou hast seen my poor Clive twice here. He will come once again, and then no more. My conscience reproaches me that I have admitted him

at all. But he is like a son to me, and was so confided to me by his father. Five years ago, when we met, after an absence—of how many years!—Colonel Newcome told me what hopes he had cherished for his boy. You know well, my daughter, with whom those hopes were connected. Then he wrote me that family arrangements rendered his plans impossible—that the hand of Miss Newcome was promised elsewhere. When I heard from my son Paul how these negotiations were broken, my heart rejoiced, Ethel, for my friend's sake. I am an old woman now, who have seen the world, and all sorts of men. Men more brilliant no doubt I have known, but such a heart as his, such a faith as his, such a generosity and simplicity as Thomas Newcome's—never!

Ethel (smiling). Indeed, dear lady, I think with you.

Madame de F. I understand thy smile, my daughter. I can say to thee, that when we were children almost, I knew thy good uncle. My poor father took the pride of his family into exile with him. Our poverty only made his pride the greater. Even before the emigration a contract had been passed between our family and the Count de Florac. I could not be wanting to the word given by my father. For how many long years have I kept it! But when I see a young girl who may be made the victim—the subject of a marriage of convenience, as I was—my heart pities her. And if I love her, as I love you, I tell her my thoughts. Better poverty, Ethel: better a cell in a convent, than a union without love. Is it written eternally that men are to make slaves of us? Here in France, above all, our fathers sell us every day. And what a society ours is! Thou wilt know this when thou art married. There are some laws so cruel that nature revolts against them, and breaks them—or we die in keeping them. You smile. I have been nearly fifty years dying—*n'est-ce-pas?*—and am here an old woman, complaining to a young girl. It is because our recollections of youth are always young, and because I have suffered so, that I would spare those I love a like grief. Do you know that the children of those who do not love in marriage seem to bear an hereditary coldness, and do not love their parents as other children do? They witness our differences and our indifferences, hear our recriminations, take one side or the other in our disputes, and are partisans for father or mother. We force ourselves to be hypocrites, and hide our wrongs from them; we speak of a bad father with false praises; we wear feint smiles over our tears and deceive our children—deceive them, do we? Even from the exercise of that pious deceit there is no woman but suffers in the estimation of her sons. They may shield her as champions against their father's selfishness or cruelty. In this case, what a war! What a home, where the son sees a tyrant in the father, and in the mother but a trembling victim! I speak not for myself—whatever may have been the course of our long

wedded life, I have not to complain of these ignoble storms. But when the family chief neglects his wife, or prefers another to her, the children too, courtiers as we are, will desert her. You look incredulous about domestic love. Tenez, my child, if I may so surmise, I think you can not have seen it.

Ethel (blushing and thinking, perhaps, how she esteems her father, how her mother, and how much they esteem each other). My father and mother have been most kind to all their children, madam; and no one can say that their marriage has been otherwise than happy. My mother is the kindest and most affectionate mother, and—*(Here a vision of Sir Brian alone in his room, and nobody really caring for him so much as his valet, who loves him to the extent of fifty pounds a year and perquisites; or, perhaps, Miss Cann, who reads to him, and plays a good deal of evenings, much to Sir Brian's liking—here this vision, we say, comes and stops Miss Ethel's sentence.)*

Madame de F. Your father, in his infirmity—and yet he is five years younger than Colonel Newcome—is happy to have such a wife and such children. They comfort his age; they cheer his sickness; they confide their griefs and pleasures to him—is it not so? His closing days are soothed by their affection.

Ethel. Oh, no, no! And yet it is not his fault or ours that he is a stranger to us. He used to be all day at the bank, or at night in the House of Commons, or he and mamma went to parties, and we young ones remained with the governess. Mamma is very kind. I have never, almost, known her angry; never with us; about us, sometimes, with the servants. As children, we used to see papa and mamma at breakfast; and then when she was dressing to go out. Since he has been ill, she has given up all parties. I wanted to do so too. I feel ashamed in the world, sometimes, when I think of my poor father at home, alone. I wanted to stay, but my mother and my grandmother forbade me. Grandmamma has a fortune, which she says I am to have; since then they have insisted on my being with her. She is very clever, you know: she is kind too in her way; but she can not live out of society. And I, who pretend to revolt, I like it too; and I, who rail and scorn flatterers—oh, I like admiration! I am pleased when the women hate me, and the young men leave them for me. Though I despise many of these, yet I can't help drawing them toward me. One or two of them I have seen unhappy about me, and I like it; and if they are indifferent I am angry, and never tire till they come back. I love beautiful dresses; I love fine jewels; I love a great name and a fine house—oh, I despise myself, when I think of these things! When I lie in bed, and say I have been heartless and a coquette, I cry with humiliation: and then rebel and say, Why not?—and to-night—yes, to-night—after leaving you, I shall be wicked, I know I shall.

Madame de F. (sadly). One will pray for thee, my child.

Ethel (sadly). I thought I might be good once. I used to say my own prayers then. Now I speak them but by rote, and feel ashamed—yes, ashamed to speak them. Is it not horrid to say them, and next morning to be no better than you were last night? Often I revolt at these as at other things, and am dumb. The Vicar comes to see us at Newcome, and eats so much dinner, and pays us such court, and “Sir Brian’s” papa, and “Your ladyship’s” mamma. With grand-mamma I go to hear a fashionable preacher—Clive’s uncle, whose sister lets lodgings at Brighton; such a queer, blushing, pompous, honest old lady. Do you know that Clive’s aunt lets lodgings at Brighton?

Madame de F. My father was an usher in a school. Monsieur de Florac gave lessons in the emigration. Do you know in what?

Ethel. Oh, the old nobility! that is different, you know. That Mr. Honeyman is so affected that I have no patience with him!

Madame de F. (with a sigh). I wish you could attend the services of a better church. And when was it you thought you might be good, Ethel?

Ethel. When I was a girl. Before I came out. When I used to take long rides with my dear Uncle Newcome; and he used to talk to me in his sweet simple way; and he said I reminded him of some one he once knew.

Madame de F. Who—who was that, Ethel?

Ethel (looking up at Gerard’s picture of the Countess de Florac). What odd dresses you wore in the time of the Empire, Madame de Florac! How could you ever have such high waists, and such wonderful *fraises*! (MADAME DE FLORAC kisses ETHEL. *Tableau.*)

Enter SAINT JEAN, preceding a gentleman with a drawing-board under his arm.

Saint Jean. Monsieur Claive!

[*Exit SAINT JEAN.*]

Clive. How do you do, Madame le Comtesse? Mademoiselle, j’ai l’honneur de vous souhaiter le bon jour.

Madame de F. Do you come from the Louvre? Have you finished that beautiful copy, mon ami?

Clive. I have brought it for you. It is not very good. There are always so many *petites demoiselles* copying that Sasso Ferrato; and they chatter about it so, and hop from one easel to another; and the young artists are always coming to give them advice—so that there is no getting a good look at the picture. But I have brought you the sketch; and am so pleased that you asked for it.

Madame de F. (surveying the sketch). It is charming—charming! What shall we give to our painter for his chef-d’œuvre?

Clive (kisses her hand). There is my pay! And you will be glad to hear that two of my portraits have been received at the Exhibition. My uncle, the clergyman, and Mr. Butts, of the Life-Guards.

Ethel. Mr. Butts—quel nom! Je ne connois aucun M. Butts!

Clive. He has a famous head to draw. They

refused Crackthorpe, and—and one or two other heads I sent in.

Ethel (tossing up hers). Miss Mackenzie’s, I suppose!

Clive. Yes, Miss Mackenzie’s. It is a sweet little face; too delicate for my hand though.

Ethel. So is a wax-doll’s a pretty face. Pink cheeks; china-blue eyes; and hair the color of old Madame Hempenfeld’s—not her last hair—her last but one. (*She goes to a window that looks into the court.*)

Clive (to the Countess). Miss Mackenzie speaks more respectfully of other people’s eyes and hair. She thinks there is nobody in the world to compare to Miss Newcome.

Madame de F. (aside). And you, mon ami? This is the last time, entendez-vous? You must never come here again. If M. le Comte knew it he never would pardon me. Encore! (*He kisses her ladyship’s hand again.*)

Clive. A good action gains to be repeated. Miss Newcome, does the view of the court-yard please you? The old trees and the garden are better. That dear old Faun without a nose! I must have a sketch of him: the creepers round the base are beautiful.

Miss N. I was looking to see if the carriage had come for me. It is time that I return home.

Clive. That is my Brougham. May I carry you any where? I hire him by the hour; and I will carry you to the end of the world.

Miss N. Where are you going, Madame de Florac?—to show that sketch to M. le Comte? Dear me! I don’t fancy that M. de Florac can care for such things! I am sure I have seen many as pretty on the quays for twenty-five sous. I wonder the carriage is not come for me.

Clive. You can take mine without my company, as that seems not to please you.

Miss N. Your company is sometimes very pleasant—when you please. Sometimes, as last night, for instance, you are not particularly lively.

Clive. Last night, after moving heaven and earth to get an invitation to Madame de Brie—I say, heaven and earth, that is a French phrase—I arrive there: I find Miss Newcome engaged for almost every dance, waltzing with M. de Klingenspohr, galloping with Count de Capri, galloping and waltzing with the most noble the Marquis de Farintosh. She will scarce speak to me during the evening; and when I wait till midnight, her grandmamma whisks her home, and I am left alone for my pains. Lady Kew is in one of her high moods, and the only words she condescends to say to me are, “Oh, I thought you had returned to London,” with which she turns her venerable back upon me.

Miss N. A fortnight ago you said you were going to London. You said the copies you were about here would not take you another week, and that was three weeks since.

Clive. It were best I had gone.

Miss N. If you think so, I can not but think so.

Clive. Why do I stay and hover about you,

and follow you—you know I follow you. Can I live on a smile vouchsafed twice a-week, and no brighter than you give to all the world? What do I get, but to hear your beauty praised, and to see you, night after night, happy and smiling and triumphant, the partner of other men? Does it add zest to your triumph, to think that I behold it? I believe you would like a crowd of us to pursue you.

Miss N. To pursue me; and if they find me alone by chance, to compliment me with such speeches as you make? That would be pleasure indeed! Answer me here in return, Clive. Have I ever disguised from any of my friends the regard I have for you? Why should I? Have not I taken your part when you were maligned? In former days, when—when Lord Kew asked me, as he had a right to do then—I said it was as a brother I held you; and always would. If I have been wrong, it has been for two or three times in seeing you at all—or seeing you thus; in letting you speak to me as you do—injure me as you do. Do you think I have not had hard enough words said to me about you, but that you must attack me too in turn? Last night only, because you were at the ball. It was very, very wrong of me to tell you I was going there. As we went home, Lady Kew—Go, Sir. I never thought you would have seen in me this humiliation.

Clive. Is it possible that I should have made Ethel Newcome shed tears? O, dry them, dry them. Forgive me, Ethel, forgive me! I have no right to jealousy, or to reproach you—I know that. If others admire you, surely I ought to know that they—they do but as I do: I should be proud, not angry, that they admire my Ethel—my sister, if you can be no more.

Ethel. I will be that always, whatever harsh things you think or say of me. There, Sir, I am not going to be so foolish as to cry again. Have you been studying very hard? Are your pictures good at the Exhibition? I like you with your mustaches best, and order you not to cut them off again. The young men here wear them. I hardly knew Charles Beardmore when he arrived from Berlin the other day, like a sapper and miner. His little sisters cried out, and were quite frightened by his apparition. Why are you not in diplomacy? That day, at Brighton, when Lord Farintosh asked whether you were in the army? I thought to myself, why is he not?

Clive. A man in the army may pretend to any thing, *n'est-ce pas?* He wears a lovely uniform. He may be a General, a K.C.B., a Viscount, an Earl. He may be valiant in arms, and wanting a leg, like the lover in the song. It is peace-time, you say? so much the worse career for a soldier. My father would not have me, he said, forever dangling in barracks, or smoking in country billiard rooms. I have no taste for law: and as for diplomacy, I have no relations in the Cabinet, and no uncles in the House of Peers. Could my uncle, who is in Parliament, help me much, do you think; or

would he, if he could?—or Barnes, his noble son and heir, after him?

Ethel (musing). Barnes would not, perhaps, but papa might even still, and you have friends who are fond of you.

Clive. No—no one can help me; and my art, Ethel, is not only my choice and my love, but my honor too. I shall never distinguish myself in it: I may take smart likenesses, but that is all. I am not fit to grind my friend Ridley's colors for him. Nor would my father, who loves his own profession so, make a good general probably. He always says so. I thought better of myself when I began as a boy; and was a conceited youngster, expecting to carry it all before me. But as I walked the Vatican, and looked at Raphael, and at the great Michael—I knew I was but a poor little creature; and in contemplating his genius, shrunk up till I felt myself as small as a man looks under the dome of St. Peter's. Why should I wish to have a great genius? Yes, there is one reason why I should like to have it.

Ethel. And that is?

Clive. To give it you, if it pleased you, Ethel. But I might wish for the roc's egg: there is no way of robbing the bird. I must take a humble place, and you want a brilliant one. A brilliant one! Oh, Ethel, what a standard we folks measure fame by! To have your name in the "Morning Post," and to go to three balls every night. To have your dress described at the Drawing Room; and your arrival, from a round of visits in the country, at your town house; and the entertainment of the Marchioness of Farin—

Ethel. Sir, if you please, no calling names.

Clive. I wonder at it. For you are in the world, and you love the world, whatever you may say. And I wonder that one of your strength of mind should so care for it. I think my simple old father is much finer than all your grandees: his single-mindedness more lofty than all their bowing, and haughtiness, and scheming. What are you thinking of, as you stand in that pretty attitude, like Mnemosyne—with your finger on your chin?

Ethel. Mnemosyne! who was she? I think I like you best when you are quiet and gentle, and not when you are flaming out and sarcastic, Sir. And so you think you will never be a famous painter? They are quite in society here. I was so pleased, because two of them dined at the Tuileries when grandmamma was there; and she mistook one, who was covered all over with crosses, for an ambassador, I believe, till the Queen called him Monsieur Delaroche. She says, there is no knowing people in this country. And do you think you will never be able to paint as well as M. Delaroche?

Clive. No—never.

Ethel. And—and—you will never give up painting?

Clive. No—never. That would be like leaving your friend who was poor; or deserting your mistress, because you were disappointed about

her money. They do those things in the great world, Ethel.

Ethel (with a sigh). Yes.

Clive. If it is so false, and base, and hollow, this great world—if its aims are so mean, its successes so paltry, the sacrifices it asks of you so degrading, the pleasures it gives you so wearisome, shameful even, why does Ethel Newcome cling to it? Will you be fairer, dear, with any other name than your own? Will you be happier, after a month, at bearing a great title, with a man whom you can't esteem, tied forever to you, to be the father of Ethel's children, and the lord and master of her life and actions? The proudest woman in the world consent to bend herself to this ignominy, and own that a coronet is a bribe sufficient for her honor! What is the end of a Christian life, Ethel; a girl's pure nurture—it can't be this! Last week, as we walked in the garden here, and heard the nuns singing in their chapel, you said how hard it was that poor women should be imprisoned so, and were thankful that in England we had abolished that slavery. Then you cast your eyes to the ground, and mused as you paced the walk; and thought, I know, that perhaps their lot was better than some others'.

Ethel. Yes, I did. I was thinking, that almost all women are made slaves one way or other, and that these poor nuns perhaps were better off than we are.

Clive. I never will quarrel with nun or matron for following her vocation. But for our women, who are free, why should they rebel against Nature, shut their hearts up, sell their lives for rank and money, and forego the most precious right of their liberty? Look, Ethel, dear. I love you so, that if I thought another had your heart, an honest man, a loyal gentleman, like—like him of last year even, I think I could go back with a God bless you, and take to my pictures again, and work on in my own humble way. You seem like a queen to me, somehow; and I am but a poor, humble fellow, who might be happy, I think, if you were. In those balls, where I have seen you surrounded by those brilliant young men, noble and wealthy, admirers like me, I have often thought, "How could I aspire to such a creature, and ask her to forego a palace to share the crust of a poor painter?"

Ethel. You spoke quite scornfully of palaces just now, Clive. I won't say a word about the—the regard which you express for me. I think you have it. Indeed, I do. But it were best not said, Clive; best for me, perhaps, not to own that I know it. In your speeches, my poor boy—and you will please not to make any more, or I never can see you or speak to you again, never—you forgot one part of a girl's duty; obedience to her parents. They would never agree to my marrying any one below—any one whose union would not be advantageous in a worldly point of view. I never would give such pain to the poor father, or to the kind soul who never said a harsh word to me since I was born. My grand-mamma is kind, too, in her way. I came to her

of my own free will. When she said she would leave me her fortune, do you think it was for myself alone that I was glad? My father's passion is to make an estate, and all my brothers and sisters will be but slenderly portioned. Lady Kew said she would help them if I came to her—and—it is the welfare of those little people that depends upon me, Clive. Now do you see, *brother*, why you must speak to me so no more? There is the carriage. God bless you, dear Clive.

(Clive sees the carriage drive away after Miss Newcome has entered it without once looking up to the window where he stands. When it is gone, he goes to the opposite windows of the salon, which are open, toward the garden. The chapel music begins to play from the convent, next door. As he hears it, he sinks down, his head in his hands.)

Enter Madame de Florac. (She goes to him with anxious looks.) What hast thou, my child? Hast thou spoken?

Clive (very steadily). Yes.

Madame de F. And she loves thee? I know she loves thee.

Clive. You hear the organ of the convent?

Madame de F. Qu'as tu?

Clive. I might as well hope to marry one of the sisters of yonder convent, dear lady. (*He sinks down again, and she kisses him.*)

Clive. I never had a mother; but you seem like one.

Madame de F. Mon fils, O mon fils!

THE REDEEMED PROFLIGATE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, a young man came limping down, on foot, to the town of Chatham. He was a poor traveler, with not a farthing in his pocket. He came down to Chatham to enlist in a cavalry regiment, if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant who would put a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was, to get shot; but he thought he might as well ride to death as be at the trouble of walking.

His name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road down, and took up that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick; age twenty-two; height, five feet ten; native place, Exmouth; which he had never been near in his life. There was no cavalry in Chatham when he limped over the bridge with half a shoe to his dusty foot, so he enlisted into a regiment of the line, and was glad to get drunk and forget all about it.

This young man had gone wrong and run wild. His heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up. He had been betrothed to a good and beautiful girl, whom he had loved better than she—or perhaps even he—believed; but, in an evil hour, he had given her cause to say to him, solemnly, "Richard, I will never marry

any other man. I will live single for your sake, but Mary Marshall's lips"—her name was Mary Marshall—"never shall address another word to you on earth. Go, Richard! Heaven forgive you!" This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him Private Richard Doubledick, with a determination to be shot.

There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, than Private Richard Doubledick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment, he was as seldom sober as he could be, and was constantly under punishment. It became clear to the whole barracks that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged.

Now, the Captain of Richard Doubledick's company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard Doubledick in a very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome, dark eyes—what are called laughing eyes generally, and, when serious, rather steady than severe—but they were the only eyes now left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of every thing else and every body else, he had but to know that those eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street, like any other officer. He was reproached and confused—troubled by the mere possibility of the Captain's looking at him. In his worst moments he would rather turn back and go any distance out of his way, than encounter those two handsome, dark, bright eyes.

One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black Hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's quarters. In the stale and squalid state of a man just out of the Black Hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the Captain; but he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade-ground, where the officers' quarters were: twisting and breaking in his hands as he went along, a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the Black Hole.

"Come in!" cried the Captain, when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a stride forward, and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark bright eyes.

There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "do you know where you are going to?"

"To the Devil, Sir!" faltered Doubledick.

"Yes," returned the Captain. "And very fast."

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the Black Hole in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiescence.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "since I entered his Majesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey, as I have been, ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the Captain's breakfast-table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water.

"I am only a common soldier, Sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to."

"You are a man," returned the Captain with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be, I leave you to consider: knowing what I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see."

"I hope to get shot soon, Sir," said Private Richard Doubledick; "and then the regiment, and the world together, will be rid of me."

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace-jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

"I would rather," said the young Captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see five thousand guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?"

"I am thankful to say she is dead, Sir."

"If your praises," returned the Captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived to say with pride and joy, 'He is my son!'"

"Spare me, Sir," said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have always had, I know; but not—Spare me, Sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall, and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend—" began the Captain.

"God bless you, Sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged, a little longer, and you know what must happen. I know even better than you can imagine, that after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears, could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, Sir," in a low, shivering voice, said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young Captain, "and, in doing it, can earn his own respect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare, that he can earn no other man's. A common soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathizing witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past, and try."

"I will! I ask for only one witness, Sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and a faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips, that he dropped down upon his knee, kissed that officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark bright eyes, an altered man.

In that year, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany, where not? Napoleon Bonaparte had likewise begun to stir against us in India, and most men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it—no, nor in the whole line—than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

In eighteen hundred and one, the Indian army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men, that wherever Captain Taunton with the dark bright eyes, led, there, close to him, ever at his side, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found, while life beat in their hearts, that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut his way single-handed through a solid mass of men, recovered the colors of his regiment which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded captain, who was down, and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabres—saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-Major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colors he had won; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the bravest of men—for, the fame of following the old colors, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts—this regiment fought

its way through the Peninsular war, up to the investment of Badajos in eighteen hundred and twelve. Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice so exultant in their valor; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew the legend, that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton with the dark bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow.

One day, at Badajos—not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way, the two officers found themselves hurrying forward, face to face, against a party of French infantry who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men—a courageous, handsome, gallant officer, of five-and-thirty—whom Doubledick saw hurriedly, almost momentarily, but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager and excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture, and Major Taunton dropped.

It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had, on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood.

"Dear Doubledick," said he, "I am dying."

"For the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him, and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head. "Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel, my witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton! For God's sake!"

The bright dark eyes—so very, very dark now, in the pale face—smiled upon him; and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago, laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see Home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment toward his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The Ensign understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and gently turning his face over on the supporting arm, as if for rest, died, with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul.

No dry eye looked on Ensign Richard Doubledick that melancholy day. He buried his friend on the field, and became a lone, bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life; one, to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give to Taunton's mother; the other, to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under whose fire Taunton fell. A new legend now began to circulate among our troops; and it was, that when he and the French officer came face to face once more, there would be weeping in France.

The war went on—and through it went the exact picture of the French officer on the one side, and the bodily reality upon the other—until the battle of Toulouse was fought. In the returns sent home, appeared these words: "Severely wounded, but not dangerously, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick."

At Midsummer time, in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, now a browned soldier, seven and thirty years of age, came home to England, invalided. He brought the hair with him, near his heart. Many a French officer had he seen since that day; many a dreadful night, in searching with men and lanterns for his wounded, had he relieved French officers lying disabled; but the mental picture and the reality had never come together.

Though he was weak and suffered pain, he lost not an hour in getting down to Frome, in Somersetshire, where Taunton's mother lived. In the sweet, compassionate words of the inspired writer, "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

It was a Sunday evening, and the lady sat at her quiet garden window, reading the Bible; reading to herself, in a trembling voice, that very passage in it, as I have heard him tell. He heard the words: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

He had to pass the window; and the bright dark eyes of his debased time seemed to look at him. Her heart told her who he was; she came to the door, quickly, and fell upon his neck.

"He saved me from ruin, made me a human creature, won me from infamy and shame. Oh, God forever bless him! As He will, He will!"

"He will!" the lady answered. "I know he is in Heaven!" Then she piteously cried, "But, oh, my darling boy, my darling boy!"

Never, from the hour when Private Richard Doubledick enlisted at Chatham, had the Private, Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant-Major, Ensign, or Lieutenant, breathed his right name, or the name of Mary Marshall, or a word of the story of his life, into any ear, except his reclainer's. That previous scene in his existence was closed. He had firmly resolved that his expiation should be, to live unknown; to disturb no more the peace that had long grown over his old offenses; to let it be revealed when he was dead, that he had striven and suffered, and had never forgotten; and then, if they could forgive him and believe him—well, it would be time enough—time enough!

But, that night, remembering the words he had cherished for two years, "Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me," he related every thing. It gradually seemed to him, as if in his maturity he had recovered a mother; it gradually seemed to her, as if in her bereavement she had found a son. During his stay in England, the quiet garden into which he had slowly and painfully crept,

a stranger, became the boundary of his home; when he was able to rejoin his regiment in the spring, he left the garden, thinking, was this indeed the first time he had ever turned his face toward the old colors with a woman's blessing!

He followed them—so ragged, so scarred and pierced now, that they would scarcely hold together—to Quatre Bras, and Ligny. He stood beside them, in an awful stillness of many men, shadowy through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo. And down to that hour, the picture in his mind of the French officer had never been compared with the reality.

The famous regiment was in action early in the battle, and received its first check in many an eventful year, when he was seen to fall. But it swept on to avenge him, and left behind it no such creature in the world of consciousness as Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Through pits of mire, and pools of rain; along deep ditches, once roads, that were pounded and plowed to pieces by artillery, heavy wagons, tramp of men and horses, and the struggle of every wheeled thing that could carry wounded soldiers; jolted among the dying and the dead, so disfigured by blood and mud as to be hardly recognizable for humanity; undisturbed by the moaning of men and the shrieking of horses, which, newly taken from the peaceful pursuits of life, could not endure the sight of the stragglers lying by the wayside, never to resume their toilsome journey; dead, as to any sentient life that was in it, and yet alive; the form that had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, with whose praises England rang, was conveyed to Brussels. There, it was tenderly laid down in hospital; and there it lay, week after week, through the long bright summer days, until the harvest, spared by war, had ripened and was gathered in.

Over and over again, the sun rose and set upon the crowded city; over and over again, the moonlight nights were quiet on the plains of Waterloo; and all that time was a blank to what had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick. Rejoicing troops marched into Brussels, and marched out; brothers and fathers, sisters, mothers, and wives came thronging thither, drew their lots of joy or agony, and departed; so many times a day the bells rang; so many times the shadows of the great buildings changed; so many lights sprang up at dusk; so many feet passed here and there upon the pavements; so many hours of sleep and cooler air of night succeeded: indifferent to all, a marble face lay on a bed, like the face of a recumbent statue on the tomb of Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Slowly laboring, at last, through a long, heavy dream of confused time and place, presenting faint glimpses of army surgeons whom he knew, and of faces that had been familiar to his youth—dearest and kindest among them, Mary Marshall's, with a solicitude upon it more like reality than any thing he could discern—

Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life. To the beautiful life of a calm autumn-evening sunset. To the peaceful life of a fresh quiet room with a large window standing open; a balcony beyond, in which were moving leaves and sweet-smelling flowers; beyond again, the clear sky, with the sun full in his sight, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

It was so tranquil and so lovely that he thought he had passed into another world; and he said, in a faint voice, "Taunton, are you near me?"

A face bent over him. Not his; his mother's.

"I came to nurse you. We have nursed you many weeks. You were moved here long ago. Do you remember nothing?"

"Nothing."

The lady kissed his cheek, and held his hand, soothing him.

"Where is the regiment? What has happened? Let me call you mother. What has happened, mother?"

"A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the field."

His eyes kindled, his lips trembled, he sobbed, and the tears ran down his face. He was very weak; too weak to move his hand.

"Was it dark just now?" he asked presently.

"No."

"It was only dark to me? Something passed away, like a black shadow. But, as it went, and the sun—oh, the blessed sun, how beautiful it is!—touched my face, I thought I saw a light white cloud pass out at the door. Was there nothing that went out?"

She shook her head, and, in a little while, he fell asleep: she still holding his hand, and soothing him.

From that time he recovered. Slowly, for he had been desperately wounded in the head, and had been shot in the body; but making some little advance every day. When he had gained sufficient strength to converse as he lay in bed, he soon began to remark that Mrs. Taunton always brought him back to his own history. Then he recalled his preserver's dying words, and thought, "it comforts her."

One day, he awoke out of a sleep, refreshed, and asked her to read to him. But the curtain of the bed, softening the light, which she always drew back when he awoke, that she might see him from her table at the bedside where she sat at work, was held undrawn; and a woman's voice spoke, which was not hers.

"Can you bear to see a stranger?" it said softly. "Will you like to see a stranger?"

"Stranger!" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories, before the days of Private Richard Doubledick.

"A stranger now, but not a stranger once," it said in tones that thrilled him. "Richard, dear Richard, lost through so many years, my name—"

He cried out her name, "Mary!" and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom.

"I am not breaking a rash vow, Richard.

These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name."

She was married.

"I have another name, Richard. Did you ever hear it?"

"Never!"

He looked into her face, so pensively beautiful, and wondered at the smile upon it through her tears.

"Think again, Richard. Are you sure you never heard my altered name?"

"Never!"

"Don't move your head to look at me, dear Richard. Let it lie here, while I tell my story. I loved a generous, noble man; loved him with my whole heart; loved him for years and years; loved him faithfully, devotedly; loved him with no hope of return; loved him, knowing nothing of his highest qualities—not even knowing that he was alive. He was a brave soldier. He was honored and beloved by thousands of thousands, when the mother of his dear friend found me, and showed me that in all his triumphs he had never forgotten me. He was wounded in a great battle. He was brought, dying, here, into Brussels. I came to watch and tend him, as I would have joyfully gone, with such a purpose, to the dreariest ends of the earth. When he knew no one else, he knew me. When he suffered most, he bore his sufferings barely murmuring, content to rest his head where yours rests now. When he lay at the point of death, he married me, that he might call me Wife before he died. And the name, my dear love, that I took on that forgotten night—"

"I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank Heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary, kiss me; lull this weary head to rest, or I shall die of gratitude. His parting words are fulfilled. I see Home again!"

Well! They were happy. It was a long recovery, but they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground, and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring, when those three were first able to ride out together, and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Captain Richard Doubledick.

But, even then, it became necessary for the Captain, instead of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate of Southern France. They found a spot upon the Rhone, within a ride of the old town of Avignon, and within view of its broken bridge, which was all they could desire; they lived there, together, six months; then returned to England. Mrs. Taunton, growing old after three years—though not so old as that her bright dark eyes were dimmed—and remembering that her strength had been benefited by the change, resolved to go back for a year to those parts. So she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms; and she was to be rejoined and escorted home, at the year's end, by Captain Richard Doubledick.

She wrote regularly to her children (as she called them now), and they to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix; and there, in their own chateau, near the farmer's house she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child: a girl with a most compassionate heart, who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well, that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal, as it came about, from time to time; and, at last, inclosed a polite note from the head of the chateau, soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of *cet homme si justement célèbre*, Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick.

Captain Doubledick, now a hardy, handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before, dispatched a courteous reply, and followed it in person. Traveling through all that extent of country after three years of Peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden under foot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blazing ruins. The carts were laden with the fair fruits of the earth, not with wounds and death. To him who had so often seen the terrible reverse, these things were beautiful indeed, and they brought him in a softened spirit to the old chateau near Aix, upon a deep blue evening.

It was a large chateau of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers and extinguishers and a high leaden roof, and more windows than Aladdin's Palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open, after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then, there were immense outbuildings fallen into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terrace-gardens, balustrades; tanks of water, too weak to play, and too dirty to work; statues, weeds, and thickets of iron-railing that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubberies, and to have branched out in all manner of wild shapes. The entrance doors stood open, as doors often do in that country when the heat of the day is past; and the Captain saw no bell or knocker, and walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of a Southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall, was a gallery, leading to suits of rooms; and it was lighted from the top. Still, no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the Captain, halting, ashamed

of the clanking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning!"

He started back, and felt his face turn white. In the gallery, looking down at him, stood the French officer; the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. Compared with the original, at last—in every lineament how like it was!

He moved, and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face. Much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment.

Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick? Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. There was a little fête among them in the garden. In effect, it was the fête day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Madame Taunton.

He was so gracious and so frank, that Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman, even as my foe; how much more as my friend! I, also, am a soldier."

"He has not remembered me, as I have remembered him; he did not take such note of my face, that day, as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him!"

The French officer conducted his guest into a garden, and presented him to his wife—an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in a whimsical old-fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him; and there was a boy-baby to tumble down among the orange-trees on the broad steps, in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children-visitors were dancing to sprightly music; and all the servants and peasants about the chateau were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of Peace which had soothed the Captain's journey.

He looked on, greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went up-stairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down; and Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber, and a smaller one within, all clocks, and draperies, and hearths, and brazen dogs, and tiles, and cool devices, and elegance, and vastness.

"You were at Waterloo," said the French officer.

"I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Badajos."

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider, What shall I do, and how shall I tell him? At that time, unhappily, many deplorable duels had

been fought between English and French officers, arising out of the recent war; and these duels, and how to avoid this officer's hospitality, were the uppermost thought in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

He was thinking, and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner, when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door, asking if he could give her the letter he had brought from Mary? "His mother above all," the Captain thought. "How shall I tell her?"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true-hearted and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If He had been spared," she kissed (not without tears) the locket in which she wore his hair, "he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity, and would have been truly happy that the evil days were past, which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room; and the Captain walked, first to one window whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another window whence he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through thee these better thoughts are rising in my mind! Is it thou who hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessings of the altered time! Is it thou who hast sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my angry hand! Is it from thee the whisper comes, that this man did his duty as thou didst—and as I did, through thy guidance, which has wholly saved me here on earth—and that he did no more!"

He sat down, with his head buried in his hands, and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life: That neither to the French officer, nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul while either of the two was living, would he breathe what only he knew. And when he touched that French officer's glass with his own, that day at dinner, he secretly forgave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.

Here my story ends. But I might go on and tell how the son of Major Richard Doubledick, and the son of that French officer, friends as their fathers were before them, fought side by side in one cause, with their respective nations, like long-divided brothers whom the better times have brought together, fast united.

COINCIDENCES.

THERE are a thousand mysterious circumstances occurring every day of our lives, the solution of which philosophy fails to reach. And because this is the case, the wise heads dispose of them in a very summary way, by denying the facts.

There are a thousand strange and mysterious sympathies linking us with each other and

drawing our hearts together, so that, even when separated far away, we often have the same thoughts and feelings at the same precise moment of time. The same sigh heaves breasts ocean-wide apart, when the same longing desire springs up for communion face to face. And these, these same philosophers dispose of quite as summarily, by calling them "striking coincidences"—as if this were any explanation of the phenomena.

The wildest dreams of the night are not more wild and strange than those traits of the human mind in our waking hours, and which, unaccounted for as they may be, still demonstrate to us a hidden chain of sympathies running down the whole course of life, and binding our hearts together. Call them by what name we will—they are still there, and still the same. We can not get rid of them by denying their existence—and it does not explain them to call them "coincidences."

The following sketch, although, perhaps, not strictly professional in its character, is drawn from notes made at the time the incidents occurred. I had formed a close intimacy with Albert Carver, a gentleman of about my own age, and in many respects of similar tastes and feelings, who had purchased a large estate in —County, New York, about three miles from my office, upon which he had erected very costly and elegant buildings. He lived alone, having no family but his servants. He sought no society, and it was by the merest accident that our acquaintance began, which soon ripened into the closest and most familiar friendship. I never passed his house without calling, and often drove down there in the evening to spend an hour or two with him, and my visit was not rarely drawn out to the early hours of the morning.

He had one of the finest, and most manly, and intelligent faces I ever saw, and his mind was filled with large stores of information, which he had acquired from books and extensive travel at home and abroad, and intercourse with men. To me he was always talkative—to others, taciturn. He was not what you would call cheerful, though he was far from being morose or gloomy, and when he smiled—which was very rarely—it was a calm, cold smile, that seemed frozen upon his face. He was kind to every one, and lavish in his generosity to the poor.

During an intercourse of more than two years he had never spoken to me on the subject of his health, and though thin and remarkably pale, he seemed always to be well. I was therefore not a little surprised, when one evening, which we were spending perhaps more cheerfully than usual, he referred to the subject in a way that led me, on my return home, to make a note of our conversation. In answer to his remark, I said that I had never suspected him of being the subject of disease. He replied,

"Yet, I am dying, my friend; I feel it every

day more and more—dying by inches. You will tell me I have no disease. Well—perhaps I have not—at least, none within the reach of medical skill. Yet, I have a disease—a malady rather, which is slowly and steadily sapping the foundations of life. You have never felt my pulse, Doctor. Put your finger on it now.”

He turned up the sleeve of his elegant dressing-gown and extended his wrist. I felt of his pulse for two or three minutes, thinking I might possibly detect some intermission or variation in it which would betray a hidden disease, although I never had any reason to suspect any. But it was as calm, and regular, and healthy a pulse as ever I felt.

“Your heart, at all events, is sound,” I said, as I relinquished his hand.

There was a singular expression in the glance which he turned upon me as I said this; or, rather, in the steady and intense gaze which he fixed upon my face, and which he did not remove till my eye sunk under it. What did it mean? Was it possible that, after all the time through which our acquaintance had extended, I had overlooked a derangement of mind—or was such a malady just now about to develop itself? If such a suspicion crossed my mind at the time, it was instantly dissipated when he spoke.

“There are maladies, Doctor, which are out of sight of the eye, and which do not manifest themselves in the alteration of any of the functions of the body, and yet as surely and effectually waste away the powers of life as the plague or the cholera. You could discover no variation in my pulse?”

I shook my head.

“Nor I,” he continued. “I have examined it every day for many months—not as the chimerical hypochondriac who is always feeling it to see if he is not ill, but with the simple curiosity to see how much a man may suffer, and how calm he may keep his own heart. I can not now tell you all I mean; but what I wish you to understand is this, that when I first began to suffer as I do now, my heart would struggle at times as if it would break from my bosom, or burst. I taught it to be calm—to beat as it does now, and has through years of untold misery.”

He paused; and, as I looked up, I met his eye fixed upon me with the same steady gaze, which gradually faded away into his ordinary cold smile, and he made some remark upon another subject. But it was impossible for me to draw away my thoughts from the impression he had made upon my mind, and I soon left.

“Come oftener and see me, Doctor,” he said, as he gave me the usual warm grasp of his hand. “I would come to your office if I knew when to find you at home, for you are all the society I have, and I am always glad to see you come. You can drive down here any or every evening, and rest yourself after your day’s ride, and be secure for an hour or two against being

called out—stop a moment. My brother has sent me, to-day, a few bottles of what he says is excellent wine, and you shall try it. I know nothing about it, for I drink nothing but water.”

“And I am in the same predicament. Good-night.”

“Don’t forget that I am sick,” said he, laughing, as I stepped into my carriage, “and come often to see how I am. I shall not promise to take any of your medicine, however, till I am worse.”

Had it not been for my entire confidence in the straightforward truthfulness of my friend, I should have suspected him of jesting with me. As it was, our conversation was rarely out of my mind for the three days that intervened before I saw him again. I then received a note from him, inviting me to spend the evening with him. He wanted to see me professionally now, he said, as well as to have my company for the evening. I was struck with a sort of nervousness of the writing, and half made up my mind to drive down at once and see him.

Having another call to make in his neighborhood, I however deferred it till late in the afternoon, and then drove to his house. It was almost dark when I arrived. He was walking on the piazza, and as I alighted and shook his hand, I was surprised at the alteration in his countenance. It was not exactly haggard, but there was an expression of wild and excited anxiety upon it which alarmed me, as I immediately recurred to the last evening I had passed with him, and his conversation at that time. He tried to smile as he met me, but the smile was full of distress.

I, of course, immediately inquired after his health, and he said,

“Never mind that now—I have kept tea waiting, expecting you, and we will talk about that afterward.”

At the table he ate nothing, and only sipped a cup of tea while I was eating. We soon retired to the library, and he handed me the cigars with which we usually regaled ourselves, but he took none himself. He noticed my look of surprise, and said,

“No—I have neither slept nor eaten nor smoked since you were here. I can not. I have taken out a bottle of wine repeatedly, and prepared to open it, for I felt that it might benumb my senses. But it is the resort of fools, and I will not drink it for such a purpose. It is my mind, Doctor; I feel as if some terrible calamity were hanging over me—a dreadful presentiment of evil—and I can not banish it. I have had the same feelings before, but not so intense. I have soon subdued them, for my mind is usually its own master.”

He paced the floor for a few moments in a silence which I did not know how to break. I began to feel that there was some mystery in the case—some terrible cause which was at the bottom of this.

Presently he drew a chair to my side and sat down.

"You could find nothing the matter with my pulse the other night," he said; "see how it is now," and he extended his arm.

The hot blood was coursing through it in wild and rapid torrents.

"Can you stop it—can you do any thing to arrest that flood?" he asked.

"There is some cause for this which I am ignorant of, my dear friend," I replied; "and till I know what it is I can do nothing to remove it."

"It is for that very purpose I have wanted to see you to-night," said he. "I want to talk to you about myself—to tell you the cause, and see what the confidence will do to aid me in bearing this new accession of agony. It is said that there is relief in sympathy, and that the mind eases itself by unburdening its griefs to another. I know nothing of this, for I have never before sought human sympathy, though, God knows, I have needed it as few others need it, for years. I owe it to myself that I am wretched as I am, and my punishment is just. There are the cigars. Now smoke on, and do not look at me till I am done, and then you may curse me, if you will, as I curse myself."

During the whole narration of what follows I did not look at him, but I felt all the time, as he sat near me, that he never but once removed his eye from mine. I give his story in his own words, as nearly as I can recollect them, omitting such of the details as are not necessary.

"I told you three nights since that I was dying, and you said my heart was sound. This only shows how men of your profession—who are accustomed to judge of the ravages of disease by physical symptoms—are too apt to overlook those moral affections that are often the disease which, without those outward manifestations, silently, yet surely gnaws, and cankers, and eats out the heart. Three nights since my pulse was calm and even as an infant's—now it is rushing on, mad as a swollen mountain torrent. Yet I was then suffering and dying of the same malady which is killing me now. Then I could control all the external signs of it—now I am subdued by it.

"My father was a poor country clergyman, and from my earliest years I was fond of study. This inclination he encouraged to its utmost extent; and being unable, from his limited means, to send me away to school, he took upon himself the whole task of my education. He was a man of rare powers of mind and most extensive learning. So much gratified was he with my progress and the development of my mind, that at the age of eighteen he became very anxious that I should spend at least one year in college, for the sake of mingling more with young men of my own age, and thinking that I might derive advantages there which I could not at home. I have often thought there was some unconscious feeling of pride mixed up in his mind with this wish, for when afterward I graduated with the honors of my class,

he was filled with exultation and delight, and I never saw his humble demeanor before lost, as it seemed to be then, in the almost haughty air with which he received the congratulations of my teachers. But let that pass. It was only a momentary and pardonable flashing up of his human feelings above his uniform Christian humility.

"It was necessary that I should have the means of meeting the expenses of this year; and for the first time in his life I saw his poverty weighing heavily on his mind; and it was the only cause, since the death of his wife, years before, that had interrupted the uniform cheerfulness and equanimity of his character. I therefore proposed that I should spend a year in teaching before I entered college, and this at once quieted all his anxiety.

"I need not speak now of my own feelings, nor the dawnings of ambition which began already to cast forward bright flashes of light on my future life. They were there, however, and I felt a good deal of self-satisfaction in taking this first step toward making my own way in the world. I had my day-dreams, as all boys have, and had begun to build airy castles, which, like all others built on the same foundation, are doomed to perish. It never entered into my head that at the age of thirty I should be, what I am now—rich and wretched.

"In my daily wanderings, during my leisure hours, about the neighborhood of the little village where I was patiently pursuing my humble occupation, I frequently met a lady of middle age, attended by another much younger, whom I judged to be her daughter. Meeting so often seemed to give us a sort of claim to acquaintance which we mutually acknowledged by a bow when we passed each other. This amount of recognition continued to nearly the close of the year which I passed in the place, and would probably have extended no farther, as I made no effort to form acquaintances, and was so entirely absorbed in my duties and studies that I did not even know where they lived, but for an accident which brought us together.

"In one of my rambles, about a mile from the village, I took refuge from a sudden shower under the portico of the nearest house. It was a neat cottage with a small yard in front, planted out tastefully with shrubbery, and trailing roses were carefully trained up the pillar of the piazza. There was an air of beauty and refinement about the whole place which had often struck me when passing, and I now found myself speculating about the occupants.

"I was looking at the fine beds of choice flowers interspersed here and there through the closely shaven grass plat, when the door opened, and the lady I have mentioned invited me to come in till the rain was over. I learned that Mrs. Montrose was the widow of a merchant in the city, who had died a few years before, leaving her in easy circumstances, and she had selected this place as her residence. Here she was living in retirement with her daughter,

Edith, the young lady I had met with her in her walks.

"I can not describe Edith. She was far from being beautiful, but there was something in the quiet and earnest welcome with which she received me that induced me to call again and again. I became a frequent visitor at the house, and talked of my hopes and dreams of life, till at length I found the calm blue eyes, and ever-thoughtful face of Edith, lingering in my memory after I had left her. All this was new to me. A chord was touched in my heart that had never vibrated before. A new power was gaining control over me, and gradually I yielded to its sweet and delightful influence.

"I entered college and distinguished myself throughout the single year that I spent there. Edith Montrose was then in all my dreams of the future. I could have yielded up all my hopes, which ambition had begun to point to, for her. We wrote frequently to each other, and the spell gathered stronger and stronger about my heart. We loved as, I believe, few others ever love. It was no bright fancy, no transient passion to burn in my heart for a few days and expire. It was the deepest and intensest affection, and cast forward upon life the brightest and most gorgeous hues. It was a passion which excited me in all my studies and pursuits, for I felt then that it would be a pride and joy to cast all the honors my loftiest expectations looked to into the lap of Edith. I love her now as I loved her then, and as I have loved her ever since, cruelly as I wronged her.

"Let me pass rapidly over the rest, till the fatal hour that made me a villain. I betrayed her and ruined her. And not her alone. Guilt such as mine reaches in its effects farther than the one object of its aim. Her shame could not be concealed, and the discovery of it was fatal to her mother. She sunk and died almost as soon as the blow fell. Edith came to me, and besought me to marry her. I know not what devil was in my heart to drive me on, but I put her off with some specious excuse, and she submitted. She would have borne disgrace forever for me, without a murmur, if she could only know that I loved her still. And I did, with all the intensity of my strong heart. But my ambition was again urging me on, and pointing upward, and I began to feel that she stood in my way, and, double villain that I was, I deserted her, and left her to her shame.

* * * * *

"There are, probably, hours in the life of every villain, not entirely lost, in which he repents and wishes to repair the wrongs he has done. It was so with me. I sought her again, and she wept tears of joy on my breast as she laid her babe in my arms. We sat long together that night, and talked of the past and looked forward to the future, till she fell asleep on my bosom. We were sitting thus when I saw the corner of a letter in the bosom of her dress. I know not what possessed me to take it out and read it. It was in the handwriting

of a man, and its contents set my heart on fire with jealousy.

"It was true, all I had said to her that night. I had come to her full of repentance and joyful resolution to atone for all the past, and she slept not on my bosom more trustfully than my heart reposed in the quiet peace of doing right, and the whole tenderness of the past seemed compressed into that one short hour, as with her head on my breast, and our babe in my arms, I forgot all the ambition and pride that had been my master before, and blissfully dreamed that now I had found rest. It was then that I discovered that fatal note. I knew the child was my own, but now its mother was playing the wanton, while she pretended still to love me. With wonderful coolness of purpose I laid her head from my breast, so softly that she did not wake, and, with the babe in my arms, I left the house.

"I provided a nurse, but from that hour the child pined away, till one day, in the momentary absence of the woman, some one entered the house and stole it away. I, of course, suspected that Edith had discovered it, and had taken this method of reclaiming it. But this I could never ascertain.

"I believe that I wronged Edith in my suspicions. But never till the child was gone did I stop to think, and then it was too late for us all. How I cursed myself then in my deep shame and humiliation. I gathered her letters and put them in a package with her picture, and they have never left me in all my wanderings for years.

"In casting about in my mind the subject of a profession, I had fixed upon the law. Now I applied myself with ten-fold diligence, for I had a double purpose to answer—to attain to eminence, and, above all, to forget. In the former I was rapidly succeeding, and partially in the latter, when I resolved upon another step which I thought one of policy, but which only added another brazen link to the chain of my destiny, and involved another innocent victim in my fate.

"Do you believe in a special Providence, Doctor? I do—one that keeps a sleepless watch over us at every moment, and so orders our lives as to make our voluntary acts often bring about the retribution that our crimes call for. One of my clients, a man of large wealth and influence, and at whose house I often visited, had a daughter, whose beauty alone, aside from her great intelligence, and the character of her father, was calculated to attract admirers of whom she had not a few. Should I class myself among the number? Could I make her my wife, I should secure at once the whole weight of her father's influence and his numerous friends, not only in my profession, but in those higher and more public objects which my ambition was reaching after. It was with me a cool matter of business—not so much, by a great deal, of dollars and cents, as of reputation and gratified pride.

"My proposals were accepted, and I felt a sudden and sharp pang as I heard the consent. Often before the day came did I draw back from the commission of the act which I felt in my heart was base and mean. But I stifled the accusing voice and persevered.

At length the day came on—the day in which I was to perjure myself—to betray Edith again, and her whom I was about to make my wife. The vows were said, and we sat down with our guests at the supper-table. All was joy and hilarity in the brilliantly lighted room. Was the shade of Edith by my side the cause of my shuddering with a silent fear? No, not then; but a servant whispered in my ear that a lady wished to speak to me a moment in the library.

"It was Edith, and with the sight of her came back all the love of former years. But now how hopelessly. Pride, ambition, all sank down in one instant to the narrow measure of shame and remorse. All other considerations and obligations were forgotten. The vow I had just spoken—the bride I had a moment ago made mine—the hopes and aspirations of life—all that I had dreamed of being—all that was expected from me by others—vanished from my mind and was whelmed in the agony and shame and guilt of the past.

"She spoke to me. She called me by name. I threw myself on my knees beside her. I took her unresisting hand in mine. I besought her to fly with me—to be mine—mine forever.

"She started and cast me from her as if I had been a viper that had stung her. Her eye, usually calm as the evening sky in its sunset hues, burned with indescribable fury. It seemed the wrath of a pent-up volcano.

"'Be yours!' she said, with a fierce calmness that was awfully contradicted by her looks, 'be yours! murderer of my mother—destroyer of my own rest—traitor, twice perjured.'

"I sank to the floor, crushed down with the weight of my remorse. I heard the outer door shut, and sprang to my feet. She was gone. I rushed to the window, and pressing my wild and haggard face against it, saw her passing out of sight. It was the last time I ever saw her.

"I turned away from the window, and met the face of my new-made wife. The pallid hue of her countenance—her compressed lip—her flashing eye—her look of ineffable scorn, told me at a glance that she had heard or understood the whole; she waited to speak no word, and I had none to say. She left the room, and left me forever. Efforts were afterward made to annul our marriage, but they failed, and thus the innocent was chained to the guilty for life. The hope of reparation to her or Edith was gone forever.

"For weeks afterward I was in a raving delirium. What comfort could it bring to me, on my restoration to consciousness and health, that I found myself, by the will of a rich uncle on my mother's side, possessed of large wealth? The capacity to enjoy it was gone. I would have given it all to be again the guiltless man

I was when I first knew Edith, and be again worthy of her love. It was now too late. I was given up a prey to the bitterest remorse. I yielded passively to the decree. I could not complain of my punishment, for it was right and just. I deserved it all. I could not justify my deeds unto myself.

"I went abroad and spent three years in travel—visiting all the classic haunts of the old world, if possible to learn to forget. I failed in this, and came home to try in quiet and retirement to teach myself to bear suffering. In this I have succeeded, so far as external manifestations of it are concerned, but the canker has been steadily gnawing away at my heart."

Thus ended my friend's story, which I have given very briefly, for it was almost midnight when he finished it. It was a history of crime and shame of which I could not have suspected him. It was capable of no palliation, and I attempted none. What could I say? We maintained an unbroken silence for some minutes.

A pile of newspapers lay unopened on the table by my side. They had been accumulating for some days. I took up one and opened it, and my eye fell upon the list of deaths. I always read them, especially when the age is mentioned at which the individuals die, for I want to see how many die in their youth. It is a fancy I have. In this list I saw the name of a female of the same name with my friend. I mentioned it to him, thinking it might divert his mind for a moment from himself. He read it, and for a moment his face became, if possible, more deadly pale, while he sat with the paper clenched firmly in his hand. Then rising slowly from his seat, with his eye fixed as if seeing some object at a great distance, he extended his arms beseechingly, as he passionately exclaimed,

"Edith, my early and only loved! will you not come to me, Edith?"

It was the death of his wife he had read.

* * * * *

It was Edith who had stolen the child. She had believed entirely in all Albert had said to her on the fatal night in which he robbed her of her babe, and had sunk to sleep trustingly on his heart. She had never been false to him in a single thought; but through all her life of shame and sin, and in spite of his mean and cruel desertion, she had loved and trusted on. She knew in her heart that he would one day come back, and then he would atone for all—such is woman's true-hearted affection, and now all her hopes were about to be realized. Her heart was at peace. Why should she not sleep now where she ought to have slept months before, and dream of the bliss she was soon to taste?—ay, why not? And she did sleep.

But when she woke and found him gone, and her child gone, then she felt, for the first time, that she had been deceived, and she believed that all his honeyed words which he had spoken that night were only intended to be-

guile her and allay suspicion—were all false, and spoken to lull her mother's heart to sleep that he might rob her of her jewel. Then she believed that all the vows and pretended love of years were but the cunning wiles of a villain to destroy her peace. She was almost frenzied now. What should she do?

Was it the strong instinct of the mother that guided her, as soon as her mind had settled down into a sort of calmness, in her search—guided her at last to the discovery of her betrayer, and then by tracking his footsteps day after day, unseen by him, to follow him at last to the house where he had placed her child? I do not know. But this she did, and after watching for days for an opportunity, at last succeeded in carrying it away. She then returned to her old home, and sold the place, and left that part of the country. Albert was in the city, and she went there to be near him, not actuated by her affection for him—for that she had lost, or at least persuaded herself that she had—but goaded on now by a feeling of most malignant vengeance. She could watch him in all his paths, and the time will come, she said to herself, when she could punish him for his treachery.

And the time did come. She heard that he was about to be married, and she determined to call upon the lady and tell her the history of her shame, and who was the author; and thus dash the cup from his lips before he could taste it. But she was a few minutes too late. Ignorant how soon it was to take place, she had selected the very evening of the marriage; and when she arrived, she learned from a servant that it was done, but on this very account the retribution was ten-fold more severe upon her victim.

These facts, and those that follow, I heard by one of those singular "coincidences" I have spoken of. It was about two months after my interview with Carver that I was summoned to his house in great haste. The horses attached to a stage-coach, while descending a hill, had been frightened, and dashed the coach in pieces in front of his door, and all the passengers were more or less injured. On my arrival I found my friend in a state of the highest excitement, yet not so but he could give me an account of the accident. None of the passengers were seriously injured, he told me, except a lady, and she lay insensible. He directed me to the room where she was lying, and as I was entering the door he called me back, and taking my hand, said,

"Doctor, you must save her. She must not die now. Restore her to life, or to her reason, if only for one hour, and all I have is yours."

"Why, what is this, my friend?"

"It is Edith, Doctor. Edith; and—"

"I understand you, my friend. All shall be done that human skill can do."

Promising to let him know soon as to her state, I left him. When I entered the room she was beginning to show signs of reanima-

tion, under the use of such restoratives as the housekeeper had been diligently using; and it was not long before I was able to satisfy myself that her injuries were not likely to be serious. I communicated this to Carver at once, and he begged to be allowed to see her. I assured him he should do so as soon as it was prudent, and left him, promising to call in the evening. Upon my return I found him anxiously waiting for me, with a face radiant with joy. He had seen her—told her all—pointed her to his wasted form and features as evidence of his remorseful repentance, and she— But let me tell in my own way the substance of what she told us that night as we sat by her bedside. In a few days she had entirely recovered.

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The parsonage stood a few rods from the church in the outskirts of the little village of M—. Here, for nearly twenty years, had lived the minister of the parish, a noble-hearted and self-denying man. He was not married—some said because he had met with a disappointment in his early life—and others because he was too poor to support a wife and family. Neither of these reasons was the true one.

The population about him were generally poor and humble, but they loved and almost worshiped their minister. He was with them in sickness and sorrow, and aided them in all their trials and difficulties with his counsels and his prayers, and he rejoiced with them in all their happiness. Although not more than forty years old, he was looked up to, not as a leader only, but almost as a father, by his little flock, and every one wondered where he found the means that enabled him to do so many deeds of charity.

He was sitting one evening in his study when a lady was introduced, leading by the hand a little girl of about two years. She was a stranger, and he arose and kindly asked her to be seated. There was an air of melancholy sadness about her face which touched his heart, and he asked her if he could be of any service to her.

"I have arrived in your village," she replied, "but a few moments since, where I intend to make my residence, and I have called immediately upon you to state to you my wishes and ask your advice."

"And what do you wish to do," he kindly inquired.

"I would make myself useful in some way among your people—in any way, so that I may do them good."

"We are a humble people, and you will find a life among such as we are to have few charms for one who has been accustomed to live in better society. We have to use much of self-denial and patience, and be content with giving sympathy when, perhaps, we feel that we need it as much ourselves. You have not, perhaps, inquired or well-considered the character of the people among whom you have come."

"It makes little difference to me where I

am, so I am afar from the distractions of the world, and where I can do good while I am bringing up my child out of the reach of temptations."

"I fear you will hardly find the place, this side of heaven, where temptations are not; for they come alike to rich and poor, even under the sheltering wing of our Saviour. He suffered them himself—but you are weeping—pardon me if I have said any thing to cause these tears."

"I have suffered much," she replied, "and your words of kindness touch me. Perhaps I might teach the children. If they are poor, they still need instruction; and I am rich—that is, I have enough to support myself and some to spare. I should be a burden to no one, and might do some good."

"Well, we will see, when you have had time to know what we are. You are wearied now. I have no accommodations which I can ask you to accept, but I will direct you to lodgings for the night. I have not inquired your name."

"Edith Montrose."

"And your child?" he asked, taking the hand of the little girl, whose tired head had fallen asleep on its mother's knee.

"It is Edith, also."

The minister called his servant, and directed him to take his lantern and show Mrs. Montrose to the house of Mrs. Wilson, and say that he requested her to accommodate her.

"You will find her a kindly woman," he said, "although one of my humblest parishioners."

When Edith laid her head on her humble pillow that night, and wet it with her tears, they were not tears of sorrow alone. The bitter repentance of the past was mingled with sincere and joyous resolutions for the future, and earnest prayers that all the dark and sinful past, so full of shame, and sorrow, and revenge, might be blotted from her memory and her heart. She slept that night more peacefully than she had slept for years.

In a few days she purchased a cottage at the other extremity of the village from the parsonage, and supplied it with the little furniture she needed. She called at the cottages of the poor, and learned their wants, and relieved them. She was by the side of the sick, and soothed them with her gentle voice, while her own hand administered their medicines. She taught their children to read, and gave them lessons of virtue. Thus Edith won her way silently to the hearts of all the humble cottagers, and became a sort of guardian angel to the village. But to none did she communicate the history of her life, though they often wondered, when they looked upon her quiet face, why the angel had chosen to live in such a place as theirs, rather than in its home in heaven. The good minister, too, forgot the cautiousness with which he had first received her, and felt that she was relieving him of a large part of his labors. But the reserve which she always maintained toward

him, as well as others, with regard to her former life, and her shrinking from confidence with any, deterred him from seeking any familiarity with her till accident brought it about.

Edith found, even here, that sorrow belongs to this world; for her child sickened and died—the child of her shame, but for all that, the child of her earnest and faithful love. The memories of the past had been dying, one by one, and now the last link was broken. She was alone now—utterly alone. Yet unconsciously she clung to that past with an indefinable longing, and she could not consent that the only object that bound her to it should be severed entirely from her sight; and so the grave was digged, and the dead child was buried among the clustering rose-bushes that grew in front of her window, where the rain and the dew-drops, laden with the sweet fragrance of the flowers, might fall upon her bed, and where she could look forth in the smiling days or the moonlit nights and see that she was sleeping well. It was at this time that the minister seemed, for the first, to comprehend entirely the deep fountains of feeling and love that were flowing in Edith's heart; and as the twilight closed in when they had finished the burial and heaped up and smoothed down the green turf over the little grave, he entered the house with her and sat down. It was late that night when he returned to his home. They had talked earnestly and long of the future—of what was to be done by both of them for the benefit of their humble neighbors—they had talked of the glorious hope that was linking them and drawing them on to the world to come; and they had prayed together for strength and grace to aid them in their labors of love.

When he sat down in his study that night, he looked around with a strange feeling that something was wanting there. He felt that he was alone. And every night after that, for days and weeks, he felt it more and more; for now he was a frequent visitor at Edith's cottage, and when he came from there he always entered his own home with a sigh.

Nor is it wonderful that Edith detected in herself a sort of satisfaction and pleasure in his society and sympathy, which she was by no means disposed to repel. It seemed to her that the avenues of joy and peace were again opening in her heart; and should she not let in the heavenly guests? She did; and thus months rolled on—months of sad repentance, but largely mingled with holy and calm promises of rest—till the minister one evening told his love, and she threw herself upon his heart and wept tears of joy, such as she had wept once before, though she forgot them now.

There can be no doubt but Edith really believed she loved the minister, and when she had once consented to be his wife, did, look forward with a degree of satisfaction such as she had not felt for many years, to her bridal-day. Her heart, crushed and broken and bowed down in sorrow for so many long and weary

years, had rebounded at the voice of love, and she did feel as if the object she had yearned for all her life long was about to be won. Old joys came back—not the memory of them, for that would have poisoned all her present bliss, but the very joys themselves. She felt again as she had felt when, in her girlhood, she had listened to the words of love which Albert poured into her ear; but his name or his image did not rise now to mingle with her thoughts, or, if they did, she put them down with an iron resolution that forbade them to intrude. She longed and wished to be loved as she believed the minister loved her, and she hoped in that love to find rest. Thus she persuaded herself that she loved him, though something would every now and then rise in her mind like a prophecy of evil.

But as the day drew near on which they were to be married, she began to fear that she was deceiving herself and him. At first she banished the suspicion at once as hateful; but the next moment she found herself examining her heart, and unconsciously comparing her present feelings with those she used to have for Albert. The comparison was unfavorable to her present position, and as old and long-forgotten thoughts came back, the habit of years began to resume its mastery, and she found Albert oftener in her mind than the minister. Her memory accused her; the image of the maniac, Albert, as she last saw him, with eyes of fire glaring from the window; the grave of their child—his child and hers; all these rose in her thoughts, and she could not banish them. Indeed, she found after a little time that she did not care to repel them. She loved them and cherished them more and more every day.

Finally, the night preceding the bridal arrived. She had requested the minister to leave her to herself and the communion of her own thoughts that night; and as the twilight drew on, she sat by the window gazing upon the little grave in the clustering rose-bushes. She sat thus till almost midnight, gathering to herself all the holy memories of her pure but humble girlhood, and all the unhallowed love and revenge of her after years.

What should she do? Should she wait for to-morrow and keep her vow? Distracted with hesitation, and tortured with doubts, she could not decide. She had undeceived herself, how should she deceive the minister? how make him the talk of the place, and bring sorrow and despair to a heart whose nobleness and love she could not despise, even if she could no longer accept it for herself? That she earnestly yearned and longed for the bliss of such love she could not—she did not—deny. But it could not be his.

The voices of other days were sounding in her ear, and telling her that her destiny lay not here; that there was an early love, which, to her, it would be sin to forget. She had not forgotten it. Its memory was seared and burned in upon her heart. Again and again she tread

over, in her memory, all the tear-washed paths of the past, and that evening lived over again years of sorrow.

Wild and wavering, she arose and paced the narrow room of her cottage. She opened the door, and walked out into the gentle moonlight. Its rays were sleeping on the little mound before the window, and she knelt beside it, when suddenly she seemed to hear a voice, as if at a great distance, yet distinct and plain as if spoken at the portals of her ear; and the voice said, "Come to me, Edith!"

All her doubts and hesitation were gone. She arose joyfully and entered the cottage. Her resolution was fully formed. She knew the voice, and she could not refuse to listen. Did it call her to the embrace of love, or did it compel her to tread the path of thorns still longer, it mattered not to her. She had persuaded herself that, in the love of the minister, she had found the well under the shade of the palm-trees. She now opened her eyes to see that she was still in the midst of the desert, though that voice, she hoped, might call her to a green and shady rest.

"Yes, Albert," she replied, "I will come!"

But she could not leave the minister without some explanation. So much true love as, she felt in her heart of hearts, he bore for her, ought not to receive from her even the semblance of being slighted, or scorned, or trifled with. If she deserted him, and left him to the utter desolation and ruin which must fall upon his spirit, ought she not to make him some reparation? Would he not curse her in his heart if she did not? And would he not, with all that nobleness of soul that belonged to him, appreciate the step she was about to take, even with all its bitter consequences to himself, if she put him in possession of the simple story of her life, with its burden of sin and sorrow? Might he not thank her for not linking his pure life to one of so much guilt, and pray for her rest?

With a hurried hand, but a calm soul, she wrote the story, and laid it where she knew he would find it in the morning, when he should come to lead her forth to their bridal. One deep sigh as she placed it there bore witness to the sorrow she felt for its effect upon him, though no tear fell from her eye. Then hastily arranging the furniture of her apartment, and making a small bundle of such clothing as she might need, she passed forth from her cottage-door a homeless wanderer. One instant she paused by the side of the little grave. She seemed agitated by a powerful emotion, which she instantly pressed down and subdued, as a single tear fell upon the sod, and then she turned away to retrace her path of sorrow and shame.

The morning star rose on her footsteps as she left the spot. Shall it be an omen for good to her weary and toil-worn spirit?

It never occurred to her how vain might be her search for Albert; that she had no clew to

lead her to the spot where he was; but in the morning she was far on her way. She went first to the city where she had last seen him; but he had been gone and unheard-of for years. She went and stood upon the deserted hearthstone of her early days. She was herself forgotten there, and they only remembered him as the one who had ruined Edith Montrose. But she knelt there in the home of her childhood, where she had been pure and where she had fallen, and prayed—prayed for pardon and peace, and that before she died she might also be able to say to him that she forgave him; and she shed again bitter tears of sorrow and repentance.

It was but two days after when the accident occurred which brought them together.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I SERVED my time—never mind in whose office; and I started in business for myself, in one of our English country towns—I decline stating which. I hadn't a quarter of the capital I ought to have had to begin with; and my friends in the neighborhood were poor and useless enough, with one exception. That exception was Mr. Frank Gatcliffe, son of Mr. Gatcliffe, member for the county, the richest man and the proudest for many a mile round about our parts. You won't trace any particulars by the name of Gatcliffe. I'm not bound to commit myself or any body else by mentioning names. I have given you the first that came into my head.

Well! Mr. Frank was a staunch friend of mine, and ready to recommend me whenever he got the chance. I had given him a little timely help—for a consideration, of course—in borrowing money at a fair rate of interest: in fact, I had saved him from the Jews. The money was borrowed while Mr. Frank was at college. He came back from college, and stopped at home a little while; and then there got spread about all our neighborhood, a report that he had fallen in love, as the saying is, with his young sister's governess, and that his mind was made up to marry her. You want to know her name, don't you? What do you think of Smith?

Speaking as a lawyer, I consider Report, in a general way, to be a fool and a liar. But, in this case, report turned out to be something very different. Mr. Frank told me he was really in love, and said upon his honor (an absurd expression which young chaps of his age are always using) he was determined to marry Smith the governess—the sweet, darling girl, as he called her; but I'm not sentimental, and I call her Smith the governess. Mr. Frank's father, being as proud as Lucifer, said "No" as to marrying the governess, when Mr. Frank wanted him to say "Yes." He was a man of business, was old Gatcliffe, and he took the proper business course. He sent the governess away with a first-rate character and a spanking

present; and then he looked about him to get something for Mr. Frank to do. While he was looking about, Mr. Frank bolted to London after the governess, who had nobody alive belonging to her to go to but an aunt—her father's sister. The aunt refuses to let Mr. Frank in without the squire's permission. Mr. Frank writes to his father, and says he will marry the girl as soon as he is of age, or shoot himself. Up to town comes the squire, and his wife, and his daughter; and a lot of sentimentality, not in the slightest degree material to the present statement, takes place among them; and the upshot of it is, that old Gatcliffe is forced into withdrawing the word No, and substituting the word Yes.

I don't believe he would ever have done it, though, but for one lucky peculiarity in the case. The governess's father was a man of good family—pretty nigh as good as Gatcliffe's own. He had been in the army; had sold out; set up as a wine-merchant—failed—died: ditto his wife, as to the dying part of it. No relation, in fact, left for the squire to make inquiries about but the father's sister, who had behaved, as old Gatcliffe said, like a thorough-bred gentlewoman, in shutting the door against Mr. Frank in the first instance. So, to cut the matter short, things were at last made up pleasant enough. The time was fixed for the wedding, and an announcement about it—Marriage in High Life and all that—put into the county paper. There was a regular biography, besides, of the governess's father, so as to stop people from talking; a great flourish about his pedigree, and a long account of his services in the army; but not a word, mind ye, of his having turned wine-merchant afterward. Oh, no—not a word about that! I knew it, though, for Mr. Frank told me. He hadn't a bit of pride about him. He introduced me to his future wife one day when I met them out walking, and asked me if I did not think he was a lucky fellow. I don't mind admitting that I did, and that I told him so. Ah! but she was one of my sort, was that governess. Stood, to the best of my recollection, five feet four. Good lissome figure, that looked as if it had never been boxed up in a pair of stays. Eyes that made me feel as if I was under a pretty stiff cross-examination the moment she looked at me. Fine red, fresh, kiss-and-come-again sort of lips. She has had a family of children since the time I am talking of; and her cheeks are a trifle fatter, and her complexion is a shade or two redder now, than when I first met her out walking with Mr. Frank.

The marriage was to take place on a Wednesday. I decline mentioning the year or the month. I had started as an attorney on my own account—say six weeks, more or less, and was sitting alone in my office on the Monday morning before the wedding-day, trying to see my way clear before me, and not succeeding particularly well, when Mr. Frank suddenly bursts in, as white as any ghost that ever was

painted, and says he's got the most dreadful case for me to advise on, and not an hour to lose in acting on my advice.

"Is this in the way of business, Mr. Frank?" says I, stopping him just as he was beginning to get sentimental. "Yes or no, Mr. Frank?" rapping my new office paper-knife on the table to pull him up short all the sooner.

"My dear fellow"—he was always familiar with me—"it's in the way of business, certainly; but friendship—"

I was obliged to pull him up short again, and regularly examine him as if he had been in the witness-box, or he would have kept me talking to no purpose half the day.

"Now, Mr. Frank," said I, "I can't have any sentimentality mixed up with business matters. You please to stop talking, and let me ask questions. Answer in the fewest words you can use. Nod when nodding will do instead of words."

I fixed him with my eye for about three seconds, as he sat groaning and wriggling in his chair. When I'd done fixing him, I gave another rap with my paper-knife on to the table to startle him up a bit. Then I went on.

"From what you have been stating up to the present time," says I, "I gather that you are in a scrape which is likely to interfere seriously with your marriage on Wednesday?" (He nodded, and I cut in again before he could say a word.) "The scrape affects the young lady you are about to marry, and goes back to the period of a certain transaction in which her late father was engaged some years ago?" (He nods, and I cut in once more.) "There is a party who turned up after seeing the announcement of your marriage in the paper, who is cognizant of what he oughtn't to know, and who is prepared to use his knowledge of the same to the prejudice of the young lady and of your marriage, unless he receives a sum of money to quiet him? Very well. Now, first of all, Mr. Frank, state what you have been told by the young lady herself about the transaction of her late father. How did you first come to have any knowledge of it?"

"She was talking to me about her father one day, so tenderly and prettily, that she quite excited my interest about him," begins Mr. Frank; "and I asked her, among other things, what had occasioned his death. She said she believed it was distress of mind, in the first instance; and added, that this distress was connected with a shocking secret, which she and her mother had kept from every body; but which she could not keep from me, because she was determined to begin her married life by having no secrets from her husband." Here Mr. Frank began to get sentimental again, and I pulled him up short once more with the paper-knife.

"She told me," Mr. Frank went on, "that the great mistake of her father's life was his selling out of the army and taking to the wine trade. He had no talent for business; things

went wrong with him from the first. His clerk, it was strongly suspected, cheated him—"

"Stop a bit," says I, "What was that suspected clerk's name?"

"Davager," says he.

"Davager," says I, making a note of it. "Go on, Mr. Frank."

"His affairs got more and more entangled," says Mr. Frank; "he was pressed for money in all directions; bankruptcy, and consequent dishonor (as he considered it) stared him in the face. His mind was so affected by his troubles that both his wife and daughter, toward the last, considered him to be hardly responsible for his own acts. In this state of desperation and misery, he—" Here Mr. Frank began to hesitate.

We have two ways in the law, of drawing evidence off nice and clear from an unwilling client or witness. We give him a fright, or we treat him to a joke. I treated Mr. Frank to a joke.

"Ah!" says I. "I know what he did. He had a signature to write; and, by the most natural mistake in the world, he wrote another gentleman's name instead of his own—eh?"

"It was to a bill," says Mr. Frank, looking very crestfallen, instead of taking the joke. "His principal creditor wouldn't wait till he could raise the money, or the greater part of it. But he was resolved, if he sold off every thing, to get the amount and repay—"

"Of course!" says I. "Drop that. The forgery was discovered. When?"

"Before even the first attempt was made to negotiate the bill. He had done the whole thing in the most absurdly and innocently wrong way. The person whose name he had used was a stanch friend of his, and a relation of his wife's; a good man as well as a rich one. He had influence with the chief creditor, and he used it nobly. He had a real affection for the unfortunate man's wife, and he proved it generously."

"Come to the point," says I. "What did he do? In a business way, what did he do?"

"He put the false bill into the fire, drew a bill of his own to replace it, and then—only then—told my dear girl and her mother all that had happened. Can you imagine any thing nobler?" asks Mr. Frank.

"Speaking in my professional capacity, I can't imagine any thing greener," says I. "Where was the father? Off, I suppose?"

"Ill in bed," said Mr. Frank, coloring. "But he mustered strength enough to write a contrite and grateful letter the same day, promising to prove himself worthy of the noble moderation and forgiveness extended to him, by selling off every thing he possessed to repay his money debt. He did sell off every thing, down to some old family pictures that were heir-looms; down to the little plate he had; down to the very tables and chairs that furnished his drawing-room. Every farthing of the debt was paid; and he was left to begin the

world again, with the kindest promises of help from the generous man who had forgiven him. It was too late. His crime of one rash moment—atoned for though it had been—preyed upon his mind. He became possessed with the idea that he had lowered himself forever in the estimation of his wife and daughter, and—

"He died," I cut in. "Yes, yes, we know that. Let's go back for a minute to the contrite and grateful letter that he wrote. My experience in the law, Mr. Frank, has convinced me that if every body burnt every body else's letters, half the Courts of Justice in this country might shut up shop. Do you happen to know whether the letter we are now speaking of contained anything like an avowal or confession of the forgery?"

"Of course it did," says he. "Could the writer express his contrition properly without making some such confession?"

"Quite easy, if he had been a lawyer," says I. "But never mind that; I'm going to make a guess—a desperate guess, mind. Should I be altogether in error," says I, "if I thought that this letter had been stolen; and that the fingers of Mr. Davager, of suspicious commercial celebrity, might possibly be the fingers which took it?" says I.

"That is exactly what I tried to make you understand," cried Mr. Frank.

"How did he communicate that interesting fact to you?"

"He has not ventured into my presence. The scoundrel actually had the audacity—"

"Aha!" says I. "The young lady herself! Sharp practitioner, Mr. Davager."

"Early this morning, when she was walking alone in the shrubbery," Mr. Frank goes on, "he had the assurance to approach her, and to say that he had been watching his opportunity of getting a private interview for days past. He then showed her—actually showed her—her unfortunate father's letter; put into her hands another letter directed to me; bowed, and walked off; leaving her half dead with astonishment and terror."

"It was much better for you that you were not there," says I. "Have you got that other letter?"

He handed it to me. It was so extremely humorous and short, that I remember every word of it at this distance of time. It began in this way:

"TO FRANCIS GATLIFFE, JUN., Esq.,—Sir: I have an extremely curious autograph letter to sell. The price is a five hundred pound note. The young lady to whom you are to be married on Wednesday will inform you of the nature of the letter, and the genuineness of the autograph. If you refuse to deal, I shall send a copy to the local paper, and shall wait on your highly respected father with the original curiosity, on the afternoon of Tuesday next. Having come down here on family business, I have put up at the family hotel—being to be heard of at the Gatcliffe Arms.

"Your very obedient servant,
"ALFRED DAVAGER."

"A clever fellow, that," says I, putting the letter into my private drawer.

"Clever!" cries Mr. Frank, "he ought to be horsewhipped within an inch of his life. I would have done it myself, but she made me promise, before she told me a word of the matter, to come straight to you."

"That was one of the wisest promises you ever made," says I. "We can't afford to bully this fellow, whatever else we may do with him. Don't think I am saying any thing libelous against your excellent father's character when I assert that if he saw the letter he would certainly insist on your marriage being put off, at the very least."

"Feeling as my father does about my marriage, he would insist on its being dropped altogether, if he saw this letter," says Mr. Frank, with a groan. "But even that is not the worst of it. The generous, noble girl herself says, that if the letter appears in the paper, with all the unanswerable comments this scoundrel would be sure to add to it, she would rather die than hold me to my engagement—even if my father would let me keep it." He was a weak young fellow, and ridiculously fond of her. I brought him back to business with another rap of the paper-knife.

"Hold up, Mr. Frank," says I. "I have a question or two more. Did you think of asking the young lady whether, to the best of her knowledge, this infernal letter was the only written evidence of the forgery now in existence?"

"Yes, I did think directly of asking her that," says he; "and she told me she was quite certain that there was no written evidence of the forgery, except that one letter."

"Will you give Mr. Davager his price for it?" says I.

"Yes," says Mr. Frank, as quick as lightning.

"Mr. Frank," says I, "you came here to get my help and advice in this extremely ticklish business, and you are ready, as I know, without asking, to remunerate me for all and any of my services at the usual professional rate. Now, I've made up my mind to act boldly—desperately, if you like—on the hit or miss—win-all-or-lose-all principle—in dealing with this matter. Here is my proposal. I'm going to try if I can't do Mr. Davager out of his letter. If I don't succeed before to-morrow afternoon, you hand him the money, and I charge you nothing for professional services. If I do succeed, I hand you the letter instead of Mr. Davager; and you give me the money, instead of giving it to him. It's a precious risk for me, but I'm ready to run it. You must pay your five hundred any way. What do you say to my plan? Is it Yes—Mr. Frank—or No?"

"Hang your questions!" cries Mr. Frank, jumping up; "you know it's Yes, ten thousand times over. Only you earn the money and—"

"And you will be too glad to give it to me. Very good. Now go home. Comfort the young lady—don't let Mr. Davager so much as set eyes on you—keep quiet—leave every thing to me—and feel as certain as you please that all the letters in the world can't stop your being

married on Wednesday." With these words I hustled him off out of the office; for I wanted to be left alone to make my mind up about what I should do.

The first thing, of course, was to have a look at the enemy. I wrote to Mr. Davager, telling him that I was privately appointed to arrange the little business-matter between himself and "another party" (no names!) on friendly terms; and begging him to call on me at his earliest convenience. At the very beginning of the case, Mr. Davager bothered me. His answer was that it would not be convenient to him to call till between six and seven in the evening. In this way, you see, he contrived to make me lose several precious hours, at a time when minutes almost were of importance. I had nothing for it but to be patient, and to give certain instructions, before Mr. Davager came, to my boy Tom.

There was never such a sharp boy of fourteen before, and there never will be again, as my boy Tom. A spy to look after Mr. Davager was, of course, the first requisite in a case of this kind; and Tom was the smallest, quickest, quietest, sharpest, stealthiest little snake of a chap that ever dogged a gentleman's steps and kept cleverly out of range of a gentleman's eyes. I settled it with the boy that he was not to show at all when Mr. Davager came; and that he was to wait to hear me ring the bell, when Mr. Davager left. If I rang twice, he was to show the gentleman out. If I rang once, he was to keep out of the way, and follow the gentleman wherever he went, till he got back to the inn. Those were the only preparations I could make to begin with; being obliged to wait, and let myself be guided by what turned up.

About a quarter to seven my gentleman came. In the profession of the law we get somehow quite remarkably mixed up with ugly people, blackguard people, and dirty people. But far away the ugliest and dirtiest blackguard I ever saw in my life was Mr. Alfred Davager. He had greasy white hair and a mottled face. He was low in the forehead, fat in the stomach, hoarse in the voice, and weak in the legs. Both his eyes were bloodshot, and one was fixed in his head. He smelt of spirits, and carried a toothpick in his mouth. "How are you? I've just done dinner," says he; and he lights a cigar, sits down with his legs crossed, and winks at me.

I tried at first to take the measure of him in a wheedling, confidential way; but it was no good. I asked him in a facetious, smiling manner, how he had got hold of the letter. He only told me in answer that he had been in the confidential employment of the writer of it, and that he had always been famous since infancy for a sharp eye to his own interests. I paid him some compliments; but he was not to be flattered. I tried to make him lose his temper; but he kept it in spite of me. It ended in his driving me to my last resource—I made an attempt to frighten him.

"Before we say a word about the money," I began, "let me put a case, Mr. Davager. The pull you have on Mr. Francis Gatliffe is, that you can hinder his marriage on Wednesday. Now, suppose I have got a magistrate's warrant to apprehend you in my pocket? Suppose I have a constable to execute it in the next room? Suppose I bring you up to-morrow—the day before the marriage—charge you only generally with an attempt to extort money, and apply for a day's remand to complete the case? Suppose, as a suspicious stranger, you can't get bail in this town? Suppose—"

"Stop a bit," says Mr. Davager. "Suppose I should not be the greenest fool that ever stood in shoes? Suppose I should not carry the letter about me? Suppose I should have given a certain envelope to a certain friend of mine in a certain place in this town? Suppose the letter should be inside that envelope, directed to old Gatliffe, side by side with a copy of the letter, directed to the editor of the local paper? Suppose my friend should be instructed to open the envelope, and take the letters to their right addresses, if I don't appear to claim them from him this evening? In short, my dear Sir, suppose you were born yesterday, and suppose I wasn't?" says Mr. Davager, and winks at me again.

He didn't take me by surprise, for I never expected that he had the letter about him. I made a pretense of being very much taken aback, and of being quite ready to give in. We settled our business about delivering the letter and handing over the money, in no time. I was to draw out a document, which he was to sign. He knew the document was stuff and nonsense just as well as I did; and told me I was only proposing it to swell my client's bill. Sharp as he was, he was wrong there. The document was not to be drawn out to gain money from Mr. Frank, but to gain time from Mr. Davager. It served me as an excuse to put off the payment of the five hundred pounds till three o'clock on the Tuesday afternoon. The Tuesday morning Mr. Davager said he should devote to his amusement, and asked me what sights were to be seen in the neighborhood of the town. When I had told him, he pitched his toothpick into my grate—yawned—and went out.

I rang the bell once; waited till he had passed the window; and then looked after Tom. There was my jewel of a boy on the opposite side of the street, just setting his top going in the most playful manner possible. Mr. Davager walked away up the street toward the market-place. Tom whipped his top up the street toward the market-place too.

In a quarter of an hour he came back, with all his evidence collected in a beautifully clear and compact state. Mr. Davager had walked to a public-house, just outside the town, in a lane leading to the high road. On a bench outside the public-house there sat a man smoking. He said, "All right?" and gave a letter to Mr. Davager, who answered, "All right," and walked

back to the inn. In the hall he ordered hot rum and water, cigars, slippers, and a fire to be lit in his room. After that, he went up-stairs, and Tom came away.

I now saw my road clear before me—not very far on, but still clear. I had housed the letter, in all probability for that night, at the Gatcliffe Arms. After tipping Tom, I gave him directions to play about the door of the inn, and refresh himself, when he was tired, at the tart-shop opposite—eating as much as he pleased, on the understanding that he crammed all the time with his eye on the window. If Mr. Davager went out, or Mr. Davager's friend called on him, Tom was to let me know. He was also to take a little note from me to the head chamber-maid—an old friend of mine—asking her to step over to my office, on a private matter of business, as soon as her work was done for that night. After settling these little matters, having half an hour to spare, I turned to and did myself a bloater at the office-fire, and had a drop of gin and water, hot, and felt comparatively happy.*

When the head chamber-maid came, it turned out, as good luck would have it, that Mr. Davager had offended her. I no sooner mentioned him than she flew into a passion; and when I added, by way of clinching the matter, that I was retained to defend the interests of a very beautiful and deserving young lady (name not referred to, of course), against the most cruel underhand treachery on the part of Mr. Davager, the head chamber-maid was ready to go any lengths that she could safely to serve my cause. In few words, I discovered that Boots was to call Mr. Davager at eight the next morning, and was to take his clothes down-stairs to brush as usual. If Mr. D. had not emptied his own pockets overnight, we arranged that Boots was to forget to empty them for him, and was to bring the clothes down-stairs just as he found them. If Mr. D.'s pockets were emptied, then, of course, it would be necessary to transfer the searching process to Mr. D.'s room. Under any circumstances, I was certain of the head chamber-maid; and under any circumstances also, the head chamber-maid was certain of Boots.

I waited till Tom came home, looking very puffy and bilious about the face; but as to his intellects, if any thing, rather sharper than ever. His report was uncommonly short and pleasant. The inn was shutting up; Mr. Davager was going to bed in rather a drunken condition; Mr. Davager's friend had never appeared. I sent Tom (properly instructed about keeping our man in view all the next morning) to his shake-down behind the office desk, where I heard him hiccuping half the night, as boys will, when over excited and too full of tarts.

At half past seven next morning, I slipped quietly into Boots's pantry. Down came the clothes. No pockets in trowsers. Waistcoat pockets empty. Coat pockets with something in them. First, handkerchief; secondly, bunch of keys; thirdly, cigar-case; fourthly, pocket-

book. Of course I wasn't such a fool as to expect to find the letter there; but I opened the pocket-book with a certain curiosity, notwithstanding.

Nothing in the two pockets of the book but some old advertisements cut out of newspapers, a lock of hair tied round with a dirty bit of ribbon, a circular letter about a loan society, and some copies of verses not likely to suit any company that was not of an extremely wicked description. On the leaves of the pocket-book, people's addresses scrawled in pencil, and bets jotted down in red ink. On one leaf, by itself, this queer inscription: "MEM. 5 ALONG. 4 ACROSS." I understood every thing but those words and figures; so of course I copied them out into my own book. Then I waited in the pantry till Boots had brushed the clothes and had taken them up-stairs. His report, when he came down was, that Mr. D. had asked if it was a fine morning. Being told that it was, he had ordered breakfast at nine, and a saddle-horse to be at the door at ten, to take him to Grimwith Abbey—one of the sights in our neighborhood which I had told him of the evening before.

"I'll be here, coming in by the back way at half past ten," says I to the head chamber-maid. "To take the responsibility of making Mr. Davager's bed off your hands for this morning only. I want to hire Sam for the morning. Put it down in the order-book that he's to be brought round to my office at ten."

Sam was a pony, and I'd made up my mind that it would be beneficial to Tom's health, after the tarts, if he took a constitutional airing on a nice hard saddle in the direction of Grimwith Abbey.

"Any thing else," says the head chamber-maid.

"Only one more favor," says I. "Would my boy Tom be very much in the way if he came, from now till ten, to help with the boots and shoes, and stood at his work close by this window which looks out on the staircase?"

"Not a bit," says the head chamber-maid.

"Thank you," says I; and stepped back to my office directly.

When I had sent Tom off to help with the boots and shoes, I reviewed the whole case exactly as it stood at that time. There were three things Mr. Davager might do with the letter. He might give it to his friend again before ten—in which case, Tom would most likely see the said friend on the stairs. He might take it to his friend, or to some other friend, after ten—in which case, Tom was ready to follow him on Sam the pony. And, lastly, he might leave it hidden somewhere in his room at the inn—in which case, I was all ready for him with a search-warrant of my own granting, under favor always of my friend the head chamber-maid. So far I had my business arrangements all gathered up nice and compact in my own hands. Only two things bothered me: the terrible shortness of the time at my disposal, in case I failed in my

first experiments for getting hold of the letter, and that queer inscription which I had copied out of the pocket-book.

"MEM. 5 ALONG. 4 ACROSS." It was the measurement, most likely, of something, and he was afraid of forgetting it; therefore, it was something important. Query—something about himself? Say "5" (inches) "along"—he doesn't wear a wig. Say "5" (feet) "along"—it can't be coat, waistcoat, trowsers, or under-clothing. Say "5" (yards) "along"—it can't be any thing about himself, unless he wears round his body the rope that he's sure to be hanged with one of these days. Then it is *not* something about himself. What do I know of that is important to him besides? I know of nothing but the letter. Can the memorandum be connected with that? Say, yes. What do "5 along" and "4 across" mean, then? The measurement of something he carries about with him?—or the measurement of something in his room? I could get pretty satisfactorily to myself as far as that; but I could get no further.

Tom came back to the office, and reported him mounted for his ride. His friend had never appeared. I sent the boy off, with his proper instructions, on Sam's back—wrote an encouraging letter to Mr. Frank to keep him quiet—then slipped into the inn by the back way a little before half past ten. The head chamber-maid gave me a signal when the landing was clear. I got into his room without a soul but her seeing me, and locked the door immediately. The case was, to a certain extent, simplified now. Either Mr. Davager had ridden out with the letter about him, or he had left it in some safe hiding-place in his room. I suspected it to be in his room, for a reason that will a little astonish you—his trunk, his dressing-case, and all the drawers and cupboards were left open. I knew my customer, and I thought this extraordinary carelessness on his part rather suspicious.

Mr. Davager had taken one of the best bedrooms at the Gatcliffe Arms. Floor carpeted all over, walls beautifully papered, four-poster, and general furniture first-rate. I searched, to begin with, on the usual plan, examining every thing in every possible way, and taking more than an hour about it. No discovery. Then I pulled out a carpenter's rule which I had brought with me. Was there any thing in the room which—either in inches, feet, or yards—answered to "5 along" and "4 across?" Nothing. I put the rule back in my pocket—measurement was no good, evidently. Was there any thing in the room that would count up to 5 one way and 4 another, seeing that nothing would measure up to it? I had got obstinately persuaded by this time that the letter must be in the room—principally because of the trouble I had had in looking after it. And persuading myself of that, I took it into my head next, just as obstinately, that "5 along" and "4 across" must be the right clew to find the letter by—principally because I hadn't left myself, after all my searching and thinking,

even so much as the vestige of another guide to go by. "5 along"—where could I count five along the room, in any part of it?

Not on the paper. The pattern there was pillars of trellis-work and flowers, inclosing a plain green ground—only four pillars along the wall and only two across. The furniture? There were not five chairs, or five separate pieces of any furniture in the room altogether. The fringes that hung from the cornice of the bed? Plenty of them, at any rate! Up I jumped on the counterpane, with my penknife in my hand. Every way that "5 along" and "4 across" could be reckoned on those unlucky fringes, I reckoned on them—probed with my penknife—scratched with my nails—crunched with my fingers. No use; not a sign of a letter; and the time was getting on—oh, Lord! how the time did get on in Mr. Davager's room that morning.

I jumped down from the bed, so desperate at my ill-luck that I hardly cared whether any body heard me or not. Quite a little cloud of dust rose at my feet as they thumped on the carpet. "Hallo!" thought I; "my friend the head chamber-maid takes it easy here. Nice state for a carpet to be in, in one of the best bedrooms at the Gatcliffe Arms." Carpet! I had been jumping up on the bed, and staring up at the walls, but I had never so much as given a glance down at the carpet. Think of me pretending to be a lawyer, and not knowing how to look low enough!

The carpet! It had been a stout article in its time; had evidently begun in a drawing-room, then descended to a coffee-room, then gone up-stairs altogether to a bedroom. The ground was brown, and the pattern was bunches of leaves and roses speckled over the ground at regular distances. I reckoned up the bunches. Ten along the room—eight across it. When I had stepped out five one way and four the other, and was down on my knees on the centre bunch, as true as I sit on this bench, I could hear my own heart beating so loud that it quite frightened me.

I looked narrowly all over the bunch, and I felt all over it with the ends of my fingers; and nothing came of that. Then I scraped it over slowly and gently with my nails. My second finger-nail stuck a little at one place. I parted the pile of the carpet over that place, and saw a thin slit, which had been hidden by the pile being smoothed over it—a slit about half an inch long, with a little end of brown thread, exactly the color of the carpet-ground, sticking out about a quarter of an inch from the middle of it. Just as I laid hold of the thread gently, I heard a footstep outside the door.

It was only the head chamber-maid. "Haven't you done yet?" she whispers.

"Give me two minutes," says I; "and don't let any body come near the door—whatever you do, don't let any body startle me again by coming near the door."

I took a little pull at the thread, and heard something rustle. I took a longer pull, and out came a piece of paper, rolled up tight like those

candle-lighters that the ladies make. I unrolled it—and, by George! there was the letter!

The original letter!—I knew it by the color of the ink. The letter that was worth five hundred pounds to me! It was all I could do to keep myself at first from throwing my hat into the air and hooraying like mad. I had to take a chair and sit quiet in it for a minute or two, before I could cool myself down to my proper business level. I knew that I was safely down again when I found myself pondering how to let Mr. Davager know that he had been done by the innocent country attorney after all.

It was not long before a nice little irritating plan occurred to me. I tore a blank leaf out of my pocket-book, wrote on it with my pencil, "Change for a five hundred pound note," folded up the paper, tied the thread to it, poked it back into the hiding-place, smoothed over the pile of the carpet, and, as every reader guesses before I can tell them, bolted off to Mr. Frank. He, in his turn, bolted off to show the letter to the young lady, who first certified to its genuineness, then dropped it into the fire, and then took the initiative for the first time since her marriage engagement, by flinging her arms round his neck, kissing him with all her might, and going into hysterics in his arms. So, at least, Mr. Frank told me; but that's not evidence. It is evidence, however, that I saw them married with my own eyes on the Wednesday; and that while they went off in a carriage and four to spend the honeymoon, I went off on my own legs to open a credit at the Town and County Bank with a five hundred pound note in my pocket.

As to Mr. Davager, I can tell you nothing about him, except what is derived from hearsay evidence, which is always unsatisfactory evidence, even in a lawyer's mouth.

My boy Tom, although twice kicked off by Sam the pony, never lost hold of the bridle, and kept his man in sight from first to last. He had nothing particular to report, except that on the way out to the Abbey, Mr. Davager had stopped at the public-house, had spoken a word or two to his friend of the night before, and had handed him what looked like a bit of paper. This was no doubt a clew to the thread that held the letter, to be used in case of accidents. In every other respect Mr. D. had ridden out and ridden in like an ordinary sight-seer. Tom reported him to me as having dismounted at the hotel about two. At half-past I locked my office-door, nailed a card under the knocker, with "not at home till to-morrow" written on it, and retired to a friend's house, a mile or so out of the town, for the rest of the day.

Mr. Davager left the Gatcliffe Arms that night with his best clothes on his back, and with all the valuable contents of his dressing-case in his pockets. I am not in a condition to state whether he ever went through the form of asking for his bill or not; but I can positively testify that he never paid it, and that the effects left in his bedroom did not pay it either.

A SIMPLE STORY OF TO-DAY.

THERE is little romance in this iron-bound, gold-seeking age. We are becoming so arduous in the struggle for life, that we have no time for softer emotions. True, people love, court, and marry. They are as inconstant in these affairs, too, as ever, but somehow broken hearts are far more rare than formerly, or, at any rate, if they break, they cement again with such wonderful facility, that even the owners scarce know where the pieces have been united. Often there is such a superstructure of selfishness and worldliness encrusted over the ruptured organs, that they become almost as good as new. Perhaps it is good that it should be so; not that selfishness should be advanced or praised, but it is good that we should become a more vigorously-minded people, that we can shake off sentimental distresses, and not pine and wear ourselves to death, for that which so often turns out to be unworthy the sacrifice. It is more especially conducive to the interests of women, first, that they should not suffer their feelings to be enslaved by mere fancies, nor that, if they find themselves deceived in the worthiness or character of the lovers they have accepted, they should give up the energies of all their future lives to a hopeless, purposeless grief. Still here and there exist some natures of so deep, so exquisite a tenderness, that when they attach themselves to kindred spirits, they can not—if accident or circumstance separate them from the object of their existence—view life again hopefully. Rare, indeed, are minds so constituted; yet, occasionally, when fresh, sensitive, and youthful, that portion of our anatomy popularly supposed to sway the emotions of the soul, and to be the centre of intense feeling, receives a shock, which forbids all healing, showing scars and mutilation for the brief period of its rended existence. It is pleasant to witness true affection any where, in every age, every station; but in very youthful persons it has something so akin to the love which angels might entertain toward one another, that, viewed in a spirit of sympathy and kindness, it attracts universal admiration and respect. Pity that First Love is acknowledged to be of so transient a nature, for it is always invested with a purity, which, in after attachments, is so seldom retained. Men and women's fickleness is not always the cause of sudden ruptures of first affection; there is an enemy stern, implacable, relentless, severing the hearts of young lovers, but, nevertheless, not searing the bereaved, like human falsehood, or human treachery and baseness.

A very few months ago, a young man, just out of his apprenticeship, set up in business for himself as a grocer. In spite of his extreme youth, being steady, industrious, civil, and obliging, he thrived in his business, and, though oftener taken for the shopman than the master, gained the favorable opinion of his customers. A young girl, respectably connected, who re-

sided near his shop, frequently came there for goods. She was about seventeen years old, and possessed that youthful girlish simplicity and purity of mind which once so universally characterized that poetical age, but which seems now all but obsolete. Both these young persons, in fact, were unsophisticated and truthful in a high degree; and when, after many interviews and harmless conversations, Robert Fisher felt and knew that love for this young girl filled his breast, and dwelt in his thoughts day and night, in the hours of silence and darkness, as well as amidst the busy glare and toil of the light, he could perceive no reason why he should not endeavor to impress the earnestness and importance of his hopes on the object of his sincere love. By this time, she, too, had become irresistibly attracted by the young tradesman, and when he hinted his attachment, she neither could see any cause or just impediment why they should not love and marry, as others had done before them. They, confiding in each other's tenderness and honesty of purpose, came to regard their acquaintance as a sacred bond, to be unbroken, if they were only true to each other. But there were others who constituted themselves judges in this case, and decided inexorably. Clara Penning lived with her sister and brother-in-law—nay, more, she was dependent on them. One unlucky evening, Clara, being sent to Robert's shop for some household articles, staid so long on her errand that her brother-in-law set out to seek her. He found her in the shop, deep in conversation with young Fisher (a girl's heedlessness, excusable when the circumstances were known); but, attending not to explanations, her choleric relation dragged Clara away with violence and degrading language. Robert told his love manfully, begged earnestly to keep her company, and stated honestly his fair prospects and hopes. It was all of no avail; reviling him in language fit only for a seducer of innocence, Clara was taken home by her incensed brother-in-law. A terrible domestic scene followed, which was only to be quieted by her promise not to converse again with Robert Fisher. Terrified, in delicate health, her nerves easily shaken, she gave at last this promise to speak to him no more without her friend's consent. She kept her word; she was too good to break it, once given. They would not allow her to go again to the shop, neither would they send any one else; but sometimes, when she went that way, she looked mournfully in, and when Robert caught her eye, he would smile all kinds of hope and consolation. They kept up an undying affection for each other; hope was strong in those young hearts, and Robert especially, nothing doubting but that he should ultimately conquer her brother-in-law's hard heart, thought of Clara, dreamed of Clara, lived on the sweet hope of calling Clara his own some happy day.

I have said this young girl was in delicate health; not that her friends gave themselves any uneasiness, for she had a habit of complain-

ing, and they had contracted a habit of disregarding her complaints. She had never been quite the same lively girl after the scene in Robert Fisher's shop. She complained one day of a pain in her head. Her sister smiled, her brother-in-law raised his eyebrows in contempt, and said "Girls were always so full of fancies." She complained no more. Next day the terrible pain was there still, only increasing with ten-fold violence. She went out, hoping the air might alleviate the agony of that poor head. How it throbbed! Now the pain shot up like a stream of fire into her brain; "was she going mad?" She thought she would look in at Robert's shop-window. On her way, she passed the house of another sister; looking in, wildly and strangely enough, she moaned and said she felt very ill. There was another derisive smile, and—"Oh, Clara, you are always complaining; don't give way so." No pity! She turned to go; by this time she was hardly conscious whither, when another stream of fire shot in at her ears, filling her eyes; she fell heavily to the ground. Her sister (who loved her, though she always refused to credit her ailments) saw it was, indeed, no fancy; she was borne, raving, to her own home. They sent for a physician, but he gave no hope; there had been great mental anxiety, he said, and abscess on the brain had formed. Many days and nights she lay on her bed raving; her friends now not only had the affliction of her sufferings to contend with, but the ineffaceable reflection of their own incredulity and hardness to harass them. She fluctuated long between life and death, and then she awoke one day sensible, calm, but dying. She knew her fate; her life had been so pure, she had little fear of death. She called her friends around her, and begged, when she was dead, that Robert Fisher might see her, "For oh!" said the dying girl, "he *did* love me dearly, indeed he did." Her weeping and repenting relatives promising compliance, she smiled, folded her hands submissively, and so died.

They sent for him. Nay, the hectoring brother-in-law went to Robert himself, and with tears in his hard eyes, brought him to see the corpse, and beside those still features asked his forgiveness. The young man was overwhelmed—stunned with grief. He kissed those poor pale lips—the first, the last kiss of that youthful lover. "Ah," he said, in answer to their self-reproaches, "I would have been such a loving husband to her!" He took a flower—a winter one it was, a white crysanthemum—off her dead bosom, and before he left they gave him a tress of her soft chestnut hair.

There is little enough in this story of two simple loving hearts. I often pass his shop; I used to pass purposely in the early days of his bereavement. I wished to see how he bore it, for they say the dead are so soon forgotten. At first I used to see him wandering about the shop, as if in a spell-bound dream; and there was a look about his eyelids which told how he

spent his hours of leisure—the time when the prying eyes of the world were not upon him. Few knew his heart's simple history; very few would have cared about it if they had; but to me, there was something exquisitely affecting in the smothered anguish of that boy-lover, compelled to attend unremittingly to the cares of the outward world, soothing as best he might the bitterness of youthful affliction, none near to sympathize, counsel, or console. Months have passed now, since they laid her in her early grave. Still I see him the same, saddened, thoughtful, but calm; older looking, for his young affliction has done the work of years, and aged him much. I wonder sometimes how long it will be before the Phoenix of another love will rise from the ashes of his first. I shrink from the question. Is there such a thing as constancy to the dead? Ought there to be? If there is, it dwells in the pale young man, whom I so often see, leaning his head on his thin white hand, as the last customer leaves his well-stored, well-kept shop.

THE WIDOW'S STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE little widow had been sitting by herself in the darkest corner of the room all this time; her pale face often turned anxiously toward the door, and her hollow eyes watching restlessly, as if she expected some one to appear. She was very quiet, very grateful for any little kindness, very meek in the midst of her wildness. There was a strained expression in her eyes, and a certain excited air about her altogether, that was very near insanity; it seemed as if she had once been terrified by some sudden shock, to the verge of madness. She began in a low voice—her eyes still glancing to the door—and spoke as if to herself rather than to the rest of us; speaking low but rapidly—somewhat like a somnambule repeating a lesson:

They advised me not to marry him (she began). They told me he was wild—unprincipled—bad; but I did not care for what they said. I loved him and I disbelieved them. I never thought about his goodness—I only knew that he was beautiful and gifted beyond all that I had ever met with in our narrow society. I loved him, with no passing school-girl fancy, but with my whole heart—my whole soul. I had no life, no joy, no hope without him, and heaven would have been no heaven to me if he had not been there. I say all this, simply to show what a madness of devotion mine was.

My dear mother was very kind to me throughout. She had loved my father, I believe, almost to the same extent; so that she could sympathize with me even while discouraging. She told me that I was wrong and foolish, and that I should repent; but I kissed away the painful lines between her eyes, and made her smile when I tried to prove to her that love was better than prudence. So we married: not so much without the consent as against the wish of my family; and even that wish withheld in

sorrow and in love. I remember all this now, and see the true proportions of every thing; then, I was blinded by my passions, and understood nothing.

We went away to our pretty, bright home in one of the neighborhoods of London, near a park. We lived there for many months—I in a state of intoxication rather than of earthly happiness, and he was happy, too, then, for I am sure he was innocent, and I know he loved me. Oh, dreams—dreams!

I did not know my husband's profession. He was always busy and often absent; but he never told what he did. There had been no settlements either, when I married. He said he had a conscientious scruple against them; that they were insulting to a man's honor and degrading to any husband. This was one of the reasons why, at home, they did not wish me to marry him. But I was only glad to be able to show him how I trusted him, by meeting his wishes and refusing, on my own account, to accept the legal protection of settlements. It was such a pride to me to sacrifice all to him. Thus I knew nothing of his real life—his pursuits or his fortunes. I never asked him any questions, as much from indifference to every thing but his love as from a wifely blindness of trust. When he came home at night, sometimes very gay, singing opera songs, and calling me his little Medora, as he used when in a good humor, I was gay too, and grateful. And when he came home moody and irritable—which he used to do, often, after we had been married about three months, once even threatening to strike me, with that fearful glare in his eyes I remember so well, and used to see so often afterward—then I was patient and silent, and never attempted even to take his hand or kiss his forehead when he bade me be still and not interrupt him. He was my law, and his approbation the sunshine of my life; so that my very obedience was selfishness; for my only joy was to see him happy, and my only duty to obey him.

My sister came to visit us. My husband had seen very little of her before our marriage; for she had often been from home when he was with us, down at Hurst Farm—that was the name of my dear mother's place—and I had always fancied they had not liked even the little they had seen of each other. Ellen was never loud or importunate in her opposition. I knew that she did not like the marriage, but she did not interfere. I remember quite well the only time she spoke openly to me on the subject how she flung herself at my knees, with a passion very rare in her, beseeching me to pause and reflect, as if I had sold myself to my ruin when I promised to be Harry's wife. How she prayed! Poor Ellen! I can see her now, with her heavy, uncurled hair falling on her neck as she knelt half undressed, her large eyes full of agony and supplication, like a martyred saint praying. Poor Ellen! I thought her prejudiced then; and this unspoken injustice has lain like a heavy crime on my heart ever since; for I know that I judged

her wrongfully, and that I was ungrateful for her love.

She came to see us. This was about a year and a half after I married. She was more beautiful than ever, but somewhat sterner, as well as sadder. She was tall, strong in person, and dignified in manner. There was a certain manly character in her beauty, as well as in her mind, that made one respect and fear her too a little. I do not mean that she was masculine, or hard, or coarse: she was a true woman in grace and gentleness; but she was braver than women in general. She had more self-reliance, was more resolute and steadfast, and infinitely less impulsive, and was more active and powerful in body.

My husband was very kind to her. He paid her great attention; and sometimes I half perceived that he liked her almost better than he liked me—he used to look at her so often; but with such a strange expression in his eyes! I never could quite make it out, whether it was love or hate. Certainly, after she came his manner changed toward me. I was not jealous. I did not suspect this change from any small feeling of wounded self-love, or from any envy of my sister; but I saw it—I felt it in my heart—yet without connecting it with Ellen in any way. I knew that he no longer loved me as he used to do, but I did not think he loved her; at least, not with the same kind of love. I used to be surprised at Ellen's conduct to him. She was more than cold; she was passionately rude and unkind; not so much when I was there as when I was away. For I used to hear her voice speaking in those deep indignant tones that are worse to bear than the harshest scream of passion; and sometimes I used to hear hard words—he speaking at the first soft and pleadingly, often to end in a terrible burst of anger and imprecation. I could not understand why they quarreled. There was a mystery between them that I did not know of; and I did not like to ask them, for I was afraid of them both—as much afraid of Ellen as of my husband—and I felt like a reed between them—as if I should have been crushed beneath any storm I might chance to wake up. So, I was silent—suffering alone, and bearing a cheerful face so far as I could.

Ellen wanted me to return home with her. Soon after she came, and soon after I heard the first dispute between them, she urged me to go back to Hurst Farm; at once, and for a long time. Weak as I am by nature, it has always been a marvel to me since, how strong I was where my love for my husband was concerned. It seemed impossible for me to yield to any pressure against him. I believe now that a very angel could not have turned me from him!

At last she said to me in a low voice: "Mary, this is madness!—it is almost sinful! Can you not see—can you not hear?" And then she stopped and would say no more, though I urged her to tell me what she meant. For this terrible mystery began to weigh on me painfully, and,

for all that I trembled so much to fathom it, I had begun to feel that any truth would be better than such a life of dread: I seemed to be living among shadows; my very husband and sister not real, for their real lives were hidden from me. But I was too timid to insist on an explanation, and so things went on in their old way.

In one respect only, changing still more painfully, still more markedly, in my husband's conduct to me. He was like another creature altogether to me now, he was so altered. He seldom spoke to me at all, and he never spoke kindly. All that I did annoyed him, all that I said irritated him; and once (the little widow covered her face with her hands and shuddered) he spurned me with his foot and cursed me, one night in our own room, when I knelt weeping before him, supplicating him, for pity's sake, to tell me how I had offended him. But I said to myself that he was tired, annoyed, and that it was irritating to see a loving woman's tears; and so I excused him, as oftentimes before, and went on loving him all the same—God forgive me for my idolatry!

Things had been very bad of late between Ellen and my husband. But the character of their discord was changed. Instead of reproaching, they watched each other incessantly. They put me in mind of fencers—my husband on the defensive.

"Mary," said my sister to me suddenly, coming to the sofa where I was sitting, embroidering my poor baby's cap, "what does your Harry do in life? What is his profession?"

She fixed her eyes on me earnestly.

"I do not know, darling," I answered, vaguely. "He has no profession that I know of."

"But what fortune has he, then? Did he not tell you what his income was, and how obtained, when he married? To us, he said only that he had so much a year—a thousand a year; and he would say no more. But has he not been more explicit with you?"

"No," I answered, considering; for, indeed, I had never thought of this. I had trusted so blindly to him in every thing that it would have seemed to me a profound insult to have even asked of his affairs. "No, he never told me any thing about his fortune, Ellen. He gives me money when I want it, and is always generous. He seems to have plenty; whenever it is asked for he has it by him, and gives me even more than I require."

Still her eyes kept looking at me in that strange manner. "And this is all you know?"

"Yes—all. What more should I wish to know? Is he not the husband, and has he not absolute right over every thing? I have no business to interfere." The words sound harsher now than they did then, for I spoke lovingly.

Ellen touched the little cap I held. "Does not this make you anxious?" she said. "Can you not fear as a mother, even while you love as a wife?"

"Fear, darling! Why? What should I

fear, or whom? What is there, Ellen, on your heart?" I then added, passionately. "Tell me at once; for I know that you have some terrible secret concealed from me; and I would rather know any thing—whatever it may be—than live on, longer, in this kind of suspense and anguish! It is too much for me to bear, Ellen."

She took my hands. "Have you strength?" she said, earnestly. "Could you really bear the truth?" Then seeing my distress, for I had fallen into a kind of hysterical fit—I was very delicate then—she shook her head in despair, and, letting my hands fall heavily on my lap, said, in an under tone, "No, no! she is too weak—too childish!" Then she went up-stairs abruptly; and I heard her walking about her own room for nearly an hour after, in long steady steps.

I have often thought that, had she told me then, and taken me to her heart—her strong, brave, noble heart—I could have derived courage from it, and could have borne the dreadful truth I was forced to know afterward. But the strong are so impatient with us! They leave us too soon—their own strength revolts at our weakness; so we are often left, broken in this weakness, for want of a little patience and sympathy.

Harry came in a short time after Ellen had left me. "What has she been saying?" he cried, passionately. His eyes were wild and bloodshot; his beautiful black hair flung all in disorder about his face.

"Dear Harry, she has said nothing about you," I answered, trembling. "She only asked what was your profession, and how much we had a year. That was all."

"Why did she ask this? What business was it of hers?" cried Harry, fiercely. "Tell me," and he shook me roughly, "what did you answer her, little fool?"

"Oh, nothing;" and I began to cry: it was because he frightened me. "I said, what is true, that I knew nothing of your affairs, as indeed what concern is it of mine? I could say nothing more, Harry."

"Better than than too much," he muttered, and then he flung me harshly back on the sofa, saying, "Tears, and folly, and weakness! The same round—always the same! Why did I marry a mere pretty doll—a plaything—no wife!"

And then he seemed to think he had said too much, for he came to me and kissed me, and said that he loved me. But, for the first time in our married life, his kisses did not soothe me, nor did I believe his assurances.

All that night I heard Ellen walk steadily and unresting through her room. She never slackened her pace, she never stopped, she never hurried; but the same slow measured tread went on; the firm foot, yet light, falling as if to music, her very step the same mixture of manliness and womanhood as her character.

After this burst of passion Harry's tenderness to me became unbounded; as if he wished to

make up to me for some wrong. I need not say how soon I forgave him, nor how much I loved him again. All my love came back in one full, boundless tide; and the current of my being set toward him again as before. If he had asked me for my life then, as his mere fancy, to destroy, I would have given it him. I would have lain down and died, if he had wished to see the flowers grow over my grave.

My husband and Ellen grew more estranged as his affection seemed to return to me. His manner to her was defying; hers to him contemptuous. I heard her call him villain once, in the garden below the windows; at which he laughed—his wicked laugh, and said, "Tell her, and see if she will believe you!"

I was sitting in the window, working. It was a cold, damp day in the late autumn, when those chill fogs of November are just beginning; those fogs with the frost in them, that steal into one's very heart. It was a day when a visible blight is in the air, when death is abroad every where, and suffering and crime. I was alone in the drawing-room. Ellen was up-stairs, and my husband, as I believed, in the city. But I have remembered since, that I heard the hall-door softly opened, and a footstep steal quietly by the drawing-room up the stairs. The evening was just beginning to close in—dull, gray, and ghost-like; the dying daylight melting into the long shadows that stalked like wandering ghosts about the fresh-made grave of nature. I sat working still at some of those small garments about which I dreamed such fond dreams, and wove such large hopes of happiness; and as I sat, while the evening fell heavy about me, a mysterious shadow of evil passed over me—a dread presentiment, a consciousness of ill, that made me tremble as if in ague—angry at myself though, for my folly. But it was reality. It was no hysterical sinking of the spirits that I felt; no mere nervousness or cowardice; it was something I had never known before; a knowledge, a presence, a power, a warning word, a spirit's cry, that had swept by me as the fearful evil marched on to its conclusion.

I heard a faint scream up-stairs. It was so faint I could scarcely distinguish it from a sudden rush of wind through an opening door, or the chirp of a mouse behind the wainscot. Presently, I heard the same sound again; and then a dull, muffled noise overhead, as of some one walking heavily, or dragging a heavy weight across the floor. I sat petrified by fear. A nameless agony was upon me that deprived me of all power of action. I thought of Harry, and I thought of Helen, in an inextricable cipher of misery and agony; but I could not have defined a line in my own mind; I could not have explained what it was I feared. I only knew that it was sorrow that was to come, and sin. I listened, but all was still again; once only, I thought I heard a low moan, and once a muttering voice—which I know now to have been my husband's, speaking passionately to himself.

And then his voice swept stormfully through

the house, crying wildly, "Mary, Mary! Quick here! Your sister! Ellen!"

I ran up-stairs. It seems to me now that I almost flew. I found Ellen lying on the floor of her own room, just inside the door; her feet toward the door of my husband's study, which was immediately opposite her room. She was fainting; at least I thought so then. We raised her up between us—my husband trembling more than I—and I unfastened her gown, and threw water on her face, and pushed back her hair; but she did not revive. I told Harry to go for a doctor. A horrid thought was stealing over me; but he lingered, as I fancied, unaccountably and cruelly, though I twice asked him to go. Then I thought that perhaps he was too much overcome; so I went to him, and kissed him, and said, "She will soon be better, Harry," cheerfully, to cheer him. But I felt in my heart that she was no more.

At last, after many urgent entreaties, and after the servants had come up, clustering in a frightened way round the bed—but he sent them away again immediately—he put on his hat and went out, soon returning with a strange man, not our own doctor. This man was rude and coarse, and ordered me aside, as I stood bathing my sister's face, and pulled her arm and hand roughly, to see how dead they felt, and stooped down close to her lips—I thought he touched them even—all in a violent and insolent way, that shocked me and bewildered me. My husband stood in the shadow, ghastly pale, but not interfering.

It was too true what the strange man had said so coarsely. She was dead. Yes; the creature that an hour ago had been so full of life, so beautiful, so resolute, and young, was now a stiffening corpse, inanimate and dead, without life and without hope. Oh! that word had set my brain on fire! Dead! here in my house, under my roof—dead so mysteriously, so strangely—why? How? It was a fearful dream—it was no truth that lay there. I was in a nightmare; I was not sane; and thinking how ghastly it all was, I fainted softly on the bed, no one knowing, till some time after, that I had fallen, and was not praying. When I recovered I was in my own room, alone. Crawling feebly to my sister's door, I found that she had been washed and dressed, and was now laid out on her bed. It struck me that all had been done in strange haste; Harry telling me the servants had done it while I fainted. I knew afterward that he had told them it was I, and that I would have no help. The mystery of it all was soon to be unraveled.

One thing I was decided on—to watch by my sister this night. It was in vain that my husband opposed me; in vain that he coaxed me by his caresses, or tried to terrify me with angry threats. Something of my sister's nature seemed to have passed into me; and unless he had positively prevented me by force, no other means would have had any effect. He gave way to me at last—angrily—and the night came

on and found me sitting by the bedside watching my dear sister.

How beautiful she looked! Her face, still with the gentle mark of sorrow on it that it had in life, looked so grand! She was so great, so pure; she was like a goddess sleeping; she was not like a mere woman of this earth. She did not seem to be dead; there was life about her yet, for there was still the look of power and of human sympathy that she used to have when alive. The soul was there still, and love, and knowledge.

By degrees a strange feeling of her living presence in the room came over me. Alone in the still midnight, with no sound, no person near me, it seemed as if I had leisure and power to pass into the world beyond the grave. I felt my sister near me; I felt the passing of her life about me, as when one sleeps, but still is conscious that another life is weaving in with ours. It seemed as if her breath fell warm on my face; as if her shadowy arms held me in their clasp; as if her eyes were looking through the darkness at me; as if I held her hands in mine, and her long hair floated round my forehead. And then, to shake off these fancies, and convince myself that she was really dead, I looked again and again at her lying there: a marble corpse, ice-cold, with the lips set and rigid, and the death band beneath her chin. There she was, stiff in her white shroud, the snowy linen pressing so lightly on her; no life within, no warmth about her, and all my fancies were vain dreams. Then I buried my face in my hands, and wept as if my heart was breaking. And when I turned away my eyes from her, the presence came around me again. So long as I watched her, it was not there; I saw the corpse only; but when I shut this out from me, then it seemed as if a barrier had been removed, and that my sister floated near me again.

I had been praying, sitting thus in these alternate feelings of her spiritual presence and her bodily death, when, raising my head and looking toward the farther corner of the room, I saw, standing at some little distance, my sister Ellen. I saw her distinctly, as distinctly as you may see that red fire blaze. Sadly and lovingly her dark eyes looked at me, sadly her gentle lips smiled, and by look and gesture too she showed me that she wished to speak to me. Strange, I was not frightened. It was so natural to see her there, that for the moment I forgot that she was dead.

"Ellen!" I said, "what is it?"

The figure smiled. It came nearer. Oh! do not say it was fancy! I saw it advance; it came glidingly; I remembered afterward that it did not walk—but it came forward—to the light, and stood not ten paces from me. It looked at me still, in the same sad, gentle way, and somehow—I do not know whether with the hand or by the turning of the head—it showed me the throat, where were the distinct marks of two powerful hands. And then it pointed

to its heart; and looking, I saw the broad stain of blood above it. And then I heard her voice—I swear I was not mad—I heard it, I say to you distinctly—whisper softly, “Mary!” and then it said, still more audibly, “Murdered!”

And then the figure vanished, and suddenly the whole room was vacant. That one dread word had sounded as if forced out by the pressure of some strong agony—like a man revealing his life’s secret when dying. And when it had been spoken, or rather wailed forth, there was a sudden sweep and chilly rush through the air; and the life, the soul, the presence, fled. I was alone again with Death. The mission had been fulfilled; the warning had been given; and then my sister passed away—for her work with earth was done.

Brave and calm as the strongest man that ever fought on a battle-field, I stood up beside my sister’s body. I unfastened her last dress, and threw it back from her chest and shoulders; I raised her head, and took off the bandage from round her face; and then I saw deep black bruises on her throat, the marks of hands that had grappled her from behind, and that had strangled her. And then I looked further, and I saw a small wound below the left breast, about which hung two or three clots of blood, that had oozed up, despite all care and knowledge in her manner of murder. I knew then she had first been suffocated, to prevent her screams, and then stabbed where the wound would bleed inwardly, and show no sign to the mere by-stander.

I covered her up carefully again. I laid the pillow smooth and straight, and laid the heavy head gently down. I drew the shroud close above the dreadful mark of murder. And then—still as calm and resolute as I had been ever since the revelation had come to me—I left the room and passed into my husband’s study. It was on me to discover all the truth.

His writing-table was locked. Where my strength came from, I know not; but, with a chisel that was lying on the table, I prised the drawer and broke the lock. I opened it. There was a long and slender dagger lying there, red with blood; a handful of woman’s hair rudely severed from the head, lay near it. It was my sister’s hair!—that wavy, silken, uncurled auburn hair that I had always loved and admired so much! And near to these again were stamps, and dies, and moulds, and plates, and handwritings with fac-similes beneath, and bankers’ checks, and

a heap of leaden coin, and piles of incomplete bank-notes; and all the evidences of a coiner’s and a forger’s trade—the suspicion of which had caused those bitter quarrelings between poor Ellen and my husband—the knowledge of which had caused her death.

With these things I saw also a letter addressed to Ellen in my husband’s handwriting. It was an unfinished letter, as if it had displeased him, and he had made another copy. It began with these words—no fear that I should forget them; they are burnt into my brain—“I never really loved her, Ellen; she pleased me, only as a doll would please a child; and I married her from pity, not from love. You, Ellen, you alone could fill my heart; you alone are my fit helpmate. Fly with me, Ellen—” Here, the letter was left unfinished; but it gave me enough to explain all the meaning of the first weeks of my sister’s stay here, and why she had called him villain, and why he had told her that she might tell me, and that I would not believe.

I saw it all now. I turned my head, to see my husband standing a few paces behind me. Good Heaven! I have often thought, was that man the same man I had loved so long and fondly!

The strength of horror, not of courage, upheld me. I knew he meant to kill me, but that did not alarm me; I only dreaded lest his hand should touch me. It was not death, it was he I shrank from. I believe if he had touched me then, I should have fallen dead at his feet. I stretched out my arms in horror, to thrust him back, uttering a piercing shriek; and while he made an effort to seize me, overreaching himself in the madness of his fury, I rushed by him, shrieking still, and so fled away into the darkness, where I lived, oh! for many, many months.

When I woke again, I found that my poor baby had died, and that my husband had gone, none knew where. But the fear of his return haunted me. I could get no rest day or night for dread of him; and I felt going mad with the one hard thought forever pitilessly pursuing me—that I should fall again into his hands. I put on widows’ weeds—for indeed am I too truly widowed!—and then I began wandering about; wandering in poverty and privation, expecting every moment to meet him face to face; wandering about, so that I may escape the more easily when the moment does come.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

VARIOUS topics of public interest have engaged the attention of Congress, but upon none of them has any definite action been taken. On the 2d of January the President sent in a message, presenting an elaborate argument against the policy of making appropriations by the General Government for purposes of internal improvement, and

vindicating his own refusal to sign the bill passed at the last session of Congress for that purpose. The main point urged is, that if the power is once conceded to the General Government of making such improvements, there can be no limit fixed to its exercise; and appropriations for draining marshes, constructing bridges, and every thing which tends to develop the resources of the country, will

be just as legitimate as appropriations for improving the navigation of rivers and harbors. The President recommends the policy of confining the appropriations by the General Government to the works necessary to be constructed in the exercise of its undisputed powers, and of leaving all others to individual enterprise, or to the States, to be provided for out of their own resources, or by a recurrence to the provision of the Constitution, which authorizes the levying of tonnage duties, with the consent of Congress, for the improvement of harbors. On the 3d, a correspondence was sent in to Congress between the Secretary of War and General Wool, who is in command of the United States troops on the Pacific coast, in regard to complaints by the Government that General Wool has neglected the duties of his command for the purpose of aiding in the prosecution of parties who were preparing invasions of Mexico, in violation of our neutrality laws. The General insists that this was made his principal and paramount duty—a position which is very warmly controverted by the Secretary of War. The correspondence, which shows a good deal of feeling on both sides, was closed by a letter from the Secretary, dated the 13th of December.

The Legislatures of several of the States have commenced their annual sessions during the month. The Legislature of New York met at Albany on the 2d. The Message of Governor Clark, which was transmitted on the same day, shows a very large falling off in the revenues of the State Canals, and a deficiency in the general fund out of which the expenditures of the State Government are met. The receipts of the canals during the year were \$2,988,665, and the expenditures \$1,237,866, leaving \$1,750,799 surplus revenue, very nearly the whole of which is required by the Constitution to be appropriated toward the payment of State debts. The falling off in the revenues is attributed to the drought of the season, the business embarrassments of the country, and the competition of railroads. The Governor recommends that the Common Schools of the State be divested of even the slight remnant of the old system which still adheres to them, and that they be made entirely free to all the children of the State; and that the Academies of the State, so far as possible, be made free to pupils from the Common Schools who shall have attended them for a specified time, and shall pass a satisfactory examination in certain specified studies. He also expresses a wish that the Colleges of the State might be brought into harmony with such a plan, so that they may be recognized as members of the general system of State education, and as essential to its completeness and perfection. The amount of money expended for public schools in the State during the year was \$2,666,609; the number of school districts in the State is 11,798, and the number of scholars in attendance was 877,201; there were also 37,406 in attendance in academies, and 34,279 in unincorporated private schools. The condition of the various benevolent and penal institutions of the State is fully set forth, and various important reforms are suggested. The Governor recommends the enactment of a law which shall prohibit the sale of all intoxicating liquors, so guarded as to protect personal rights, and give no just cause of complaint to those whose interests may be affected by the legislation desired. He also urges the importance of maintaining and making still more stringent the laws forbidding usury; recommends restrictions upon the issue of railroad

bonds; and insists on the necessity of so reforming the traffic in stocks as to divest it of those features which render it little better than gambling. Regret is expressed at the failure of Congress to enact a protective tariff law, and on the veto by the President of the bill for internal improvements. The history of the Missouri Compromise is rehearsed, for the purpose of showing that its repeal at the last session of Congress was unjust and inexpedient, and that good faith and the best interests of the whole country demand its restoration.—The Assembly was organized by the election of Dewitt C. Littlejohn speaker, and R. M. Shearman clerk. The action of the Legislature thus far has not been important.—In Massachusetts the Legislature met on the 3d. The newly-elected Governor, Mr. Gardner, was inaugurated on the 9th: his address on the occasion was devoted mainly to a consideration of the dangers to be apprehended from the foreign population in our midst, and the duties of our Legislature in regard to them. A large portion of the poverty and crime of the country is attributed to them; and the necessity of measures to place the legislative control of the country in the hands of the native citizens is strongly urged. He recommends that every foreign tongue should be discarded; that all documents be printed in the English language only; that all military companies founded on and developing exclusive foreign sympathies be disbanded; that the Bible be retained in common schools; and that the control of the country be retained in the hands of its native citizens. He regards the attainment of these objects as far more important than the accomplishment of any party end whatever. The people of Massachusetts, he says, believe that our rights, privileges, and liberties are endangered by the influx of foreign influences which has increased so rapidly within a few years past. They distrust influences nursed in customs and creeds antagonistic to republicanism; and venal, ignorant, and vicious voters, controlled by those who have other objects in view than those required by the public good. A few select naturalization courts should be established, the proceedings of which should be carefully guarded by stringent regulations; and steps should be taken to withstand the intrigues of those who would pervert the Church to political purposes, either openly or under a secret allegiance to a foreign ecclesiastical Power. The Governor recommends an amendment of the Constitution so as to prohibit the diversion of the educational funds of the State to the establishment or support of sectarian schools; another prohibiting the exercise of the elective franchise within the State to all of alien birth, qualified by naturalization, until they shall have resided twenty-one years within the State; a third, by which no person shall be permitted to vote who can not read the English language; and a fourth, excluding from office all but legal voters according to previous suggestions. He urges also the passage of a law exempting all alien citizens from military duty, and forbidding the payment of the State bounty to any military company which has enrolled among its members persons of foreign birth. Foreign paupers and lunatics shipped here by cruelty and avarice, he says, should be sent back. In addition to these measures of State legislation, the Governor says that various enactments by the federal authority are desired in accordance with the principles of those whom he represents. They wish our army Americanized, our navy nationalized. They

wish the restriction as to birth, now applicable to the office of President, extended to members of the Cabinet and of Congress, to Judges of the Supreme Court, and to all our diplomatic representatives abroad. They desire a vital amendment of the naturalization laws, and an uniform requirement of twenty-one years in the United States before the elective franchise is conferred upon aliens; and they wish stringent national laws regarding immigration, the imposition of an uniform and sufficient capitation tax, and the universal deportation of criminals and paupers shipped to our shores. The Governor also speaks very strongly against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the general encroachments of slavery.—The Legislature of Michigan met at Lansing on the 3d. The Governor's Message states that the surplus in the treasury, on the 30th of November, was \$553,004; the indebtedness of the State was \$3,313,245; and the receipts of the treasury for the year were \$610,609. He recommends the passage of a general railroad law; the prohibition of bank-bills of a denomination under five dollars; the repeal of the prohibitory liquor law, and in its stead the passage of a law prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors in a less quantity than one gallon; the amendment of of the Constitution so as to provide for annual legislative sessions of forty days, or biennial, of eighty days; the amendment of the laws relating to mining companies, so that they may increase their capitals to \$2,000,000, now limited to \$500,000, and the non-passage of the general banking law.—In Missouri, the Legislature met on the 27th of December. The Message of Governor Price states the balance in the treasury at \$250,000; recommends the application of the surplus to the payment of the State debt, the extension of the charter and increase of the capital of the State Bank, a special tax for the support of schools, and measures to secure from the General Government a mail and telegraph line between the Mississippi and the Pacific.

From *California* our intelligence is to the 16th of December. Mining operations seem to have received a fresh stimulus from the discovery of new mines, and especially in consequence of finding some very remarkable specimens of quartz rock containing gold. It is reported that, in Calaveras county, a lump of quartz gold was found weighing 161 pounds, from which a deduction of twenty pounds for rock is said to be a large allowance; its value is estimated at \$38,916: it is undoubtedly the largest lump of pure gold ever found in the world.

AUSTRIA.

The only intelligence of interest from Central Europe relates to the conclusion of a treaty between Austria and the Western Powers. The treaty stipulates, 1. That the three Powers would not enter into any arrangement with the Imperial Court of Russia without having first deliberated thereupon in common. 2. The Emperor of Austria engages to defend the frontier of the Principalities, occupied by his troops, against any return of the Russians; and stipulates that this occupation shall not interfere with the free movement of the Anglo-French or Ottoman troops upon those territories against the military forces or the territory of Russia. There shall also be formed at Vienna, between the plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, and Great Britain, a commission to which Turkey shall be invited to send a plenipotentiary,

and which shall be charged with examining and regulating every question relating either to the exceptional and provisional state in which the said Principalities are now placed, or to the free passage of the different armies across their territory. 3. In case hostilities should break out between Russia and Austria, the three Powers mutually promise to each other their offensive and defensive alliance in the present war, and agree for that purpose to employ, according to the requirements of the war, military and naval forces, the number, description, and destination whereof shall, if occasion should arise, be determined by subsequent arrangements. 4. In the case contemplated by this article, the three Powers engage not to entertain any overture or proposition on the part of Russia, having for its object the cessation of hostilities, without having come to an understanding thereupon among themselves. 5. In case the re-establishment of peace should not be assured before the 1st of January, 1855, the three Powers agree to deliberate without delay upon effectual means for obtaining the object of their alliance. 6. The three Powers will jointly communicate this treaty to the Court of Prussia, and will receive with satisfaction its accession thereto, in case it shall promise its co-operation for the accomplishment of the common object. 7. The treaty was to be ratified and ratifications exchanged within a fortnight from its date, which was Dec. 2.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament met on the 12th of December, and was opened by the Queen in person. The royal speech stated that the object for which Parliament had been called together was to take such measures as would secure the prosecution of the war with the utmost vigor and effect. Her Majesty said she could not doubt that they shared her own conviction of the necessity of sparing no effort to augment the forces in the Crimea; the exertions they have made and the victories obtained have not been surpassed in the brightest page of their history. The hearty and efficient co-operation of the French can not fail to cement the alliance between the two nations. A treaty of alliance has been concluded with the Emperor of Austria, from which important advantages are anticipated to the common cause; a treaty has also been concluded with the United States, by which subjects of long and difficult discussion have been amicably adjusted. Although the prosecution of the war will naturally engage chief attention, the hope is expressed that other matters of great interest and importance to the general welfare will not be neglected.—In the House of Lords, the reply to the address was moved by the Duke of Leeds and seconded by Lord Ashburton, who urged unanimity and cordial support of their allies, especially of Austria, who risks more in the war than either France or England. The Earl of Derby followed in a long speech, designed to set forth the course which the conservative opposition to the Government intend to pursue. He congratulated the House on the altered tone of the Queen's speech as compared with that of last year, and said that the Ministry had at last been brought to see that no course could be taken but the most direct, the safest and the most honorable, because the boldest. He pronounced an eloquent and elaborate eulogy on the courage and achievements of the army, and proceeded to criticise the errors of the Ministry. His principal charge was that they had shown no foresight—that they had not

foreseen the magnitude of the war, and had done nothing on the scale which facts required. He entered into details to justify his censure, and closed by expressing doubts as to the sincerity of Austria in the policy she had adopted. He was answered by the Duke of Newcastle, who followed his objections in detail—vindicating the objects of the war, which he said, were, first to defend Turkey; and secondly, to obtain securities against the recurrence of an attempt on the independence and integrity of Turkey. He confessed the error which had been committed in supposing that Sebastopol was to be easily taken, but vindicated all the measures of the Government for the prosecution of the war, both in the Baltic and in the Crimea—giving copious details, and speaking at great length. Earl Grey, saying that he was one of the few who had opposed the war from the beginning, acknowledged the good it had already done, but could not conceal his dissatisfaction with the way in which it had been carried on; every thing, he said, had been done too late; the resources of science had not been properly adopted. After speeches from several others, the Earl of Aberdeen closed the debate of the day by replying to charges against the Ministry. He insisted that the reduction of Sebastopol, by crippling the power of Russia, would contribute more effectually than any thing else that could be done to secure the independence of Turkey, and denied that in the treaty with Austria England had bound herself in any way to aid in suppressing insurrection in Hungary or Italy.—In the House of Commons, after the address had been moved by Mr. Henry Herbert, Sir John Pakington made a speech in opposition, adhering very closely to the line of remark which the Earl of Derby had adopted in the House of Lords, and expressing the belief that the course of Austria had proved eminently serviceable to Russia. Sir Robert Peel defended the policy of the Government, but urged that something should be done to prevent such speeches as had recently been made by Kossuth and Victor Hugo concerning the war. Mr. Sydney Herbert followed, vindicating the measures of the Government at great length. Mr. Layard next spoke, assailing the conduct of the war, mainly on the ground of its lack of vigor and promptitude, and calling on the Ministry to take a course more in harmony with the vigorous spirit and zeal of the country. Mr. Disraeli, in a speech of two hours, analyzed the whole progress of the war, and condemned the action of the Government, and especially the treaty with Austria. Lord John Russell, after reviewing the opposition speeches that had been made, spoke of the Austrian treaty, acknowledging that she had not agreed to take part in the war, but only that if she should find herself at war with Russia, that fact alone should place her in alliance with the Western Powers, and that before the end of the year she would take into consideration what steps she would be prepared to take with respect to the terms of peace with Russia. He said that this certainly did not bind her to any thing very precise, but his belief and expectation was, that Austria does concur with the Western Powers with respect to the basis necessary for the security of Turkey, and that if Russia does not concede that basis, in the next campaign the forces of Austria will be joined to those of England and France.—In the House of Lords the Duke of Newcastle, after the address had been adopted, moved for leave to hire the services of 15,000 foreign troops, urging as a reason the necessity of increas-

ing the forces engaged in the war, and the difficulty in supplying the requisition from the English population alone. He declined to state whence the troops would come, but said that Parliament must be aware that certain districts in Germany and Switzerland were most likely to furnish them. The Earl of Ellenborough opposed the bill with warmth. Taken in connection with another bill in the House of Commons, authorizing the employment of portions of the British militia to garrison certain ports in the Mediterranean, he said the practical object of the measure was to authorize the substitution in England of fifteen thousand foreign mercenaries for the same number of British militiamen who were to be employed abroad. This was simply to sacrifice a great constitutional principle to cover up the failure of Government, and that, too, without any necessity, for he believed the people of England fully able and willing to yield all the support needed to carry on the war. The moral character of German troops was inferior to that of the English, and he thought it would be extremely dangerous to rely upon them for the suppression of domestic violence, nor did he believe they would prove equal in the field either to the English or French. The Duke of Richmond replied very briefly, and was followed by the Earl of Derby, who thought no encouragement to the Emperor of Russia could be so great as the fact that in the first year of the war the resources of the country were exhausted and the government was obliged to go abroad for troops to carry on the war. He thought it would be extremely hard to send the militia to do garrison duty in the Mediterranean, and declared that the permanent utility of the militia would be completely destroyed by the policy proposed. The Earl of Aberdeen, in reply, said that it was not intended to introduce foreign troops into Great Britain for any permanent purpose, but only for drill and discipline; as soon as they were properly prepared they would be sent abroad. Nor would any of the militia but volunteers be sent to do garrison duty in the Mediterranean. He thought the measure entirely free from the objections which had been urged against it. After remarks from other lords, the Duke of Newcastle replied, denying that there was any intention on the part of government to substitute foreign troops for militia in England, or to maintain them within the country. The Queen already had power to employ foreign soldiers; all that was desired by this bill was to obtain permission to bring them to England for discipline and preparation. The resources of the country were not exhausted; the only difficulty was that time had not yet been afforded to secure their full and proper development. The bill was discussed at considerable length on succeeding days, but was finally passed in the House of Commons by a vote of 173 to 135.—Lord Palmerston, on the 14th, brought forward a bill authorizing the acceptance of voluntary offers that might be made by militia regiments to engage in service abroad. It was not designed, he said, to send them to take part in the war, but only to relieve certain garrisons in the Mediterranean, so that the troops now there might be available for the war.—On the 15th a vote of thanks was moved in both Houses to the British forces in the East for the gallantry and heroism which they have displayed during the recent struggle in the Crimea.

On the 29th of November, at the celebration of the anniversary of the Polish revolution, Ex-Gov-

ernor Kossuth made a speech in review of the policy of the war, which excited a good deal of attention. He spoke in eloquent terms of the heroism displayed by the British troops in the Crimea, and of the valor and constancy they had evinced in the battles of the Alma, at Balaklava and at Inkermann. But he insisted that the policy of England in the conduct of the war had been wrong in its direction, and inefficient, unsuccessful, and disastrous in its details. The campaign in the Baltic had failed for lack of the co-operation of Sweden; and that was only to be secured by calling Poland to arms. England had endeavored to strike a blow at the commerce of Russia, and had only succeeded in turning it to Prussia. The expedition to the Crimea was a very great mistake, as nothing effectual could be done there toward attaining the object of the war. The failure to attack Russia through Poland, and the suspension of operations on the Danube, had enabled the Czar to send very large reinforcements to the Crimea; and the neglect to take possession of the isthmus of Perekop had left Sebastopol open to his troops. This was the real cause of the obstinate defense of that place, and of the immense losses the Allies had sustained. The main point of Kossuth's speech was to show that England had sacrificed the real interest and object of the war to the alliance with Austria—that she was bartering away the freedom of Poland, Hungary, Italy, and Germany for the precarious and disreputable friendship of the Hapsburgs and the Brandenburgs. He insisted that the theatre of the war should be shifted—that Poland should be summoned to arms, and an attack made upon Russia from that direction.

FRANCE.

The session of the Legislative body was opened on the 26th of December, by the Emperor in person. His speech was firm and decided. "Our arms," he says, "have been victorious in the Baltic and the Black Sea. Two great battles have shed lustre upon our flag. A striking testimony has proved the intimacy of our relations with England. The British Parliament has voted thanks to our generals and soldiers. A great empire, reinvigorated by the chivalrous spirit of its sovereign, has separated itself from the power which for forty years has menaced the independence of Europe. The Emperor of Austria has concluded a treaty, defensive at present, soon, perhaps, offensive, which unites his cause to that of France and England." The alliance, he says, with England is not one of mere passing interest, but is a union for the cause of civilization and the liberty of Europe. In addition to the thanks now offered to England, the Emperor hopes next year to be able to offer a similar acknowledgment to Germany. A high tribute is paid to the zeal and courage of the army, which have contended against so many obstacles. War, he says, entails cruel sacrifices, yet the present contest must be vigorously continued. The French army consists of 581,000 men and 113,000 horses. The navy is manned by 62,000 sailors. This force must be kept up, and a levy of 140,000 men is demanded. Special inducements are to be offered to secure the re-enlistment of those whose term of service has expired, in order to secure as large a number as possible of trained soldiers. The Emperor also demands authority to contract a new loan to meet the expenses of the war. In spite of the pressure of the war, he says that the revenues of the State have not declined; the great works of

public utility are continued, and a bountiful harvest has been vouchsafed. New sources of labor have been created to obviate the public distress occasioned by the high price of provisions. The Industrial Exhibition, shortly to be opened, will present the remarkable spectacle of a country carrying on a war at a distance of 600 leagues, and at the same time developing its own internal riches—"a country where the genius of the nation reveals itself in every thing which tends to the glory of France." The speech of the Emperor was received with great applause, and has extorted the warm commendation even of the English liberal press, as rising fully to the level of the occasion, equaling in eloquence, and surpassing in dignity those of the first Napoleon.

THE EASTERN WAR.

Our advices from the Crimea come down to December 20th. Nothing of decided importance has occurred since the battle of Inkermann, November 5th. Both the Russians and the Allies appear to have so thoroughly exhausted themselves as to be incapable of active efforts. The weather has become very severe. Incessant rains have set in, rendering the plateau occupied by the Allies an expanse of mud. It is only by the utmost exertions that the supplies absolutely essential to the English troops are conveyed from Balaklava to the positions before Sebastopol, a distance of five or six miles. A number of transports containing large quantities of supplies have been wrecked by a violent storm in the Black Sea. Their loss has been severely felt. The English troops suffer greatly from fatigue, privation, and exposure. The French, owing to their superior system of ambulance, and the better training of the men in the labors of the camp, have been less unfortunate. The mortality among the Turkish soldiers is very serious. It is supposed that the sufferings of the Russian soldiers in the field must be even greater than those endured by the Allies. They have receded from some of their advanced positions, carrying off all their artillery. The French works have been pushed to within 150 yards of the Russian batteries. From Sebastopol a succession of nocturnal sallies has been made, chiefly directed against the French positions. The Russians are uniformly driven back, with considerable loss, and without effecting much damage. The Russian outworks have been considerably weakened, and they have somewhat contracted their line of defense; but their interior works have been so far strengthened that the fortifications are supposed to be absolutely stronger than at the beginning of the investment. On the 6th of December, two Russian steamers, having six gunboats in tow, came out from the harbor, and commenced firing upon a French steamer lying close inshore. Upon the approach of two English steamers the Russians retired. It thus appears that a passage has been left among the vessels sunk by the Russians at the mouth of the harbor. The opening is wide enough to admit of the passage of but a single vessel, and is commanded by the Russian batteries. The forces of the Allies before Sebastopol are stated to amount to 105,000 men, of whom 48,000 French, 23,000 English, 14,000 Turks, with 20,000 marines, chiefly English. Reinforcements are immediately expected of 24,000 English and French, and 35,000 Turks, which will raise the allied forces to 164,000 men. The troops are anxiously awaiting orders for a general assault.

Editor's Table.

OLD ENGLAND is a subject which may well follow Young America in our monthly editorials; and as we have furnished our readers with quite a liberal supply of the latter article, they will doubtless be grateful enough to indulge us in a few thoughts on the other and less popular topic. It may have less to stimulate our self-esteem, or our national "organ of approbateness;" still it has a deep interest for ourselves, especially in our outward relations to the civilized and Christianized world. *Old England*, our father-land—or, as we are more in the habit of styling it, our mother-land—is now hard bested in a war more arduous, more critical, more perilous to her rank, if not her very existence among nations, than, perhaps, any former contest in which she was ever engaged.

It is a *righteous* war on her part. The declared issue, the real issue, is one in which England has the right beyond all question. As far, too, as such a conflict can be ever righteously entered into without a due regard to the best national interests, it is an *unselfish* war. It is a war involving the highest questions of the world's welfare. It is a war on which would seem to be staked the destinies of Europe. It is a war of civilization against barbarism, of constitutional liberty against despotism. It is a war for supporting the faith of treaties. It is undertaken in defense of a weaker nation unjustly invaded by a powerful neighbor, and with demands utterly destructive of its national independence, and even of its very nationality itself. It is a war demanded, not simply by the English Ministry—who were, in fact, very reluctant to engage in it, and with the best reasons for such reluctance—but by the great English people. It is a war which has enlisted the enthusiasm of all ranks in a nation most Christian, most intelligent, most civilized, most philanthropic, most like ourselves in all the best and higher attributes of humanity. It is a war which has the all but unanimous assent of a people whose substantial and numerous middle class is distinguished, among all others, for a healthy moral sense, or a public conscience most keenly sensible to right, and most alive to all questions of practical philanthropy. It is, last though not least among considerations that may be adduced to our own national feelings, a war waged by a people nearly allied to us in all things that should constitute a national brotherhood. They are of our blood; they are our kindred—our near relations. Four or five degrees of consanguinity bring us into one family. Our near forefathers sleep in English burying-grounds. A generation farther carries us back to the days when they cultivated the same fields, and dwelt beneath the same roofs, and worshiped God in the same temples, with those whose descendants are now expending their wealth, and pouring out their best blood in this most sanguinary and perilous strife. We, too, are Anglo-Saxons. There have been times when we have gloried in the name, and regarded it as our great badge of superiority. But there never was a period when we had more reason to be proud of the distinction it confers. Who would not feel an emotion of exultant pride when he thinks that he is related to the heroes of Alma, or that there flows in his veins a stream of life akin to that which was so heroically poured forth on the sanguinary field of Inkermann?

Every thing calls upon us to take part with England in this conflict—in feeling at least, with all our hearts and souls; and with our hands, too, if the safety of the old mother-land should ever require our departing from the position of national neutrality. And yet how different the fact, how greatly opposed to all this the unnatural spectacle we actually present, if we may judge from our newspapers as at all evidence of the genuine public sentiment. We certainly do not wish to differ with the press—much less to censure the press. We feel that it would be an unequal conflict. But it is impossible to shut the eyes to what we conceive to be an unnatural position of our newspapers, both secular and religious, on this the greatest issue in modern history. The fact can not be denied or disguised, that in this dread strife between Russia and England, the sympathies of the American press are mainly if not wholly with the former. The fact, we say, can not be disguised, although there is sometimes manifested a redeeming sense of shame that would seek to give it a less odious appearance. Every arrival from Europe reveals it, that many, if not the majority of our editors wish well to the cause of the Autocrat, and rejoice in the losses and perils of old England.

It may be that this is all seeming. It may come from a prudential yet false calculation that such is, or would be likely to be, the popular sentiment, and that, therefore, it is for the interest of the press to appear, at least, to forestall it. If such a calculation exists, we believe it to be a very mistaken one. It relies too much on the supposition of that narrow hatred to England which is thought to have grown out of former collisions with the parent land, and which the small souls of either nation have done so much to cherish. We do not believe that there *is* such a public sentiment—or rather, we do not believe that there *was* such a public sentiment until the press took steps to create it. In the reciprocal action upon each other of writer and reader—of those who think only through the newspapers, and those who in catering for public sentiment are only giving and getting back, oftentimes, the foolish echo of their own voices—in the action and reaction, we say, of these classes upon each other, there may grow up some such unreal public opinion, in which both parties are mutually deceivers and deceived. This may have also come, at first, from caprice, from the desire of being thought bold and original in one's views of public affairs, or from a conceit in taking the more paradoxical side of a question. But whatever may have been the cause, or the beginning of it, such a sentiment does now widely exist as far as the press is concerned.

The version almost always given to the latest news shows it unmistakably. Credit is given to the Russian rather than the English accounts, although the duplicity and false faith of the former power has been so undeniably proved. The losses of the allies are magnified, or every disposition manifested to set them at the largest sum. There is evident satisfaction in predictions of their ill success. Men sitting in their editorial closets, men who have never seen a field of battle, or learned even the alphabet of military science, do not hesitate to criticise the movements and siege operations of the allied armies. Lord Raglan and

General Canrobert are charged with incompetency on the faith of a public haranguer, who although engaged in exciting revolutions, never exhibited any evidence of personal courage, and who repays the hospitality and protection of the generous English nation by every effort he can make, at this critical time, to embarrass the action of its authorities. In short, the whole management and *morale* of the English and French armies are freely censured, in a manner which shows how freely they would cast still more dishonorable imputations upon them if they only dared to do so in the face of facts that prove a personal heroism unmatched by any thing that ever existed in the grandest days of the ancient chivalry.

Now it may be said that all this comes only from that love of truth and fairness for which the American press is so remarkably distinguished. The British have certainly sustained severe losses, why should we not tell of it? there is a prospect of their failure, why should we not set it before our readers? True—there is no direct answer to this, whatever, in some cases, we might think of its sincerity. Truth by all means; but then there are two modes of telling the truth—in the style and tone of friends, or in that of enemies. The language of our newspapers in giving an account of English losses is not generally that of friends. There is a tone of satisfaction, if not of exultation about it which can not easily be hidden. The feeling has even gone farther than this. Amidst affected condolences for the victims of national or ministerial ambition, has there not been—or is the supposition altogether uncharitable—has there not been, in some quarters, an unmistakable manifestation of a wise and prudential complacency, to say the least, whenever there was an opportunity to tell of the ravages of cholera among these brave men, or to make predictions of their anticipated sufferings amidst the snows and storms of a Crimean winter.

Thank God, we may believe that such exhibitions have been confined to few. Still it is nothing more than what, at other times, and under other circumstances has come out of that morbid appetite for news and excitement which finally may become the very love of evil per se, and which it is sometimes the tendency of an unrestrained press to call forth. Taking it, however, in its best and mildest aspect, this attitude toward England does exist. It is, on the part of many—we hope not of a majority—a position not merely of neutrality, not merely of indifference. It is a feeling of positive dislike, of real and positive hostility.

But there are reasons for it, it may be said. Let us examine them. The war is not a just war—there was no cause for it in any attack of Russia upon Turkey; and if there had been, England had no right to meddle with it. Now the refutation of this consists in the bare presentment of some of the plainest, best known facts. Russia had made demands upon the Turkish empire, by the granting of which it would have become utterly denationalized. They were resisted, just as we would have resisted the demands of any European Power to take a religious and political supervision of all our Roman Catholic population, with the right of appeal to such foreign Power against what they might deem the oppression, or injustice, of our own government. There were circumstances in the known toleration of the Turk, especially as experienced by our own American missionaries, and the known intolerance of Russia, that made such claim to the

last degree odious—more odious, too, from its hypocrisy than from its political injustice. On the rejection of this insolent demand, the stronger Power immediately marched its armies into the territories of the weaker. Now, in such circumstances, the latter had a right to expect the assistance of other nations, and they were bound to give it. The attack was a wrong to the whole European community. Aside from the dangerous preponderance of physical power which its success would have given to the invading party, its impunity would have been a moral mischief, a political mischief, of a still graver kind. It would have destroyed all security in the Law of Nations, and all the hopes of peace that can come from the enforcement of its observation.

All honor to the peace societies, and to the good and Christian men who through them are endeavoring to bring up our fallen world to the Gospel standard. Their error is not so much in their grand principle of pacification, as in their mode of applying it, or rather not applying it at all, to extreme cases. Most certainly, let all gentle means be first assayed. So say all sober men. Let no pacific step be omitted that can possibly be tried. Let there be notes, and protocols, and overtures, and patient diplomacy suffering long and trying all expedients. In other words, let negotiation be carried to its utmost length, as it was carried in this case. Every thing before a resort to force. But if these avail not, what then? Surely there must be something else, or there is no peace. Peace is not submission to unjust demands. There is no peace between individuals, when one lies crushed and crouching at the feet of the other. That is not the beautiful thing we call peace, although there be an absence of all active violence. And so is it with nations. Peace is harmony of relation; it is mutual respect of each other's rights. Peace is concord, agreement, *pact*, compact. Such is the root-meaning of its Latin name, from whence comes our own word. Its Greek etymology contains a no less beautiful and significant idea. Peace is a *binding*, a bond, a covenant, a mutual understanding by which each party is intelligently *bound*, whether this be by express contract, or arise impliedly out of mutual relations. Hence *they* are keepers of the peace who cause such bonds to be observed. They are keepers of the peace who bid the strong stand back and hold their hands off the weak, and who, on refusal, can compel them, and do compel them, to obey such bidding. Even in conflicts among individuals, there may be occasions when a resort to other law would be too slow a remedy, and there is no other way but to knock the bully down. But in respect to nations, the whole question assumes a different and peculiar aspect, taking it out of the methods, though not out of the principle applicable to individual cases. War is not necessarily *vindictive*, as so many assume, or like the case of the individual righting himself. When properly viewed, justifiable war is a *judicial* act, though pronounced by one nation because of the want of some higher earthly tribunal. But as no nation ought to go to war unless indubitably in the right, and then only after the exhaustion of patient negotiation, so ought it to seek, and to have, the co-operation of other powers; and thus the objects of the peace associations are realized by their theoretical idea being carried out in actual practice. It is a "congress of nations," but one with authority. It is a "con-

gress of nations" who having exhausted negotiation, or, in other words, legislative and judicial action, are now sitting in *executive* session for the purpose of carrying out the decree. Such execution of public law is the true moral suasion; for it is teaching the lawless a lesson in political ethics which they will learn in no other way. Thus England, France, and Austria are now a congress of nations for the purpose of bringing to order the barbarian disturber of the public peace. To let him have his way, would not be peace. It would be the farthest possible from the true idea of peace. It would be a vile wrong; it would be gross injustice; it would be a grating discord, a harsh and painful jar upon the world's moral sense; it would be war, and worse than war, in its direst forms.

We might rest the whole argument on this question of political ethics. But there are utilitarian or prudential aspects that are not to be overlooked. Successful impunity would have given a great preponderance of strength to that one nation from whom, above all others, Europe has most to fear. Russia at Constantinople, with the unchecked command of the Black and Caspian seas, with a superiority in the Eastern Mediterranean, with all that once formed the Turkish empire in Europe and Asia, together with Egypt at her feet—pushing on her conquests undisturbed toward India and China—crowding Sweden and Denmark into the narrowest quarters, and finally by her fortresses becoming the undisputed mistress of the Baltic, with Prussia for her crouching slave, and the other German states her overawed tributaries—all these events long threatening, and now about to have their successful commencement in the submission of the Sultan—all this, we say, made more and more imperative the reasons for suppressing what, aside from these momentous prudential issues, ought to be suppressed as a violation of political ethics, and, in this sense, a common wrong to all the nations of the earth. Such is the wrong which comes from every act of national aggression that is suffered to be perpetrated with impunity.

On the broad ground, then, of the law of nations—on every consideration of the world's moral and physical welfare—Turkey was right in resisting the unjust demands of Russia, and England was right in helping her. But there was another item to be taken into account. England had treaties with this wronged and invaded nation. She was bound by solemn compact to guarantee the integrity of her national independence; and when the demand for its fulfillment came, there was but one answer to be made to the requisition. It was the simplest of all questions of right, the obligation of contract, yet concurring with all these other reasons, ethical as well as prudential, in producing a case of as perfect political righteousness as was ever recorded in the annals of history.

With the Czar there was no such necessity. He had only to let Turkey alone, to keep his armies out of her provinces, and to mind his own proper business in creating as good a civilization as he could in the vast barbarian region that Providence had placed under his care. Had he done so, the peace of Europe would have been preserved. The reluctance on the other side to engage in the war is well known. It was made the reproach of the British ministry by the very writers whose hostility has only become the more embittered by the evidences of their present activity.

England, then, was in the right. This ought to

have been enough for every editor and every statesman of principle. England was in the right, and on this account alone, all our enthusiasm should have gone with her in the conflict. England was in the right, and this should have been kept solely and steadily in view by us, without looking back to past unhappy differences, or sideways to any contemptible cod-fish disputes, or Greytown bickerings. England was in the right in a war with the great monster despotism of the earth, and we should have been so absorbed in this single question of right, as to allow no differences of opinion on the mere form of constitutional government—seeing that each nation enjoyed the glorious substance—to prevent our going heart and soul with her in the terrific struggle. All our trifling differences with the mother-land may easily be settled hereafter, as they have been before. In the hour of magnanimity which succeeds the hour of triumph, she may calmly take a lesson from us in respect to reform in her own institutions, as well as to the measure of effort she should put forth for the common cause of constitutional freedom in Europe. But whatever may be our differences on any of these questions, we say again, *England was in the right*, and for all right seeking minds this was enough. It should have commanded our deepest national and individual sympathies in her righteous cause.

But England is hostile to us. We read in our infallible oracles of ominous designs entertained by her against this country. This feeling is mainly cherished by some of the foreign correspondents of our newspapers. Among these gentlemen there are those whom we may truly and unaffectedly admire as models of truthfulness. Confining themselves to patent and accessible facts, the information they convey is of the most reliable, as well as of the most useful kind. Others of these "Men of Letters" seem to be possessed of the mythical ring of Gyges, by means of which they enter invisibly into all the cabinets of Europe, and penetrate their most hidden counsels. They tell us that England is not only continually engaged in thwarting our diplomacy respecting Cuba and Mosquito kings, but is actually intending, at some convenient opportunity, to bombard our towns. To be sure—for all this there is not a particle of proof. The evidence derived from the manifest interest of England to be on good terms with us, as well as from the earnest professions of her leading men, is all the other way. And yet, in the face of interest, and the highest probability, there is yet cherished this morbid feeling of distrust toward a people with whom there is every motive, physical, moral, and political, to be on terms of closest friendship and alliance.

But again, England is *selfish* in this war. There is no argument that meets us so frequently in the newspapers, or is so often echoed back by the class of readers whose "thinking for themselves" is ever the parrot-like repetition of the very language and ideas of the morning sheet. England is selfish in all this, say this original and independent class of reasoners. The argument is false, but its falsehood is exceeded by its superlative folly. It is a very foolish argument, however common it may be, because in its simplicity it so utterly ignores our own national history. Heroic we doubtless have been, brave we have been, righteous have been our wars, but where is it that they have not been selfish? Do we not lay ourselves open here to a re-

tort from others, especially from those who do not know our own worth as well as we know it ourselves? We are, undoubtedly, the greatest people in the world. The assertion is warranted by our immense territory, our rapidly increasing population, our free government, our growing power, and the universally known enterprise of our citizens. We are the most intelligent people, the most enlightened, the best educated, the most just, the most liberal, the most disinterestedly generous toward all other nations, especially toward feeble sister republics on our own continent. We are the freest people on earth, the most independent in our thinking, the most tolerant of all other men's thinking; we give the widest license to the utterance of all sentiments, on all subjects. The aim of our nationality is the largest freedom of all men of the whole human race. Our Puritan fathers came over here for the very purpose of establishing the democratic principle—the religious and Puritan sternness, together with their theological dogmatism, were only subordinate and collateral traits of character. Our Cavalier forefathers brought with them in embryo the Jeffersonian doctrines, and the resolutions of ninety-eight. From the days of Raleigh and Vane have these seeds been germinating, and we now stand forth the representatives and the champions of the widest liberty to all men in all the world. Our whole history, too, has been the practical carrying out of this national justice and generosity. "Seeing, then, that these things are not to be spoken against," as was well observed by the wise town clerk of Ephesus in his speech to the patriotic shrine-builders of that city—"seeing these things are not to be spoken against," nor written against, we, of course, make them the ground of our political oratory, of our popular lecturing, and our patriotic editorials.

But others do not see so much disinterestedness in our past history. They discover, or pretend to discover, not a little human nature in our public men, or public servants as they style themselves. They may doubt, or pretend to doubt, whether the editors of New York are more honest and more intelligent than those of Liverpool or London. In their national blindness and stubbornness they may raise the questions, whether public opinion on all subjects does not find as free vent in England as in America—whether the moral sense of the substantial population of Great Britain is not as healthy, as keenly sensitive to right, and as influential with national authorities, as any similar love of right is known to be among ourselves—and finally, whether public men in the British Parliament, and the British Cabinet, may not be as pure, as disinterested, as free from party feeling, or factious, or sectional motive, as the public men at Washington or Albany. Thus he might doubt, however plain the matter may be to ourselves. He might raise a question whether our wars have been always and wholly disinterested. He might be very unreasonable in this, or in the spirit and temper with which he made the charge; but in all seriousness, and with the highest reason might he maintain, that if a national conflict were wholly disinterested, it could hardly, in the present state of the world, be either intrinsically righteous or outwardly justifiable.

What do we mean by selfishness as applied to a nation? As used of an individual the term is plain enough; but when predicated of national action the idea becomes more complicated. The

analogy of the State to the single man does doubtless hold true to a certain extent, and is to be maintained for many purposes; but in this comparison of the nation to the individual, it should be the individual of the largest relations, and whose single sphere takes in the widest circle of subordinate interests. The nation acts as one man, and yet it may be said, that in this one existence we call the State, there is a plurality of powers and responsibilities, from which it follows that the duties which the State owes to itself are much wider than those the individual owes to himself. Of course, then, there can not be the same rule or measure of selfishness. This division of powers and responsibilities in a State is the greater, and the more numerous, in proportion to the freedom inherent in its constitution—in other words, the sovereignty of pure law which is to the State what reason is to the individual. A despotism may act from a single will, and may thus sometimes seem to act heroically, or chivalrously, while this irresponsible will is cruelly disregarding of the national interests as well as the interests of the world. Thus Nicholas affects to be fighting for religion, and has made his stupid subjects believe it, while to some minds England may exhibit the aspect of prudential calculation. So a wild democracy may act from popular impulse. It, too, may have the appearance of disinterestedness, while in rejecting all calculation it may be only a throwing off of all responsibility; it does not estimate expediencies, but it may only be because the blind feeling is too intensely selfish to be capable of reasoning. In a constitutional State, the public acts being neither those of a single will, nor of a single unchecked popular impulse, must more or less take this appearance of prudential estimate. The State is one corporate existence to all without, but within, in proportion to its freedom, are wide diversities of relations and responsibilities. There is, in such cases a present administration acting not for themselves but for the people, and there is a present age acting for posterity. Thus viewed, the duties and interests of a nation demand a rule of judging, and an estimate of selfishness, quite different from that of the individual. The interests of a nation may be the interests of a large part, and that the highest part, of the human race. They may involve the interests of civilization, of Christianity, of Europe, of the world.

In this way what the political sophist declaims against as selfishness, may be the truest righteousness. Granting, then, that along with other reasons, it may have been in the minds of the British statesmen that the time had come to act in defense of their Eastern empire, what rational right has any one, on that account, to stigmatize the war as selfish? Was it the selfishness of Russell, or Aberdeen, or Palmerston? What were they to gain by it individually? They knew too well, from the past history of English administrations, how much personal and official peril they would incur by the possible reverses of such a war, and hence, perhaps, one reason of their extreme reluctance. No—it was the command of the English people, the noble, generous, English people, that right-loving race to whom we are proud of being akin, that urged them on. It was the voice of this free and intelligent people, declaring that the time had come for the observance of treaties, for the righting of the broken law of nations, and last, yet not less just, nor, therefore, less honorable—for

making a careful calculation as to how much the preservation of old England, or of her political rank in Europe and in the East was worth for posterity and the world.

But the British statesmen were not sincere. Why not? What had they to gain by duplicity? Nicholas might play that game; for he had no one to detect him, or who would charge him with it in his own dominions. But a British ministry have upon them the eyes of a jealous parliament, of a still more jealous press, and of a nation pre-eminent for intelligence. Do such considerations secure honest men among our own public servants? Do they make our cabinets honest, our congressmen honest, our editors honest? So we say. Why, then, should not the same causes have the same effect on Russell, Aberdeen, Gladstone, and the editor of the London Times?

The Russian correspondence has been brought up as an evidence to the contrary. We regret that our space does not permit us to go into the close consideration of this, or do more than express the earnest conviction, derived from the most careful study, that seldom have there been state papers more honorable to their authors, than those against which some have uttered so much reproach. We can only give our conclusions here, without our reasons. These letters were certainly courteous, nay, even courtier-like, it may be said; they did not call Nicholas a robber and a barbarian; it would not have been wise to have used any such language of indignant rebuke as Kossuth and Cobden would have had them do; they evidently wrote like men who were not talking to Buncombe, as our phrase is; and yet they were firm, clear, explicit, unhesitating in their opposition to a scheme which they regarded as a public wrong, as well as a national injury. The correspondence speaks for itself to every careful reader; but the great difficulty is, the reading of such papers, as they ought to be read, costs time, and patience, and study. All this is irksome, and, therefore, there are few who will take the pains necessary to a right judgment. To read the slashing newspaper paragraph, and then to fancy it our own thinking, because such has become a daily and habitual process—this is easy—this is perfectly plain and simple, too, and therefore, to many minds, it must be the surest, because the easiest, road to truth.

But why did they not engage in the war sooner? We might content ourselves on this point, with showing the inconsistency, to give it no worse name, of those who censure its reluctant commencement, while its vigorous prosecution, since the invasion of the Crimea, only brings out more distinctly their feeling against England. But the whole subject is too serious a one for such small game. It suggests ideas respecting the nature and issue of the present war in Europe of the most momentous kind, and which would fully answer the question often so flippantly put. Why were they so reluctant to engage in this renewed strife of the nations? Why did they previously exhaust every means and hope of negotiation, even at the risk of their personal popularity? It was because they were far-seeing statesmen, and withal, benevolent and Christian men. It was, too, because with all their sagacity, they could not tell how near it might be to the close of the 19th century before this war should terminate. The bloody commencement is an index of what it may be, but it needed not this to make an honest administration pause reluctant,

try all things, yield all things but right and national faith, and national existence, rather than rashly engage in a conflict involving such tremendous issues.

There are also other views of this war that have for us an especial interest. The tolerance of the Turk to the American missionaries had much to do with arousing the zeal of Nicholas for his charge, the Greek Church. His claim of tolerance for his "co-religionists," as some style them, was simply a claim that they should be tolerated in their intolerance to all seceders from their communion. The facts, besides being known through our missionary journals, were clearly brought out in an able speech of Lord Shaftsbury in the British parliament; but we can not dwell upon them. The present state of Europe, both in its conservative and revolutionary aspects as connected with the present war, might furnish a rich subject of editorial discussion. The interest of such a topic varies, of course, with the current of events; but there can hardly be any change in European politics which could diminish its importance.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE are glad to publish the following letter, because it treats of little annoyances from which most of our readers must have suffered, and which nobody ever finds time to mention. Yet the truth is that the comfort of life depends upon little things, and not upon the great events. A man who was to be hung in the morning would not wish to lie in damp sheets, nor would a merchant who knew that he was to fail next week be any more reconciled, for that reason, to underdone turkey. There is an insolent swagger of mock-heroism which is very fond of saying, when a man complains that he has the toothache, "Well, what's that? suppose you had broken your leg!" It is not easy to discover the wit or wisdom of such a reply, which generally springs from a coarse nature and a want of sympathy. It goes upon the assumption that discomfort and deprivation are the normal state of man. For our own part, we have no idea of liking, nor of professing to like, slack-baked bread, because the cake might have been burnt to a cinder.

There is a remedy which our scornful friend has not thought of.

Discharge the cook.

There is no more obvious nor common mistake than the supposition that because a hero can endure every thing, therefore it is a want of heroism not to put up with every thing.

"Pooh! pooh!" says old Hunx; "suppose your feet are wet! Are you such a baby as to take cold? Can't you stand a little damp? Here, put Miss Nancy to bed!"

If it were worth while to answer such a man, it might be suggested that wet feet were not pleasant—that the Lord made man to go on the earth, and not in the water.

"Pooh! pooh!" old Hunx would say to a fish; "what are you flapping about? Can't you stand a little air and good hard ground? Don't make such a row; only be quiet, and you'll be gutted and fixed all in good time."

Hunx passes for a hero. He ruins his health by thanking God that *he* can eat whatever is set before him; *he* has no dainty stomach—not he;

and so he bolts slack bread, and tough meat, and all the garbage of public tables. *He* can get on without washing every morning—he hopes *he* doesn't require to be scrubbed like a tavern floor. He talks loud, and swaggers and blusters, and ha-ha's in a melancholy manner, as if noise were wit, and bluster fun, and a general row extreme sociability. "I'm too good for nothing, and nothing's too good for me," says Hunx, with silly vanity.

But let any favorite plan fail, let him lose a few hundred dollars, let him be cornered by any real misfortune, and lo! Hunx collapses. He who was so great in little things is very small in great things. Ten to one, we say, that the man who values his health so much that he will not eat the stuff called dinner at the tavern, will consider that health worth fighting for more valiantly when the coach is stopped by robbers, much more valiantly indeed than he who so little respected the decencies of existence that he actually drank that whitish-green liquid called coffee in the tavern vernacular. Who *would* fight for a body made up of such materials!

The eloquent appeals and protests of our correspondent have really affected our own equanimity. But we have traveled in other years, and know that no man can really enjoy the prospect of a lovely landscape with a grain of dust in his eye; so are we convinced that the profoundest pleasure of travel is known only to those who would not walk in shoes that pinched, nor smoke cigars when they were made sick by them, nor eat things that were sure to occasion headache and dyspepsia. We cordially advise our young friends to save their heroism for real crises. In any world where Hunx is a hero, heroism is unknown.

Now we will introduce the letter, begging our sweet readers not to hold us responsible for the indignation and denunciation of our correspondent:

"DEAR EASY CHAIR—Business has driven me to the West during the winter months, and I have been laughing bitterly at old Bishop Berkeley the whole way. While 'the course of empire' is taking its way westward, I prefer to remain in the East. When it has arrived, and is settled, then I shall be glad to see if it is any better than the old state of things. If I could only have been boxed up in Boston, and safely delivered on the banks of the Mississippi, I should have been contented; and I don't doubt every body else would have been satisfied. There is nothing to see on the way. In the winter the landscape is extinguished under dingy snow and dull gray fogs. The trees stand dripping wretchedly, and you approach every town through the shabbiest possible suburbs—tumble-down shanties and shops, with a relieving view of back-yards and windows.

"Then along the 'New York Central' you have the stately stations at every city. I like to hear the democratic American, with his legs over as many seats as he can subject to them, with his wide-waving hands and loud-wagging tongue, declaim through his nose at the despotic governments which pretend to be paternal, and in the pauses of his spitting and snatches of negro songs, reviling a state of society of which he has never had any experience. Presently he puts his feet down to step out into a damp and dark wooden shed, full of every kind of inconvenience, swarming with an eager crowd, and no one to tell them where to go; the few officials who are seen either not knowing,

or not choosing to do, the very things for which they are made officials; every body and every thing in a wild uproar and confusion—children crying, women rushing and bumping about with bundles and babies, men munching apples and swearing—a momentary Babel, perfectly free and independent, with the largest liberty of going wrong and doing wrong to every individual.

"This is our railroad station. In the terrible despotic countries the details of travel are managed so that you are not in danger of losing your luggage, temper, time, and money whenever the train stops. An official is a personage who holds office for a particular purpose, and he fulfills it. If you are going wrong, he tells you so; and if you ask him whether you are going right, he does not slam the door in your face, or give you an answer as if he were making you a present of a thousand dollars. Doors through which you are not to pass are locked. Doors through which you are not to pass till a certain time, are locked until that time. If you think fit to rage, and assert the inalienable rights of man by breaking your shins against the door, you may enjoy that period satisfactorily. But if you break the door also, then the inalienable rights of other men (of which a pseudo-democracy is so carefully negligent) are involved, and you are put behind doors more securely locked. Of course it is all very tyrannical, but still it is for the greatest good of the greatest number, which, you will remember, is the motto of your favorite journal, 'The Bungtown Banner and Foe to Tyrants.'

"The truth is, that there is no more comparison in the comfort of traveling between the realms of one of the tyrants to which the Bungtown Banner opposes such an unbending front and the free and equal dominions of 'the States,' than there is between the spacious, stately, convenient, and beautiful station-houses in those realms, and the dingy, dismal, wooden shanties which serve to distil rain and gloom upon the enlightened American when he reaches what is called a *dépôt* at home. Where the railway is managed by government, it is managed well for the comfort and pleasure of the passenger. You never find yourself going to Rouen when you meant to go to Lyons. Your neighbor is not permitted to hang his filthy boots over the back of the seat under your nose—nor to peel apples and throw the parings at the stove—nor to roar songs which you do not wish your wife and daughter to hear—nor to spit and spew until you go by water rather than by land. In fact, just as restless boys are made to behave themselves in school, for the sake of the general comfort—which is the purest democratic principle—so men are made to behave themselves in cars and diligences.

"Suppose you are an American citizen, and belong to the biggest and most braggadocio country in the world, does that give you any right to assail my boots with your saliva, my ears with your howling and oaths, and my sense of decency with general disgust? Because you are an American citizen must you cease to be a gentleman? Because you are an American citizen must you fling apple parings against a hot iron stove, and fill a small close car with horrid odors? Because you are an American citizen must you laugh, and whistle, and sing as if you were in a desert? Can't American citizens sit up straight, and talk without slang or swearing? Can't an American citizen eat the peel of his apple, or, if he doesn't like it, throw

it out of the window? Must an American citizen, when he has bought a pie that he doesn't find to his taste, throw it under the stove or on the floor, and make very loud and very poor jokes at the expense of the boy who sold it? Above all, can not an American citizen refrain from eating rank cheese in hot cars, dropping the crumbs, to be smashed and slipped over, until, with cheese, and apple-parings, and pea-nuts, and bad pies wasting under the stove, and a copious libation of tobacco juice, such a fetid steam possesses the car, that he is a brave man who reaches the next inviting station without an oath or a headache?

"Why also must American mothers at the West instantly betake themselves to cars upon the birth of a baby? Half of the winter I have been shut up in a nursery on wheels. My dear Easy Chair, you know that I have no objection to babies in the abstract, but I have to babies in the cars. And why, when they kick, and plunge, and scream because they are cross and uncomfortable—which they have a perfect right to be, and which I certainly would be if I were a baby*—why must the simple mamma put her hand to the darling's head and say, apologetically, and loud enough to be heard by the whole car,

"Ah! has Dorcas-Maria a bad headache this morning?"

"My dear madam, babies *never* have bad headaches in the morning; but they are often and naturally very cross in cars. I wish I had the liberty of crying and kicking when I feel cross in the cars.

"Then there are railroad dinners!—Oh! my dear Easy Chair, I used to think nothing could surpass the horror of 'a feed' upon the Erie Railroad—but I have found deeper depths.

"The cars stop. A sharp voice roars, 'Ten minutes to dinner.' A stampede of passengers ensues. They rush at two long tables, covered with plates of mashed potato, and small bits of hard ham, and impossible-looking beef. Every body immediately plunges into every thing. The hog in man is instantly manifested. Men take their knives from their mouths to put them into butter and salt. Nobody helps his neighbor—but a wild Irishman asks if you will have mutton, turkey, or pork. You select, and it is brought. Shut your eyes, and proceed.

"Sarce, Sir!" says a filthy wench, dumping down a small plate full of a liquefied black mess—which directly ends your dinner.

"Beefsteak, Sir?" hisses the wild waiter; for beefsteak has become one of our peculiar institutions, and only with great dexterity and chronic disgust can it be avoided.

"The moment the crowd invested the tables, an unpleasant-looking woman, with a huge pail of some stagnant-looking liquor, began rushing along the line of diners and pouring from the pail into the cup of every guest. It was coffee, ready milked and sugared. Coffee! good heavens! and Father Mathew wants to persuade the world that such stuff is better for the coats of the human stomach than the juice of the grape! I venture to bet any sum that the amount of misery to the human family would be greatly lessened, if every railroad passenger in the State of Ohio drank at dinner a cupful of Longworth's Catawba instead of this nauseous preparation called coffee. They drink

more dyspepsia and suffering for the unborn generations in that mixture than they would easily believe.

"But just as I am ready to begin eating, I see that every body is done, and is paying a York shilling at the door to the proprietor.

"Time's up—all aboard!" shouts the conductor. Another stampede, and the train is under way.

"Now, my friend, is life really so short that the American citizen can not allow time enough to eat his dinner? or is that country so desperately well worth living in where you go too fast to live at all? Why not take half an hour longer for dinner every day, and arrive half an hour later at the end of your journey? You are the greatest of fools to be railing at other countries, where travel is made delightful, not only by the myriad objects of historical and poetic interest, but by the amenities of its arrangements—where you are not compelled to swallow half-masticated morsels of meat that should never be eaten at all, nor choke with draughts of a stuff that nobody but an American citizen would ever think of drinking, because the train may slip off and leave you. There is time, there is order. You shall eat your dinner comfortably, and then you shall mount betimes and travel safely. You will find every convenience, and the little stations along the road (as in Baden) shall each be a picture as you pass.

"When I travel in my own country, dear Easy Chair, I had rather be any thing else than an American citizen. I am perfectly loyal to the principles of my Government—but I can not find the connection between filth of every kind, disgust, distaste, discomfort, and Democracy. If they are indissolubly connected, why, then, as I can individually think in my heart what I please, I prefer the chances of a despotism!

"There is, in truth, no tyranny like that of an ignorant Democracy. The American citizen may swell as much as he pleases, but he is far from being the most agreeable human figure that a traveler encounters. What do I care that you bully me with your doctrine of the rights of man, if you won't leave me my right to be pleased or displeased with what I choose? Here you are, somewhere, angry with this letter of mine to my old friend Easy Chair, because it says that the American citizen upon his travels is a very tobacco-spitting, noisy, dirty individual. You denounce 'the Hapsburg' for imprisoning Silvio Pellico, who aimed to destroy the Hapsburg's power, and, by implication, his life; and you would jeer me for being aristocratic and 'stuck up,' because I prefer fresh air and clean food to the atmosphere of a car and the 'spread' of a railroad dinner. Let a well-dressed man venture among a group of free and independent American citizens in shabby clothes—will he hear suggestions, innuendoes, remarks, or not? Will there be an air of, 'Blast me! suppose your coat is cleaner than mine, do you want to fight?' or not?

"Democracy is very apt to confound rights with requirements. A man may have a right to what he can honestly get; but you have no right to my gettings. In general, if the individual is not to be better cared for in all the details of life by a democracy, what's the use of it? Governments are for the welfare of the governed. But if my welfare is better subserved by a form which does not allow some of my theories than by one which does, I shall let the theories go, and take the com-

* Evidently.—Note by the Easy Chair.

fort. Lamartine said no wiser thing during his short and splendid dictatorship, than asking if the French people meant to wreck the Revolution upon a theory? If the practical operation of Democracy is to be perpetual jealousy of the better foot and whiter hand, let us either hush our fine eloquence about 'man,' or confess that the philosophy of Democracy is Procrustean, and ineffably mean—aiming to make and keep every man of the dimensions of every other.

"As for traveling, dear Easy Chair, I know that that is dependent upon many things. For instance, I do not suppose that we can have comfort, or comparative decency, in traveling upon routes along which pours the great current of emigration. The Western cars must be excessively disagreeable places for a long time to come. But I have no intention of calling them agreeable because they are American; and I sincerely compassionate all whose necessities call them West, at a season when the fields and woods are gray, and when the windows of the cars must be kept closed.

"I am too good a Democrat to allow that dirt is democratic. On the contrary, I insist, that, if we are on the right track, we must come to greater results in life, and in all details, than have ever been achieved. Is art to be dependent upon absolutism? Can there be no pictures where there are no popes nor kings, no statues without grand dukes and emperors? Can we have no temples, no gardens, no public works of general utility and beauty, because we take care of ourselves? We may mistake many times, and not easily find the way; but he is no lover of men, any more than he is a sound politician, who does not see that the hope and charm of a Republic lies in the universal welfare, and in the perfection of details. It is foolish to rail at monarchies until we can *do* better, as well as think better. If a Republic can not give me clean cars, and sweet air, and a monarchy *can*, so far the monarchy is better.

"You remember how we all railed at Dickens's 'Notes,' and how we have never forgiven him. He is angry now, as well as we, and in the preface to the popular edition of his works he takes occasion to say that he still holds to the truthfulness of his representations.

"And so do I. I insist that there has never been so good a description of an American *table d'hôte*, and the proceedings thereat, as in the 'Notes' and in 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' We are the loudest braggers and the thinnest skinned of any people in the world. If we don't wish the world to laugh at us, let us refrain from ridiculous situations. It was idle to say in a rage to Dickens, that there were things just as absurd at home. He knew it better than we did; and it was mainly through his infinitely amusing accounts of it that we knew it at all. And as for the cry of base ingratitude, I really hope that the many hospitable gentlemen who entertained Mr. Dickens did not wish him to put his dinner into his eyes instead of his mouth; and it is never to be forgotten, in this memorable Dickens difference, that he commented upon matters and habits which every traveler can observe—which lie patent to the blindest eyes.

"In any case, an observing American could write a hundred-fold harder book upon our foibles and unnecessary habits than any foreigner has ever done; and for my part, as I know enough to try to keep clean, and to behave like a man and not like a pig, I don't wish any of the weak breth-

ren to plead that it is a new country, in extenuation of our little enormities. For the very reason that it is a new country, do let it be a decent country. Begin right, or we shall end wrong.

"Think of traveling a hundred miles straight away from any of our large cities into the country, and a little off the line of railways. What a bed you will have! What stuff to eat, what stuff to drink! What a little vicious iron stove to heat your room red-hot, and leave it in an hour stone-cold! What a pleasant place the bar-room is! What prompt attendance you get! How you are tempted to remain and bring your family in the summer! What a pleasing sense of attention to your wants on the part of the host and hostess! How deeply you feel that here is a man whose business and pride is to keep a public house, and who does it, as every man does what is for his interest and pleasure!

"Now these things are true of all king-ridden countries, and if you are obliged to travel, they are much more important than a good many more important things.

"If you find them slight things, it is because you have never traveled. I grant that it is better to have a poor dinner than to have your leg smashed in a railroad collision. But if that is the American alternative, I shall sail for the calmer latitudes, where we move more slowly, and live longer and more pleasantly.

"I write this, my dear Easy Chair, from what is called, I believe, the Queen City of the West. When I hear that, I find myself repeating 'Cophtua loved a beggar maid,' and you will remember he ultimately made her his queen. The Queen City—and I have been in pensive Florence, sitting upon the yellow Arno, with history for its memory; I have seen elegant Dresden, leaning upon the graceful hills of the Elbe, and holding the Sistine Madonna to its heart; and Naples rising as Venus rose from that summer sea, and polished Paris, and grand and gloomy London, and gay Vienna—and this is the Queen City!

"Frankly, dear Easy Chair, we have many things to be proud of, but our cities are not among the number.

"'Twenty years ago, Sir,' says an animated subject of the Queen City, 'there was scarcely the sign of a town here.'

"So I should think. There is no doubt of it. And twenty times twenty years will pass before a man shall have any kind of emotion as he approaches the city, for any reason that the city itself can furnish.

"The American citizen is the sublimest or the silliest object going. But he is only sublime when his behavior accords in some degree with his opportunities. He is more intelligent than the people of most other countries. But they are all better bred than he.

"I like to hear the American citizen arriving in a public hotel after midnight. Ding-dong, tingling, go all the bells, and his tongue wags in loud talk. He stamps along the corridor to his room. Bang goes the democratic door. It opens again, and slam go the free and independent boots of the American citizen, thundering through the corridor, and bang goes the door again. Of course he has a perfect right. It is his hired room. He pays two dollars or two and a half dollars a day for it, and being his home for the time, where can a man slam his door and whang his boots down, if not in his

own house? It is part of the inalienable rights of man to make a noise in a hotel. Of course; and other men have no inalienable rights. Because you have arrived late, and I am to leave early, I have no inalienable right to my quiet sleep. The truth is, that a man who thunders along a hall, and slams boots and door after midnight, is an unmannerly, indecent fellow, who never should be admitted into decent hotels at all. And if it is not democratic to lay your boots out softly, and to steal silently by the doors of sleeping men, then let it be aristocratic, or despotic, or whatever you please, but let us have that, and omit the rights of man until morning. Good manners, thoughtfulness, and consideration of others, are manly and Christian, whatever they are not; and the brawling noise of an American hotel is a constant reproach upon American manners.

"You will think that I have eaten a very bad dinner, or have slept on a very hard bed, to say such things of my beloved mother-country or father-land. But when it is as easy to bake bread twenty minutes as ten, and to close doors softly as with a bang, and to creep along halls instead of stamping, and to throw peels out of the window, and to talk in a low key, and not to yawn so that every body within hearing is made acquainted with the fact that you are fatigued; and to remember that people on the next seat don't care to know about your very uninteresting private affairs; in fact, when it is so easy to remember, and so very obvious, that you are of very little importance to any body else, although you *are* an American citizen with undoubted privileges and inalienable rights, it seems unnecessary to do precisely the contrary, and give the sting to all the stories of foreign travelers.

"Mr. Dion Bourcicault, we understand, is preparing a book upon America. Do you suppose Mr. Dion Bourcicault travels by all the trains without seeing the fun? Do you suppose Mr. Dion Bourcicault is not going to 'sauce you' with your own apple-peels and cheese-parings? And do you suppose you are not going to fly into a great rage with Mr. Dion Bourcicault when he tells John Bull and the rest of the world what he saw you doing in your cars, and steamers, and hotels? Take down that very ill-favored boot from its conspicuous position upon the back of the seat; spit out of the window; if you don't like your pies say nothing about it; don't try to be funny with the apple-boys, for you always break down; it is not worth while for you to sing, for you have no voice, and you don't know the tune; don't try to bolt your dinner, coffee, pies, turkey, beef-steak (of course), and 'sarce,' in one minute; and in general, if you don't wish to be called disgusting, cease to be so. And when you are called so, instead of sending somebody else somewhere, see whether you have not been disgusting, and you will probably find that you have been.

"So much for the free and independent American citizen, and his traveling morals and manners, my dear Easy Chair. You, sitting comfortably at home, know very little of these things. Perhaps they seem to you exaggerations—I wish they were.

"Perhaps you remember, in the days of your youth, those sweet English inns—quiet, rural, neat—each house a home for the traveler, so that a man understands why English authors so loved and praised the inn. Perhaps you recall the cham-

ber-maid, with her white apron, and her cap, and her 'Yez, Zir,' and her 'Coming, Zir:' you have not forgotten the landlord—the host who keeps a house of public entertainment, and who aims to satisfy his guests for the money they pay him, and not to show them by carelessness and superciliousness that he is as good as they are. In fine, I hope you have not forgotten all the points that have made an English inn the synonyme of a place pleasanter than the home of many a traveler. What a pity, then, that when we declared our independence of England we also freed ourselves of so much English cleanliness and comfort. For, strange to say, that old monarchy, which an 'American citizen' of the kind I have mentioned but regards with wholesome contempt, is, in many of the details and delights of life, infinitely superior to the free and enlightened state of things that we enjoy. Is it not as old a truth as holy writ, that a man who can not govern himself can not govern a city?".....

Our correspondent here wanders away into general political disquisition. But, although he is somewhat warm in the expression of his opinions, is there not much in them which is very well worthy consideration? It is easier to bear the great trials than the little annoyances of life. Manners are a part of morals. You, my dear Sir, who are reading this in a car, how is it about your feet and apple-peels?

MOVED by our correspondent's strong statements, half incredulous of the reality of his sufferings, and resolved to see for ourselves if beef-steaks were so tough, and winter traveling in general so utterly dismal; curious, also, to see something of the "American citizen" of whom he makes such merciless mention, we had our Easy Chair set upon railroad wheels, and rushed forth to see Niagara in winter.

The sun was kinder to us than to our friend. It glittered upon the snow-streaked hills, and shone along the far valley reaches; and if the car was a little uncomfortable, and cheese-parings and apple-peel became too painfully evident, we had but to lay our head against the window and fall far back into memories of lands where winter is a fable and a dream.

"Oh, lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live,"

sings Coleridge, looking at the sunset. And so sang we as we glanced at the swift landscape sliding by the windows.

If you have never been to Niagara in winter, you can not fancy the great difference of the summer and the winter travel. The cars are not crowded with those pretty traveling toilets which the July sun loved to see. The women who travel in the cold days have no air of summer wanderers, but they have babies, and an air of seeing their destiny straight to the end. Oh, madame! who took the cars at Lockport—you, with the green silk bonnet and the very audible and furious baby, why did you look in that hard, cold way at every body in the car; why did you talk in that sharp, wiry, loud voice, so that we all shuddered and thrilled with profound pity for that unhappy man, your husband? He was not visible. He doubtless had made excuses to stay behind. He wanted to know how silence seemed. He even wanted to remember the single days before he knew you. We all hoped, for the sake of future family peace, that he was not

wishing he had never seen—we meant, heard—you. Ah! madame! why did you allow yourself to harm matrimony in our imaginations, and injure your sex in fancy, and make us so deeply sympathize with our own, because with such a fearfully matter-of-fact way, as if you knew every thing, and defied any increase of knowledge, you said your unimportant nothings so noisily, and—in the very face of a respectable traveling public—fed your baby in the natural way! Self-respect, madame, and respect to others, are mutual. Our indignant friend, whose letter we have quoted, rails at men who slam their doors and boots. But if the misbehavior of men so moves us, what shall we do with you who depreciate your own sex by your conduct? Believe an old Easy Chair, madame, a man reveres his reverence for a woman, and she does him a great injury who assails it. No woman can afford to part with the most sensitive modesty. Who would not tremble before a woman who could so far assert her "rights" as to enter a crowded car, and in the most unconcerned manner and the loudest voice, announce that the buckwheat cakes were cold at breakfast! May such offenders be smothered in cold flapjacks! Be very sure that if you treat your husband like an old shoe, he will, like an old shoe, fall off. Remember that man is made to pursue. You must forever fly, retreat, withdraw. So is the ardor of pursuit continued. And thus the lover shall never be merged in the husband, but still worship you as his inaccessible divinity.

So we slid along, gently moralizing, mourning over the willful wrecks that women make of their influence and charms, until, like a distant sculpture of pure marble, Niagara silently flashed between its shores.

That best of hotels, the *Cataract House*, was open. Let any man weary of winter travel, of rush, dirt, and beef-steak, betake himself for a day to the *Cataract*. He shall find rest there, and neatness; and, if he will only shoot the hackmen from the windows, before issuing forth, he will be spared their importunity, which, in this democratic land (as our correspondent would say), is very hard to resist; since, if you persist in declining a carriage, the chance is that you will be insulted by the free and independent American citizen upon the box.

The one street of Niagara is very lonely; one or two empty carriages are drawn slowly up and down. The horses walk expectantly, and the eager drivers long for a prey. The "office" of the *Cataract* is painfully in order. There is no string of new arrivals to enter their names. There is no row of smoking idlers upon the piazza surveying the eager stream of travel that flows from the summer cars. There is a dull, gray, listless, lost air brooding over the village of Niagara. It is even as a Russian town in the Crimea, all whose inhabitants have been drafted for the war. The last books have not reached the book-stores. We find the last month's magazines. It is a town of the last month, of last year, of last summer.

But as you pause in your walk, or as you lift your head from your paper by the stove in the office, you hear that deep, pensive murmur which is not of last month, nor of last year, but of all time.

It is best to slip quietly out at the back-door, for you so escape the coachmen. In a moment you are upon the bridge over the Rapids. No autumn

touches them with fiery glory, nor winter with cold splendor. As in summer, they come leaping and flashing apparently out of the sky, and the smoke of their torrent ascends forever and ever. That first view is still one of the most striking and inspiring, and is sculptured fast in memory. Except that there is snow upon the bridge, and no swarm of passengers, and no green leaves upon the trees, it is the same quivering picture you saw in June—the same that you gazed at in July from under the friendly blue cotton umbrella that defied the sun, at the expense of giving you the aspect of a valitudinarian poet.

The man at the little Indian curiosity-shop still charges the two shillings which secure your admission to Goat Island during your stay. To-day the island is all your own. The newly-fallen snow lies soft and white and untrodden. There is universal silence, with only that immortal roar, and at the westernmost point of the island there is a patch of brown turf, sheltered from the snow by the gracious *savin* trees. The waters of the river throb gently and die along that shore, whose melancholy turf, amidst the deep surrounding snow, would have suggested to Cowley the summer pressed in the herbarium of the year.

The sun is bright, but the sad shores of Canada fade gloomily in the distance. There is certainly no more uncheerful view than that from Goat Island looking westward. The sense of wilderness is absolute and consuming, and deepens that solemn and almost melancholy impression which Niagara never fails to leave.

The tower by the English fall is cased in ice. The rocks are piled like glaciers. The scene is savage and bare; for there are none of the contrasts of green and twinkling leaves, whose beauty in summer touches and tames the fierce play of the cataract. But, like the sea and the sky, Niagara is always sublime. It is no finer in winter than in the summer. Nor need you suppose that it is grander now because there is not the crowd of summer tourists. We hope Niagara can annul Jenkins and Jones. If those gay young men shooting in patent leathers about Goat Island in the pleasant June rays interfere with your enjoyment of the spectacle, why, then, Niagara is not for you. Put away that foolishness. The cataract sweeps them away like chaff. They go over like leaves, and are lost in the abyss.

Later in the year a bridge of ice often forms in the river by the boiling up of the masses of ice driven by the northeast winds toward the fall. It may even be crossed to the Canada shore.

We did not cross, dear reader, nor suffer our Easy Chair to run the risks of such transportation. We came quietly back again to the hotel—even the most rapt and ecstatic poets do that—and ate the good dinner of the *Cataract House*. There was no gay crowd, no sweet music, no flutter of muslin and lace, no stately march of waiters. The dinner was served in the little front dining-room, and seven people sat down to it. Do you suppose that *our* dessert was nuts and raisins? Do you believe that this Easy Chair even tasted the apple which it so abstractedly peeled—(and did not throw the peel at the stove). Ah! do you not suspect that the remembrance of the summer days when first we sat at that *Cataract* dinner with the fair girls whose daughters sit there now, was sweeter than the pudding-sauce and sadder than the unwonted silence of that hall?

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A MONTH ago and all the ears of Western Europe waited for the news that Sebastopol was taken. Napoleon (people said) would come to Paris, from his summer hermitage of Saint Cloud when Sebastopol was taken. The tickets would be issued for the first Tuileries ball when Sebastopol was taken. The fashion of the winter's muffs and hats would be out when Sebastopol was taken. All out-staying people in such chateaus of France as keep up their preserves of game, would come to town when Sebastopol was taken. The weather, which had been rainy for a pair of months, would clear when Sebastopol was taken. Long running accounts, overdue in September, would be paid when Sebastopol was taken.

Well, Napoleon has come again to the Tuileries, and the fair-haired Eugenie drives out in her phaeton, and the winter's muffs are half a season old, and sporting people have bagged their last partridges, and sunshine has broken cold and clear overhead, and bills of old standing (some of them) have been paid; but Sebastopol sees yet the Russian banner waving and snapping in the storm-winds of the Crimea.

People have foreborne asking each other, every time of meeting, WHEN the city will be taken, and point all their promises with an—*if* it is taken. Eugenie, the Empress, talking frankly and fearlessly, as becomes her mixed Scottish and Spanish blood, says the opening ball of the Tuileries will be brilliant *if* Sebastopol is taken. Holders of stock in the French Crystal Palace (dropping up and down in the market, like the Fahrenheit quicksilver at Balaklava) say the Exhibition will "march" *if* Sebastopol is taken.

Strangers give themselves the promise of gay winter and rollicking nights in the Chaussée d'Antin *if* Sebastopol is taken; and holders of securities all, whether moneyed or social, count on a quick advance *if* Sebastopol is taken.

Was there ever a city which grew into such sudden celebrity? Was there ever a campaign which so nipped all the romance of war? Was there ever such a crop of honor (or wheat) so blighted in the bud?

First, we had long stories of Russian demoralization, and Silistria with its cowardly Cossacks in the background was put on the stage at the Champ de Mars and the office of Mr. Punch. Then came the faint foreshadowings of a great enterprise (leaking out through the *Times* columns), which was to startle all of Christendom, and annihilate the south of Russia. Indeed it was a great enterprise, and valorously pushed through its first dangers; but the demoralization of which we had heard so much was not, after all, complete; and when Balaklava, with its hecatomb of light cavalry—offered up on the altar of Club-room pride—sent westward its story of fierce battle and butchered men, the papers, in excess of generosity, praised the valor of the Russian barbarians, and admitted, in columns now reeking with bloody story, that the demoralization was not wholly complete.

After that came Inkermann.

The wounds are bleeding now; and fresh black is on the forms of thousands of kneeling ladies—mothers, and sisters, and wives, and daughters—in all the churches of England and of France; and there, before Sebastopol, they are hoisting black flags to get a space between the bombs, where they may safely bury the dead. But few mourners gather

at the graves they open upon those bleak hills; and these shivering, ragged officers, struggling with the chills that lie in the hollows of the Tartar hills, and with the griefs for some messmate, who, with his scarlet and broidery on him, dragged in mud and blood, is thrown into the common pit they dig for sergeant and for private.

"If you could have seen it all," writes a guardsman, "standing as I did upon the edge of the great grave, where we had thrown them helter-skelter with their regimental finery on them, and where we caught sight now and then of a familiar face, which had shone with a merry laugh many a day against us at table, you would understand the gloom and disquietude that hangs so heavily on me now. And those romantic girls at home, crazy these many a year for scarlet coats and falchions bright, and thinking it a very grand thing to be a soldier, and grander still (doubtless) to be a soldier's wife, if they had but caught a glance of the scarlet dabbled with blood, and the dead fellows' eyes looking up at the cold pitiless sky from the bottom of the pit, before we tumbled in the gravel and buried them once for aye, they would quit their romantic nonsense, and pray (as I do) that God may bring to an end these wicked days, when battles sweep us down without time to cry for mercy."

Then, when the stones and earth (rough work they make of it there) were hardly rounded over these pits, where the dead lay by forties, the wind rose; not suddenly, nor yet giving any warning notes of the hurricane which was presently to come roaring from the Bosphorus.

Our readers have all followed the story of the poor transport craft—seeming small in comparison with three-deckers, but in reality honest 700 ton ships—thwacked together, hulls, masts, and yards, until their spars went crashing like the boughs of lone trees in a land gale, and the ships themselves, worrying at their light fastenings of a single or a brace of anchors, tore away, and with a few bounds upon the crested seas, dashed hard and full upon the Crimean rocks, and made an end.

The *Prince* was one of these—as fine a steamer as sails from New York harbor—with all the warm coats which were to give comfort to the shivering soldiers, and bombs and powder besides for a fortnight's work of the batteries; but the bombs and the coats are in the Euxine now.

Punch, with all the rest, is sobered by the common grief which such tidings carry home, and we hear very little now of demoralization; even "Our Bashi Bazouk" (promenading as he does in these days the Paris streets) is grown tender in his caricature, and lends a sigh to the common mourning.

And we upon this side?—albeit no party to the strife—has not an over-ocean echo of British mourning reached scattered ears even here, and kindled griefs that burn like a fire? And does not the dull pulse of Wall Street beat low, in unison with the sacrifice in gold which the French and English offer to the god of war? Can any people be wholly an indifferent spectator, in these days of quick ocean mails and telegraphs, to such fierce human slaughter as that of Inkermann? Do not we feel, and feel keenly, that we belong to a century which has revived again the middle-age fashion of "ordeal by fire?" Peter Nostradea marched on burning coals, in the year 1200, to show that he told the truth; and now Nicholas and Victoria march—

their soldiers—over hotter coals than those of the friar, to prove that they claim the right. If we could only put Menschikoff and Napoleon to walk the fire!

Oddly enough, and yet naturally enough, the two great nations who in Western Europe are bolstering up the frail remnant of the Ottoman power, will not understand how outsiders like ourselves can possibly do aught else than praise their endeavor, and join in the few pæans they sing. To be sure, there is a tie which joins those nations together naturally, who are in the forefront of civilization; and there is no hearty sympathy in Republican blood with that nationality which is bounded by lances and Cossacks. But when our civilized brothers take strategic moves, which—for selfish ends—involve espousal of half the damnable barbarities which linger under the crescent and the turban, they must at least leave us the right of question, and of looking with grave faces upon such victories as may fill anew the harems of the Sultan, and double the prices for Circassian girls.

That old Greek Church, under whose roof-tree the Russian soldier and serf has learned to pray, and which at least has the merit of kindling a most stubborn faith, and reverently joined hands in death, is not after all so bad that we should wish its cross pulled down and a minaret set up in its stead. Nor do we know if we could wholly join in the prayers they are offering at Rome nowadays—that the great schismatic branch, whose capital is St. Petersburg, may be humbled and brought into the train of those true apostles who hold the keys, and stand on the Janiculan Hill.

Besides this prayer—for the saying of which every man or woman has three hundred days of indulgence, by Papal order—it does not appear that the gathering of Church worthies at Rome has resulted in any thing serious. People are naturally agog as to what may come of it all; and papers upon the other side are discussing if there may be no scheme at the bottom for driving "Our good Allies" the Turks away from their mosques and harems, if need be, into the wilds of Asia. If such be the thought, what power must represent the cross at Constantinople? Hardly Cardinal Wiseman himself would put in a plea for Protestant England; and Napoleon might make a martyr of himself for the profit of the true flock, who tell their beads in the name of Pio Nono.

In short, it is a good time for a gathering of such as trust in the coming sovereignty of Papacy—now that Islamism is trembling in the shock of war, and Romish France and Episcopal England whetting their swords on one stone to cut down the outlying sentries of the great northern heretic.

Another notion has found its way to the lips of talking people: will the bishops and cardinals—having Mr. New York Hughes for exponent—spend a thought or a word upon the matter of Know-nothing-ism, or upon the once ventured proposition for establishing a strong American branch of the great Church hierarchy, with its seat at St. Louis?

Indeed the time is big with great questions of Church as well as of nationality; and who knows what new relations may belong to Cross and Crescent, when this day year shall have summed its account?

In the midst of all this, what an admirable exercise of diplomacy does Austria show, holding three

hundred thousand bayonets shivering with a "masterly inactivity" on the Carpathian mountains! How she promises and dodges promises with the hopeful and indignant Allies! How clear she keeps her white coats of all the blood stains which have dyed the Danube and Crimea! How adroitly she keeps to her first-named policy of an armed neutrality! How bravely she bears all the taunts of the *Times*, and laughs in her sleeve at Mazzini and Kossuth!

Only the other day, the Paris *Bourse* made a sudden advance which seemed to brighten all the commerce of the capital. Metternich had plotted the rise; the telegraphic announcement had come of the signing of a tripartite treaty. The next day the *Bourse* fell, for the treaty was after all conditional; the *Times* said—very sorrily conditional. Thus Austria has the merit of giving a tone even to the speculative stocks of the hour, and is reaping an importance she has not known this many a day.

But do people talk abroad of any thing except the war? Giving a flirt to our foreign files, we pounce first upon fashions.

It is strange enough that while business is suffering so grievously, and men at shop-doors are wearing unvisited looks, fashion has leaped into extravagance. Silks, feathers, and jewels are burying the women who are not mourners; and all who have no kindred broken down in the crash of the war, are doing their best to break down their kindred of the shops.

First of all is the heavy *moire antique*, so full and stiff that one wonders how the wearer will ever sit at all; there are *taffetas glacés*, wrought over with magnificent bouquets of every imaginable color; there is *droguet* (we are not accountable for names), bedropped with delicately worked leaves of gold and silk; there are rustling brocades of rose-color, light-green, or gold, wrought to imitate point d'Alençon in superb designs. Even the commoner visiting dresses are of chestnut, violet, or deep-blue shades, and covered with detached bouquets of black or purple velvet. White *moire antique* is trimmed with bunches of white roses made from ostrich feathers, and hung around with strings of rubies. But we despair of giving so correct an idea of these things as the professional observers; we therefore whip out a paragraph with our scissors, and tessellate it with our other record:

"Dinner dresses are frequently composed of terry velvet. Some are of green terry velvet, trimmed with very deep *point d'Angleterre* flounces, having a heading of rosettes of narrow gauze ribbon, surrounded by lace the width of the same. The body is *à draperie*, with a deep lace, falling nearly to the waist, raised on the front by a bouquet of roses, mixed with sprays of diamonds. The short sleeves are covered by two rows of rosettes of ribbon, and lace to match those on the skirt: between each row, and at the bottom of the sleeve, is a narrow frill of *point d'Angleterre*. A row of very narrow rosettes ornaments the top of the body. A robe of light-green *moire antique*, with bunches of pink and white roses. The body trimmed with broad braces of white *moire*, upon which is embroidered a wreath of white and pink roses; a pointed blonde is gathered on each edge, gradually widening over the shoulders so as to cover the short sleeve, which is slightly *bouffante*. A double frill of blonde reaching to the elbow; the frill is raised at the front of the arm. The braces are fixed behind at

the waist by a bunch of ribbons, mixed with blonde. Upon the front of the body the braces cross nearly at the waist, and the ends are left to float about half-way down the skirt. A *robe de visite* was made of maroon taffetas, with figured flounces, upon the borders of which were here and there large roses of velvet, beautifully shaded—red, yellow, and white. Each flounce was ornamented with a fringe of chenille in trellis work, in which hung rose-buds; nothing can be more elegant than this fringe. The body was made with deep basques, which, with the pagoda sleeves, were trimmed to match the flounces. The front was closed the whole of the length by rose-buds of precious stones. Never has jewelry produced a more charming ornament for the trimming of dresses. A dress *moire habillée* was of pink *gros de Tours*; it had five flounces, and at the edge of each three rows of blonde, headed by a galon of pink and white plush; the body without basques; low and short sleeves. We noticed lately two exceedingly pretty dresses, the one was of blue *poult-de-soie*, ornamented with three wide flounces of *point d'Angleterre*, supported by one of blue crape; each flounce separated by a fringe of blue feathers, so that the skirt was entirely covered by the six flounces. A berthe of the same make, composed of three narrower trimmings, descending *en cœur* in the front and at the back of the body, which it entirely covers, as well as the sleeves."

It is hard to believe, and yet it is fair to believe, that the extravagance of present fashions is in no way sustained by the thrift of any business pursuit. In France it is rather attributable to the court influence, which, by these exterior tokens of wealth and gayety, would draw away regard from those serious ills which are the natural result of an expensive and distant war. All the improvements of the capital, it is observed, progress with an unslackened hand. The monster palace of glass, now wholly roofed in, and receiving thus early its interior decorations, is swarming with the blue-bloused workmen, as multitudinous now as in the merry days when "the Empire was Peace." The long range of glass gallery, which has been commanded for reserve space, now flanks the quay from the Place de la Concorde as far as the furthest houses toward the barrier. The hanging bridge, which swung between the Avenue d'Antin and the Esplanade of the Invalids, and which was thought too frail for the coming crowds of May, has wholly disappeared, and men are working like maggots around the low-lying piles of stone in the river, which are to serve for piers to a new structure.

To the eastward of the city, beyond the Garden of Plants, another bridge of iron has given place, within two months of time, to the timber construction for a heavy series of arches in stone masonry; and in May, the people and the carts are to cross over as before.

Still another bridge of chains, which tied the Place of the Hotel de Ville to the island of the Cité, has given place to a new and grander one, which is to open a broad street-way from the square before the palace of the city, to the new square they have opened before the old College of France.

The Rue Rivoli is lively, and sunny, and gossiping (if we may say so of a street), far along by the Tower of the Jacqueries, and by the Halles, where in the old days (not ten years gone) were only narrow and tortuous ways, made dim and dirty with leaning and crumbling houses. Even

the Halles themselves, the visitor of Louis Philippe time would never know under their present aspect. The fountain of the Innocents (made familiar by Chalon's picture), which had its own private square, hemmed in by lofty and quaint houses, is now all open to day, and occupies a corner only of the grander square, where thousands of blue-coated workers are toiling and measuring their hours by the dial of St. Eustache, which is seen plain and clear upon the western side.

They have caulked the bottom of the pond in the wood of Boulogne, and the water now flows (or rather rests) in a mile of irregular basin—upon whose shores Swiss cottages are rising, and a Scotch transplanter is putting out acres of fir-trees.

They are cutting the Imperial Avenue through the houses that skirt the Avenue de Neuilly; and next summer's visitor will drive in his coupé, straight from the Arc de l'Etoile to the great entrance-gates of the wood.

But, if we may believe the periodic accounts of the *Sunday Presse*, the people of Lyons and Rouen, whether silk or woollen workers, are receiving few commands for their labor; and the shop-keepers of the capital are soured by the times.

In spite of war and weather, the theatres wear their air of thrift. Upon the farther side of the Seine, Alexandre Dumas is winning something like his old triumph of the *Three Mousquetaires*, by a new drama, which he calls *La Conscience*. George Sand, at the theatre of the Gymnase, is drawing crowded houses to listen to her play of *Flaminio*. Meantime the story of her life—full of French vanity, but full of Madame Dudevant's ease and grace—is threading its way through the murky columns of the *Presse*.

Madame Rachel (whom well authenticated rumor says we are to hear in the summer to come), has revived the memory of her old triumphs in a new, one act tragedy, entitled *Rosemonde*. It is the work of that writer who, not many years ago, made her a triumphant rôle in the Roman story of *Virginia*.

Rosemonde is the daughter of a Gothic king, who, being captured by Alboin, the monarch of the Lombards, is slain, and his skull is wrought by his inhuman captor into a drinking-cup, with which he adorns his fêtes.

He is struck with the beauty of Rosemonde, and royally and brutally he courts her favor. The scene opens with a wild Lombard banquet—as they served banquets in the barba-heroic times when Alboin lived. At the French theatre they study the representation of such a scene, as with us they study a mooted point of dates in the chocolate gatherings of the Historical Society.

Well—you seem to be looking on a savage, middle-age carousal of men, who killed men as men now kill game, and you listen to their wild orgies, with your eye upon goblets and dishes, and tapestried hangings, which carry back your thoughts over eleven centuries (more or less), when King Alboin, in a moment of drunken passion and pride, orders his festive cup—the skull of the dead Goth—to be filled up with wine, and to be borne to Rosemonde, that she may drink a wassail bowl in memory of her father.

The skull is borne to her, and she meets it with an eye of horror, of indignation, of revenge, that only Rachel could throw into expression.

She touches her lips; she controls her emotion; though you see it smothered, and feel it in your

heart, burning under her shivering form. She plots with a retainer of the King, promising him the favor that the monarch has sought for vainly, if he will slay him, and avenge her wrong. The savage courtier accepts the conditions—contrives the assassination—accomplishes the deed—leads Rosemonde to the nuptial altar, when the poison she has secretly taken begins to show its effect: and in the presence of the priests, and of the holy tapers, she dies one of her Rachel deaths.

As being short, and easily understood by its pantomime only, the piece will very likely be a popular one upon this side of the water.

WE catch up here a pleasant bit of scandal, which is running the rounds of the Paris *feuilletons*. Some time ago, a pretty actress of the Vaudeville theatre (and we may very possibly have already mentioned the fact) decoyed a weak scion of a noble and wealthy family of France into promise of matrimony. The parents of the boy advised strongly against the sacrifice; but the poor fellow was bewitched; he insisted; and only dignified his rashness by urging his *bien aimée*, the comedian, to dispose at once of all the trophies of her histrionic life—jewels, dresses, furniture, spoils of a hundred intrigues—and to be rid of them in doing charitable acts toward her poor kinfolds. Actresses are not generally rich of kin; but fortunately it happened that a poor sister of the lady in question was just at this time making ready for a departure to the El Dorado of San Francisco, in the hope that a Pacific sun would brighten chances which waxed dimmer and dimmer in Paris.

The occasion seemed a good one for the charitable disposal of the *artiste's* inheritance. Accordingly, under the advices and urgency of the marquis-lover, a sale was had; and a pompous hand-bill drew, upon a certain Sunday (the great Paris show-day for auctions), swarms of people to admire the robes, the Japan vases, the paroquets, the tapestry, the gold-bound Balzacs, the jewels, which adorned the apartments of the actress.

The sale—like all such—commanded enormous prices, and the sum was sufficient to set up the poor sister as a lady of quality in the new city by the Pacific coast.

But no sooner is the sale complete, than the dame who had thus dispossessed herself of what in her maiden days she had valued most, finds that the marquis-lover has at length yielded to the urgency of his friends, and declines becoming a party to the nuptial arrangement!

Fancy the frenzy of our pleasant Lorette of the Vaudeville!

How the matter ended, or how it may end, the papers do not tell us. We observe only a hint in some incredulous journal that the whole story was a hoax from the beginning, set on foot only for the sake of making a good sale of the worn-out finery of an opera *attachée*. If so, the contrivance is quite worthy the fertility of our own hero of the Museum at the corner.

Apropos of this matter, it is a noticeable fact, that a larger swarm of purchasers and bidders will throng to the sale of a defaulting or intriguing actress than to any merely respectable sale whatever. Old dowagers, who frown on vice, will puff upstairs to see how vice has been living; and delicate people of tender sensibilities are almost certain to blunder, through ignorance, into these deserted apartments of finery.

Nor must one suppose that such finery is altogether tawdry: French taste is as general as French license; and you will find the *chefs d'œuvres* of their best artists lending piquancy and an air of cultivation to their haunts of corruption; and all their dishonor is blazoned with their best jewels. The papers of the week tell us, that at one of these sales, of which we have dropped the mention, a satin coverlet, wrought most gorgeously with needle embroidery of some mythologic fable, brought the price of a thousand dollars—notwithstanding it was burnt through here and there by the fire of cigars!

How we wonder at that wonderful French nation! Making grand orations of liberty, and submitting itself, like a whipped school-boy, to the man of most nerve and badness!—threading the march of far-off stars, and fathoming all the secrets of the earth by its philosophic ken, and yet with no self-restraining power to govern its own impulses, and no such love of honesty as will keep the highest or the humblest from cheaterly!

And yet, what kindness of manner, and even of fact, when it works under the stimulant of a battle din!

Only the other day at Inkermann, they tell us, a mounted officer, chasing over the field, espied a wounded sergeant who had done good service in his English ranks; and the officer, at the peril of his own life, snatched up the poor fellow to his saddle-bow—bore him to a place of safety—kissed his hand in token of the good wishes he left with him—and disappeared in the thick of the fight.

In short, the French act best always under excitation: their better natures need warming to be resplendent. When they are cool, they are fearfully selfish.

It is well for them that they have such baits to action as crosses of honor and military medals. They need them. Not that they do not love fighting; but that they love the memory and the tokens of it.

Louis Napoleon has just now (our news dates in mid-December) a few tents of various patterns erected upon a parterre of the Tuileries—where the flowers were in July—that he may judge by comparison what will best serve the comfort of his troops. What a pretty pleading to the popular ear of Paris is this?

What a benevolent Emperor, to turn his flower-garden into illustrative diagrams about the good of his soldiers! And the matter tells—where he wishes it to tell. But until the tents arrive in the Crimea, God keep the poor soldiers warm—for none else can!

THE other day (we seem to date from Paris, and the reader must therefore throw our date back an over-ocean space), a pretty woman appeared in all the splendor of a bridal *trousseau* at the French Opera; and a story which went the round of the boxes, about her parentage and her wealth, made the lorgnettes double their convergence in the direction of her *loge*.

It seems that, years ago, an old banker of Holland, whose gold counted by millions, married, in a weak time of his life, a young and a pretty woman. He loved her very truly; and she fancied that she loved him (she certainly did his gold).

She was trained, however, in the strict Holland ways (very much better than French ways), and though she found, as years elapsed, that her hus-

band was old and herself young and beautiful, she maintained her old sense of duty and of trust.

But, in an evil hour, a young marquis of France—exiled from his own country, but carrying the morals and manners of his own country with him—espied the pretty wife of the Dutch banker, and coveted her beauty.

He laid his toils with French art: he became the client of the banker, and placed all his property in his hands; his visits were on the terms of a friend, and, for a long time, nothing doubted.

The wife maintained her true allegiance; but felt that the banker was old and ugly, and the marquis new and attractive.

The state of affairs made itself known at length to the observation of the trustful husband. The marquis was a friend, was rich, was idle, and multiplied day by day, through means of his wealth, the appliances of distraction by which he won upon the regard of the lady.

The banker was beset with the cares of business, and all his capital involved in trade: how could he match the extravagant indulgences which the wealthy marquis lavished upon his friend, the banker's lady?

The Hollander reflected, decided, acted. If the marquis were shorn of his wealth, his power would be gone. The banker plunged wildly into speculations. He regulated all his affairs with other clients, save only the marquis. This French estate became involved like his own; and, with a common crash, both went down together.

People wondered, but were never the wiser. The marquis, impoverished, ceased playing the gallant, and set himself about some lucrative pursuit. The banker, though poor, retained the respect of the world, and won by his very adversity the clinging and renewed fondness of his wife.

Friends came forward soon to his relief: his business was re-established: year after year added to his mercantile successes; year after year took the bloom from the cheek of his wife, and brought them to a nearer level of age.

So, when he would fear gallantries no longer, it happened that he could wear once more the reputation of a man of wealth. Indeed, so great did this become in the end, that he sent for the starveling marquis, and giving him a wise counsel for the future (which, seeing that white hairs had sprinkled the head of the marquis, was hardly needed), repaid him again his lost estate.

There was only one child to claim heirship to the banker's fortune, and that a daughter, the same lady, indeed, of whom the people talked in the *loges* of the opera as wearing a rich bridal dress.

And her husband was the nephew of the marquis, whom her father, the banker, had made poor and made rich again.

We tell the story as it was told to us.

IN English chit-chat a little hum of talk is buzzing again about the ears of poor Perry of the famous 46th. Nor is it altogether so flattering to his vanity as the talk of which we made casual mention two months ago.

It appears, indeed, that poor Perry is weak. He has fallen now, it seems, into worse hands than those of Colonel Garrett and his court martial; he has fallen—alas, for him!—into the hands of sellers of American railway bonds of the Henderson, Galveston, and Houston Branch!

We know nothing of the railway, indeed, which

is perhaps in its favor. But poor Perry, it seems, ran over to Paris to get away from English ovation, and to mature his plans.

The Mayor of Windsor, who was *almoner* of the great Perry Testimonial Fund, amounting in the aggregate to about £2000, heard nothing from him until one pleasant morning an order was presented at the bank where the money was deposited, in favor of a certain Paris banker, for the full sum, and signed by Master Perry.

The Mayor of Windsor being naturally appealed to, as the depositor and trustee of the fund, refused to ratify the draft, and wrote to Mr. Perry for explanation.

Mr. Perry returns a brief apology, and promises speedy account of the whole affair; meantime, however, drawing upon the Mayor personally for a sum of £500, and upon his cousin, another Perry, for a similar amount, being the proceeds from the sale of his royal commission.

The Perry explanation, which comes in a confidential shape, is interesting, as showing to what extent American sharp men are domiciliating themselves in Paris. We can not forbear extracting a portion:

"I have embarked in business, if I may so call it, in Paris, and have placed my money, at least a substitute for it, as I was given that sum (till my check was honored), in a very profitable manner, which has given me 10 per cent., and its safety guaranteed to me by responsible bankers, there being no fear of my losing a fraction. I have certainly been the most lucky man possible. A *gentleman here, an American, who is enormously rich*, has signed an agreement, which is also signed by the American Embassy, *giving me one-half of all he possesses—viz., land to a very large extent, containing mines of gold and copper*, besides timber, with which he has taken an agreement to supply the Emperor for the French navy. I now keep my carriage with him, and am going to take a fine hotel, private, in Paris, with him. I would not have given this explanation, only my singular conduct perhaps needed it, to any one, as I intended to take my friends by surprise. I am going with him to his various bankers to leave my name, so my checks here will be as good as his, and payable accordingly. I trust to your keeping this perfectly secret, as I wish no one to know it. I shall be worth by the end of the year probably about £50,000. Remember me kindly to Darvill, who wrote to me, telling me that you were annoyed. Adieu for the present, yours very truly, J. E. PERRY.

"I shall drop upon you one of these days, and give you an explanation of my success, which is very long and important." . . .

We have underscored a portion which seems specially salient. What a candidate would not this promising young Perry have made for a New York mock action (in case he wanted a watch)!

It does not yet appear, so far as we can learn, who the large holder of timber-land, gold mines, and copper, may be. We wish him joy, however, of his "fine hotel, private," with Mr. Perry. We think it would be as well to keep private.

Another joke concerning the matter is a correspondence between the moneyed editor of the *Times* and a certain personage who has loomed up in Paris as the American agent of the Galveston, Houston, and Henderson Railway. This gentleman, whoever he may be, pleads strongly for the validity of the bonds of the above road, and cites

a letter of Mr. Mason (our minister in Paris), guaranteeing the general wholesome character of the State of Texas, and the respectability of Mr. Judge Kent.

The *Times* man replies in a way which we fear will sadly damage the sale of the Houston bonds. If Mr. Perry, however, can keep up his carriage and private hotel upon them, we think it the highest compliment to their profitable character that an agent (or a Texan) could possibly desire.

YET one other bit of English gossip, which bears a half-American tint, we can not forbear twisting with our pen out of the mesh of last month's paragraphs, and pointing with such moral as we can make.

We allude to the London Peabody dinner, and the disgust of that "lettered" gentleman, our Secretary of Legation at the court of St. James. We never like to bring within our ink-lines the private quarrels of even distinguished personages; but when privacy is voluntarily abandoned, and printed and gratuitously circulated letters challenge our regard, how, as literary purveyors, can we close our eyes?

And yet we bring it up now from the tomb of the papers only to place on record our regret that such ridiculous scandal should, by remote association even, become connected with our representation at a foreign court. The whole affair has more the guise of a quarrel of collegians or of second-rate clerks, not yet out of their teens, than of one between an accredited representative of the government and of a harmless middle-aged gentleman, who admires fondly the Queen, does patriotic deeds, gives magnificent dinners, and enjoys the mention of them.

It appears to us that a gentleman who does not like his host's order of dinner should be quiet, and—next time—stay away. This is easy, natural, and effective.

It appears to us, furthermore, that such gentlemen as, by long residence and active business sympathies, have grown into the European habit of toadying the representatives of noble, or of royal prerogative, should be careful of asking to their entertainments those sharp, fresh republicans, who obey the first impulses of a riotous nature, and who scorn the etiquette of courts as much as they scorn etiquette every where.

WE have hinted at American *toadyism* (Mr. Buchanan is sponsor for the word), and, to tell truth, there is a lamentable amount to offend the eye and the ear, both in England and on the Continent.

We speak advisedly, and regretfully, when we say that there is not a more place-serving and place-admiring people in Europe than long-established Americans.

We can understand how a man who gives up his country for gains—whether social or pecuniary—should give up his republican ardor as well; but that he should so far forget his native, republican manliness as to join in the European worship of castes—whether royal, imperial, or tamely noble—we can neither understand nor appreciate.

We do not admire the reflected honor they may gain in consequence; nor do we any way envy them a position which is bought by the abandonment of the noblest quality of a republican and a freeman.

We believe in regard for etiquette, though eti-

quette may have its feudal attachments; we believe in duties to hosts, whether hosts are royal or imperial; but we believe also in a high American manhood, which is lost when it stoops, and doubly lost when it stoops for gain!

Editor's Drawer.

ONE of the most amusing things in the "Biography of Barnum, written by Himself," is the description which he gives of the "*Exciting and Terrific Buffalo-Hunt*," at Hoboken, by which he made some four thousand dollars in one day! The animals exhibited were fifteen forlorn, feeble *Buffalo calves*; and we shall quote from Washington Irving's "*Tour on the Prairies*," and from Barnum, to show that there is as much difference in the same breed of animals as there is in the same breed of men. Mr. Irving says:

"Of all animals, a buffalo, when close pressed by the hunter, has an aspect the most diabolical. His two short black horns curve out of a huge frontlet of shaggy hair; his eyes glow like coals; his mouth is open, his tongue parched, and drawn up into a half-crescent; his tail is erect, and tufted, and whisking about in the air: he is a perfect picture of mingled rage and terror."

Now "look on that picture, and then on this;" for the following is the sketch which Barnum gives of his "*Grand Buffalo-Hunt*:"

... "The band of music engaged for the occasion did its best to amuse the immense crowd until three o'clock. At precisely that hour the buffaloes emerged from a shed in the centre of the inclosure, my man French having previously administered a punching with a sharp stick, hoping to excite them to a trot on their first appearance. He immediately followed them, painted and dressed like a wild Indian, mounted on a fiery steed, with lasso in one hand and a sharp stick in the other; but the poor little calves huddled together, and refused to move! This scene was so wholly unexpected, and so perfectly ludicrous, that the spectators burst into uncontrollable, uproarious laughter. The shouting somewhat startled the buffaloes, and goaded on by French and his assistants, they started off on a slow trot. The uproar and merriment was renewed, and the multitude swinging their hats, and hallooing in wild disorder, the buffaloes broke into a gallop, ran against a panel of the low fence (consisting of two narrow boards), tumbled over, and scrambled away as fast as they could!"

It has occurred to us that there was not a great deal to boast of in this transaction; for, if we remember rightly, not only were the public grossly deceived, but two or three persons lost their lives on the occasion.

A FAITHFUL picture is drawn in the following of "*Sleigh-riding and Sleigh-scenes in the City*:"

"There is scarcely any scene of 'life' that can surpass the bustle and excitement of a great city in 'sleighing-time.' Merry bells, gliding 'cutters,' sleighs, 'pungs,' every thing that has runners, and can be drawn by cattle of any description—bright faces, scores of parties huddled in sweet hay, under warm buffalo-skins—what a delicious assemblage of pleasant matters!

"Go out on a *mild* morning in winter, ten miles, say, from the city, over a well-trodden road, after a deep snow, which a slight northeast mist, dying away at last in a southern lull, makes damp and

glib! Mark the brown woods—the blue hills, pale, clear, and stately in the distance—the imprisoned river, where the skater wheels on his shining heel; the whitened plains, richly bedight with every hue: it is a sight to remember! “Go,” as the poet says,

“Go when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice;
While the slant sun of January pours
Into the bowers a flood of light! Approach!
The encrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the mossy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That stream with rainbow radiance as they move;
But round the parent stem the long live boughs
Blend in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
The glassy floor—oh! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of the virgin-mine
Deep in the womb of earth, where the gems grow
And diamonds put forth radiant rods and buds,
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up most royally with the pure beam
That dwells within them. Or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;
Whose crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches; and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye.
Thou seest no cavern-roof nor palace-vault:
There the blue sky and the white rifted cloud
Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed with all their branching jets in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light—
Light without shade!”

In the way of *calmness*, perhaps the following is about as cool as any thing the reader has ever encountered, at least in the “Drawer:”

A young lawyer gets his first note for collection. It is against a country customer; so he sits down and writes him a letter in due form, advising him that “his note has been left for collection, that it has run a long time, and that immediate attention to it will save costs,” etc., etc. In about ten days he received this answer:

“Valley Forks, Nov. 15, 18—

“To F. N. B., Esq.—Dear Sir: I received your polite note of the fifteenth instant this day. It was directed to the post-office at Freetown. The mail comes from your village to Tompkinsville every day by the stage which runs from your place to Owego, leaving your village at six o'clock in the forenoon. From Tompkinsville there is a mail every other day to Freetown, and also to Valley Forks. From thence there is a cross-mail around the hills, through the lower towns in this county, to our place once a week; but the postmasters on that route can't read very well, and sometimes keep a letter over one mail to spell out the direction.

“By directing your letters to this office, where I get my papers, I should get them generally in about three days after you mail them, and about a week or ten days sooner than if directed to Freetown; which delay, in an extended correspondence, might, in some cases, be of considerable importance. I hope, my dear Sir, you will not suffer any inconvenience from it *this* time; but I thought it best, as you seemed a little ignorant of the geography of this part of the country, to give you this infor-

mation, that you might in future know how to direct to,

“Dear Sir, yours very respectfully,
“JOHN CALKINS.”

“P. S. As to that note, you say ‘it has run a long time.’ I can only say, as the boy said of the molasses, ‘*Let her run!*’”

Reading this to a friend at our elbow, he remarked that he had heard or read of two cases of independent, impudent “coolness” that he thought were quite as freezing. He went on to say:

“A sharp-nosed, glib-tongued woman was marketing with her basket on her arm in one of the markets of Cincinnati, when she stopped before a ‘station’ where hominy grits, buckwheat, flour, etc., were sold by the small quantity. Unlike the present time, every thing was down *then* to the lowest figure.* Going up to the seller, she said:

“‘What do you ask a half-bushel for Indian meal?’

“‘One shilling, ma’am.’

“‘A shilling, eh? Ain’t that *rather* high?’

“‘*High!* Sha’n’t I *give* you a half-bushel? If you think a shilling is a high price for half a bushel of Indian meal, I’ll *give* you a half-bushel—come, now.’

“‘*Is it sifted?*’ asked the woman—indicating that even as a *gift*, she was not going to take it unless it was ‘first-rate.’”

Something akin to this was the *other* instance of “coolness.”

A merchant in New York, formerly a resident of a flourishing western city of the “Empire State,” after residing in the metropolis for some ten years without once leaving it, took it into his head to visit his old town for a few days. He arrived there the day before the Fourth of July, and during the celebrating of the ensuing day, he encountered very many of his old friends and acquaintances. While he was conversing with one of them, a man with but one arm made his way into the circle where he was standing, and said,

“Ain’t you W—— B——, that used to live here some time ago, down there to ——’s store?”

“I am—the same,” was the reply.

“Yes; well, I thought so. Don’t you remember *me*?”

“Can’t say that I do—though your face is familiar to me, too, somehow.”

“Why, it is my *arm* that does it. I had *two* when you knew me. This arm” (moving the stump of an arm that was not there), “was blow’d off, last July’s four year, by the busting of a cannon. Don’t you remember old Ben ——, that did a good many days’ work down to your store?”

The recognition being now complete, the man went on:

“Can’t you give a poor cripple something on this glorious day? Ef it hadn’t a-been for the Fourth of July, I shouldn’t have lost my arm.”

Mr. B—— took from his waistcoat pocket two

* Apropos of this: Look at the prices in Cincinnati in March, 1821, page 180 of vol. xx. of Niles’s Register, quoted from a Pittsburg paper.

“Flour, one dollar a barrel; good pine boards, twenty cents a hundred feet; sheep and calves, one dollar a head; one bushel and a half of wheat will buy a pound of coffee; a barrel of flour will buy a pound of tea; twelve-and-a-half barrels will buy one yard of superfine broadcloth!”

Compare these prices with present prices: flour at \$12 50 a barrel, and tea at from forty to fifty cents!

twenty-five cent pieces, and resumed his conversation with his friends. The man backed out after receiving the money, without a word of thanks, and he saw him no more until, while he was seated at dinner, the one-armed bore came to him at table, and bending over, said in a loud and "confidential" whisper:

"Your brother that lives here give me a dollar this morning; you didn't give me but half a dollar. Couldn't you give a fellar a little more?"

Not wishing—being a New York merchant—to be outdone in liberality by a relative in the "rural districts," he again took from his pocket two quarter-dollar pieces, and handed them to the cripple. Without deigning a reply, the man took the money and walked off.

Just as Mr. B——, on the same evening, was lighting his candle at the bar, being about to retire for the night, the importunate "solicitor" came up to him with—

"I say, B——, do you know that one o' them quarters that you gave me last was an eighteen-penny piece? Haven't you got a good quarter about you?"

"I gave him the 'good quarter,'" said Mr. B——, in mentioning the circumstance to a friend, "and as I went up to bed, and after I had retired to rest, I could not help thinking that my maimed friend 'stood up for his rights' in a way that was 'a caution' to all givers. He repudiated the idea altogether that 'beggars should not be choosers,' that is, if they chose to be!"

WE observe the following "Short Dialogue" in a Western newspaper:

A. "Will you have the kindness to take my over-coat in your carriage to town?"

B. "With pleasure; but how will you get it again?"

A. "Oh, very easily: I shall remain in it!"

Not unlike a circumstance in which we were once a party. Having occasion to send to a friend in a sister city a few books, we asked a neighbor who was going to the same place in the morning if he would oblige us by taking them. He kindly acceded, with the proviso, "if he could get them into his trunk."

The parcel was sent—somewhat larger than was anticipated—in a square bundle, and arrived safe at its destination.

Some time afterward, meeting the friend who had obliged us (there were no convenient expresses in those days), we thanked him for his courtesy, and asked him if he found any difficulty in carrying the package?

"Oh, not at all!" he said: "it was too large to go in the trunk, but I managed it very well, notwithstanding. My trunk is not a very big one; so I opened your bundle, and there was abundance of room inside for my trunk!"

THE man who "earns his bread before he eats it;" who, while procuring the means of ample subsistence for himself and family, is at the same time benefiting the community in which he lives, will peruse the following, as all readers should do, with an acknowledgment of the well-expressed truths which it contains:

"The noblest men I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods, and till the soil.

And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows kings' or warriors' fame."

"The working men, whate'er their task.

Who carve the stone or bear the hod.

They bear upon their honest brows

The royal stamp and seal of God;

And worthier are their drops of sweat

Than diamonds in a coronet.

"God bless the noble working men,

Who rear the cities of the plain;

Who dig the mines, who build the ships,

And drive the commerce of the main:

God bless them! for their toiling hands

Have wrought the glory of all lands."

"WE talk of Adam and Eve as having been, before the fall, in a very happy condition," says the *Albany Register*; "but one thing they missed—they were never children! Adam never played marbles. He never played 'hookey.' He never drove a tandem of boys with a string. He never skated on a pond, or played 'ball,' or rode down hill on a hand-sled. And Eve—she never made a play-house; she never took tea with another little girl, from the tea-table set out with the tea-things. She never rolled a hoop, or jumped the rope, or pieced a baby-quilt, or dressed a doll. They never played 'blind-man's buff,' or 'Pussy wants a corner,' or 'hurly-burly,' or any of the games with which childhood disports itself.

"How blank their age must have been, wherein no memories of early youth came welling up in their hearts; no visions of childhood floating back from the long past; no mother's voice chanting a lullaby to the ear of Fancy, in the still hours of the night; no father's words of kindness, speaking from the church-yard where he sleeps. Adam and Eve—and they alone, of all the countless millions of men and women that have ever lived—had no childhood!"

KING KAMEHAMAHA, judging from a private letter from the Sandwich Islands, must be a royal monarch. The letter says: "He loafs around the town of Honolulu, peeps into a tavern, and is ready to take a 'nip' with any body that asks him. He isn't worth a red cent, and auctioneers won't take his bid at an auction!"

"The Captain's Bathing-tub" was the title of a most amusing "sailor's yarn" which appeared in "The Saint Nicholas"—a magazine which was too clever to die so soon as it did. It was published monthly, for a short time, at Owego, in this State, but its circulation was too limited for it to be long sustained. But that is "neither here nor there" now, so far as the "Bathing-tub" story is concerned, an incident of which we here condense.

A cabin-boy of one of the ward-room officers, on board a United States' vessel, a good deal given to mischief, one day made his way into the captain's cabin, while they were engaged above in making out a strange sail in the horizon. Here he finds all sorts of luxuries, including various wines, of which he drinks enough to raise his courage not only, but to make him somewhat reckless of consequences.

In this state he finds himself in a room adjoining the cabin, a tin bathing-tub in one corner, luxuriously supplied with rare cosmetics, and "smelling like a barber's shop of the first class." "Now," he says, "I had tried all the other good things that I found in the cabin; I had drank the

captain's wine, and straightened myself out on his sofa, and swung in his hammock; and I thought I wouldn't quit without taking a dip in his bath."

Accordingly he strips, and is just enjoying the first pleasant feel of the water, when he was interrupted by the messenger-boy, who had been sent into the cabin by the captain. Fortunately he was not discovered *this* time, but it made him cautious:

"... I must contrive some way to get out with my clothes if any body came along again. I wasn't long in finding the way. The ports on the side of the forward cabin were open, and through them I could easily get out into the mizzen-chains, where I could dress myself without being seen. There was a big gun in each port, a "carronade," as they call 'em—short but fat—the biggest kind—you never see such kind of guns, except aboard ships-of-war. I could clamber out alongside one of 'em easy enough, though. I was a little fellow then."

He takes his shoes, clothes, and hat, and sticks them outside of the port where they couldn't be seen; "and then," he says, "I went back to the tub. All this didn't take more than half a minute, for I worked sharp, I can tell you. The only thing I was afraid of was, that the steward would come in and catch me. I didn't care a tinker's copper for the captain. I knew I could get out of the port in less time than would take him to come down the poop-ladder. Big bugs are never in a hurry—it wouldn't look dignified, you know."

Presently, while lying luxuriously in the captain's tub, he hears him coming down the cabin-stairs, when he jumps out of the receptacle and makes for the port:

"I was fairly outside and safe, as I thought, in the chains, before the captain opened the cabin-door. I sat there a minute drying myself, and then was going to begin to dress when I heard the sound of oars coming round the stern of the ship. I knew by the regular dip in the water, and by the noise of the oars in the row-locks, that it was a man-o'-war's boat, and, of course, I supposed it was the first cutter coming alongside, though it seemed to me she had come up mighty quick.

"Here I was in a fix. They would see me from the boat as soon as she pulled round the stern, and I should have had work to tell what I was doing, stark naked, in the chains. I couldn't get my clothes on quick enough to be ready for company—for I couldn't stand up without considerable risk of being seen from the poop, in case some fellow happened to be looking over the larboard side. I concluded pretty soon what to do. I first looked into the cabin. The captain wasn't in sight, so I jammed my clothes into the muzzle of the gun, and then got in after myself, feet foremost. I told you, you know, that guns of the kind they call carronades are short but have tremendous big bores. They are used in close fighting, and, when nothing else comes handy, they load them with a cask of nails, and such sort of things. I shoved myself in feet foremost, because I knew that if I rammed my head in first, with my body on top of it for a wad, it would be rather close quarters for breathing comfortably. I found it rather a snug berth as it was; I couldn't move an inch after I had got in, but I knew I was out of sight at any rate.

"I supposed that after the men had come aboard the boat would be hauled out to the booms, and that then I could get out of the gun. But, instead

of that, they had the cutter loaded with something, I didn't know what, that it took pretty near an hour, it seemed to me, to clear her of. They got a sling on the main-yard, and I could hear the orders given to hook on in the boat, and the bo'sn's mate in the gangway piping to haul taut and 'hoist-away,' and 'avast hoisting,' and 'come up,' over and over again, until it appeared to me they had got a dozen launch-boats over the side. By this time my back began to ache with lying in the bore of that old gun; it didn't exactly fit my shoulders.

"I began now to hear talking in the cabin. The gun, you know, was all in the cabin except the muzzle of it, that run out of the port. I couldn't hear so well through the iron though, and it was some time before I could make out what the talk was about. I could distinguish the captain's voice, and could hear the words 'lock' and 'wafer' pretty often. At last he and the man he was talking with came close up to the very gun I was in, and then I heard him call the gunner by name in talking to him, and I recognized him by his growl. I heard him rubbing the gun off with his hand, and playing with the lock, and two or three times he snapped it: that made me feel a little nervous, for I didn't know what he might have put in it."

He finds out at last what they are talking about. The gunner has been making some percussion-wafers that he thinks will never miss fire. He said they would set the charge off without any priming, and he wasn't sure that there would be any need even of pricking the cartridge. The captain tells the gunner to *try* some of these new wafers on the very gun that the fugitive is in!

"I was just going to sing out," he continues, "when the captain asked the gunner if he was sure the gun wasn't loaded.

"Yes, Sir," says he; "the charges were all drawn when the ship came in, and these guns in the cabin haven't been loaded since."

"That was not so bad, after all. They were only going to try if the wafers would *snap*—so I concluded to keep quiet. I didn't quite like the idea, though, for I wasn't *quite* so well contented with the gunner's trial *in* the gun as I should have been *out* of it. I wasn't quite as easy in my mind as I had been an hour before, when I was swinging in the captain's cot. I lay still, though, and meant to 'see it out.' I knew there wasn't any *shot* in the gun, at all events, and I didn't think a blank cartridge would hurt me much, seeing as I had pushed my trowsers and frock in before I got in myself. If I had gone in head foremost, I should have been a good deal more worried about the matter; but, thinks I to myself, 'I'll risk the feet!'

"So there I lay, aching all over, from having my shoulders and hips jammed in between the round sides of my berth, and listening to the talk between the captain and gunner that came in at the touch-hole, and then to the noise in the boat that came through the muzzle. It's not strange that I got every thing mixed up in a heap, in my mind, as to what was going on outside. At last, however, I heard the click of the spring, as the gunner cocked the lock, and the next instant—"

"Well! what then?"

"I was going through the air as if I had been kicked by a forty-horse power! My clothes didn't follow me more than twenty fathoms, but I didn't touch the water till I was a mile and a half from the ship!"

That he was saved is a matter of course, "else wherefore breathes he in a Christian land" to tell his wondrous yarn.

Like Hood's story of the aeronaut who was thrown out of his balloon by a crazy man, when some two miles up in the air, and himself describing the circumstances, and the moon-hoax of Mr. Locke, this "yarn" derives its interest from the naturalness of its minutiae, rather than from the probability of its catastrophe.

THERE has been "any amount" of sport made, of late months, of *Shanghai Fowls*. They seem to be losing much of their first popularity among us, like many another two-legged foreigner who has paid us a visit of honor, which ended very differently. The Shanghai is born into the world with an inordinate pair of legs, which thereafter continue to grow into regular drum-sticks of the longest dimensions. It is asserted, too, that although good "layers," they are very fond of devouring their own eggs. A Mohawk farmer, who has tried them thoroughly, expresses a by no means favorable opinion of the breed. He says their true name is *Shank-high*, and that they are rightly named: "They have no body at all, and when the head is cut off the legs come right apart. I don't see how they can set on their eggs—my jack-knife can set as well as they can. They don't sit on the roost the same as other chickens: not a bit of it! When they attempt to sit as other chickens do (they *straddle* the stick), they fall off backward!

"They sit when they eat, I know; for I've seen 'em do it; and I've seen 'em try to eat standing—but they couldn't 'fetch it;' for when they peck at a grain of corn, on the ground, they don't more than half reach it but the head bobs right between their legs, making them turn a complete somerset. I'd as soon see a pair of tongs or compasses walking about my yard as these Shank-highs. They crow, too, a long time before day in the morning, when it *isn't* day; probably because their legs are so long that they can see day-light long before the common chicken!"

A GOOD and pungent satire upon the ridiculous bank-panics which are got up in "hard times," is contained in the following, from an Albany paper:

"There was a severe run made upon the '*Ginger-bread Man*' of Troy, on Saturday. Up to two o'clock he had redeemed two crollers and a doughnut. In consequence of the stamina exhibited, consols advanced an inch and a half!"

"THE *True Gentleman* is of no country, and is the same every where; not only at the social party or assembly, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the crowded hall, at home, or in the street: never oppresses the weak, or ridicules the unfortunate: respectful and attentive to his superiors; pleasant and affable to his equals; careful and tender to the feelings of those whom he may consider beneath him."

How many of Thackeray's "snobs" would stand this test of a "gentleman?"

THE "*Tall Gentleman*," in the ensuing lines, need not have made any "*Apology*." It was not necessary, at all. It is notorious that "tastes differ," and in nothing is it more remarkable than in the fact that tall women usually choose short husbands, and tall men short wives; fulfilling the

old maxim, that "men and women like best their opposites." No; there can be little doubt that the "tall gentleman" was jilted; and he now turns round, and in revenge, affects to be *himself* the jilter. Like a kindred spirit, who once said to a friend, in speaking of a very beautiful young lady, almost the belle of the village:

"Do you know, Harry, that I came very near *marrying* that girl?"

"No! is that so?"

"Yes; I kept company with her for some time. Folks said it was a match, sure."

"Well, why *didn't* you marry her?"

"Well, you see the way of it was this: one night when I was a-seeing of her from conference-meeting, I asked her if she would accept me, and she said she had "rather be excused," and I was so excited, and such a confounded fool besides, that I excused her!"

But we are keeping the reader from the poetry:

Upbraid me not! I never swore
Eternal love to thee;
For thou art only five feet high,
And I am six foot three:
I wonder, dear, how you supposed
That I could look so low;
There's many a one can tie a knot,
Who can not tie a beau!

Besides, you must confess, my love,
The bargain's scarcely fair;
For never could we make a match,
Although we made a pair;
Marriage, I know, makes one of two,
But there's the horrid bore,
My friends declare if you are *one*,
That I at least am *four*!

'Tis true, the moralists have said,
That Love has got no eyes;
But why should all my sighs be heaved
For one who has no size?
And on our wedding-day, I'm sure
I'd leave you in the lurch,
For you never saw a steeple, dear,
In the inside of a church!

'Tis usual for a wife to take
Her husband by the arm—
But pray excuse me, if I hint
A sort of fond alarm.
That when I offered *you* my arm,
That happiness to beg,
Your highest efforts, dear, would be,
To take me by the leg!

I do admit I wear a glass,
Because my sight's not good,
But were I always quizzing you,
It might be counted rude.
And though I use a convex lens,
I still can not but hope
My wife will e'er "look up to me"
Through Herschel's telescope!

Then fare thee well, my gentle one,
I ask no parting kiss;
I must not break my back, to gain
So exquisite a bliss:
Nor will I weep, lest I should hurt
So delicate a flower:
The tears that fall from such a height
Would be a thunder-shower!

Farewell! and pray don't throw yourself
In a basin or a tub;
For that would be a sore disgrace
To all the Six-Foot Club!
But if you ever love again,
Love on a smaller plan,
For why extend to six-feet three
The life that's but a span?

If poor Hood were living, there are many who would attribute these lines to him. As it is, they are from an unheralded English pen, which *imitates* that great master of word-playing with some success.

WE know not the author of the subjoined passage, which we find in our collection of *disjecta membra*, but it impresses us as extremely touching, and as having come directly from the heart to the hand that penned it:

"In comparison with the loss of a beloved wife, what are other bereavements? THE WIFE! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is so busied, so unwearied—bitter, *bitter* is the tear that falls upon *her* grave! You stand beside her tomb, and think of the past. Fain would the soul *linger* there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwillingly or unkindly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies opened to your inmost sight. You think of her as all goodness—all purity—all truth.

"But she *is dead*. The dear head so often laid upon your bosom, now rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that ministered so untiringly, are folded white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulder now—no speaking face to look up in the eye of love—no trembling lips to murmur, 'Oh, it is so sad!' There is so strange a hush in every room! No smile to greet you at night-fall—and the clock strikes and ticks, and ticks and strikes. It was sweet music, when you could count the hours with *her*—when *she* could hear it! Now it seems only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gather upon her dear face. But many a tale it tells of joys past, sorrows shared, and beautiful words and deeds registered above. You *feel* that the grave can not keep her. You know that she is in a happier world, but still you feel that she is often by your side—an 'angel-presence.'

"Cherish these emotions. They will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has done for you—that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory."

To how many bereaved hearts will these sentences come, who will look back upon the past with mingled recollections of sorrow and joy—perhaps of penitence. "So live, husband and wife," says an old English worthy, "that when *either* dies the spirits of *both* may mingle."

THE following piece of "composition" may be "backed" against any thing ever produced. It was written half a century ago by Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament, in the "Troublous Times of 'Ninety-Eight," when a handful of men, from the County of Wexford, struck terror into the hearts of many a gallant son of Mars, as well as the worthy writer himself. The letter was addressed to a friend in London; and it is old enough to be new to nine in ten of the readers of the "Drawer."

"MY DEAR SIR—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are (thank God!)

killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whisky; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this, I hold a sword in each hand, and a pistol in the other.

"I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right; for it is not half over yet. At present are such goings-on, that every thing is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago; but I did not receive it until this morning. Indeed, scarcely a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town. The bags had been judiciously left behind, for fear of accident; and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes.

"Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little: we were too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went, and by the time half our little party were killed, we began to be all alive again. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns, except pistols and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time, nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colors, but mostly green. After the action, we went to rummage a sort of camp, which they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add, that I am in great haste.

"P.S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried, therefore I beg you will write to let me know!"

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

"So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-revolving thing of power.

"That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need:

"Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy."

THERE is a good lesson to truant husbands in the following; and we fancy, also, a kind of sly satire upon a certain species of pseudo-sentimental "poetry," so called, which is not perhaps quite so much in vogue at present as it was three or four years ago.

HE CAME TOO LATE!

"He came too late! the toast had dried
Before the fire too long;
The cakes were scorched upon the side,
And every thing was wrong!
She scorned to wait all night for one
Who lingered on his way,
And so she took her tea alone,
And cleared the things away!"

"He came too late! at once he felt
The supper hour was o'er;
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
She closed the pantry-door:
The table-cloth had passed away—
No dishes could he see:
She met him, and her words were gay—
She never spoke of tea!

"He came *too* late! the subtle chords
Of patience were unbound;
Not by offense of spoken words,
But by the slights that wound.
She knew he would say nothing now
That could the past repay;
She bade him go and milk the cow,
And coldly turned away!

"He came too late! the fragrant steam
Of tea had long since flown;
The flies had fallen in the cream—
The bread was cold as stone.
And when, with word and smile, he tried
His hungry state to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And never deigned to move!"

An anecdote was well told, some years ago, of a polite Southerner, an accomplished and kind-hearted gentleman, which has found a place, and we think deservedly, in our collection:

"On one occasion he had been driving hard, from morning until night, over the rough roads in the neighborhood of Columbia, South Carolina, and alighted at the only comfortable-looking tavern in the place, very hungry and very tired. Sticking his eye-glass to his eye—his constant companion, he being very near-sighted—he demanded a roast fowl, some good wine, and a comfortable room for the night.

"The landlord was 'exceedingly sorry,' but he 'couldn't *give* him a comfortable room: the only place he could have to sleep in was a double-bedded room, with another gentleman.'

"'Very well, Sir; let us have the best you've got. No man can do more than *that*, Sir.'

"After discussing his supper, he sought his room, 'turned in,' and went to sleep.

"His slumbers were destined to be of very short duration. Before long he was awakened by a call from the other bed, 'Sir! Sir!'

"'Bless my soul!' cried D—, thrusting his glass up to his eye, and endeavoring to peer through the dark, 'what's the matter, my dear Sir? Is the house on fire, or are there bugs in your bed?'

"'Neither, Sir; but, my dear Sir, you snore so terribly that I can not sleep, Sir. It is *terrific*, Sir!'

"'Bless me, my dear Sir, I am shocked that I should have been so rude as to snore in a gentleman's presence, and he a stranger to me. I really ask your pardon, Sir, and beg you'll overlook it. It wasn't *intentional*, I assure you.'

"The apology was accepted; a 'Good-night' was exchanged; and both parties went to sleep again.

"It was not long, however, before a rumbling sound was heard from the polite gentleman's bed, every moment growing louder and louder, until at last it ended in a thunderous diapason. The other lodger, driven almost to madness, started up and exclaimed—

"'Good gracious! this is *too* much! I can't stand it! I say, Sir! *Sir!!* *SIR!!!* wake up, Sir!'

"'Bless my soul! well, what's the matter *now*?'

cried out the offender, starting up in bed; 'you seem to be very *restless*, Sir.'

"'Restless! I *believe* you!' said the disturbed gentleman: 'you've been snoring *again*, Sir, worse than ever, and I can not get to sleep.'

"'You don't *say* so! Have I been *repeating* my rudeness to a stranger? I am really *extremely* sorry, my dear Sir, but I was really asleep. Good-night—night—night; very sor—sor—sor—ry.'

"And off he drowsed again, and in five minutes began snoring as loudly as ever, until he was again awakened by his room-mate's complaints.

"'Snoring *again*, have I, Sir?' said the unconscious offender. 'Well, the fact is, I have had a hard day's journey and eaten a hearty supper—and if I snore, Sir, I can't help it. I have apologized twice, and that is sufficient. I am now about to go to sleep again; but allow me to inform you, Sir, that if you wake me up again, snoring or *not* snoring, Sir, I shall proceed at once to get up and give you the soundest thrashing you ever had in the whole course of your life! *Good-night*, Sir!'

"His slumbers were undisturbed for the rest of the night."

"It will not do," says Sydney Smith, "to be perpetually calculating risks, and adjusting nice chances. It did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterward; but at present, a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousins, and particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no time left to follow their advice."

ONE very frequently hears the remark made, that such, and such, and such a man, "can be a gentleman when he pleases." Now when our reader next hears this expression made use of, let him call to mind the following:

"He who 'can be a gentleman when he pleases,' never pleases to be *any thing* else. Circumstances may, and do, every day in life, throw men of cultivated minds and refined habits into the society of their inferiors; but while, with the tact and readiness that is their especial prerogative, they make themselves welcome among those with whom they have few if any sympathies in common, yet never by any accident do they derogate from that high standard which makes them gentlemen.

"So, on the other hand, the man of vulgar tastes and coarse propensities may simulate, if he be able, the outward habitudes of society, speaking with practiced intonation, and bowing with well-studied grace; yet he is no more a gentleman in his thought and feeling, than is the tinselled actor who struts the boards the monarch his costume would bespeak him. This being the 'gentleman when he likes,' is but the mere *performance* of the character. It has all the swell of the stage and the foot-lights about it, and never can for a moment be mistaken by one who knows the world. A cloak too large can not be gracefully worn by a small man."

THE latest instance of "Spiritual Manifestations" that we have seen, is that recorded of an incredulous young man "Down East," whose father had

promised, before his death, to hold invisible communion with him:

"The spirit of the gentleman (who, by the way, had been somewhat severe in matters of discipline) was called up, and held some conversation with the boy. But the messages were not at all convincing, and the youth would not believe that his father had any thing to do with them.

"Well," said the medium, "what can your father do to remove your doubts?"

"If he will perform some act which is characteristic of him, and without any direction as to what it shall be, I shall believe in it."

"Very well," said the medium; "we wait some manifestations from the spirit-land."

"This was no sooner said than (as the story goes) a table walked up to the youth, and, without ceremony, *kicked him out of the room!*

"Hold on! stop him!" cried the terrified young convert; *that's* the old man!—I believe in the rappings!"

"The hero has never since had a desire to 'stir up the old gentleman!'"

EVERY BODY that knew any thing about Kentucky fifteen years ago, remembers old Colonel Greathouse, a gentleman of the old school, who always had old friends and old wines, and who declared he despised every thing that was new. The old Colonel lived fast, lived well, petted his niggers, raised tobacco, and, of course, gradually wore out his lands. One fine morning in January, the Colonel came to a very strange conclusion, and that was, that the plantation had not paid expenses for many years, and something must be done. After much hard talking and an immense sight of thinking, the Colonel concluded to send his son, "Phil," down the Mississippi, to look out a "new location," the old homestead having "given out." In due course of time, Phil set upon his adventurous journey: he was really "a chip off of the old block," had all of his father's peculiarities, and, though younger in years, had consumed about the same amount of the good things of this sublunary life. Phil, once started, went straight to New Orleans, and took expensive parlors at the St. Charles. His every movement was chronicled by fun and frolic; there was a crowd of good fellows at his heels, go where he would. Every body in the hotel knew him as that "gay young man," and his appearance in the ladies' parlors was hailed with delight. The season drew to a close, and Phil's money was out; and so he started home. Old Colonel Greathouse received "his boy" with all the affection of a fond father; mutual compliments were exchanged; and after the usual questions and answers pertaining to separations were gone through with, Phil found himself in the parlor, with nothing but a round table and a bottle of Madeira between himself and his father, when the following conversation ensued:

"You say, Phil, my boy, that the lands down in Louisiana are very fine, the crops large, and all the people rich and hospitable; s'pose you went about a great deal on the plantations, examined the soil, looked at the expenses of raising the crop, and got your information on the spot?"

"Certainly," said Phil, with gravity; "went about all over, and the land is wonderful; no bottom to the soil—crops grow in it spontaneously—money comes in with a rush—wonderful plantations on that 'Mississippi bottom.'"

"We must move, Phil, and commence the world anew; 'twon't do, my boy, to live here and have every thing eating their heads off," half soliloquized the Colonel; and then brightening up he asked, "you know, Phil, I told you to inquire about the water in that lower country; I am particular about water; how did you like that?"

Phil was puzzled; after a few moments' perplexity he replied, "Why, the fact is, when I got away from home I remembered you mentioned something to me about a matter you were particular about, but I forgot what it was; and, consequently, the few months I was in Louisiana I *never tasted any water!*"

"You should have done it *once*, to oblige your father," said the Colonel, sorrowfully; and from that time forward nothing more was heard of the proposed removal to the rich lands "farther South."

SHAKING of hands is the accepted manner of performing "how-de-do," "glad to see you;" but the manner of doing this varies so much, that with some people we have "great shakes," and with others "no shakes at all." Politicians, if they are running for office, have the art of hand-shaking to perfection. Editors have a very impressive shake for a subscriber paying "in advance." In shaking hands ladies are generally passive, for the least pressure from their little fingers means volumes not included in the formal and familiar ceremony. We have been told, by those "posted up" in such matters, that the telling and eloquent shake of the hand, that eclipses all others, comes from a principal in a duel when his second announces to him "that the affair was amicably arranged." It would be impossible to give all the varied expression that characterizes the act of shaking hands; but there are a few that can be designated, which, like primitive colors, form the ground-work of every varying shade.

The *pump-handle* shake first deserves notice. It is performed in a solemn, mechanical manner. No attempt has ever been successful to give it grace or vivacity. As a general rule, it should not be continued after your friend is in a profuse perspiration from the unwonted exercise. The *pendulum* shake is of a similar character, but it has a horizontal instead of perpendicular motion. It is executed by boldly sweeping your hand horizontally toward your acquaintance, and, after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other as long as human nature will bear it. The *tourniquet* shake is next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument of torture by which surgeons stop the circulation of the blood. The person using this style, if he has a large, powerful hand, can throw his victims into intense agony, and even produce dislocation of the small bones of the fingers, and in delicate persons easily sprain the wrist. The *cordial* shake is performed with a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied by a moderate degree of pressure, and cheerful exclamations of welcome. This style is indiscriminate and very popular. The *grievous* touch is the opposite of the cordial grapple. It is principally used by hypochondriacs and sentimental young clergymen, and is always accompanied by a nervous inquiry about somebody's health. The *prude major* and the *prude minor* are entirely monopolized by the ladies: the first allows the gentlemen to touch the fingers down to the second joint; the second gives you the whole of the forefinger. The

very ladies, however, who use these styles most effectually, will, in a moment afterward, permit the *tourniquet* squeeze, provided it is done in the waltz or other equally familiar dance. We might extend our list with descriptions of the *gripe-royal*, and the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake *with malice prepense*, which are, after all, but exaggerated forms of the pump-handle, pendulum, and tourniquet varieties, and therefore can be conceived more easily than described.

TOM PLACIDE, as he is every where called by his many friends, relates an amusing incident connected with himself. He states that, awhile since, he was traveling down the Ohio, and being personally unknown to any one, he passed away the time by reading. A most obtrusive person among the passengers seemed to be miserable because he could not learn Placide's business; and, after two or three days' fruitless speculation, he concluded that P. was a "sporting gentleman," and in en-

deavoring to satisfy himself, the following scene ensued:

T. P., getting angry at the stranger's supposition, his dark eye flashing, and his manner imposing—"I tell you I am no gambler. I am an actor, Sir."

Stranger, growing very familiar and self-complacent—"Ride a horse in a ring, eh? Throw flip-flaps on the tan-bark?"

T. P., very angry indeed—"No, Sir! I am no circus-actor—I am a play-actor." And straightening himself up, and swelling out his portly front, he slapped his hands upon the bottom of his vest, and, in a voice of thunder, demanded, "Do I look, from my size, as if I could throw flip-flaps?"

The stranger viewed the indignant son of Thespis for a moment with a critical eye, and then pronounced, "That he didn't think Placide could throw flip-flaps;" and perfectly unconscious that he had been exceedingly disagreeable, he walked away, to meddle in some one else's private affairs.

Literary Notices.

Napoleon Bonaparte, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The Memoir of Napoleon, which has attracted such universal attention as its successive numbers have appeared in the pages of this Magazine, is about to be reproduced, with the original illustrations, in two handsome volumes, including copious additions, and a careful revision by the author. In this important contribution to the biography of one of the most prominent historical characters of modern times, Mr. Abbott has taken an independent point of view, made himself master of the subject by assiduous personal research, and, refusing to yield to the influence of early impressions and foreign traditions, has presented an estimate of the illustrious man to whom he has devoted his studies, which can not fail to soften prejudices, remove misapprehensions, and purify and exalt the fame of Napoleon in the eyes of all impartial and intelligent readers. It is, perhaps, hardly time for the public mind to receive a perfectly just impression of the character of one concerning whom there has been such intense and bitter political controversy. The whole mass of English literature relating to the subject, with only one or two rare exceptions, is infected with the hostile spirit which John Bull feels bound to exercise toward a national enemy. The crude and superficial work of Sir Walter Scott—written after the vigor of that mighty mind had been impaired by misfortune and disease—betrays, through a thin disguise of candor, the inveterateness of foregone personal and political conclusions. Redeemed from absolute tediousness by occasional passages of brilliant description, his narrative exhibits scarcely a trace of the endeavor to ascend to the highest sources of historical evidence, to correct traditional errors, to look at the other side of the picture which had long fastened the attention of British spectators, and to do exact justice to the policy and motives of a man whose name had been a perennial terror, both at the fireside and in the council and the field. The views of Sir Walter Scott, however, with the remains of political prejudice, have been the chief means of forming public opinion on the subject with the generation now on the stage. We

have been content with echoing the voices which reached us from the opposite shore of the Atlantic. The question of Napoleon's character was no longer regarded as an open one—not only had the case been given to the jury, but a verdict had been rendered, and the court adjourned. A solitary defender of Napoleon, like Hazlitt, for instance, might lift up his voice against the general concert of opinion, but it was of little use; he could not stem the prevailing tide; and he was set down as a lover of paradox, with shrewd warnings against the seductions of splendid, but erratic genius. The writer of these volumes doubtless shared in the almost universal antipathy with which the character of Napoleon was viewed among the "better classes" in this country. A New-Englander, a clergyman, a conservative, connected with the old Federal party by all his antecedents, he must have imbibed a hatred of Napoleon with his native air. Belonging to a family remarkable for an almost excessive austerity of conscience, and cherishing the traditions of youth with the zeal of religion, Mr. Abbott was perhaps the last man from whom a panegyric on the French Emperor could have been expected. At the commencement of his studies, with a view to this biography, he, probably, little foresaw the result himself. We regard these circumstances as a guarantee of the good faith and earnest conviction which characterize the execution of the work. With all the comments which it has called forth, in the serial form, it is not pretended, as we are aware, that the writer has garbled facts to suit his purpose, or failed to weigh historical probabilities in an even scale. His conclusions, of course, are legitimate themes of discussion, and it is not surprising that they have provoked marked differences of opinion. In regard to the literary merits of these volumes, we think that high commendation can justly be awarded to the writer. His style is often impassioned and glowing, but never passes the limits of natural modesty and good taste. His narrative moves on at a brisk pace—he does not allow it to be impeded by superfluous details—and shows great skill in giving the gist of an incident in a few graphic expressions. It is marked by

force and simplicity rather than by ambition of ornament. Frequent scenes of pathos are described, but always with true feeling, and with no attempt to enhance the effect by appeals to mawkish sensibility. Mr. Abbott's battle-pieces are lively and impressive—taking strong hold of the memory—though they do not stun the reader by reproducing the din of combat in a storm of words. With his enthusiastic admiration of the great military conqueror, Mr. Abbott has wisely avoided the temptation of throwing a false glare around military glory. He cherishes a religious sense of the horrors of war. He comprehends the superior position of the arts of peace in the progress of civilization. In doing justice to the achievements of his hero in arms, he does not hesitate to deplore their sad necessity; while his warmest sympathies are with the freedom and intelligence that are to bless the nations, when the bloody footsteps of war shall recede before the advance of pacific improvement. The influence of his work on the younger portion of the community, for whom it is more particularly intended, can not be otherwise than commanding and salutary. It will tend to remove the prejudices of party and ancestry—to inspire a deeper sense of historical justice—and to quicken the appreciation of all that is excellent and noble in the career of Napoleon, without bewildering the mind by a melodramatic display of military fascinations.

The Science and Art of Elocution and Oratory, by WORTHY PUTNAM (published by Miller, Orton, and Mulligan), consists of a theoretic view of the principles of elocution, with a variety of specimens in the different branches of eloquence, selected from the productions of eminent orators. The work has evidently been prepared with carefulness and tact, and is commended to teachers by its variety, appropriateness, and orderly method.

James S. Dickerson has issued a neat educational work, entitled *Harry's Vacation; or, Philosophy at Home*, by WILLIAM C. RICHARDS, intended to present the more familiar principles of natural science in a form adapted to engage the attention of youthful readers. The plan, although not an entirely novel one, is carried out with no small degree of success. In the dialogues, which are made the vehicle of instruction, the language is simple and attractive, the illustrations are apt, and the topics introduced in the natural order of succession are thus explained to the comprehension of the juvenile student. There are certainly few volumes in which so great an amount of information is conveyed in such a pleasing shape.

The same publisher has brought out the first volume of *Romance of Biography*, edited by the Rev. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D., containing the *Life of Richard the Lion-Hearted*. It is designed as the commencement of a series, prepared by different hands, with special reference to the instruction and improvement of the young. The details of the narrative in this volume are fascinating as a novel. The life of the hero was crowded with romantic incidents, and they are here reproduced in their picturesque bearings with admirable effect. Under the able superintendence of the erudite editor, the series can scarcely fail to prove a useful addition to the means of popular education.

Humanity in the City, by the Rev. E. H. CHAPIN. (Published by Dewitt and Davenport.) A series of discourses, devoted to the application of religious truth to the duties and interests of every-day life.

Abstaining from themes of polemic discussion, they plunge into the very heart of city life for materials of warning and illustration. Among the titles of the discourses are, *The Lessons of the Street*, *Man and Machinery*, *The Allies of the Tempter*, *The Children of the Poor*, and others of a kindred character. These subjects are treated by the author in the spirit of religious philanthropy, and enforced with his characteristic vigor and eloquence of expression.

Fudge Doings: being Tony Fudge's Record of the Same, by I. K. MARVEL. (Published by Charles Scribner.) The Fudge family are well-known in the fashionable circles of New York. They reside in one of the stateliest mansions of the Fifth Avenue, sport a magnificent equipage, and are exemplary worshippers of wealth and style. Their nephew, Tony, has most indiscreetly opened to the gaze of the public some of their domestic secrets. He draws aside many a splendid veil—the mischievous rogue—and shows the vulgarity and hollow-heartedness which are concealed beneath upholstery of velvet and gold. As a specimen of caustic, but good-natured satire, this volume is fully equal to any of the previous productions of the author.

Hagar the Martyr, by Mrs. H. MARION STEPHENS (published by Petridge and Co.), is a story belonging to the school of melodramatic intensity, written in a bold, dashing style, and seeking the materials for popular effect in scenes of strange and high-wrought passion. The best features of the work are its occasional characterizations and descriptions of Southern life; while the improbability of the plot, and its prevailing extravagance of diction are more adapted to charm the lovers of "fast literature," than to gain the approval of discreet readers.

A revised edition of COLTON's *Greek Reader*, prepared by HENRY M. COLTON, the brother of the previous editors, has been issued by Durrie and Peck, New Haven. The original work was edited by the Rev. JOHN O. COLTON, and published in 1839—this was succeeded by an edition in 1846, by G. H. COLTON—and the edition now offered to the public is furnished with a variety of new references and notes, with other valuable improvements. The excellence of this volume as a preparatory text-book for the Greek student has been fully tested by experience; and we need only say, that the present edition is brought out with the attention to clear and attractive typography, which is half the battle with the beginner in this difficult branch of scholastic education.

A new work by Professor TAYLER LEWIS, on *The Scriptural Cosmology*, is announced by G. Y. Van De Bogert. The leading design of the volume is to set forth the Biblical Idea of Creation, philologically ascertained, in distinction from any scientific or inductive theory of the Earth. The learning and acumen of the author, with his well-known earnestness of conviction, can not fail to awaken an interest in the forthcoming work.

Of recent American works none have met with a more cordial appreciation, than Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE's *Shakspeare's Scholar*. The *Literary Gazette* speaks of it as follows: "We are, on various accounts, greatly pleased with this Transatlantic contribution to Shakspearian literature. It is another goodly stone added by worthy hands to the cairn of the great poet. It is another

proof that our brethren across the Atlantic are not totally absorbed in politics, or cotton-growing, or making bread-stuffs. It gives assurance that there will be a succession of men who will take pride in preserving those writings, which are the noblest heir-looms of the common Anglo-Saxon race. We are delighted also to find in Mr. White an enemy of the pedants and bookworms who have too much appropriated the office of Shakspeare's commentators. This feeling he carries to excess, though we can scarcely be angry with the violence of his zeal in such a cause.

Messrs. Griffin of Glasgow announce as forthcoming a collected edition of the works of Lord BROUGHAM, to be issued in parts. By-the-by, it turns out, on the evidence of a manuscript note of the late Lord COCKBURN, of Edinburgh—the biographer of JEFFREY, and the careful collector during his life of every thing relating to the *Edinburgh Review* and Scottish literature generally—that the famous article in the *Edinburgh* on BYRON'S "Hours of Idleness," which drew forth the "English bards and Scotch reviewers" and stung Byron into the splendid revenge of his subsequent career, was written not by Jeffrey, but by Brougham. Lord Cockburn's library, containing many curious and valuable memorials, has just been sold; and a collection of tracts, relating to the *Edinburgh Review*, and Edinburgh politics and literature during the last fifty years, and profusely annotated by Lord Cockburn, has been purchased by the British Museum for 85*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* The collection consists of 350 volumes of pamphlets, of which about 60 refer to the *Edinburgh Review* alone. These supply, in some cases, the only evidence of the authorship of the essays in that famous periodical.

Some people say Mr. CARLYLE is, and some say he is not getting on with his history of Frederick the Great. He is reported to have declared it his intention to deposit all his future writings, as MS. sealed, in the Record Office, or some such place, not to be produced for some two thousand years, when the world is enough advanced to receive them with profit. A plan suggested to him in reply, was that he should print off an edition, and have the whole impression put in the Custom-house (with the bonded wine) till the world was fit to appreciate his writings. His friend Mr. TENNYSON is about to break his long silence. We may expect, after such a continued reticence, something truly great. All the young poets who have been so extensively starring in his absence will have to pale their ineffectual fires.

"WE have received," says the *London Leader*, "the sixth volume of M. LOUIS BLANC'S *History of the French Revolution*, the most brilliant and powerful in style, the most laborious and exact in its accumulation and analysis of original documents, of the many 'Histories' of that colossal epoch. The heroes and the victims of the Revolution have been subjected to transformations so violent and so capricious at the hands of fanatical partisans and unscrupulous literary jobbers, that the very scene of a drama played out before the eyes of our fathers has faded into a mirage, and the leading actors appear like the fantastic shadows of a magic lantern. . . . The chapter in the present volume in which the celebrated *Day of Dupes*, June 20, 1792, and the invasion of the Tuileries

are described, is characterized by force of narrative painting. In this episode M. Louis Blanc corrects the numerous errors and omissions of Lamartine and Michelet, having himself consulted with indefatigable diligence the ample resources of the British Museum, so rich in the official reports and flying sheets of the period. 'No doubt,' says M. Louis Blanc, in a long note appended to this chapter, 'M. de Lamartine has involuntarily misled his readers, having been himself misled.' But this only shows with what care historical researches should be conducted. When there is an abundance of contradictory evidence on an event, it is indispensable to take them one by one, to weigh, compare, confront them. A tedious and distasteful task, no doubt! But truth requires it. An historian should be an examining magistrate before being a painter."

A fine statue of white marble, from the chisel of Mr. THRUPP, has just been erected in Westminster Abbey, to perpetuate the memory of the poet WORDSWORTH. It represents the author of the "Excursion" sitting in the open air, in a contemplative mood, as if communing with nature, under whose habitual sway he may be said to have lived. He is resting on a moss and ivy-mantled stone or knoll, with the green sward at his feet enameled in flowers; the legs are crossed; his right hand and arm are wound gracefully round one knee; the left hand, with the forefinger slightly uplifted, is laid upon an open book, which the poet has just been reading; the eyes are bent, in pensive admiration, upon the flowers at his feet; and the spectator may fancy him saying:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The conception is an exceedingly felicitous one; the whole attitude of the figure is singularly easy and graceful, and the sculptor has been equally happy in rendering the head and features of the deceased, with which the public are more or less familiar.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART died on the 25th of November, at Abbotsford, in his sixty-fifth year. He was the younger son of the Rev. Dr. Lockhart, of Glasgow, and in that city received his early education. From the University of Glasgow there are exhibitions to Balliol College, Oxford, one of which young Lockhart obtained. He was destined by his father for the law; but though in due time called to the Scotch bar, he had little inclination for legal studies. To the pursuits of literature he was early devoted, and the society into which he was thrown when he first "walked the Parliament house" as a young advocate at Edinburgh, confirmed his purpose of making literature his profession. A visit to Germany, where, among other influencing scenes and incidents, his having seen Goethe is chiefly memorable, completed his alienation from the routine duties of the Scotch bar. In May, 1818, he first met Scott, who was pleased with his conversation, and who shortly after recommended him to the Ballantynes, as likely to afford useful aid in their literary undertakings. They employed him to write the historical part of the "*Edinburgh Annual Register*," which Scott had previously compiled, but for which other more profitable avocations left him no leisure. Soon after this he received a message from Scott to come to Abbotsford, along with John Wilson, to meet

Lord Melville of the Admiralty, son of the famous Henry Dundas, who had more political power than any Scotchman since the days of Lord Bute, and to whom the young Tories of the north transferred the humble reverence and keen expectation with which they had looked to the father as the dispenser of patronage and places. From the interview with Lord Melville no immediate result ensued in Lockhart's case, but it is well known that political influence had the main share in the election of Wilson to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. The appointment turned out far better than had been anticipated; but at the time it was felt to be too strong an exertion of political influence to thrust into the chair of Dugald Stewart a young poet, who had not turned his attention to ethical studies, and whose literary attainments were chiefly known from his light contributions to "Blackwood's Magazine." Lockhart was at this time a most intimate friend of Wilson, and his ablest coadjutor in Blackwood, which, though only started in 1817, had already become a considerable "power" both in literature and politics. In 1820 Lockhart was married to Sophia, the eldest daughter of Walter Scott. All who know the story of Scott at this period of his life will remember with delight what Lockhart has told of his own home at Chiefswood, in which the laird of Abbotsford took so deep an interest. These happy family scenes were soon clouded, and the much-loved boy, the "Hugh Littlejohn," for whom he wrote the "Tales of a Grandfather," died at the early age of eleven. From the mournful thoughts suggested by the desolated hopes of Chiefswood and Abbotsford, we gladly turn to the busier scene in which Lockhart appeared in 1825, as editor of the "Quarterly Review." We may merely mention that before this Lockhart had become more known as an author, having in 1820 published his first novel, "Valerius, a Roman Story," which was followed by "Reginald Dalton," and by several other tales and novels. Early in 1825 appeared his "Life of Burns," in Constable's newly-commenced miscellany of cheap and popular literature. The same year Lockhart removed to London, to succeed Giffard in the management of the "Quarterly." Apart from the influence derived from its political articles, Lockhart took care to maintain the excellence of the "Review" in all departments of literature, and some of the ablest efforts of modern English scholarship are found in the papers on classical subjects in the volumes of the "Quarterly" during Lockhart's editorship. His "Life of Sir Walter Scott" has become a standard book in English literature, and few biographies will ever attain equal popularity.

Amidst the outward affluence and social environments of Lockhart's London life in later years, few but his intimate friends knew the griefs that preyed upon his mind. The whole family history of Scott and Lockhart affords a striking instance of "the vanity of human wishes." Scott's chief ambition was to be a country laird, and the founder of the family of the Scotts of Abbotsford. His inward thought was that his house should continue forever, and the land be called after his own name. Of Scott's four children, the eldest son died childless in India, and the other, unmarried, in Persia. The younger daughter died not long after her father, and Mrs. Lockhart four years later. Lockhart had then a son who is since dead, and his daughter (Mrs. Hope) is married in a connection

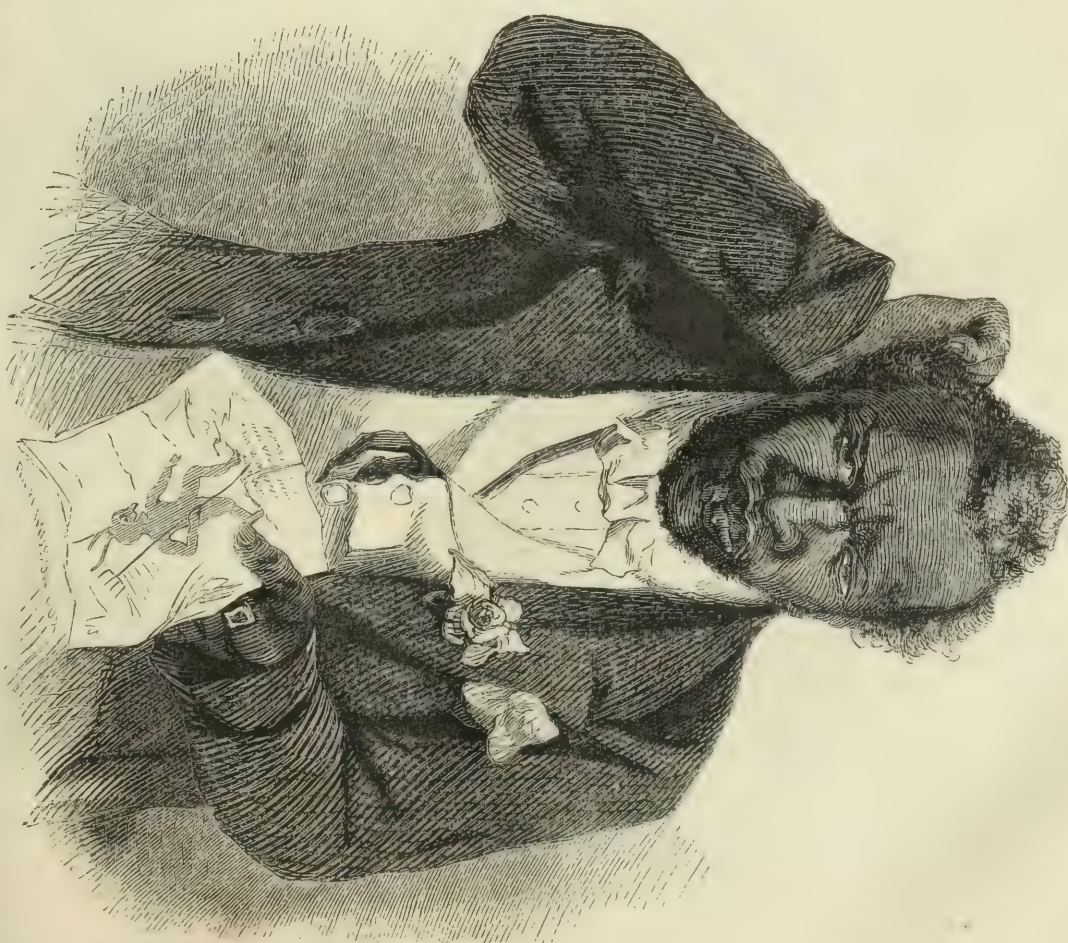
widely alien from the early associations of Abbotsford. The death of Lockhart has now severed the last tie which linked his family with that of Sir Walter Scott, though his name will live with him in the history of literature.

Of the works of Lockhart which appeared as separate publications, besides the Life of Scott, his literary reputation will receive the highest lustre from the Spanish Ballads. Many similar compositions have since been attempted, but none have excelled in spirit and style these fine specimens of old Spanish minstrelsy.

Professor EDWARD FORBES, F.R.S., late of King's College, London, and the Government School of Mines, and known by his valuable contributions to natural science, and particularly to geology, has just died, in his thirty-ninth year. Dr. Forbes only recently left London to succeed Professor Jamieson in the chair of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. "This," says the *Caledonian Mercury*, "was with Forbes the highest object of ambition; and had his life been spared, it would have been dedicated to extending its already great reputation, so that no school probably in the civilized world would have equaled it in greatness. With this view he had formed gigantic and most able plans, which, through his great influence with the Government, would have been liberally supported, and we have no doubt ultimately carried out. But, arrived at the culminating point of his ambition, and at the commencement of his long-matured schemes of usefulness, he has, by a mysterious dispensation of Providence, been removed from us, when we were beginning to appreciate his worth. A chronic disease, contracted when in the East, re-excited and rendered violent by a severe cold caught last autumn on a geological excursion, and which burst out with uncontrollable fury about ten days ago, was the immediate cause of his premature death." "Edward Forbes," says an English paper, "had a great intellect. He was an acute and subtle thinker, and the broad philosophical tone and comprehensive grasp of his many-sided mind enabled him to appreciate and to understand the labors of others in fields of inquiry far different from his own. A naturalist by inclination and by profession; a close observer in the museum and in the field; possessed of a vast acquaintance with the details of those branches of science which he had made his especial study; no less capable of the widest generalizations, as his *Ægean* researches more especially show—in speculation a Platonist, delighting in Henry More—in literature and in art, blessed with a solidity of judgment and a refinement of taste such as fall to the lot of few—in social life a humorist of the order of Yorick; gifts like these are alone sufficient to raise a man to eminence, and to lead us to lament, as a great calamity, his sudden and early death. But it was not these qualities which distinguished him so highly beyond his fellows. Our affections cling to character and not to intellect; and rare as was the genius of Edward Forbes, his character was rarer still. The petty vanities and heart-burnings which are the besetting sins of men of science and of men of letters, had no hold upon his large and generous nature—he did not even understand them in others. A thorough spirit of charity—a complete toleration for every thing but empiricism and pettiness, seemed to hide from him all but the good and worthy points in his fellow-men."



THE VALENTINE.—DELIGHT.



THE VALENTINE.—VEXATION.



OH!



A VERY COLD MORNING.

Fashions for February.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal-street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURE 1.—OPERA DRESS.

THE depth of winter is not a season productive of special novelties or innovations in the World of Fashion. The garment which we select for our principal illustration is designed for the Opera or *Sortie du bal*. It is of merino, ornamented with a border of watered satin ribbon, loops of which, terminating in streamers, are arranged upon the cape and sleeves. A tasseled cord completes the ornament of this neat and simple garment.



FIGURE 2.—COIFFURE.

The style of coiffure here delineated is designed for full dress. A French twist, terminating in a Grecian plait, carried in a circle around it, forms the back. This lies behind the comb. The twist is continued below by a five-strand cable twist, which also forms a circle around the head, outside and in front of the first plait and comb. The front hair is arranged in French bandeaux, terminating at the ears in an open seven-plait, which is carried in five festoons around the lower portion of the head. Drooping sprays of fuschias and jasmine constitute the floral ornaments.



FIGURE 3.—SLIPPER AND OVERSHOES.

The slipper, placed upon the stool, is well adapted to the dress delineated above. It is of taffeta, delicately wrought in needle-work, trimmed with swansdown. The overshoes are also bordered either with swansdown or ermine. They are made of va-

rious materials—silk, satin, cashmere, velvet, etc. Some are plain, others are ornamented with embroidery. They are confined to the foot by bows of ribbon, or, as in the illustration, by tasseled cords.

We give place to the following hints on the adaptation of colors to complexions, which are well worthy of attention. They are taken from M. CHEVREUL's elaborate treatise on the "Harmony of Colors :—"

RED DRAPERY.—Rose-red can not be put in contact with the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. Dark-red is less objectionable for certain complexions than rose-red, because, being higher than this latter, it tends to impart whiteness to them, in consequence of contrast of tone.

GREEN DRAPERY.—A delicate green is, on the contrary, favorable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not as favorable to complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of brick-red hue. In the latter case a dark green will be less objectionable than a delicate green.

YELLOW DRAPERY.—Yellow imparts violet to a fair skin, and in this view it is less favorable than the delicate green. To those skins which are more yellow than orange it imparts white; but this combination is very dull and heavy for a fair complexion. When the skin is tinted more with orange than yellow, we can make it roseate by neutralizing the yellow. It produces this effect upon the black-haired type, and it is thus that it suits brunettes.

VIOLET DRAPERIES.—Violet, the complementary of yellow, produces contrary effects: thus it imparts some greenish yellow to fair complexions. It augments the yellow tint of yellow and orange skins. The little blue there may be in a complexion it makes green. Violet, then, is one of the least favorable colors to the skin, at least, when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone.

BLUE DRAPERY.—Blue imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself favorably to white and the light flesh tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this color. Blue is, then, suitable to most blondes, and in this case justifies its reputation. It will not suit brunettes, since they have already too much of the orange.

ORANGE DRAPERY.—Orange is too brilliant to be elegant; it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint.

WHITE DRAPERY.—Drapery of a lustreless white, such as a cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose color; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colors by raising their tone; consequently it is unsuitable to those skins which, without having this disagreeable tint, very nearly approach it. Very light white draperies, such as muslin, plaited or point lace, have an entirely different aspect.

BLACK DRAPERY.—Black Draperies, lowering the tone of the colors with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermilion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear, relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist.

Darien Exploring Expedition
Under command of Lieut. Isaac C. Strain
J. T. Headley

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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CAMP SCENE.

DARIEN EXPLORING EXPEDITION,
UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUT. ISAAC C. STRAIN.
BY J. T. HEADLEY.

[Having from the first become deeply interested in the Darien Exploring Expedition, and afterward doubly so in the fate of Lieutenant STRAIN, I was very anxious to know its history. Subsequent acquaintance with Lieutenant Strain, ripening into a warm friendship, enabled me to gratify this desire. With that grew the wish to make the facts public. At my request, therefore, Lieutenant Strain gave to me his private report to the Secretary of the Navy, whose permission to use it was cheerfully granted, also the journals kept by both parties, together with the book of sketches made by the draughtsman. Interesting interviews with Lieutenant Maury and civil engineer Mr. Avery, have enabled me to add many details not incorporated either in the report or the journals. For any personal matters relating to Lieutenant Strain I solely am responsible, as well as for any special praise bestowed on him. I know it would be his wish that I should speak of him *personally* as little as possible; but I have thought it best to look only at the truth and interest of the narrative, and make every other thing subservient to these.]

IT is not necessary here to speak of the importance to the whole civilized world of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, nor of the different surveys that have been made.

The route of the following Expedition, beginning in Caledonia Bay and ending in Darien Harbor, had not been passed over since 1788, and was a *terra incognita*. In 1849, an Irish adventurer published a book, which went through several editions, in which he declared that he had "crossed and recrossed it several times and by several tracks," and that only "*three or four miles of deep cutting*" would be necessary for a ship canal the entire distance. Aroused by this report—which proved to be a mere fiction—Sir Charles Fox and other heavy English capitalists took up the subject, and sent out Mr. Gisborne, a civil engineer, to survey the route. He pretended to do so, and also published a book, mapping down the route, and declaring that it was only "*thirty miles between tidal effects*," and the "*summit level one hundred and fifty feet*." An English company was immediately formed with a capital of nearly \$75,000,000.

Without following the progress of this scheme in England and on the Continent, it is necessary, in this connection, to state only that Mr. Gisborne's favorable report resulted in enlisting England, France, the United States, and New

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Granada, in exploring together the proposed route for a ship canal across the Isthmus. It will be seen in the succeeding pages that this report was also a fiction; that Mr. Gisborne never crossed the Isthmus at all—never saw across it—never advanced more than a dozen miles inland at the farthest—and, in fact, was *afraid* to make the attempt, and that, instead of the summit-level being 150 feet, it is at least *one thousand feet*. As an inevitable result, therefore, the various expeditions, relying as they did entirely on this report, with its accompanying maps, would be led into error, and in the end completely baffled. The English one, starting from the Pacific side December 23d, 1853, proceeded up the Savana, and cutting its way more than 26 miles from the place of debarkation on that river, finally became disheartened, and, with the loss of four men slain by the Indians, returned discomfited to the ships. Strain, from the Atlantic side, started nearly a month later. Three days after his departure, another expedition, composed of French and English together, under the guidance of both Dr. Cullen and Mr. Gisborne, set out from the same point, and endeavored to follow in his track. But, notwithstanding they had the men who *said* they had crossed and surveyed the Isthmus—the former having walked it “several times and notched the trees”—they were unable even to get out of Caledonia Valley, and after having penetrated not more than six miles in all returned. Gisborne and Cullen could not follow their own maps, not to mention the notched trees. The Granadian expedition started still later. This was a very large party, under the command of Codazzi, the principal engineer of New Granada. How far it penetrated is not known, but straggling over the space of a mile it was completely broken up, and returned, after having lost several men. It is with feelings of national pride I state that the American expedition, under Strain, alone accomplished the passage, though under an accumulation of suffering rarely recorded in the annals of man.

On the morning of the 17th of January, 1854, the *Cyane*, Captain Hollins, with Lieutenant Strain and his party on board, entered Caledonia Bay, where they were immediately visited by a number of Darien Indians, some of whom spoke broken English and Spanish, which they had acquired in their intercourse with the traders on the coast. They came on board fearlessly, were very intelligent and observant, and, though much below the ordinary stature, were strongly built and athletic.

On the 18th a council was held which lasted about eighteen hours, and finally terminated favorably. For a long time the chiefs resisted Hollins's demand for permission for Strain's party to traverse the Isthmus, and opposed the project of a canal most pertinaciously, insisting that if God had wished one made, he would have given greater facilities (an opinion in which Strain fully coincided before he got across), and that they ought not to be disturbed in the quiet posses-

sion of the land which the Almighty had given them. Strain replied that God had created them naked, but they had chosen to clothe themselves, which was as much an infraction of his laws as it possibly could be to construct a canal. To this special pleading they could not reply, and finally, believing that Captain Hollins would send a party through their country with or without their permission, gave their consent, remarking that it appeared to be the will of God that they should cross; and after stipulating only that they should not disturb their women, and respect their property, cemented the treaty by a hearty supper, during which they indulged freely but not immoderately in strong liquors.

Relying on Mr. Gisborne's book, the party took only ten days' provision. Each member of it, with the exception of Mr. Kettlewell, the draughtsman, had either a carbine or a musket, with forty rounds of ball cartridges; while eight of the officers and engineers had, in addition, a five-barreled Colt's revolver, with fifty rounds of ammunition to each pistol. The arms and provisions, in addition to the blankets and minor articles, brought the average weight borne by each individual to about fifty pounds, which was quite as much as they could carry through a pathless wilderness, and in a tropical climate.

The naval officers who were detailed for the expedition were—Passed midshipmen, Charles Latimer and William T. Truxton, and 1st assistant-engineer, J. M. Maury, whom Strain appointed assistant-astronomer and secretary, having obtained sufficient knowledge within the last ten years of his high capacity in each department. Mr. Latimer, however, being taken ill, never started. Mr. Truxton was appointed acting master and executive officer.

Midshipman H. M. Garland, of the *Cyane*, accompanied the party as a volunteer. The assistant-engineers were Messrs. A. T. Boggs, S. H. Kettlewell, J. Sterret Hollins, and George U. Mayo. Dr. J. C. Bird, of Wilmington, Delaware, was the surgeon. In addition to these were three others, volunteers.

Messrs. Castilla and Polanco, commissioners appointed by the New Granadian government, also determined to accompany the party, which numbered, all told, twenty-seven men. Having safely landed his little band, Strain drew them up, read his instructions to them, and then took up the line of march for a small fishing village at the mouth of the Caledonia river, where good water could be obtained.

As the huts were abandoned by the Indians, they took possession of them for the night, and, having stationed four armed men as sentinels, stretched themselves on the floor. But the heavy booming of the surf, as it fell in regular and tremendous shocks at their feet, made it like sleeping amidst the incessant crash of artillery. The billows, as they broke on the beach, swept on through the houses, over the sand spit, and into the river beyond.



THE COUNCIL.

On the morning of the 20th, the party was early afoot—and while waiting for some provisions and other articles for which they had sent to the *Cyane*, Strain endeavored to obtain a view of the valley above by opening a path to the summit of a hill on the right bank of the river, near its mouth, and some knowledge of their route by sending a party to cut up the left bank of the river. Here, as he from the top of this hill swept the mountain-range with his glass, the first feeling of doubt and misgiving arose within him, for in an unbroken chain that range stretched onward till it abutted on the sea, showing nowhere the depression indicated on the maps.

This little band of explorers, as they boldly struck inland and began to traverse the intricate forests of the tropics, presented an interesting spectacle. Officers and men were all dressed alike in blue flannel shirts, with a white star in the collar, blue trowsers and belt. The only distinction between them was, the latter wore blue caps without a front-piece, while the for-

mer had Panama hats, and pistols in their belts. These caps were stuffed with tow, which afterward served an admirable purpose in kindling fires. A spy-glass strapped to Strain's shoulders distinguished the leader. The order of march was single-file—the leading men carrying a macheta (cutlass) or ax to clear the way. The others followed, each carrying a blanket, haversack, carbine, cartridge-box, and forty rounds of ammunition. It being necessary that the men should be well armed, not much additional weight could be imposed upon them. Strain, an old woodman and explorer, thoughtfully put a linen shirt under his woolen one, anticipating the want of linen with which to dress wounds. That shirt afterward did good service to his wounded, lacerated men.

Taking the bed of the Caledonia river—dragging a single canoe after them until the shallowness of the stream compelled them to abandon it—they pushed vigorously up the Pacific slope, and near sunset reached a large island in the river. Following a path, they found deserted

huts similar to those they had left at the mouth of the river, and there determined to encamp. The huts had evidently been deserted in haste, for stools, gourds, and cooking utensils, were strewn over the floors. These, as well as the extinguished brands of a recent fire, were all collected together and placed under charge of a sentry. In the morning they were restored as nearly as possible to their original positions, as Strain was determined to give the Indians no pretext for a display of hostility; although he felt sufficiently strong in numbers and preparation to cope with any tribe they would probably meet on the Isthmus. The rancho was surrounded by a plantation of cocoa, which, with the exception of tortoise-shell, is the only exchangeable product of the Darien Indians. A strict watch was kept during the night, there being two seamen and two officers or engineers, armed to the teeth, at all times on guard, while the remainder of the party had their arms beside them and their cartridge-boxes buckled on. These, silent and motionless, kept anxious watch in the midst of those deserted huts, whose very abandonment seemed portentous of evil. At length the wished-for light appeared, when the shrill and protracted boatswain's call, "*Heave round*"—the cheering strains used to quicken the sailors as they tread round the capstan to heave the anchor to the cat-head—startled every sleeper to his feet. "*Saddle up*," then rang through the encampment; and soon every man had his blanket and haversack swung to their places, and, with carbine in hand, stood ready to march. At half-past six they set out; and now wading in the bed of the river, and again following paths along its banks, through plantations of cocoa, plantains, and Indian corn, they pushed on until they came to a point where a small tributary entered from the southward and westward. Here they had a good view of the Valley of the Caledonia; and Strain, taking advantage of it, carefully examined the range of the Cordillera with an excellent spy-glass, and finding only a semicircular chain, from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet in height, abutting upon the sea-coast ranges to the westward and southwestward, determined to follow the easterly, or principal branch of the river, believing that it offered the stronger probability of a gorge through to the other slope.

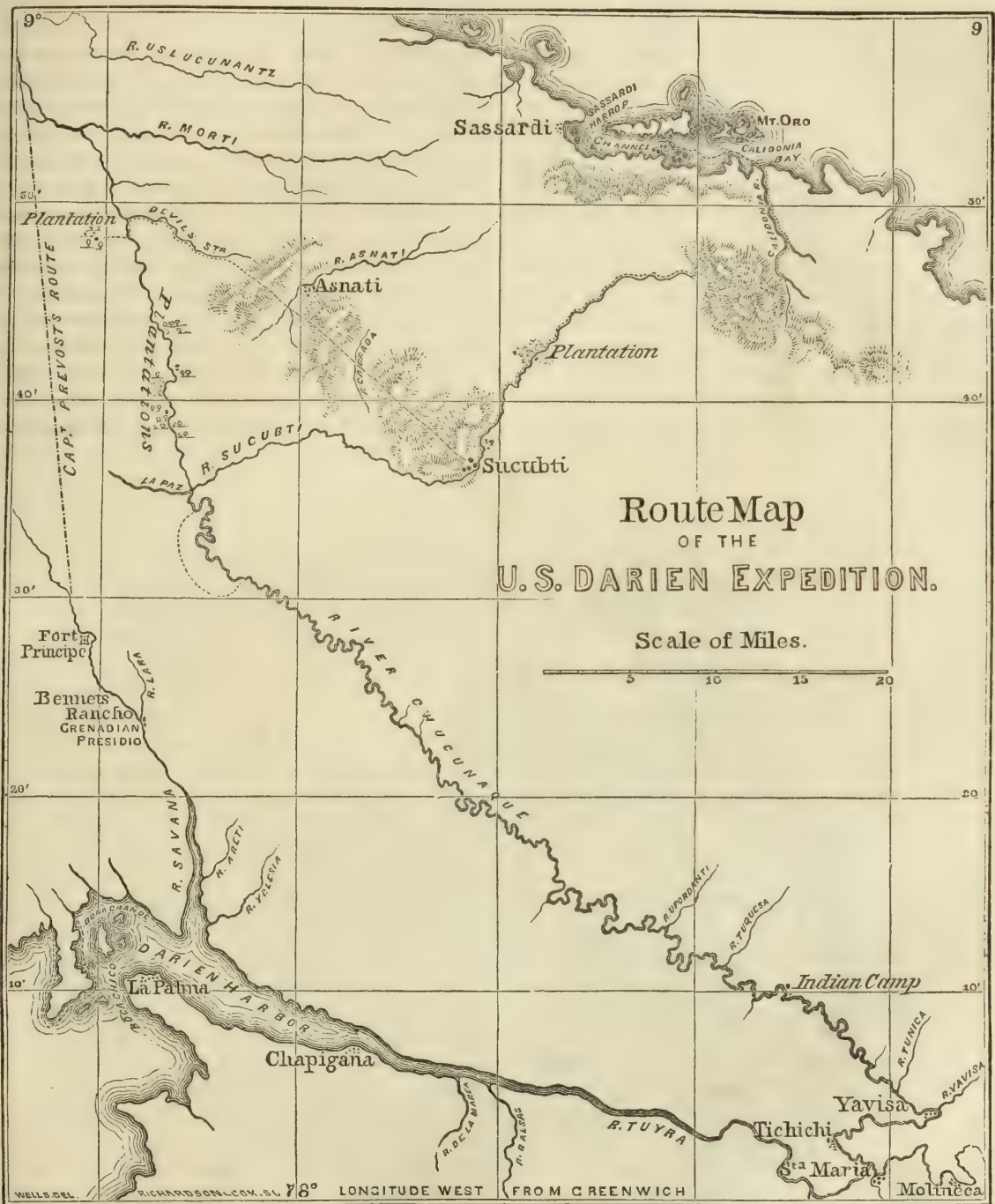
Soon after passing the tributary already alluded to, they followed a well-beaten path on the left bank of the river, which soon brought them to an Indian village, containing some forty or fifty houses, grouped among trees and surrounded by large plantations of cocoa and plantains, and a small quantity of sugar-cane.

An occasional glance through the interstices of the bamboo walls at the interior of these houses—which were spacious and well-constructed—showed that, though devoid of inhabitants, much of their personal property still remained. The grunting of pigs and the crowing of cocks left behind by their owners, gave the only evidence of life in this deserted village, except the steady tramp of the heavily armed and

overloaded party. These familiar sounds added inconceivably to the desolation of the scene, and impressed deeply the whole band. Strain, with his cocked carbine in his hand, strode on in advance, his eye rapidly, almost fiercely, searching every suspicious-looking spot; while the men, each one with his weapon resting in the hollow of his arm, pressed swiftly after. Not till the last hut was passed did they breathe free again. As they emerged from this village, they found a path which wound down a steep bank to the river, near the opposite bank of which lay a canoe containing women's clothing, abandoned evidently in the haste of their flight. As Strain was about to descend by this path, three Indians suddenly appeared. After an interchange of friendly signs, one of them offered to point out to him, as he supposed, the path leading to the Pacific. He accordingly countermarched; but, after accompanying his guide a few hundred yards, came to the conclusion that the latter only wished to lead them from the village; for in the direction he took, toward the west and southwest, Strain, as already mentioned, could see no opening whatever in the Cordillera. He accordingly halted the party, and explained to the Indian, as well as possible, that he would proceed no further in that direction, and was determined to follow up the main branch of the river. The latter made no opposition, but shrugged his shoulders; and turning down a ravine to the river, led up its bed until they had passed the village, then courteously took leave. Subsequent events convinced Strain of the good faith of this Indian, who doubtless would have led him into a path across the Cordillera, which he afterward discovered by mere accident. At ten o'clock the order to halt passed down the line; and the party, still suspicious, breakfasted in the bed of the river. A fire was kindled, some coffee and tea made, which, with pieces of pork stuck on sticks and toasted in the fire, made a comfortable meal. The repast being ended, the party started forward, keeping the bed of the stream till mid-day, when Strain ordered a halt, thoroughly convinced from its course—which inclined strongly toward the Atlantic—its rapid fall—which imparted to it almost the characteristics of a mountain torrent—and the aspect of the mountain ranges which crossed his course, towering some two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea, that this route could afford no facilities for a ship canal, and could not be that alluded to by either Mr. Gisborne or Dr. Cullen. While the main body remained halted here, Messrs. Truxton, Holcomb, and Winthrop were sent up the river to reconnoitre, and upon returning reported unanimously that the route in that direction was impracticable. Having received this report, they rapidly retraced their steps, finding, as they had done in the ascent, several canoes containing women's clothing drawn up on the beach. Their owners were invisible, having doubtless hidden themselves in the forest; but the fact of their having fled up this branch of the river to avoid the party,



SECTION OF THE ELEVATION OF THE ISTHMUS.



was additional evidence to Strain that he had taken the wrong direction. Marching rapidly past the village, which seemed to be occupied, he followed the smaller branch toward the southward and westward—the India-rubber, cotton-wood, and other tropical trees, gracefully festooned with parasitic plants, darkening the way, which was enlivened only by the laugh of the men as their companions, now and then, tumbled over a rock into the water. About sunset they encamped on the right bank of the stream. The officers and men were divided into two messes, each having its separate fire

and cook. This second day's tramp had been a hard, exciting one, and the men were glad to halt. After tea, the two groups sat around their respective fires, smoking, telling stories, and singing, till the watch was set. An officer and two sentries formed, this night and for a long time afterward, the regular guard from eight in the evening until daylight. The two fires were kept brightly burning all night, shedding their steady light over the motionless party as they slept in pairs, with one blanket beneath and the other above them, under the open sky. They were a splendid set of men, and, as they

lay there in order of battle, seemed well fitted for the hardships before them.

Roused up by the boatswain's whistle, the party breakfasted, and again set out, wading about a mile up the river, until they arrived at a "cañon," in which the water was so deep as to place fording out of the question, while the scarped rocks on either side made the ascent to the bank above very difficult. From the outset, as the way became more and more obstructed, Wilson, who had a splendid voice, cheered on the party by making the woods ring with "Jordan is a hard road to travel." While stumbling up the rocky bed of the Caledonia, he had changed his song into "Caledonia is a hard stream to travel," in which there was far more truth than poetry. It was a relief to all, therefore, when Strain ordered a halt, and informed them that it was his intention to leave this river soon, as it was leading toward a very high range of mountains and too far to the southward. Holcomb and Winthrop were for continuing on, and the former having found an accessible point on the bank

of the "cañon" to ascend, and displaying some impatience to attempt it, and as some of the party appeared anxious to follow, Strain gave permission, but at the same time recommended them to follow him a short distance below, where a more gentle ascent might be found, and one less likely to tire the heavily-laden party. They did so, and soon came to an easy slope, up which they pushed. They had not proceeded far when they unexpectedly stumbled on a well-beaten track leading over the hills to the southward and westward. This was an unlooked-for stroke of good fortune, and Strain was convinced that he had found by accident the traveled Indian route to the Pacific. He now recalled the scattered party—first by shouting, as they were near, then by the boatswain's whistle, and finally by firing his carbine. The stragglers soon closed in, but upon counting the party to see who might be missing, he found that Holcomb, Winthrop, Hollins and Bird, and Roscoe, a seaman of the *Cyane*, were absent. He then fired three carbines in quick succession, the previously estab-



THE CANON.

lished signal to close instantly—the signal also of extreme danger. This signal was answered, but still the missing party did not come up. After waiting some time, several successive shots were fired, when Strain, to his astonishment, heard their carbines far up the river, and apparently near the base of the hill. Unwilling still to believe it to be their wish to separate, he waited some time on the slope of the mountain, firing frequently. But finding that their responses gradually became more and more faint and distant, he determined to proceed, hoping that they were only seeking a lower point in a gorge—which he felt sure existed on his left—to cross over and rejoin him. The path he now followed was clear and well defined, and led by a spur over the Cordillera, or principal chain, which rose in three successive peaks as they advanced. The ascent was very steep, being in many places as much as fifty and sixty degrees, up which the men were frequently compelled to pull themselves by trees. As they were without water, and heavily laden, this proved very fatiguing. Arriving at the summit of the first peak, Strain ordered a halt, hoping that the missing party might come up. In the mean time Edward Lombard, a seaman of the *Cyane*, climbed a tree to reconnoitre the country, but reported nothing but mountains and hills in every direction. Following the Indian trail, at a quarter past one, P.M., the party arrived at a small stream running to the westward. The men, suffering from thirst, stooped down to this, and took long and hearty draughts of water. They then laid aside their arms, blankets, and haversacks, and sat down to wait for the absentees, who were expected every moment. The sun at length stooping behind the tropical forest, and no signs of their arrival, Strain ordered a fire to be made, and went into camp. After eating a scanty supper, he seated himself at a point where the Indian trail entered the gorge, and watched long and anxiously for the arrival of the missing men. The shadows of night gathered over him there, yet he still waited until a late hour, when he stretched himself on his blanket in painful suspense as to their whereabouts.

Early in the morning he sent scouts across the mountain, to see if they had not crossed higher up on the Caledonia, and reached the river valley which he was confident must exist on the other side. At half past nine they all returned, unsuccessful, but reported having found a large stream, which they believed united with that on which they then were, which afterward proved to be the fact.

Deeply solicitous as Strain was about the absent men who had been intrusted to his care, and for whom he was in a great measure responsible, he felt the obligation also not to make any delays that should endanger those still under his command nor the success of the expedition, and at ten o'clock gave the welcome order to move forward. Keeping in view this river to its junction with the Sucubti, they followed the latter in its rough and tortuous course, struggling over huge

boulders and masses of stones rolled together by the torrent, and which rendered the way almost impassable. Dangerous rapids also intersected their path, skirted by precipitous banks, along and up which, heavily laden, they scrambled with great difficulty, until at last, fatigued and hungry, they encamped at five o'clock at the mouth of a small stream, having made in all not more than eight or nine miles. All day long, whenever they struck a sandy reach, they found fresh Indian tracks always in advance, but as there appeared to be only two men, and they accompanied by a dog, Strain felt no anxiety, as he knew their strategy never admits of a dog on a war-path. On the morning of the 24th, at nine, A.M., they left their bivouac and proceeded down the bed of the river, occasionally pursuing the banks when it was deep or impassable from falls or boulders. The trail of the two Indians and dog was still very distinct, and it was evident that they had slept in the immediate vicinity of the last night's camp. About eleven o'clock, while wading down the bed of the river, a smoke was seen rising through the trees, and immediately the quick order, "*Close up*," passed down the line. Soon after, Strain commanded a halt, and advancing alone, mounted the left bank, and found an Indian hut, apparently just abandoned, and on fire; the roof had already fallen in, while the joists and timbers were slowly burning and crackling in the still air. Two other houses on the opposite bank were also in flames. Strain immediately crossed over, and found that, as in the first, all the stools, pots, and other utensils were left a prey to the flames, but their *arms* and clothing had been taken away. While examining these two houses, Mr. Castilla, the New Granadian commissioner, came up the bank, and seeing a bunch of plantains hanging on a rafter, reached up to take them; but Strain stopped him, declaring that he had promised to respect private property religiously, and was determined to give the Indians no excuse whatever for assailing his party. This destruction of their property looked ominous, and could be construed in no way, except as an evidence of hostility; and Strain now began to anticipate a gathering among them, and an attack at some favorable point in advance. He therefore ordered the men to re-examine their arms carefully, and march in close order. Still leading his little band, he kept on the difficult path, expecting every instant, for hours, a shower of arrows upon his party. He, of course, would be the first victim; and he confessed afterward that he remembered the account given by a comrade in Texas, of the sensation the latter once experienced with two arrows in his body, and the remembrance made him squirm. But compact and silent they kept down the river, generally wading in its bed, and where the water was too deep, selecting the bank which appeared less densely wooded, and always, when practicable, following the trail of the two Indians and their dog. Strain carried twenty or thirty pounds more than any other member of the party; and Castilla, the



HUTS ON FIRE.

Granadian commissioner, wishing to relieve him, offered to take the spy-glass, but on being informed that the Indians knew that this was carried by the commander, who would be selected for the first fire, he turned pale, and did not press his offer. Several of the men requested to take part of his load, but he refused, saying, that by carrying more than they, and doing more work, he could better tell how fast to march and when to halt, so as not to overtask them.

At some points the water had attained a great depth, especially where it had caught a rotary motion around some of the smaller boulders, and the traveling not only grew more difficult, but very dangerous. They had lost the Indian trail, and not being able to pass through the forest without the tedious operation of cutting a road with an ax, so thick was the undergrowth, they were forced to climb along the rocky banks of the river, to cross wide clefts in the rocks, and surmount enormous boulders, where a false step or a slip would have led to a broken limb, if not to a broken neck. They made only some ten miles the whole day, and at six in the evening, finding a defensible position, pitched their camp. The men were quite fagged out, and prepared their supper without their usual boisterous merriment. Besides, the consciousness of danger at hand made each one thoughtful. To enliven their spirits they concluded to drink up a bottle of brandy which one of the party carried for medicinal purposes, for the very sensible reason that they feared it would get *broken*. The evening gun of the *Cyane*, rising with a booming

sound over the Isthmus, also cheered them, for while that was in hearing, they did not feel themselves so entirely cut off from the outer world.

It was not so pleasant, however, when darkness enshrouded the wilderness; but the camp fires blazed brightly, and they were all brave hearts. Still many an anxious glance searched the shadowy forest that hemmed them in, and a score of musket-balls or arrows in their midst would hardly have taken them by surprise. Sentries were posted at some distance up and down the bank, to give timely warning. As silence settled on the camp imitations of the cries of wild beasts were heard in the surrounding forest, made evidently by the Indians who were hovering near, in the hope of alarming them. The next morning the boatswain's "*Heave round*" rung far and wide through the solitude, and the tired sleepers arose to another day's toil. On examining the ground near the camp they discovered the tracks of seven men, who had closely reconnoitred them in the night. Straih had already begun to doubt whether he was on a branch of the Savana, owing to the course which the river pursued, but as the number of cascades corresponded exactly with those laid down for that river, he was still partially satisfied, and hoped that the maps might, after all, prove to be tolerably correct.

Leaving camp about half past eight, they followed the river by the bed or banks, just as one or the other furnished best footing. Both were difficult; the former being encumbered with granite boulders, and the water often so deep as

to reach nearly to the cartridge-boxes, while the latter was almost closed against them by the denseness of the undergrowth. Their constant companions, the two men and the dog, between whom and them there seemed some strange, mysterious link, still preceded them.

Passing several isolated peaks, some five or six hundred feet in height, they at noon, or in three hours and a half, had made about three miles. At length they came to some plantain fields, while the distant barking of a dog announced the proximity of Indian habitations. A halt was now called, and Strain consulted with his officers upon the best course to pursue. A long straight reach of considerable depth apparently closed the bed of the river against them in front, while on the banks the undergrowth grew so thick that it was impossible to proceed, except by the slow process of cutting a road. At length, however, they discovered a path on the left, leading over a steep hill, and which they supposed would intercept the course of the river below. Strain directed Mr. Truxton with a few men to examine it, while he, leaving the main body of the party, many of whom showed symptoms of fatigue, in an open space, where surprise would be almost impossible, continued down the river, to determine whether the reach was passable.

He found it to be, under the circumstances, and considering the evidences of a hostile spirit on the part of the Indians, a dangerous route, as the water was very deep for about a quarter of a mile, the banks on each side perpendicular and about eighteen feet in height; while the ledge at the foot of the right bank, where only they could pursue their way, was not in any part more than two feet wide, and in some places could be passed only with the greatest

difficulty, and not without danger of slipping into deep water, where they would sink by the weight of their baggage and accoutrements before assistance could be rendered. An attack in such a place would prove fatal; for the Indians could fire from the bushes while they were on the ledge, where they could neither return the fire nor close with them, nor escape, except by swimming—a resort almost as fatal as to stand and be shot down. At all events, the entire ammunition of the party would be rendered useless. It was a great relief, therefore, when Mr. Truxton came down on the opposite bank and pronounced the path practicable, and trending down the valley of the river after crossing the hill on the left. Cheered by the intelligence, the party entered the river, and slowly, and with great difficulty, stemmed the deep and rapid current. Striking the foot of a steep hill on the opposite bank, they clambered up half a mile to the top, where they found a plantain field, in which the path ended. Wholly at a loss what course to take, they retraced their steps to the river, and while rattling down the hill were arrested by the barking of a dog, which was as abruptly smothered, apparently by a muzzle, and by the distant sound of axes struck rapidly upon some hollow substances. These evidences of the vicinity and watchfulness of the Indians made Strain still more unwilling to risk the ledge along the bank of the river; but as there appeared to be no alternative, he gave the reluctant order to advance, he leading the file. They steadily entered the passage, one by one, and crawling cautiously along the precipice, fortunately passed without an attack. With his gallant little band, Strain had felt himself a match for a horde of Indians; but here he was powerless, and a mountain seemed lift-



FORDING THE RIVER.

ed from his heart when he saw the last man through.

At the end of the reach they came upon a house standing a little back from the river, and surrounded by what appeared to be a species of fortification. Not wishing to expose the whole party to the risk of an ambuscade, or to alarm the natives unnecessarily, Strain ordered a halt, and advanced alone to examine it. Like all the other huts they had seen, it had evidently been recently abandoned—the proprietors having left behind much of their furniture, and some provisions scattered upon the floor. Its position was peculiar, and different from any thing they had before seen, having been erected on an artificial mound, scarped and made nearly inaccessible on all sides except through a strong gateway. This mode of construction may have been adopted to guard against inundations; but reference also appeared to have been had to defense against enemies, and the position was certainly one which a few determined men might have held against a large number. Continuing their journey, they soon arrived at a village on the left bank, containing several houses, almost concealed amidst plantain and other fruit trees. They passed this without entering, supposing it to be, like the others, deserted by its inhabitants; the only sign of life being the barking of a dog, which had probably been left when the Indians concealed themselves in the forest. Immediately in front of the village, and on a sloping shingle-beach, they found the remains of seven canoes which had just been destroyed. Their condition satisfactorily explained the sounds of the ax they had heard while in the plantain field on the hill. The destruction of these canoes was complete; for, not satisfied with splitting them up, the Indians had cut them transversely in several places, taking out large chips, rendering it impossible to repair them. This had an ugly look, and was an unmistakable sign of hostile feeling.

The river here was deep and rapid; but Strain leading the way, the whole party crossed in safety, and entered a path which appeared to follow the right bank. Advancing along this, Strain suddenly saw a party of five armed Indians rapidly approaching. Considering all the recent evidences which he had seen of their distrust, not to say hostility, his first impulse was to cock his carbine; but a moment's reflection convinced him it was better not to lose the benefit of their friendship, if it could be obtained, especially as he felt certain that he was not upon the river Savana, as he hoped and at first believed.

He accordingly halted the party, and handing his carbine to one of the men, advanced to meet them, calling out at the same time in Spanish that they were friends. The Indians then came up and shook hands, when he recognized two of their number as having been on board the *Cyane* soon after her arrival in Caledonia Bay. One spoke a little English, and another, who appeared to be the leader, spoke

Spanish intelligibly; while the remainder, belonging to the Sucubti tribe, used only their own dialect. The leader informed Strain that he was on the *Chuquinaqua* instead of the *Savana*, but offered to guide him to the latter stream. In answer to a question respecting the distance, he replied that they could reach it in three days. Strain then inquired if he had been sent by the commander of the *Cyane*, or by Robinson, a chief referred to in a letter from Captain Hollins, which reached him during the second day's march. He replied, "Neither;" and did not appear to know who was meant by Robinson—probably not recognizing his English name.

Strain felt that he incurred no little risk in trusting himself to these Indians; but being firmly convinced that they were neither on the Savana nor any of its branches, and knowing that the course which the Indians pointed out would at least bring him nearer to it, he determined to accompany them, believing that he could subsist wherever they could, and that, as a last resort, he could return if they deceived or abandoned him. He was especially induced to this determination by the fact that he had offered this same Indian a large sum of money, when he was on board the *Cyane*, if he would guide him across, and thought it not improbable that he had determined to accept it when once free from the surveillance of his tribe. The order "Forward!" was accordingly given, and they proceeded rapidly, by a well-beaten path, through a cocoa grove and through the forest in a westerly direction. Once in the woods, and finding the path growing less distinct, Strain secretly gave orders to the officers to observe the route carefully, in order that they might return by it, if it was found necessary; and also directed Mr. Truxton, who commanded the rear-guard, to have the trees marked with a macheta as they proceeded.

In silence, and in close order, the little party rapidly followed the Indians, who, leading them over three minor ridges, and one hill nearly six hundred feet high, and through a grove of plantains and of cocoa, arrived a little before dark at a deep and gloomy ravine, through which brawled a rivulet, running apparently in the direction of the river they had left, and as the guide informed them it did.

At this place the Indians left, promising to return in the morning. To this course Strain assented with as good a grace as possible, although very much against his will; for, although he believed them sincere, he felt much more confidence in them while they were within the range of his carbine.

Some of the party asked the Indians to bring some plantains when they returned; which, after consulting with the oldest man among them, the guide promised to do. They then filed away into the woods, and the party pitched their camp. The undergrowth was cleared away, the fires lighted, and the supper of pork and biscuit quickly dispatched. Strain set the watch earlier than usual, as he did not feel perfectly



COCOA GROVE.

secure in his position, and could not shake off all suspicion of his new friends. He also ordered the fires to be made at some distance from the place which had been selected for sleeping, so as to mislead the Indians if they should attempt to surprise them, and directed the party to lie down in their ranks where the steep bank of the rivulet afforded a certain barrier against an attack in the rear. The two sentries he placed completely in the shade on each wing of the camp, and directed the officers of the guard to keep away from the fire, where the light might guide the aim of any one who should be lurking in the bushes.

Having taken all those precautions which a thorough woodsman alone understands—Strain, keenly alive to the welfare of his party, kept the watch of one of the gentlemen who was somewhat indisposed. After it was over he lay down, but at one o'clock was aroused by a slight noise on the side of the ravine whence he supposed an attack, if any, would be made. Without starting up he turned himself slowly and cautiously over, and saw some one silently climb up the bank close to where he was lying, and look round over the sleeping party. He appeared to be short in stature, as the Indians invariably are on the Isthmus, and by the dim light he could see that his hat closely resembled those which they wear, so, silently drawing his revolver, he thrust it suddenly against his side, saying, in a low tone, "Who's there?" He was answered by Mr. Truxton, just in time to prevent his firing. It was this officer's watch, and

having heard a noise in the ravine, he had gone down to investigate it, and was returning by the bank when he thus unexpectedly encountered Strain, and came near losing his life. A moment's delay in answering would have insured his death.

This little circumstance, which was unknown both to the sleepers and sentries, was the only alarm they had during the night. On the morning of January 26th, about half past eight, the guide returned, and announced himself ready to continue the journey. Strain was somewhat surprised to find that, excepting the interpreter and guide, the rest, numbering four, were new Indians.

No plantains were brought as promised; but they continued to give every evidence of friendship, and advised the party to supply themselves with water from the rivulet, as they would have a long and severe march before they reached any more. They therefore filled their bottles and flasks, and, after taking a hearty drink, commenced following a path leading in a westerly direction over a very steep hill about 800 feet in height. Resting but once, and only for a few minutes, to recover their breath, they reached the summit, from which could be seen many ranges and peaks, still higher, to the northward, forming apparently a chain of isolated mountains. Hurrying down the opposite slope, which led them at times along the margin of deep valleys with almost perpendicular sides, they reached, about half past ten, another ravine containing water, where they halted to

refresh themselves, not having drank since leaving the camp in the morning. In this rapid march Strain had a fair opportunity of testing the comparative endurance of his men and the Indians; and although the latter, being nearly naked, and with no burdens except their arms, took the steep ascents much better than the former, he found his own men fully equal to them, heavily laden as they were, in descending or on level ground.

Having slaked their thirst at this stream, which Strain concluded to be that called the *Asnati* on the old Spanish maps, they pushed on, and soon after, passing another branch of the same stream, and some plantations of plantains and cocoa, commenced ascending another steep hill, still pursuing a course little to the northward of west. Near this point, and in the valley, a village known as *Asnati* is supposed to be situated; but the Indians were always careful to carry them as far as possible from their habitations. The hill which they now ascended was neither so steep or high as the last one, not being more than 450 feet above the level of the valley from which they started. While ascending it, one of the men, Edward Lombard, a seaman of the *Cyane*, and who carried the boatswain's whistle, was stung on the hand by a scorpion, and for some time suffered severely. Truxton had a little brandy left in a flask, and Strain having heard that stimulants were good for poison, told Lombard to drink it. But the latter being a temperance man declined. Strain then ordered him to swallow it, threatening, if he refused, to pour it down his throat. The poor fellow finally swallowed it, and some moistened tobacco being applied to the wound he soon began to rally, and was at length able to proceed slowly, and by night had recovered entirely, and was as active and energetic as before. He said the effects of the sting were like an electric shock, as instantaneous and as paralyzing. While Lombard was suffering and unable to walk, the whole party halted, and Strain asked the Indians if they knew of any remedy for the sting. They replied they did not; but that there were men in their village who could cure it.

Strain, taking Lombard's musket, gave the order "Forward!" and passing the summit of the hill they commenced the descent, when they were suddenly met by some five or six Indians. A halt was made, and a man, who appeared to be a chief, approached Strain, and made an elaborate speech, accompanied with all the gesticulation and vehemence of an Indian orator. He concluded by directing the guide to interpret it. During the continuance of this speech, of which Strain could distinguish but one word, "*Chuli*"—"No"—he carefully watched the countenance of the guide, and thought he could detect an expression of annoyance not unmingled with contempt. The latter would not interpret the speech, though requested to do so both by the orator and Strain. At length, being urgently pressed, he abruptly replied, "*Vamos*"—"Let us go"—and led off. While de-

scending the hill, most of the strange Indians, taking with them some of the party with which they had started in the morning, and replacing them with others, left. From that time the conduct of the Indians changed.

At the foot of the hill they arrived at a ravine leading nearly west, which they followed until sunset, sometimes climbing over boulders, and at others sliding down the face of smooth rocks, where the rivulet formed cascades, and always traveling rapidly and most laboriously. From time to time Strain was obliged to order a halt, to allow those who were most fatigued a little rest. The Indians who had joined that day appeared to enjoy the distress of the men amazingly, and attempted to hurry them on before they were sufficiently rested. Mr. Polanco, one of the New Granada commissioners, laid down, utterly prostrated by fatigue; and Mr. Kettlewell, engineer and draughtsman of the expedition, who was ill the night before, wished the party to leave him to rejoin them afterward at the next camp. Having made only twelve miles, they arrived about sunset at a stream a little smaller than the one they had left two days before, and encamped on an island in front of a plantain grove. The difficulties of the way may be gathered from the fact, that, to make even this short distance, the men were kept all day to the top of their speed and endurance. The whole march was a constant climbing, sliding, floundering over one of the most broken countries imaginable. The ravine which they had traveled was, by common consent, denominated "the Devil's Own." Before the Indians left that evening, the guide, who had appeared somewhat depressed since the interview with the strange Indians, informed Strain that, in the morning, he should start on his return to Caledonia Bay; and that he would visit the ship, and tell the Captain how well they had progressed; meanwhile, he would leave behind some of his friends, to guide them to the Savana, at which they would arrive in a day and a half.

Strain attempted to dissuade him, offering him any pay he might ask to guide him through; but to no purpose. He then told him that he would send a letter by him to Captain Hollins, which he declined taking, and started with the others, leaving Strain with no very pleasant anticipations for the future, there being seven days' hard march between him and the ship, while it was very doubtful whether he could find the path back; for in many places it was so obscure that the Indians themselves could with difficulty follow it. A fatigued party, who looked back with horror to the last few days' march, and with less than one day's provisions, and very doubtful guides, was not a very pleasant object to contemplate. Believing that there was a large Indian population immediately in the neighborhood, Strain ordered an unusually strict watch to be kept. Still he had pitched the camp in so strong a position that he did not believe they would dare to attack him.

The next morning, while preparing breakfast,

two strange Indians, with quite a small boy, strolled into camp; and soon after, the old guide, and several others, among whom were the new guides, of forbidding appearance, and who were besides armed with bows and steel-pointed war-arrows—which they never use in hunting—also came in. Some forty more, of different ages and sexes, were seen skulking in a plantain patch on the opposite side of the river, and narrowly watching every movement. Those who were in camp were exceedingly anxious to look into the haversacks of the men and ascertain the amount of provisions they had. These, it is true, were scanty enough, as many of the men had used theirs imprudently, and the New Granadian commissioners, having either consumed or thrown away their rations, had none at any time after crossing the mountains, but lived entirely on those of other members of the party. The officers still having some provisions, which, with greater prudence, they had reserved, Strain directed that they should be divided with the men. All cheerfully consented, with the exception of one, who could not understand why those who had stinted themselves to provide food for the future should now be made to suffer for the reckless improvidence of the others. Strain, who cared little for meat, had eight pounds preserved, all of which he gave up to the men. This left them with nothing on hand but a little bread dust and two or three pounds of coffee. Still, if the Indians fulfilled their promise and took them to the Savana in a day and a half, and they could there obtain boats, they would make a fair journey and escape without great suffering.

Before setting out, Strain took the old guide aside and endeavored to obtain a clew to their intentions and his own prospects. But the frankness and apparent sincerity of his demeanor were gone. He now stated that he would not return to Caledonia Bay until next month, which was only a subterfuge to avoid being pressed to carry a letter. Strain then renewed his offer of large pay, if he would continue to act as guide; and finally asked him his motives in coming thus far. To this he replied, that he had taken an interest in him when they met on board the *Cyane*, and did not wish him to follow the Chuquanaqua, which was a very long route to the Pacific. He still declared that they would reach the Savana in a day and a half, and the harbor of Darien in two days and a half; but Strain could not induce him to give the name of the river on the banks of which they then were. He then broached the subject of provisions, and asked him if they could not procure some plantains, offering to pay exorbitantly for them. Being told he could not, he requested that he would ask his friends to give them some, reminding him, at the same time, that in compliance with their promise, they had never taken a single article belonging to the natives. To this he assented, but refused either to give or sell. Strain then told him that if they should become short of provisions, and the Indians would neither sell

nor give the fruits which were rotting on the trees, in justice to his own party, he should be obliged to violate his promise and help himself. To this threat the guide made no answer. Finally, Strain offered him money for his past services, which he positively refused to accept; and soon after, as the party was about to set out with their new guides, the former turned to take leave of him, and found he had disappeared. This was a bad omen, as the natives on this Isthmus have a strong taste, whether natural or acquired, for shaking hands when their intentions are friendly.

Setting out under these unpleasant auspices, they followed their guides, who led them rapidly by a trail over a hill and through the forest again, to and down the bed of the river. When about a mile below the camp, Strain was anxious to speak with them, but they would not stop, and were careful to keep some one hundred yards in advance—imagining that at that distance they were out of the reach of their fire-arms. They appeared determined to allow no time for rest, which the lagging of some of the party soon showed the need of; for the climbing over rocks, and floundering through reaches of deep water, at the rapid rate they went, tasked to the utmost the heavily-laden party. At length they struck off from the river, taking a path which led into the wood in a westerly direction. From the moment they left the river nothing more was seen of them. Strain's suspicions were immediately aroused, yet he continued to follow the path for about a mile, when it terminated at a plantation and recently abandoned rancho. Here he halted his men, and waited some time to see if the Indians would return. Finding they did not, he hallooed for them. Receiving no answer, he gave the order to countermarch. Disappointed and baffled, the party slowly and with difficulty succeeded in finding their way back to the bed of the river.

The treachery of the Indians now being evident to the whole party, and hence their whereabouts encompassed with doubt, Strain called the first and last council which he held in the expedition. This was composed of all the officers, the two New Granadian commissioners, and the principal engineers of the party. The maps were brought out and spread before them, and Strain explained to them their position, as he understood it. According to the statement of the first guide, in whom they still had some little confidence, they had left the Chuquanaqua, and were within one and a half day's march of the Savana; and as there was but one river of any importance laid down on the maps, the Iglesias, which entered the Savana near its mouth, he naturally concluded he was on that river. Besides, this view made the statements of the Indians and the different maps in his possession corroborate each other. On the one drawn by Mr. Gisborne, ranges of hills were put down between the Chuquanaqua and Iglesias, which corresponded to those which they had just traversed. The great object was, if possible, to reach



FIRST AND LAST COUNCIL.

the Savana; but the question arose, whether the risk might not be too great to justify the attempt. The distance was not supposed to be very great, but there was no trail to direct their course, so that they would probably have to cut a path the whole of the way. The journey, therefore, instead of occupying a day and a half, might take weeks.

Besides, there was no certainty of finding water on the route, as it was near the end of the dry season, and they would thus perhaps become embarrassed in the wilderness, and perish from hunger and thirst. To effect this seemed to be the object the Indians had in view in leading them away from the river; while, even should they reach the Savana, they would meet no canoes, as the savages who had abandoned them would take care to conceal or destroy them all. The only resource then left would be to make their way for more than forty miles through one of the most impenetrable mangrove swamps in the world, where half a mile would be a hard day's journey. In addition to all this, Strain was also aware that, owing to the slight fall in the bed of the Savana, the tide ascended the whole length of these swamps, so that they might perish for want of fresh water while following its marshy banks. In a mangrove swamp, too, they could not expect to find game, or get it if they did. Neither could they

dream of finding timber with which to construct a raft. As if to nail all these arguments for not attempting to reach the Savana, two or three of the men and the junior New Granadian commissioner were already foot-sore and worn out with fatigue, and should they break down entirely, or should any body fall sick, it would be impossible to carry them through the dense forest which they would have to traverse. On the other hand, whether the river they were on was or was not the Iglesias, one fact remained certain, that however tortuous might be its course, it would eventually lead to Darien Harbor, the common receptacle for all the streams in that region. As long as they continued on its banks they could not, at any rate, suffer from thirst, at least until reaching tide-water, which did not run so far inland on any of the Darien rivers as on the sluggish Savana. Until meeting tide-water they would encounter no mangroves to impede their march, and if they should, could return a short distance to the forest growth of timber and construct rafts to convey them through.

On the contrary, if this river, notwithstanding the assertions of the Indians, should prove to be the Chuquanaqua, they would meet with settlements before arriving at the mangrove swamps, which presented the most formidable obstacle to reaching the Pacific shore.

The best chance for game was on the river, where some fish might also be obtained, while there was every reason to believe that, as on the stream they had left, they would find plantains and bananas. These last Strain had already determined no longer to respect, considering that the treachery of the Indians and their refusal either to sell or give had entirely relieved him from his former promise. Finally, by keeping on the river, should any of the party fall ill, they could, as a last resource, always construct a raft for their conveyance, even if they failed in finding canoes farther down, which they hoped to do.

This imposing council was held upon a shingle beach, upon which Strain sat soaking his hard, dry boots in the water while making his final speech. The different members were scattered around, some drinking water and others smoking, listening with the gravity of Indian chiefs to this lucid exposition of these not very flattering prospects. After he had finished, he invited every one to express his opinions freely. Unlike most councils, no one was found in this to suggest objections, and Strain took a vote on the two alternatives, when it was unanimously determined that they should continue down the river on which they then were.

No proposition was made to return to the ship, nor was it hinted at by any one.

To those easily discouraged—if there were any—the obstacles already surmounted must have appeared too formidable for them to wish to grapple with them a second time; while, as far as one could judge, the idea of a return occurred to very few members of the party. If it had been otherwise Strain would have pushed on, for, to quote his own language, he said, “I neither considered it expedient or consistent with our national or personal reputation, that so formidable a party, and one of which so much was expected, should be turned back by trifling obstacles.”

Of the seven persons who voted at this council, two perished during the journey, and one afterward, from the effects of starvation and fatigue.

At this point the reader would naturally wish for some clew to unravel the tangled state of things, and know definitely where the party really were, and obtain some explanation of the conduct of the Indians. The river which they had followed for several days after crossing the Cordillera, Strain eventually ascertained to be the Sucubti, a very important stream, utterly ignored in those maps of the moon which Dr. Cullen and Mr. Gisborne—the latter backed by the highest English authority—had published. The Indian guide whom they met on the Sucubti stated that this river was the Chuquanaqua, and that to follow it was a very long route to the Pacific. This, though not literally true, was so in effect, for while it was *not* the Chuquanaqua, it was a tributary of that river, which certainly did prove to be a most tedious and toilsome route. The river on which they now were was

the Chuquanaqua, one of the most tortuous known to geographers—in fact, by looking at the map, one will see that it would be almost impossible to double up a stream so as to get more length in the same space. To all Strain's inquiries respecting the name of this river, he could get no other reply than “Rio Grande”—the great river. He therefore remained in utter ignorance respecting it, although, if he gave any credit whatever to the statements of his first Indian guide, that the Sucubti was the Chuquanaqua, he would naturally conclude that they were upon the *next* river to the westward of it, which was laid down by Mr. Gisborne as the Iglesias. On the whole, Mr. Strain was afterward convinced that the Caledonia Indians and their Sucubti friends intended to lead them by the most direct route to the Savana, and that they were prevented from doing so by the Indians of the *Chuquanaqua* or *Chuquanas*, whom they met on their seventh day's march, and who from the first created suspicion. This opinion, which was originally founded upon the conduct of the respective parties, was farther corroborated by the report of a journey made by a Spanish officer in 1788, from the fort of Agla, near Caledonia Bay, to Puerto Principe, on the Savana. He set out under the guidance of the chief of the Sucubti village, who conducted him safely across, cautiously avoiding the Chuquana Indians, who were hostile to the Spaniards. He was prevented from returning, owing to the hostility of this tribe.

It would appear that in 1788, as in 1854, the Chuquanas were on friendly terms with the Indians of the Caledonia and Sucubti valleys, probably on account of their commercial relations, but that the latter have not sufficient influence to obtain a passage for a white man through the territory of these intractable savages. To these Indians is attributed the massacre of the four men in the British expedition.

It afterward turned out that when they struck the Chuquanaqua river, they were within five miles of the road cut by this British expedition before it turned back. At first sight, by looking at the map, it may appear a most unfortunate circumstance that this road could not have been struck, as they might easily have cut their way to it. Still it is very doubtful if they could have followed the Savana without canoes—owing, as before remarked, to the impenetrable mangrove swamps that stretched so far up with its tides into the interior—and they would have been compelled at last to return to the Chuquanaqua.

It is true that from the termination of Prevost's road to the mouth of the Lara, where the English civil engineers in the service of the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company had established a station for the purpose of surveying the river, was but six miles; yet, as they were unaware of that circumstance, it could not have influenced their determination. A man with a thousand leagues of wilderness before him may be within one mile of deliverance, yet, with the facts in his possession, to go in that direction

would be downright infatuation. The maps on which Strain had implicitly relied proved utterly trustless. The Indians were no better than Gisborne's maps; and thrown wholly upon his own resources, he had, from the meagre facts in his possession, to determine what course to pursue. To have gone in search of a road of whose existence he was ignorant, or to have followed the banks of the Savana toward impassable swamps to find a station he had never heard of, would have been the act of a madman. Under the circumstances he took the wisest course beyond a doubt.

After having determined to continue down the river, Strain felt it important to impress on the men the necessity of great frugality in the use of provisions. He endeavored to prove to the sailors and other members of the party, that the idea that men needed such a liberal supply of food was entirely a popular fallacy; and in order to give his views a more practical bearing, declared that a man could live very comfortably three days without food, and *eight* with very little suffering. The men rolled their tobacco quids in their mouths, and tried to *look* their assent to this entirely new doctrine promulgated there on the Isthmus, in the midst of famine, but it was evident Strain could not count much on his converts. The resolution to go on being made, the order to march was given; and now, without a guide, they wound down the crooked banks of the stream.

Soon after leaving the place where the council was held, they passed a river which entered from the eastward, and which corresponded with one put down on Mr. Gisborne's map as an upper branch of the Iglesias.

Subsequent investigations led to the belief that this river was the Asnati (see chart), which Colonel Codazzi in his recent maps has shown to be a branch of the Sucubti, upon information compiled from old Spanish manuscripts, and from conversations held with the Indians. During the afternoon a few plantains were found by the men, and urged upon Strain, who refused, wishing the men to keep them. He and Truxton killed eight birds during the day (though one was an owl and another a woodpecker), which were divided among the party, and none felt the want of the ration, which had given out. This was the first time Strain had fired his carbine at game, and the men, seeing what a dead shot he was, requested him to shoot for the party. While their pieces were echoing through those rarely-trod solitudes, a little incident occurred which caused a thrill of feeling to pass through the band. On looking up they saw a large flock of birds high in the air, and sweeping with great velocity to the west. Down in the forest all was still, but far up heavenward the trade-wind was fiercely blowing, and on the wings of the gale those birds were drifting to the Pacific, now the goal of their own efforts, and the only hope of their salvation. An unknown and toilsome way was before them, while those buoyant forms, borne apparently without effort on, would soon

feel the spray of the Pacific. Many an envious glance and envious wish was sent after those birds in their flight. Still the party kept up good spirits, and whiled away the time with jokes and stories. At this camp, and that of the night before, they were first annoyed by sand-flies, and this was the first camp where they met mosquitoes. Fire-flies, too, filled the wood, enlivening the otherwise monotonous gloom. The next morning, January 28th, at half past eight, they continued their journey, and although they had no provisions on hand the party was in fine spirits. The river widened and deepened in parts so much that they were obliged to cut their way across some bends through the undergrowth of the forest. Mr. Truxton shot three birds and caught some fish—among them one cat-fish, six inches long. In the afternoon they had come upon a plantain and banana field, and after eating as many ripe ones as they could obtain, filled their haversacks. Finding that Messrs. Castilla and Polanco, the Granadian commissioners, were very much fatigued, they encamped at about half past three, having made only about five miles. In this camp mosquitoes and sand-flies were met in swarms; and for the first time they heard, what is familiar to every woodsman, the falling of forest trees alone, resembling in the distance the reports of guns.

On the morning of the 29th they left camp at nine o'clock, many of the party with legs and hands much swollen from the bites of mosquitoes and sand-flies, and one of the engineers completely speckled with their bites and badly swollen. About two miles from camp they found some dilapidated huts, which had evidently been deserted for a long time, and fields of plantains and bananas. As the Chuquina Indians apparently do not frequent this portion of the country, these plantations probably owe their origin to the Spaniards, who had a garrison in this vicinity about the middle of the last century.

In the afternoon Corporal O'Kelly and Strain together shot a large iguana on the opposite bank of the river, which sunk. Holmes (landsman) jumped in to bring it ashore, but finding the water deeper than he anticipated, he threw off one of his boots, which sank to the bottom. The recovery of this was of more importance than the iguana, and after feeling around for it in vain, one of the men stripped and dived again and again for it, but unsuccessfully, its dark color rendering it invisible. To this apparently trivial circumstance this poor fellow's death after was partly attributable. This was Sunday. Fatigued with the weight of plantains and bananas, which filled every haversack, and with climbing through gulches and struggling through thickets, they went into camp about four o'clock, having accomplished, with hard work, a distance of only seven miles and a half. Opposite to the camp was a plantain field, with its whole vicinity swarming with mosquitoes of such enormous size, that the officers jocosely christened it "*The camp of the mosquitoes elephants.*" This afternoon Strain took off his boots for the first time since



FISHING FOR THE BOOT.

starting. It required the efforts of two men to remove them. His feet were very much lacerated, as were also those of the party. The linen shirt which he had put on under his woolen one was now of great service, and Strain tore it up by piecemeal to bind up the wounds, which otherwise would have been dreadfully aggravated.

On the morning of the 30th, after plucking a supply of plantains and bananas from the plantation opposite, they set out on their journey down the river, which now had become so deep that fording was difficult, and they were obliged to hew their way along the banks, and in some cases saved much distance by cutting directly across the bends. About mid-day, being on the left bank, and finding an opportunity to ford, they crossed, as Strain deemed it decidedly best that they should be upon the west side, and between it and the Savana, where, if by accident they should get away from it, they might strike the latter river. During the day a snake about eighteen inches long was killed, which Mr. Castilla said was the coral snake, and very venomous. Strain doubted this, as he had seen such before in Brazil, and found them harmless.

At about three o'clock they encamped on a mud bank, the Granadian commissioners declaring they could go no farther. The day's journey, it is true, had been fatiguing, yet the principal labor, which was cutting the road through the dense undergrowth, was performed by the officers and their men. Mr. Truxton shot a crane just at evening, which was given to the men, some of whom, owing to carelessness and improvidence, were out of provisions. At this camp they thought they discovered tidal influence, and were greatly elated. Camping so early left a long afternoon, and those less fa-

tigued resorted to various amusements to pass the time. One man, named Wilson, had a superb voice, and he made the woods echo with negro songs—"Ole Virginny" and "Jim Crow;" and often during the day his comic songs would bring peals of laughter from the party, and discordant choruses would burst forth on every side. Another had made a fife out of a reed, which he played on with considerable skill, and made the camp merry with its music. The next morning they breakfasted leisurely, and at half past eight commenced again their journey. Having been so successful the day before in cutting off bends by pursuing a fixed compass course through the woods, they set off S.W. by W., and after crossing a bayou with some difficulty, met a deep and turbid river, about seventy feet in width, running from west to east, which they crossed on a large tree. This river was known on the old Spanish maps as *La Paz*, and enters the Chuquanaqua nearly opposite the embouchure of the Sucubti, which was thus passed without being seen. A few hundred yards farther on they again fell in with the Chuquanaqua, which had suddenly become deep, rapid, and much more turbid than where they had left it two miles above. Encouraged by the result of this experiment, they again took a departure from the river, and pursued a S.W. by W. course through a swampy country, where, although it was the height of the dry season, they were obliged to make many *détours* to avoid the standing water and muddy bottom. The country being generally open, they marched rapidly, those behind shouting "Go ahead," as the engineer reported sou'west by west; sou'west. As they tramped along, Strain saw a buzzard sitting on a tree. Turning to Lombard, he asked him if buzzards

were good to eat. Lombard being decidedly low in the larder, and withal having a strong appetite for flesh, replied—"Yes, captain, any thing that won't kill will fatten." Strain thereupon fired and dropped the buzzard, and advanced to pick him up. But as he drew near, the dreadful effluvia which this bird sends forth made him turn aside. Lombard approached somewhat closer, but at last was compelled to wheel off also. Each man in his turn, tempted by so fine a bird, pushed for the prize, but each and all gave him a wide berth. In the end they became less fastidious. Avoiding the thick undergrowth instead of cutting through it, and returning to their course when it was passed, they by twelve o'clock had made about four miles and a half. Not meeting the river, the course was changed to S.W., at 3.15 to S.S.W., and from 3.45 to 4.15 to S. by E., when they fell in with a pebbly ravine, containing cool and palatable standing water. As the distance to the river was uncertain, the probability of obtaining water in advance too vague to be risked, and many of the men foot-sore and fatigued, Strain determined to encamp there, although the sun was several hours high. Most of the men had no plantains and bananas, while the officers' messes contained only three or four, so that it now became necessary to examine into the resources which the forest afforded. Some palmetto or cabbage-palm, resembling, but not identical with, that which grows in Florida, was found, and as Strain, on a previous journey into the interior of Brazil, had lived some ten days on a similar vegetable, he had no hesitation in recommending it to the party, and set the example by eating it himself. This is not a fruit, it is simply the soft substance growing upon the top of a tree, and can be cooked like a cabbage. The palmetto of Darien is more bitter and less palatable and nutritious than that of Brazil, but the bitterness was partially removed by frequently changing the water in boiling.

Very little was said in this camp, and there was no mirth or pleasantry; on the contrary, a gloom for the first time seemed to rest on the party. They lay scattered around among the trees, talking in low tones or musing. It was evident they missed the companionship of the river, the only thread that connected them with the Pacific, and the last object at night and the first in the morning on which their eyes rested. Even Strain felt its influence so much, that when the draughtsman, Mr. Kettlewell, came at a late hour of the night to him, stretched on the ground in the smoke from the watch-fire to escape the bites of mosquitoes, and asked what he would have the camp named, he replied the "*Noche triste*"—the "sad night;" and although many other camps afterward were far sadder than this, and more deserving the title, he nevertheless allowed this name to remain, for it proved the beginning of sorrows. In the morning Strain and Maury took a long walk in the woods to examine them, and held a protracted and serious conversation over their con-

dition and prospects, and discussed the project of making a boat.

Starting about half past eight, they struck off on a southeast course, anxious to reach the river. Hitherto Strain had led the party, every day cutting a path with his cutlass. This was most laborious, and Mr. Truxton now insisted upon taking the macheta, and going ahead in his place. The undergrowth was exceedingly dense, and composed, for the most part, of *pinnello*—little pine—a plant resembling that which produces the pine-apple, but with longer leaves, serrated with long spines, which produced most painful wounds, especially as the last few days' march had stripped the trowsers from many of the party. After cutting for some time, he suddenly fell backward, and almost swooned away from the effects of heat, pain, exertion, and fatigue. Strain now saw that he was in danger of overtaking the officers, and detailed two men to cut the path, they being relieved every hour. The rest would sit down till ordered to march. It would take hours to cut a few rods.

This was the severest traveling yet, beating, as Strain declared, the jungles of Brazil and the East Indies, which he once considered without a rival. When they encamped, at half past four, near a ravine containing standing water, they had not advanced more than two miles, or at an average only eighty rods an hour. During the march they fell in with palm-trees, bearing a nut which they found edible, agreeable to the taste, and nutritious, though so hard as to be masticated with difficulty. They cut down two trees, and Strain divided the nuts equally. Some palmetto was also found, and toward evening Strain was so fortunate as to kill a mountain hen, which was divided between the two officers' messes, as the men had the last bird which was shot. A deer was also started—the first seen—but they could not get a shot at it.

So thick was the undergrowth that it required some time to clear away a place sufficiently large for a camp. Into this crater, as it were, hewn out of the foliage, the tired wanderers, after a frugal supper, lay down, filled with gloomy anticipations, and, strange as it may seem, mourning most of all for the lost river, which had so suddenly changed its direction and gone off no one knew whither.

Edward Lombard, an old seaman and former shipmate of Strain, whose boatswain's whistle had each morning piped the "heave round," and who had shown great energy and activity throughout, now became quite ill and desponding. A little soup, however, and meat of the mountain hen, which Strain gave him from his own mess, appeared to revive him. During his whole life he had been accustomed, on board ship, to a large supply of animal food, and with it he could have endured as much fatigue as any one in the party; but without it, he was perfectly prostrated. Ever afterward, until his death, the state of his health was an indication

of the quantity of animal food in camp. There were no songs to-night—the last strain of music dying away in the "*Sorrowful camp*." The distressed commander of this handful of brave men now began to feel the pressure of their fate upon him, and on this night he was kept awake by the groans of those who were suffering from sore feet and boils. But fatigue finally overcame all; and at midnight no one was awake, except the sentries and officer of the guard.

Next morning, February 2d, the party appeared in pretty good condition; and Lombard, after eating a banana which Strain had reserved, and which was the last one remaining in the party, declared himself stronger, and ready to start.

Having thus far failed to reach the river on a southeast course, Strain changed it to east; for he found that the great majority of the men thought only of reaching the river banks. "Oh for the river!" exclaimed one; "it is better than Darien harbor." Fearful lest the supplies of water they had hitherto found so abundant might fail, Strain now directed the few vessels which they had remaining to be filled, and given in charge of the officers, he himself carrying an India-rubber canteen containing about half a gallon, which he served out from time to time to the party. As they groped their way through the wilderness, they came upon trees of enormous size, one of which would have measured forty-five feet in girth.

During the afternoon Strain became somewhat anxious in regard to the supply of water, as many hours had elapsed without meeting with water-holes, and their vessels were empty. He therefore deviated from his course still more to the northward to follow down a slope, and finally meeting a dry ravine, where he thought, as a last resort, he could obtain water by digging, followed it until they met water-holes. Here, although but four o'clock, they encamped, and had quite a feast on the turkeys and small birds, reserving a monkey Strain had shot for breakfast. On this and on all subsequent occasions, all game or fruits obtained was divided equally among the party. Poor Lombard was at last unable to chew tobacco, and brought all he had left—about ten ounces—and gave it to Strain, saying, "Here, captain, take what there is left; I can't chew any more." A little coffee remained, and in order to eke it out as far as possible, the berries, after one steeping, were packed up for a second—then for a third, and, finally, for a fourth, when they were eaten for food.

On the next morning, February 3d, they started about half past eight, the whole party, especially Lombard, much revived by the animal food. Feeling confident that the ravine upon which they were would eventually lead to the river, and also afford a certain supply of water, Strain determined to follow it in whatever direction it might lead. As they advanced the forest became open, though the vines, swinging from tree to tree and coiled around every bush,

made the march slow and difficult. During the day they discovered and tested a new fruit of the palm, an egg-shaped nut covered with an acid pulp. This pulp was tried, and found to be refreshing; while the kernel resembled that of the carosas, which they had already eaten. This nut gradually became the principal article of diet; and they found that even the acid covering would support life, although it utterly destroyed the teeth, and by degrees the digestive power of the stomach. Strain, foreseeing to what desperate straits they might yet be reduced, endeavored to cheer up the men by this new discovery, assuring them that they were very nourishing food. Not to mention the pulp and rind, the oleaginous nature of the nut itself was highly nutritious; in fact, he said, many tribes of men lived almost entirely on oil. Men and officers listened respectfully to his philosophical disquisition; but it was evident, that, as they looked at their attenuated limbs, and felt the gnawings of hunger, it was pursuing knowledge under difficulties. Suddenly, "A turkey, turkey!" shouted one of the men, and, looking up, a fine large bird was seen sitting on a limb, and stretching out his neck in wonder toward the party. Strain asked if any one could shoot better than he; if so, let him fire. All shouted "Shoot, shoot!" He fired, and brought down the turkey. Soon after he shot another, which, with a third killed by Truxton, quite animated the hungry band. At length, at two o'clock, Strain, still in advance, with his cutlass clearing a way for his tired followers, caught, through the dense foliage, the gleam of the water. He immediately passed the word "*river*" back through the line, and "*The river! the river!*" was repeated in still louder accents, till "*The river! the river!*" went up in one glad shout, and then three cheers were called for by the excited men, and "*Hurra! hurra!*" rang and echoed through the forest. The German army, when it caught sight of its beloved river, never shouted "*The Rhine! the Rhine!*" with more ecstasy than did this little party over a stream of whose name even, they were wholly ignorant. They found it deep and turbid, sweeping on at a velocity of nearly three miles an hour. Truxton immediately rigged his hook and line, baiting with the intestines of turkey, and commenced fishing, and soon six fine cat-fish were floundering on the bank. Five of these were given to the men, in addition to their share of the wild turkeys, and seemed, after their late privations, a feast, and filled the whole party with high spirits. Besides, they were once more on the river, and as the tropical moon sailed up over the trees, and turned the dark and turbid water into flowing silver, they felt almost on the borders of civilization. From this time on, a marked and striking difference was seen in the power of endurance between the officers and gentlemen of the party and the common seamen (from the Granadian commissioners, of course, nothing was expected); thus proving, what every man has observed who has been in long and trying ex-



"THE RIVER! THE RIVER!"

peditions, that intellect and culture will overbalance physical strength. The power of a strong will—the effort demanded by the calm voice of reason and the pride of true manhood—take the place of exhausted muscles and sinews, and assert, even under the pangs of famine and the slow sinking of overtaken nature, the supremacy of mind over matter, of the soul over animal life—no matter how vigorous the latter may otherwise be.

After leaving the ship they all fared alike, and when many of the men were already broken down, physically and morally, the officers and engineers were as active, energetic, and cheerful as at first.

Next morning, at half past seven, they started merrily down the banks of the river. The woods were, at first, open, and the traveling easy; but after making about a mile, they found their progress impeded by a dense jungle, while the river took another easterly bend, thus leading them entirely off their course. Strain halted the party, and after informing them that it was his conviction they were on the Chuquanaqua, one of the most tortuous rivers in the world in proportion to its length, or upon a branch of it which appeared upon none of the maps, and that their journey might be very much protracted, declared that, in his opinion, they ought to avail themselves of the strong current of the river for

assistance, or, at least, to convey the sick and foot-sore of the party. A canoe was, unfortunately, nearly out of the question, as about half the cutting part of the only ax had been accidentally broken off in a hard tree. This would prevent them from felling a tree of sufficient size for a boat; while a raft had thus far been out of the question, as they could find no wood sufficiently buoyant to support more than its own weight. The only resource left them, he said, was to cut down a few moderately-sized trees, split and hew them into planks, and construct a boat which might convey the whole party. "It is true," said he, "we have not a single nail, screw, or any oakum or pitch; but I once constructed a boat on a river in Brazil, secured only by wooden wedges and clamps, and I have little doubt we can do it now within twenty-four hours, if you will join me and work with a will." "Hurra! hurra!" was echoed far and wide; and "a boat! a boat!" repeated with acclamations. The order to encamp and kindle a fire was then given. Truxton, Maury, and Garland, and one man, were sent out to hunt game and obtain food; while the remainder, with every hatchet and cutting instrument they could lay hand on, were soon scattered through the woods, which began to ring with the unwonted sounds of incipient civilization. They vigorously cut down trees for planks, and trim-



BUILDING THE RAFT.

med up clamps, and wedges for splitting the timber, and by evening they had the clamps all done, and two planks, twenty-four feet long, split out and partially hewn. The hunting-party returned before night, bringing only one small monkey, or marmoset, a little palmetto, and some of the acid nuts of the palm. This was a small allowance for twenty-two tired men; and Strain, hearing the cry of hawks near, started off with his carbine, and soon returned with three, which made a meagre addition to the supper. As the men had been hard at work during the day, and were now out of the Indian country, Strain dispensed with the sentries for the night, placing the watch in charge of the officer of the guard; and after this had but one sentry at a time instead of two. The tobacco, their chief comfort, had, at the last camp, given out entirely, and they were driven to all kinds of expedients to supply the deficiency. Some, who were inveterate smokers, gathered decayed dry wood, with which they filled their pipes. The deprivation of tobacco was more severely felt than even that of provisions; and the longings expressed for it greater than for food.

February 5th was Sunday; but, being in no position to make it a day of rest, they were early at work at their boat. In the course of their search after a tree appropriate for planks, they came across some very buoyant wood; and, although it was scarce, Strain immediately determined to build a raft instead of a boat, as the labor was so much less, and so many more men could be employed upon it at the same time. The half-hewn planks were accordingly deserted, and the whole party sent out to seek and cut down these new-found trees. One after

another they came dragging them into camp; and, stripping away the bark, peeled off the inner surface for lashings. These strips a part commenced plaiting into ropes, and soon a large quantity of materials was collected on the bank. The officers discovering that animal food went much farther by boiling it into soup, Truxton was selected as cook, to superintend the operations for them, and give to each his portion. Each man carried a cup, and this cup full was the quantity allowed him.

A great misfortune befell them this day, in the loss of their only fish-hook. It was private property, but Strain had appropriated it for the use of the party, and forbidden every one except Mr. Truxton—who was the best fisherman—to use it. He would not even trust himself, so fearful was he of accident. Mr. Castilla had asked for it, and, as he thought that international courtesy would not allow him to refuse, gave it to him. The latter imprudently turned it over to one of the men, who broke it. Had that hook remained to them, no lives need have been lost by starvation, as the river always abounded in fish, their number increasing as they advanced. On such apparently insignificant circumstances do the lives of men depend.

As the man who lost the hook was one of the best in the party, Strain rebuked him only by setting forth what would probably be the consequences both to him and all the party.

By sunset they had collected nearly all the buoyant wood within reach of the camp, and wearied and worn out flung themselves along the bank, and though pierced by thousands of mosquitoes at length fell asleep.

The next morning the boatswain's call from

Lombard, "Heave round!" roused all hands at early daylight, and they again went to work upon the raft. By noon it was finished, but upon testing it, they found, alas! that it would support only seven or eight persons. As they had used all the *balsa* wood there was in the region, nothing more could be done, and so Strain determined to put those who were ill and foot-sore upon it, and proceed by land with the remainder of the party until they could find more timber of the same description.

At a quarter past four the raft, in charge of Mr. Truxton, was headed from the shore, and swung slowly out into the current. On board were the two New Granadian commissioners, Mr. Boggs, Wilson, one of the seamen of the *Cyane*, and the draughtsman, Mr. Kettlewell, whom Strain furnished with a compass, to take the bearings of the river, and thus save them on land this trouble; for, still true to the great purpose of the expedition, Strain, amidst all his sufferings, had carefully worked up the route. The remainder of the party, after seeing the raft fairly moving down stream, turned to depart, but discovered that Lombard, who had already given symptoms of mental aberration, was nowhere to be found. Upon inquiry, Strain ascertained that he had been absent from camp several hours, and had left without permission. Scouts were immediately sent out, but they one after another dropped in, reporting no traces of him. Leaving a note directing him to follow down the bank of the river, Strain ordered the march, intending to return for him as soon as he met the raft. But just as they were moving off, to their great joy Lombard emerged from the wood—having been, as he said, down the river to reconnoitre. The main body then took up the line of march, occasionally exchanging signals with the party

on the raft; but at length being forced away from the bank by the undergrowth, they heard nothing more of them, and returned to the river late in the afternoon.

Feeling convinced that they were above, Strain called a halt, and sat down to await their arrival. Very soon the report of a gun above was heard, and then a second. This was the signal to communicate, and Strain set off with two men to ascend the river, leaving the main body to rest upon its banks.

After traveling a mile through the forest they came to a bend in the river, where the raft lay moored, those on it believing that Strain and his party were still above. Undeceiving them in this particular, and directing them to move on, he returned; but had scarcely seated himself again when he was startled by another gun, then a second, and a third. This signal was a recall for all parties, and understood to be one also of distress. He immediately took some fresh men, and carrying the ax, hatchet, and macheta, hurried in the direction of the sound.

Forcing his way through the undergrowth and along the bank of the river, he at length came upon Mr. Truxton and the majority of his party seated upon the bank. The latter, as Strain approached, simply made a sign with his thumb over his shoulder, quietly remarking, "There's the raft;" and, true enough, there it lay, jammed against two trees that had fallen across the river from opposite sides, thus forming a complete boom. The bank opposite was high and perpendicular, so that it would be impossible to lift the timbers out and carry them around. Neither could they cut away the huge trees that blocked the stream—it would take, as one of the men said, "a steam snag machine two days to remove it." Strain therefore determined at once



RAFT STOPPED.

to abandon the raft, notwithstanding the labor and time it had cost. Mr. Castilla, the principal New Granadian commissioner, however, still sat on the raft and refused to land, declaring that he was utterly unable to proceed on foot. Strain, knowing better, used every argument to persuade him to come ashore, promising, if necessary, to carry him, but all in vain. At length, becoming provoked at his obstinacy, he told him plainly that he would not, out of mere courtesy to him as a commissioner, sacrifice his own party, and would leave him where he was if he did not come on at once. Seeing that Strain was determined, he crawled ashore, and walked to the place where the main body was halted.

The following extract from the journal of one of the officers vividly portrays the condition of the party: "Proceeded down stream about a quarter of a mile, when finding a place to camp, built a fire and spread our blankets in the mild moonlight. We all feel downhearted to-night, being without any thing to eat, and not having eaten enough each man for the six or eight days to make one good meal; our clothes all in pieces, and nearly all almost shoeless and bootless. Have no idea where we are, nor, of course, when we shall reach the Pacific. The sick almost discouraged, and ready to be left in the woods to take their chances. I would freely give twenty dollars for a pound of meat, but money is of no use here." Thus they lay down, while countless sand-flies and mosquitoes, combined with the pangs of hunger and torture of undressed wounds, made the poor sufferers groan aloud. Their moans were answered only by the screams of the wild cat or cry of the tiger seeking their evening repast of blood. At last fatigue overcame their sufferings, and, save the night sentinel, all at length fell fast asleep. And over them the white moonlight lay, and past them, in quiet beauty, the unconscious river swept onward to the ocean.

Here, on the 7th, Strain again took off his boots, and finding one of his feet extremely lacerated, put on a moccasin in the place of the boot.

Early in the morning Mr. Castilla asked Strain's permission to return, with Mr. Polanco, his colleague, and one man, in order to attempt the reconstruction of the raft on a small scale, capable of carrying three persons, with which, as it would be more manageable, he expected to reach the Granadian settlements on the river below. This request was acceded to very unwillingly, and only with the condition that no one unless a volunteer should be sent. Finally, Benjamin Harrison, one of the best men, offered to go, and they departed, having first received from Strain good arms in the place of their own, which they had allowed to become unserviceable. The party, which numbered twenty-seven when it left Caledonia Bay, was now reduced to nineteen on the land, and with this number Strain continued to follow the river. The thickness of the undergrowth soon drove them inland,

and they did not reach it again until evening, when it was time to encamp.

The next morning, February 8th, they were about to leave camp 19th, when a shot was heard near by, to which the party answered with a shout. Immediately after the two Granadians and Harrison emerged from the bushes. Their story was soon told: owing to the exertions of Harrison a small raft had been built, but was soon wrecked among the snags and rapids, and a musket, carbine, and hatchet lost. They all seemed delighted to rejoin the main body, especially Mr. Polanco, who threw his arms around Mr. Truxton and Strain, and declared he never would leave them again, saying to the latter as he embraced him, "I know you don't like me, but I like you, and will stay by you." He evidently had gone with Mr. Castilla against his own inclinations. Harrison was utterly worn out, and, moreover, somewhat feverish, but declaring he was able to proceed, the whole set out to follow the river. The Granadians caught this afternoon an iguana, and stealing off into the wood by themselves, built a fire and ate it. The men, who had hitherto generously divided their last morsel with them, on discovering this, became disgusted, and ever after secretly despised them.

During this day's march they found an article of food which afterward became common in the camp, and was called by Mr. Castilla the "monkey pepper pod." It resembled the cocoonut (in its exterior) after the husk has been removed. The interior bore some resemblance to the yellow water-melon, though the seeds were not so regularly disposed, nor in the same direction. It grew in clusters like the jack-fruit, or cocoa of tropical climates, and on the most beautiful forest tree of the Isthmus, which sometimes towered to the height of two hundred feet, not a limb or knot breaking the smooth surface of the column-like trunk for a hundred and thirty feet; the fruit, when not quite ripe, as they at first found it, was hard and of a greenish tinge, becoming black by exposure. When ripe it was softer, and assumed a yellow color, yielding a most fragrant odor. In either state it had a pungent and peppery taste. In small quantities it was a very agreeable stimulant to them, who had so long been without condiments to their scanty food. They ate it raw, cooked it with soup, made soup of it, which proved very refreshing and stimulating when setting off on the day's journey without any breakfast. For some time previous to using it they had met with it in the forest, but dared not eat it. At length, however, they found one partially devoured by some animal or bird, and concluding that what one stomach was able to digest another could, they used it without fear. This was the more acceptable, as Strain had stopped their allowance of gunpowder which had been used for pepper and salt in seasoning their miserable food; but the Pacific receding like the mirage of the desert, and the ammunition getting scarce, he feared they might

need it more in procuring than for seasoning it.

As they had lost their fish-hook, the officers tasked their ingenuity to make others out of the wire in the tin-pots, though without success, owing to their inability to get a barb on them.

The next morning, February 9th, after having been nearly devoured by mosquitoes, the half-starved party set off, and being forced away from the river by undergrowth and deep ravines, only reached it again about five P.M., having made an estimated distance of nine miles. The forest during this day's march abounded in swamps and heavy undergrowth, which, combined with Harrison's weakness, rendered their progress painfully slow and laborious. Many very large trees were seen in the woods, which generally abounded in fine timber, though very little of it, except caoutchouc and mahogany, was recognized by the party.

The camp to-night (camp 21) was pitched in an open grove, under a magnificent canopy of trees, and on a bank thirty feet high, from which a long reach of the river could be seen as it swept in a deep strong current on. As the declining sun sent long streams of light through the leafy arcades, and flecked the high bank with shadows, and poured its tropical glories full on the flashing stream, the scene arrested every eye by its picturesque beauty, and with one accord the spot was christened "CAMP BEAUTIFUL."

This little band of explorers, as they sat at sunset in their "Camp Beautiful," making soup out of their lean, tough hawks, the dark background of forest casting into still stronger relief their tattered garments and emaciated figures, looked any thing but men on whose fate, for the time being, rested the fate of a ship canal, destined to change the aspect and history of the world.

The next day they continued their march, but were much delayed by Harrison, who, though feverish and unfit to travel, would not permit the party to halt for him, but weak and wretched, kept staggering on. Strain could not see the brave fellow bearing up so nobly, yet painfully, without often stopping to let him rest, and at length at four o'clock encamped on a point abounding in palm-trees, and gave it the name of "Nut Camp." They passed during the day the dry bed of a river of considerable magnitude, coming in on the left side. Its bed and banks were strewn with the trunks of trees, which showed that, though then perfectly dry, it must be a tremendous torrent in the rainy season. Breakfastless and weary the party, now thoroughly crippled with the feeble and sick, renewed in the morning their almost hopeless journey along the banks of the apparently endless river. Harrison was still sick, while the Granadians, as usual, complained much of fatigue, and required great urging to keep up. The Americans, both officers and men, except Harrison, as yet showed no signs of breaking down, although almost all had very sore feet,

and their low diet had begun to tell fearfully upon their appearance. Truxton declared he would not wait for the Granadians, who kept constantly crying out "*Halt, halt!*" He finally came forward and told Strain it was of no use marching in this way—they would never get through. The latter had thought so for some time. He, however, halted, and requested an officer to give the Granadians a cat-fish to revive them, which he did. Constantly on the look-out for something on which they might make a supper, he managed during the day to kill six hawks. No order was observed in the march to-day—the line was long and straggling—and, as it crawled slowly and wearily along the winding shore, presented a most piteous spectacle to the commander. Events were drawing to a crisis—each day told fearfully on the party—a few more like the last would compel them to stop, and leave a portion behind to die by slow starvation. Every morning Strain would scrutinize each man anxiously, to ascertain by the increased emaciation how fast they were sinking. At three P.M. they encamped for the 23d time upon a shelving mud-bank, having made some seven and a half miles by the course of the river. After reaching camp, Strain managed, even with the defective fish-hook, to catch two cat-fish, which were divided among the sick; the hawks being divided equally among the well. When about to start early the next morning, Lombard was suddenly attacked with severe pains, accompanied by dangerous symptoms, which delayed them until nine o'clock. This attack was owing to the diet of palm nuts, which, containing only acid and fibre, the first was absorbed in the stomach, leaving the latter in undigested and matted masses, effectually preventing the action necessary to throw them off. Lombard was the first who suffered severely from this cause, but in the course of the journey no one escaped from the fearful effects of such a diet, which, at the same time that it paralyzed the internal organs, utterly destroyed the enamel of the teeth.

During the day they discovered another species of nuts, the outside covering of which was not unlike the mango fruit. As the tree was large, they did not stop to cut it down, but obtained what they could by shooting into the clusters with their carbines. The complaints of Castilla were constantly heard along the line, while Lombard and Harrison were so ill they could scarcely drag one leg before the other. It was impossible to march, and Strain was obliged to encamp at noon, making only about two miles in all. The serious aspect which affairs were assuming was no longer to be trifled with. There was no concealing the fact that most of the party were failing fast, while the feet of many were sore, and the clothes of all in tatters. Strain had given the last remnant of his trowsers to Kettlewell, and had traveled several days in nothing but his drawers.

Lombard was ill and dispirited, and declared that he would "leave his bones in the woods."

The unfortunate Granadians were much alarmed at the protracted journey, but still would make no exertions to advance; on the contrary, they constantly retarded the party by begging Strain to halt at times when his own officers and men could have made three times the distance. Lombard and Harrison were really ill and suffering, yet they still pushed on, and the last early halt was made at the urgent request of Castilla, who, though doubtless fatigued, was in perfect health.

Now nearly certain that they were upon the Chuquanaqua, which, though almost unknown to geographers, was noted for its tortuous course, Strain was aware that marches of two miles a day would never clear them of the forest until all had suffered terribly from starvation or perished from disease, which their diet would certainly engender. He had no direction in which to look for assistance from without. Captain Hollins, as he was well aware, must be already very anxious, but he was utterly powerless to relieve him, as any party which he might have sent would have consumed their provisions before they could reach him, and instead of being serviceable, would only embarrass him the more, by increasing the number to be provided for in the forest.

From below he had no reason to expect any assistance, as he did not suppose any one in that direction was aware of the Expedition, and besides, if they had, he had already had sufficient experience among the New Granadians to feel assured that—their fear of Indians being placed out of the question—their indolence and selfishness would prevent them from making any effort for which they were not well paid beforehand. Having nothing, therefore, to expect from abroad, finding the party daily becoming weaker, he determined at this camp to send forward and have canoes and provisions brought up to meet them.

Soon after encamping, therefore, he called the men together, and explained to them their situation and the necessity for obtaining canoes and provisions. He then told them that he had resolved to build a small raft, capable of transporting three persons, who were to go forward in search of them. Notwithstanding their previous ill-fortune, he believed that, with a small raft, obstacles might be avoided and surmounted which would stop one large enough to transport the whole party. The proposition seemed to meet the views of the whole party, and the poor fellows went to work energetically to fell a tree which he pointed out to them, and which he had himself commenced cutting down; the wood was tested to see if it would float, and the result being satisfactory, they felled it with no little difficulty, cut it into pieces of appropriate length, and peeled it.

At sunset they had, as they supposed, timber enough for the raft, and were about to convey it to the river bank when it was discovered—by throwing a limb into the water—that, though the wood would float, it was just about the spe-

cific gravity of water, and would bear no additional weight.

Thus were all their hopes dashed to the ground, and their labor thrown away. They had, however, found some *pussley*, as it was called, which they gathered, but hesitated to eat it; when one of the party said that hogs would eat it in the United States, and if it was good for hogs it was good for men. This was conclusive; and large quantities were boiled, of which they all ate ravenously. Violent vomiting ensued—Strain suffering among the rest. They became so thoroughly disgusted with it, that afterward, though nearly half starved, they could never eat it again.

The camp-fire was kindled, and the dispirited, distressed band flung themselves on the earth around it, and sought that refreshment in sleep which could not be obtained by food. That was a long and gloomy night to Strain. He could not sleep, but lay amidst his suffering men, pondering on their sad condition, and revolving various schemes for their deliverance. He had resolved, if the raft had succeeded, to have sent others forward and remained himself behind. This hope was past; and, turn which way he would, it was clear that the last hope of the party rested on some of the strongest cutting their way through and returning with boats. If they were near the Pacific, so much shorter would be the delay of relief—if far, so much more urgent was it that the attempt to reach it should be made before all were too weak to undertake the journey. The time had come for immediate and energetic action, if they would not all perish there in the forest. He had found by experiment that he could endure more, and on less food, than any other member of the party. Besides, the advance might be more dangerous than the retreat. Before them was all uncertainty. Perils greater even than those they had already encountered, might await those who ventured forward. He therefore felt that it was his duty to go; and, if necessary, sacrifice himself for the rest. Still, to leave his command to a doubtful fate, tried him sorely. They had supreme confidence in him, which they might not transfer to another leader; and should an evil fate befall them, which after events should prove he could have avoided, it would be a blow greater than he could bear. Thus revolving his condition, he outwatched the stars; but when the morning dawned his resolution was taken.

Rousing up the men, he called them together and announced his determination to leave the party, and taking three persons, force his way down the river to the nearest settlement, from whence he would send back canoes and provisions. Not willing to order men on this doubtful undertaking, he packed up his blanket, shouldered his haversack and carbine, and called for volunteers. Several at once stepped forward, out of whom he selected Mr. Avery, originally a volunteer in the Expedition, and Golden and Wilson, two of the crew of the *Cyane*. These

men were chosen for no mental qualification, but solely because the state of their physique appeared to promise the greatest endurance of the fatigue which he anticipated.

He then told the men officially that they were placed under the command of Mr. Truxton during his absence; whom he directed to follow under the bank of the river by easy marches—halting whenever it might be necessary—and taking all possible precautions to supply the party with game and other food. In a short conversation with the officers, he expressed his firm conviction that if the nuts, palmettos, and other articles of food which they had met thus far held out, the party might be sustained in camp for six months; but he advised them to change their camp as often as provisions became scarce in the vicinity.

With these parting directions, he, on the 13th of February, took leave of his command, and set out on his journey. As he turned away, he exclaimed "Good-by! good-by!"—"Good-by! God bless you!" came from all, and the forest soon shut him from sight.

This little band of four were well calculated for the terrible trial before them. Strain, the leader, though half naked and a small man, was knit together with iron sinews, and with as brave and resolute a heart as ever beat in a human bosom. Fertile in resources, and with that natural spirit of command which begets confidence and insures obedience, no man could be better fitted for the trying position in which he unexpectedly found himself. Avery was a man of powerful frame, and had already had some experience in tropical travel, having passed some months on the Atrabo, and journeyed elsewhere in New Granada. James Golden, seaman, was a young man who had served with Strain in a cruise on the coast of Africa, and had enlisted in the naval service with especial reference to accompanying him in this expedition. Wilson, a landsman, was also a man of splendid frame, which seemed to have suffered scarcely at all from the privations which he had undergone. Their arms were one Sharp's rifle, belonging to Mr. Avery, two carbines, and two Colt's pistols. They also took plenty of ammunition. Young Golden, not being so strong as the others, had no arms except a pistol—Mr. Avery, Wilson, and Strain carrying the others. Two machetas and a small pocket-compass, and their blankets and empty haversacks, completed their equipment.

The best compass and the double-barreled fowling-piece were left with the main body, one to direct their course and take the bearings of the river, and the other to provide the party with game.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANCIENT AND MODERN ARTILLERY.

IN few things have men displayed so much ingenuity as in devising and perfecting implements for destroying each other. The necessities of the chase, indeed, demanded projectile weapons; and Nimrod, "the mighty

hunter before the Lord," must have had some means of attacking game at a distance greater than he could hurl a stone or cast a spear. When the hunter of beasts became a hunter of men, the same weapons would come into play, and new ones would be brought into requisition. In point of fact, war, rather than the chase, has led to the invention of projectiles.

The sling being the most simple and obvious, was undoubtedly the earliest instrument for casting missiles. It was but increasing the momentum of the stone by augmenting the circumference of the circle around which it was whirled. Slingers constituted the great body of the light-armed troops of antiquity. The weapon was easily constructed, and the missiles adapted to it abounded every where. Every tent which contained a bit of leather was an armory. Every brook course, with its smooth water-worn stones, was a magazine abundantly stored. There was little room for improvement in the construction of the sling. The earliest were, in all essential respects, as perfect as the latest. Those found in the Egyptian tombs do not differ from those used three thousand years later. The only advance made was in the employment of leaden bullets in place of the smooth stones with which the Hebrew youth slew the Philistine giant. It is not a little singular that these bullets were made of an almond-shape, very like the conical balls which modern science has shown to be preferable to the round ones so long employed. Among the Greeks these bullets not unfrequently bore some motto or inscription. Every bullet literally had its billet. A very common one was, "*Take this!*"—an invitation wholly superfluous to the person who chanced to be hit.

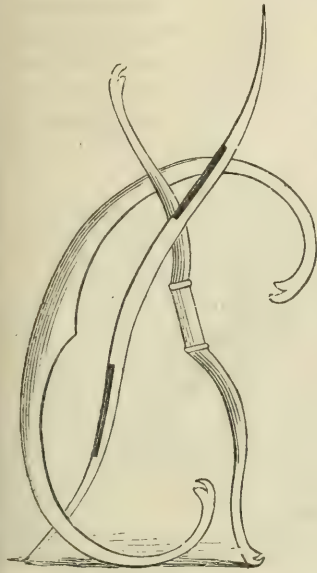


SLINGER.

The range of the sling was great enough to make it a very formidable weapon, though skill in its use could be acquired only by early training and long practice. The inhabitants of the Balearic Islands had a reputation as marksmen akin to that enjoyed by our "Kentucky riflemen." This proficiency was the result of early training, the mothers of the young slingers being accustomed to suspend the food of their sons from the branch of a tree, compelling them

to bring it down with the sling, or go hungry. With them it was, "No hit, no dinner."

Next after the sling came the bow. This was still more widely diffused, owing to its greater accuracy. The bows of various nations differed greatly from each other. That of the Scythians was shaped like our letter C, the ancient form of the Greek *sigma*. Hence the young Greek was told to remember the form of that letter, "because it was like a Scythian bow," just as among us the figure of the letter B is impressed upon the mind of the rustic aspirant for alphabetical knowledge, by calling attention to the fact that it "looks like an ox-yoke." The bow used by the Tartars, the descendants of the Scythians, still retains this shape. As they fight principally upon horseback, they hold the bow vertically, instead of horizontally like other nations. The neck of the horse is thus prevented from interfering with the action of the bow.



ANCIENT BOWS.

The Greek bow was short, not exceeding three or four feet in length. But as it was very stout, considerable force was required to bend it. In using it, the archer dropped upon one knee, bracing himself so as to gain a firmer position. This attitude is shown in the annexed outline of an ancient statue. The bow itself is not represented; but the position of the hands shows that the arrow was drawn to the breast, instead of back to the ear. The Greek bow was originally made of two horns of a species of wild goat, united at the base by a metallic band forming the handle. Of whatever material it was afterward constituted, this form was still retained. The double curvature, with the straight intervening handle, still showed its origin. The Romans copied their bows, as well as many other things, from the Greeks.

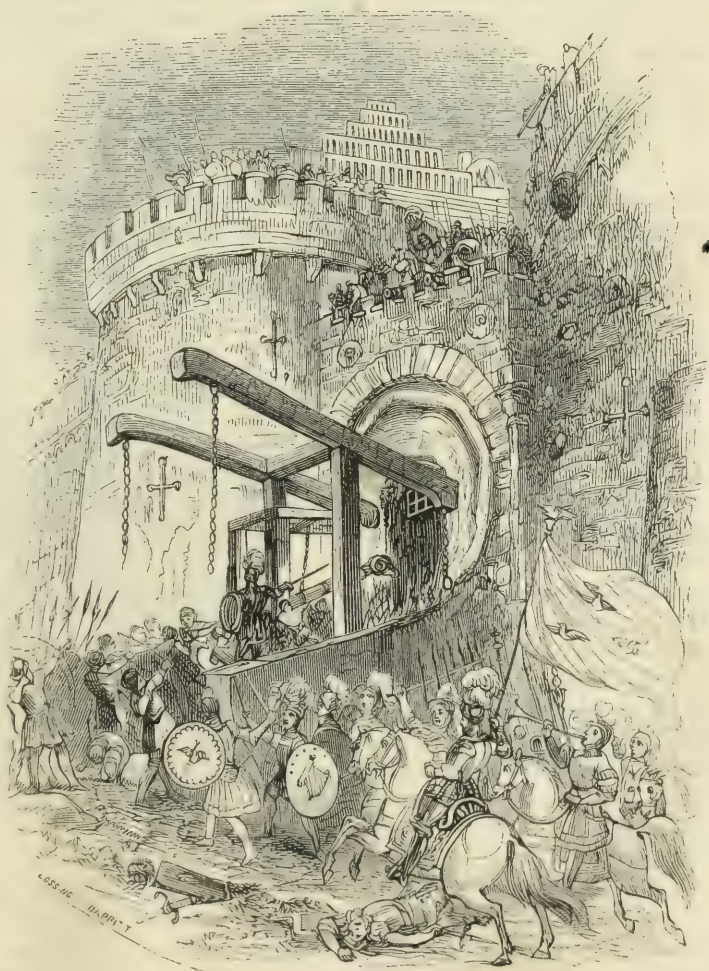
The Egyptians were celebrated as archers. Their bows bore a close resemblance, both in form and length, to the famous English long-bow. Specimens now extant, taken from the tombs at Thebes, might pass for the very weapons borne by Robin Hood and the merry archers of Sherwood forest. Their arrows also rivaled in length the cloth-yard shafts

of the English archers. Compared with the long Egyptian bow, that of the Greeks was a very



GREEK ARCHER.

clumsy, inefficient weapon. It may seem strange that the Greeks and Romans should never have thought of the obvious expedient of adding to the power of their bow by increasing its length. But there was something in the weapon not adapted to their genius. They trusted to hand-to-hand fighting, rather than to missiles. They had that bull-dog propensity that has made the bayonet the favorite weapon of the English. The archers in their armies belonged almost exclusively to the auxiliary troops, for the bow was an Asiatic rather than a European weapon. The Orientals could never stand before the onset of



BATTERING-RAM.

the serried spears of the Greek phalanx, or the charge of the heavy pilum and short cut-and-thrust sword of the Roman legion.

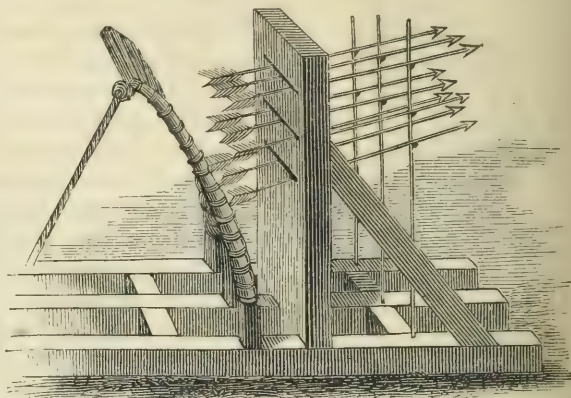
The nations of antiquity possessed nothing answering to our modern field artillery. But some ordnance was absolutely essential for attacking fortified places. The most obvious instrument for overthrowing walls and bursting in gates was the battering-ram. In its earliest form it was simply a huge beam, borne in the brawny arms of the soldiers, and thrust by direct force against the walls or gate. To add a metallic head to the beam, to suspend it by chains from a support, and to protect those who used it by a movable tower or other defense, were all the essential improvements of which this simple instrument was capable. When of the enormous size of which it was sometimes made, the ram was a very formidable implement, comparing in some respects not unfavorably with our heaviest siege artillery. A French mathematician has calculated that a ram weighing two tons, moved by the force of a thousand men, gave a blow equal to that of a 36-pound shot, fired point-blank. This size was often far exceeded. We read of those which weighed forty or fifty tons, requiring 1500 men to manage them effectively. Nothing less firm than a solid pyramid could long sustain the shock of such an implement fairly brought against it.

The obvious defects of the battering-ram were the exposed situation of those who used it, working, as they necessarily must, directly exposed to the assaults of the besieged; the immense force necessary to manage it; and the difficulty of transporting it from place to place, and establishing it in position. One employed by Vespasian, and by no means the largest of which we have accounts, required for its transportation one hundred and fifty yoke of oxen, or three hundred pairs of horses and mules.

The battering-ram, moreover, was effective only against the defenses of a place, inflicting no direct injury upon the defenders. To effect this latter purpose, the ancients invented a great variety of engines for hurling huge stones and immense darts and javelins, or even beams of considerable size. Though differing widely in construction, these may all be reduced to two classes, as far as their principle of operation is concerned.

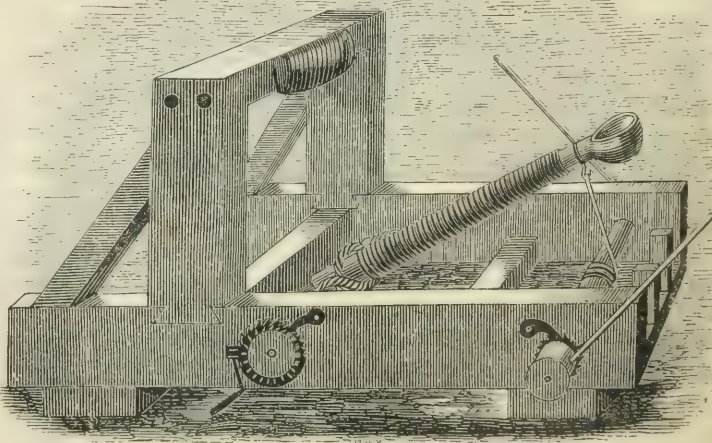
The first class is simply a bow of great size, furnished with a winch or other machinery for bending it, and a rest for sustaining the rock or bolt to be hurled. This principle was brought into use in an infinite variety of forms, and specific names were given to each. The bow was placed horizontally or vertically; it had one arm or two, and was made of wood or metal.

One form reminds us of the "infernial machine" by which it was attempted to assassinate Louis Philippe. A number of arrows were arranged side by side upon a support. A stout elastic board, placed perpendicularly, was firmly secured at the lower end, while the upper end was bent back by a winch. When let go, the board sprung back against the arrows, discharging them all at once.



INFERNIAL MACHINE.

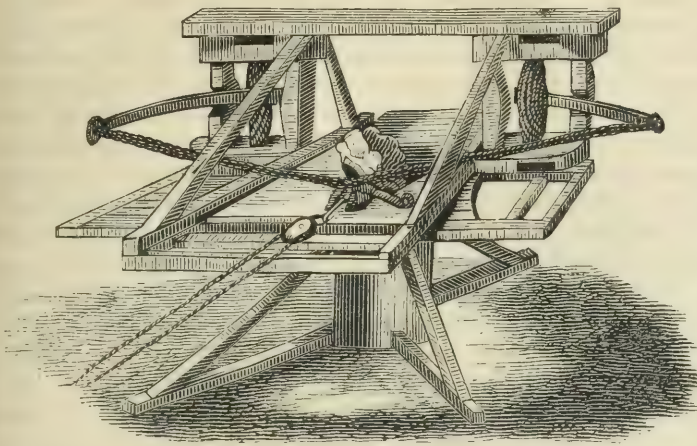
The other class of engines derived their power from the elasticity of twisted fibres. Such an engine was called a *tormentum*, from the Latin *torqueo*, "to twist"—and not, as might appear to the mere English reader, from its *tormenting* the enemy. A common wood-saw furnishes a perfect illustration of their principle of construction. Let any one draw back the slip of wood by which the cord is twisted, and then let it fly back against his knuckles; he will need no further proof of elastic force of twisted fibres. Increase the number of cords, make the frame of suitable strength and form, and provide an appropriate support for the missile, and we have the ancient *tormentum*. In some the stone to be thrown was placed in a cavity at the extremity



TORMENTUM.

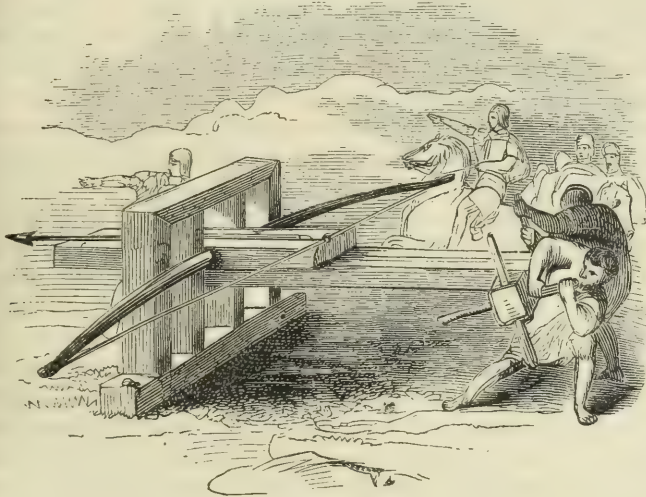
of the lever; the action of throwing then resembled that by which a stone is flung by the arm.

The names *catapulta* and *ballista* were applied indifferently to both species of engines; the former denoting those intended for throwing



BALLISTA.

darts, the latter those for hurling stones. The shape given to each depended much upon the purpose for which it was designed; the ballista being usually square, and the catapulta oblong. Hence the boast of the "shoulder-hitter" in the old Latin comedy; "My fist is a ballista, my lower arm a catapulta, and my upper arm a battering-ram."



CATAPULTA.

It will be observed that *elasticity* is the power made available in both these species of engines. In the one case it is the elasticity of wood or metals; in the other that of twisted fibres. It is the same force, acting under different conditions, that is used in modern artillery. The explosive power of gunpowder arises from the elasticity of the gases suddenly evolved in its rapid combustion. The volume of the gases thus produced is two thousand times that of the powder employed. It is difficult to measure the absolute expansive force of these. Count Rumford filled a cavity in an iron cylinder with twenty-eight grains of gunpowder. In exploding, it tore asunder the iron, which would have resisted a strain of 400,000 pounds applied at no greater mechanical advantage. Here, as in the case of steam, we see that the elasticity of gases exceeds almost infinitely that of any solid bodies.

The application of gunpowder wrought an entire change in the whole system of warlike engines. The explosive power of this compound had been familiar long before it was applied to this purpose. It had been known in the East, and used in the construction of fireworks, from time immemorial. Roger Bacon was acquainted with it as early as 1219. In 1280 the monk Barthold Schwartz appears to have pointed out its applicability to warlike engines. It was not long before the idea was carried into execution. Cannon were certainly used in France as early as 1328. The presence of a number of pieces of

cannon at the battle of Cressy, in 1346, proves that they were not an absolutely new invention then, as has been assumed. An army circumstanced as was that of Edward III. is in no condition to try experiments with new weapons upon a battle-field.

The new invention was improved by slow degrees. Yet the range of even the rude guns first fabricated so far exceeded that of the catapulta and ballista, as to call for the most strenuous efforts for their improvement. The main obstacle to this was the low state of the mechanic arts. Milton's description of the artillery of the rebel angels applies exactly to the guns first made. They were mere logs of wood hollowed out. The wooden tube was then strengthened by iron bars and hoops; and at a later period the bore was lined with iron. During the Thirty Years' War, Gustavus Adolphus had a number of guns made much more portable than any that had before been known. To preserve them, they were inclosed in leather cases. This is probably the origin of the absurd story that has passed from author to author, of cannon having been sometimes made of leather.

At length guns were cast in one piece. At first the bore was formed in casting. An iron rod covered with clay was inserted in the mould, which was withdrawn after the casting, leaving a hollow tube. It soon appeared that the bore thus produced was not perfectly accurate; besides that the interior was always honey-combed by the air-bubbles escaping from the molten metal, which weakened the piece. At present all cannon are cast solid, the bore being produced by drilling. In boring, the drill is stationary, the gun being made to revolve by powerful machinery.

It would be superfluous to enumerate the successive changes made in the form of artillery. The main points to be gained were to establish the best ratio between the length of the piece and the size of the bore; and to secure the greatest available strength with the least amount of metal. As the greatest force of the explosion

is felt at the place where it first takes place, the breech was made considerably thicker than any other part. The full explosive power of the charge is apparent only when it is closely confined, as in Rumford's experiment. The bottom of the bore, where the powder is placed, was accordingly made smaller than the remainder, which was large enough to admit the ball. This diminished bore constitutes the "chambered breech," which is now applied to small arms as well as cannon.

Attention was also directed to the gun-carriages, in order to construct one which should combine strength, lightness, and facility of movement. In modern field-pieces, the gun rests only upon the hind-wheels, the fore-wheels or "limbers" being detached when the piece is fired. The stout side-pieces, or trails, resting on the ground, give a firm position to the gun. To "unlimber" is to detach the fore-wheels from the carriage, leaving the trails to rest upon the ground. The limber also serves as a vehicle for transporting some of the most necessary munitions and a portion of the gunners. The 9-pounder brass gun is the favorite piece of field artillery in the English service, those of larger calibre being too heavy to be transported with facility over rough ground. The piece itself weighs 13 cwt. Including gun, carriage,

limber, 32 rounds of ammunition, and the necessary stores, it weighs 38½ cwt., and can be drawn for a few hundred yards by six horses at a gallop, so as to bring it speedily into position. As now organized in the Eastern war, an English field battery of four 9-pounders and two 24-pounder howitzers has in attendance fourteen other carriages, served by 20 officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, 168 gunners, drivers, etc., and 170 horses.

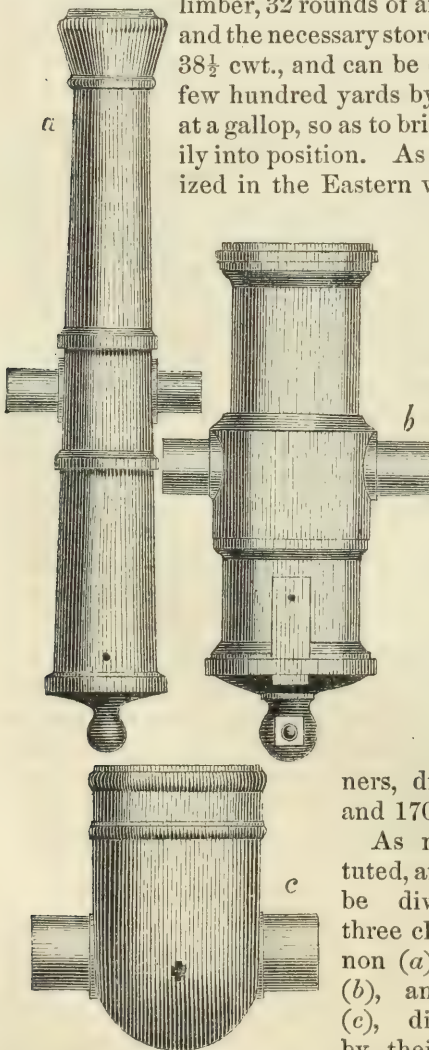
As now constituted, artillery may be divided into three classes: cannon (a), howitzers (b), and mortars (c), distinguished by their different proportions. In

field guns the length is from sixteen to twenty-one times the diameter of the bore. Naval and siege guns are made somewhat longer, in order that the muzzle may project beyond the sides of the ship or the embankments from which they are fired, in order that they may not be injured by the concussion. Mortars are very short, with a large bore; their length is three or four times their calibre. Howitzers are a medium between the other two classes; their length being six or eight times their calibre. Each of these guns is specially adapted to a particular kind of projectile. The calibre of cannon is indicated by the weight of the ball which it carries; that of mortars by the diameter of the bore; either method is used with respect to howitzers. The 5½-inch howitzer carries a stone ball weighing seven pounds; thus a 5½-inch howitzer and a 7-pounder howitzer denote the same piece. The hollow iron ball of the same size weighs twice as much.

For a long time solid round balls, at first of stone, afterward of iron, were the only projectiles discharged by artillery. For battering down walls, the solid ball has the advantage over all others. But when directed against a body of men its efficient range is limited to the direct line of its flight. If the enemy were drawn up in a single line, no ball could kill more than a single man, while the chances would be greatly against its hitting even that one. A number of small shot, directed against a body of men, are more efficient than one large one. To meet this condition grape and cannister shot are employed.

Grape shot are a number of balls slightly fastened together around an iron spindle, in a form somewhat like a cluster of grapes. A cannister shot in shape is precisely like the tin cases used for containing preserved meats. But instead of appetizing delicacies, it is filled with hard iron balls. The design of grape and cannister shot is the same. The rapid flight of the mass through the air bursts the packages, and the balls scatter wide, plowing a broad furrow through the opposing ranks. Now, as a half-pound ball will kill a man as effectually as one of fifty pounds, and as one is just as likely to hit as the other, we may consider the efficiency of grape and cannister shot to exceed that of a solid ball just in proportion to the number of bullets they contain. Hence against troops in the open field, except at a very long range, grape and cannister have superseded solid shot.

Various forms have been tried for shot. There have been, for example, cylindrical, oblong, pine-apple, chain, and bar shot. These last are simply two round balls joined together by a chain or iron rod. But they have gone almost out of use; though in the recent naval attack upon Sebastopol, the Russians did great damage to the rigging of the vessels of the Allies by the use of chain shot. It has been found that when a ball passes through an object with a great momentum, it makes a clean smooth hole of just its own size. If the momentum is less, a large ragged hole is produced. In naval



CANNON, HOWITZER, MORTAR.



FIELD PIECE BROUGHT INTO ACTION.

warfare the object is quite as much to damage the enemy's vessel as to kill his men. In order to diminish the momentum of the balls, they have been lightened, either by making them of stone or of iron hollow. The guns for discharging these shot were usually made with a bore larger in proportion to their length than common cannon. Such pieces, as well as the balls shot from them, were called carronades. It was found, however, that the advantage thus gained was more than neutralized by the inferior range of the carronades. Thus during our late war with Great Britain, our inferior fleet on Lake Ontario was saved from destruction by the British vessels being armed chiefly with carronades, while ours bore long guns carrying solid shot. Having the wind of the enemy, our fleet could keep beyond the range of their carronades, peppering them at leisure, and in almost perfect security. "We remained in this mortifying condition for six hours," says the British commander, "without being able to return a shot."

For attacking towns the red-hot shot is probably the most destructive projectile yet invented. To the horrors of bombardment it adds those of conflagration. At first sight it would seem the height of folly to thrust a red-hot mass of iron within an inch or two of a charge of gunpowder. The artilleryman would seem to stand in more peril than any one else. But the hazard is really very slight. The powder is inclosed in a stout flannel cartridge, and two thick hempen

waddings, one wet, the other dry, are interposed between the ball and the powder. Still, a red-hot ball is not a very convenient thing to handle, since it must be done by means of tongs, and at great mechanical disadvantage. Hence red-hot shot of more than two-and-thirty pounds have rarely been used. At the recent bombardment of Odessa, however, it is said that red-hot shot were thrown from guns of the largest calibre.

Shells are probably the most terrible arm of modern warfare. A shell of the simplest form is a hollow ball of iron, filled with gunpowder and other combustible matter. A fuse communicates, through a hole in the side, with the enclosed powder. The fuse is ignited by the firing of the gun, its length being so calculated that it may last till the shell has just reached its mark. The shell is burst by the explosion of the powder within, and its fragments scattered in every direction.

Such is the simple bomb-shell—a missile destructive enough, one would think, to satisfy the most blood-thirsty mind. But it must yield the palm to the Shrapnel-shell, which is stuffed with both balls and powder. It thus combines in itself the destructive properties of the solid ball, the cannister shot, and the shell. Its range is nearly as great as that of the first, while it has the diffused action of the two last.

Attempts have been made at various times to cause shells to explode by the concussion of striking their mark; for it is difficult to calcu-



MORTAR PRACTICE.

late with perfect accuracy the proper length of the fuse to burn just the right time; and if the explosion takes place a few seconds too soon, the shell is harmless. But none of the attempts have as yet been proved satisfactory, by actual use, though it is said the secret is in possession of both the French and English governments. This, however, is still doubtful. So also is the reported invention of asphyxiated shells, filled with a composition that when burned produces immense volumes of a gas fatal to life.

Cannon and howitzers, as now used, throw both shot and shells. A Paixhan gun is simply a howitzer or cannon of enormous calibre, capable of taking in a large shell. Such was the great gun, called by a ghastly pun on its name, "The Peacemaker," the explosion of which on board the *Princeton* a few years since, was so disastrous. Mortars are used only for throwing shells. There is this further peculiarity about them. The shell is not aimed directly at the mark, but is shot upward, in order that it may in falling descend upon its object. Thus a shell is thrown clean over the walls of a fortress, and falls into its midst. The mortar, therefore, is fired at an angle of 45 degrees, being the angle which gives the ball the greatest range.

For many years great attention has been paid by military engineers to the rockets invented by Colonel Congreve, and high anticipations were at one time entertained of their efficiency. It was supposed that they would work an entire change in this arm of military service. Though these anticipations have been only partially realized, the rocket is now introduced as a useful auxiliary into siege trains. In external appearance the Congreve rocket differs little from the

ordinary signal rocket. It is, however, much larger, and the case is made of iron. As the rocket always goes head-on, it is easy to cause it to explode by the shock of its contact in striking its mark. It is fired from a rest, so arranged as to give direction to its flight. The great defect in the rocket, which has never been fully obviated, is the uncertainty of its aim. Their use is almost wholly confined to siege purposes. For setting fire to towns they have been found very efficacious, as a large amount of incendiary material is easily attached to them.

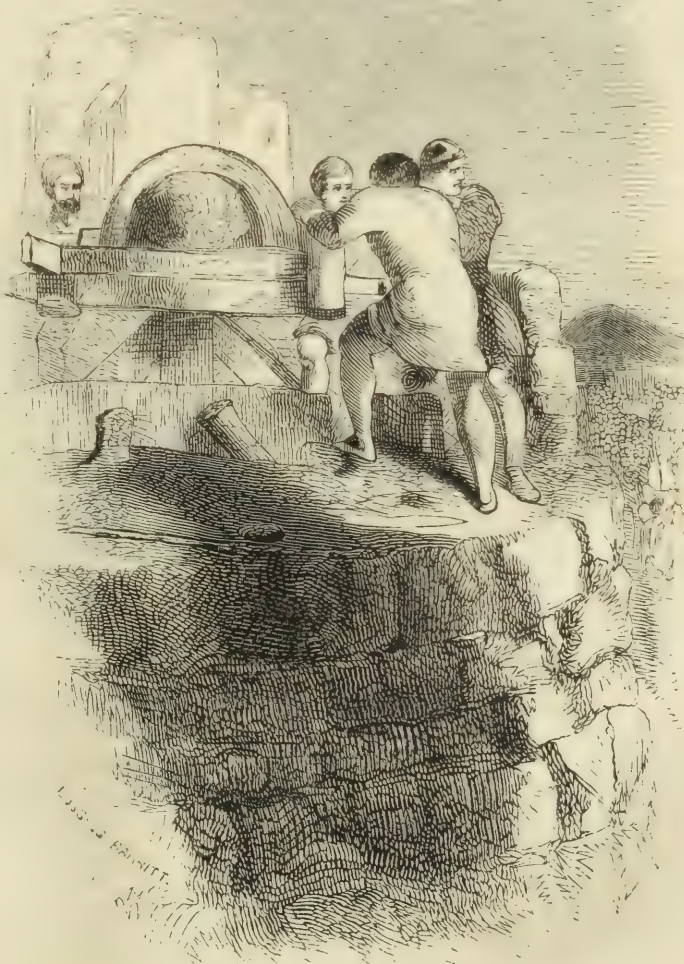
The application of gunpowder to small arms was much more slow than to artillery. The first steps were simply in the direction of lightening the pieces to facilitate transport. The carriage was then dispensed with, and they were mounted upon a tripod, like a telescope. Next came what were called wall-pieces. They had no stand, but were still too heavy to be discharged from the arm. The muzzle was rested upon the wall, and the piece steadied by being brought to the shoulder. To avoid the "kicking" of so heavily loaded a piece, the muzzle had a projection which was hooked over the wall, so as to receive the shock of the recoil. This was only adapted to the defense of walled towns. It could not be used in the field.

The construction of the *harquebuse* was a very decided step in advance. This was light enough to be transported on the shoulder, but too heavy to be aimed without a rest. This rest was at first attached to the piece; but was subsequently detached, and carried sometimes by the *harquebusier* himself, and sometimes by an attendant. It was a stout staff, shod with iron, and having a forked top, in which to rest the gun.



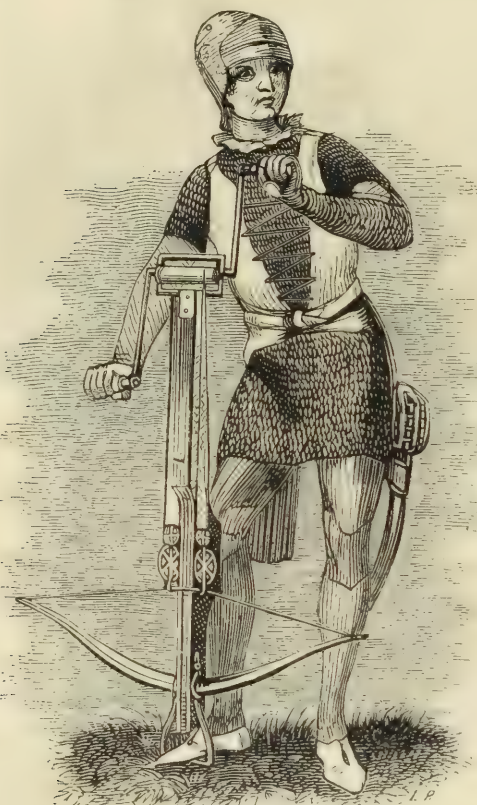
FIRING ROCKETS.

Up to this time the piece was discharged by a slow match. As long as the rest was employed, the gunner had always a hand at liberty to manage the match. But when, in process of time, the piece was so far lightened that it might be fired at arm's length, this mode of discharge caused much embarrassment. This led to the invention of gun-locks. The earlier form was that of a simple *dog* to hold the slow-match, connected with a trigger, by pulling which the match was brought back into the priming pan. But unless the match was withdrawn at the precise instant, the blast of the explosion was liable to blow off the lighted end of the match, so that the gunner was forced to bestow extraordinary trouble upon keeping his match alight. The flint-lock was then invented. A small iron wheel was connected with a spring like that of a watch. This was wound up with a key, and held securely in position by a catch. A flint was attached to a movable *dog*, which communicated with a trigger in such a manner that by pulling it the flint was brought against the wheel at the instant the catch was lifted. The spring thus let loose, turned the wheel against the flint, and the sparks thus produced fell into the powder in the priming-pan below. The



ANCIENT DEFENSIVE WARFARE.

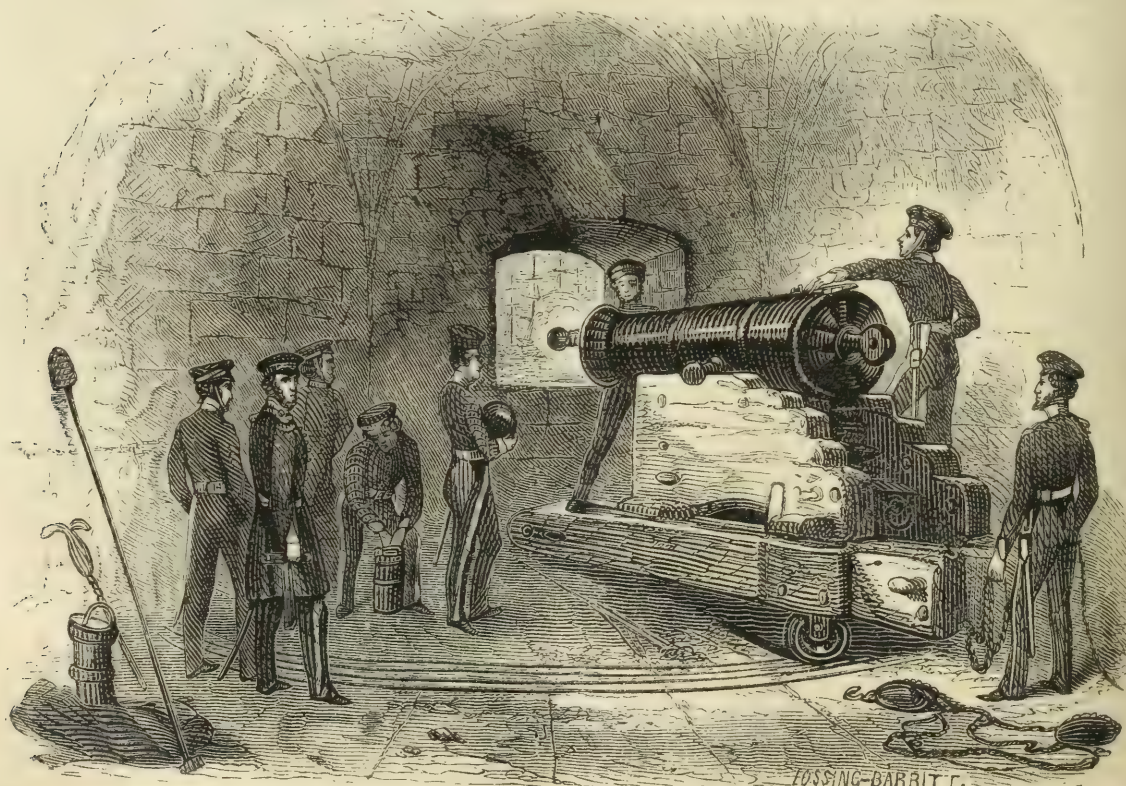
lock underwent various modifications, until it assumed the form of the common flint-lock, which is now almost wholly superseded by the percussion lock. As a monk was the first to suggest the application of gunpowder to warlike purposes, so it is not a little singular that the percussion lock, the greatest modern improvement upon small arms, was the invention of a clergyman.



CROSS-BOW.

We can not wonder that these imperfect small arms came into use far more slowly than did artillery. The last great siege in which the old catapultæ and ballistæ were much used was that of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453. Gibbon, in his magnificent description of this siege, has not failed to avail himself of the conjunction of ancient and modern artillery. The union of cannon and battering rams, catapultæ and ballistæ, liquid fire and movable towers, distinguished this famous siege. But the long-bow was in the highest repute in England down to the time of Elizabeth; and upon the Continent the cross-bow was long held to be a more formidable weapon than the harquebuse. Even late as the reign of Charles I. strenuous efforts were made to retain the bow as a weapon of war.

It is difficult to overrate the influence upon civilization exerted by the general introduction of the modern musket and pistol. The invention of printing has wrought a change hardly less notable. A few years ago, at an English coronation, when in accordance with old usage the Champion of England, clad in old armor, offers to do battle against the world in defense of the right of the new sovereign, it was gravely announced that the champion had at length succeeded in mounting his horse fully armed, almost without assistance. Yet the knight of old was obliged to train himself to vault into the saddle in just such armor. As such weapons and armor, and the skill to use them, must be confined to the few, arms became necessarily a profession. The knight of the middle ages, clad in steel armor, and mounted upon a steed almost as unassailable as himself, could ride over whole



MODERN DEFENSIVE WARFARE.

troops of yeomen and burghers, himself almost as safe the while as though he were entrenched in his rock-built castle. The soldier became from his position a tyrant. It was the reign of brute force. Fire-arms changed all this. They restored the natural equality of man. The robber knight, perched in fancied security in his stronghold upon some steep crag, found that it could be battered about his ears from the plain below. No smith could forge armor that would withstand the small leaden bullet. Any man who could compass the cost of a musket or a pistol even, granting him a quick eye, firm nerves, and a steady heart, was the equal of the trained soldier. Gunpowder is the great leveler. It alone has made democracy a thing physically possible.

The invention of the rifle was another great advance in the construction of the smaller fire-arms, though many years elapsed before it was generally applied to military purposes. The rifle, as every body knows, is distinguished from a smooth-bore by having a number of shallow grooves running down the bore. These grooves, instead of passing straight down, wind around like the threads of a screw, making nearly a complete turn in going the entire length of the barrel. To understand the effect of these grooves upon the action of the piece, we must glance at one or two points in the theory of projectiles.

If a musket-ball were exactly spherical, and of perfectly uniform density throughout, so that the matter should be equally distributed about the centre; and if, furthermore, it were fired from a barrel whose bore was perfectly straight, and accurately circular, of the exact size of the ball, so that it should touch equally in every part of its circumference, the ball would travel laterally in a perfectly straight line, which would be varied vertically only by the attraction of gravitation, which would draw it toward the earth. But no one of these conditions can be fulfilled. No such ball and no such barrel has been made or can be made. Let a musket be accurately pointed at the bull's-eye of a target; then let it be firmly screwed into a vice, and discharged a number of times. No two balls will strike in exactly the same spot. If the target were placed at the distance of a hundred yards, there would probably be a distance of two or three feet between the bullet-holes. The greater the distance of the target, the wider apart would the bullets strike. If the distance were a mile, the balls would strike some hundreds of yards apart. This deflection is owing to imperfections in the balls and the gun—imperfections which it is impossible to remedy in a piece with a smooth bore.

The object of rifling the barrel is to correct this defect. To illustrate the principle of this, we will take a common boy's top. If the matter of the top were equally distributed all around the spindle, the top would—theoretically, at least—stand upright when once fairly balanced upon the peg; for there would be nothing to

cause it to fall one way rather than another. But no man ever did make a top at rest stand a minute, and no man ever can do so. Now, let a rapid rotary motion be given to the top, and it maintains its upright position. The same inequality exists as before; but by the rapid motion the heavier side is continually changing its position. The top tends to fall toward its heavier side; but this is simultaneously, as it were, on every side. The inequalities exactly balance each other, and the top does not fall.

Now to apply this principle to the rifle. The grooves wind around like a screw; the bullet fits tightly into them, and can no more be driven straight down into the barrel than a screw can be driven like a nail straight into a plank. It must descend in a spiral course. In emerging from the barrel it must follow a similar track. In a word, it must be screwed into and out of the barrel. The screw motion thus imparted to the ball continues after it leaves the barrel; and we may consider it a top spinning through the air peg foremost. All the tendencies to lateral motion being thus neutralized, it goes straight forward to its mark, influenced only by the attraction of gravitation, which draws it toward the earth. This being a uniform force, can easily be calculated, and proper allowance made for it.

Various expedients have been tried to make the rifle ball fit the bore. It has been made a trifle larger than the bore, down which it is forced by the ramrod and mallet. The American backwoodsman uses a patch of greased cloth around the ball; this requires less force to drive it down, and he dispenses with the mallet. Still, to force the ball spirally down the bore requires time, and rapid firing is of great importance in warfare.

The rifle, therefore, has never, until quite recently, been a favorite weapon in European warfare. It was introduced into the French armies during the Revolution; but was speedily abandoned. Perhaps the character of the soldiers of the republic had quite as much to do with this as the defects in the weapon. The ardent youths who flew to arms at the tidings of the invasion of their country by the combined forces of the Continent, had little of the cool calculating spirit which enables the Kentucky hunter to pick off the enemy man by man. The fierce charge, the fiery hand-to-hand conflict, the shock of masses, were more in accordance with their instincts.

After the occupation of Algiers, the French troops were brought in contact with a new foe. It was useless to charge against an enemy who would not stand the shock. The fleet steeds of the Arab warriors easily bore them beyond the reach of the French, while in retreating their long carbines told fearfully upon the pursuers. To cope successfully with these, a weapon was wanted which should combine the long effective range of the rifle with the facility in loading of the musket. Two general modes of constructing such a weapon suggested themselves: a rifle



THE FRENCH IN ALGERIA.

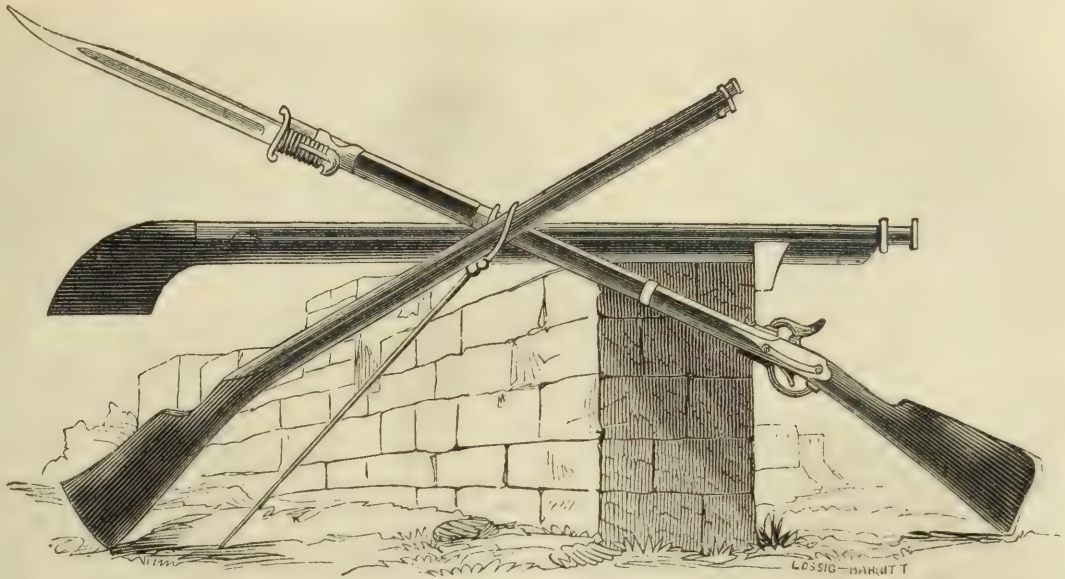
capable of quick loading at the muzzle, and one loading at the breech. Almost simultaneously kindred experiments were undertaken in Prussia, while the peculiar character of our own border warfare led to like efforts here. The result has been the production of three forms of rifles. The revolver in America, the *Zundnadelgewahr* in Prussia, and the Minié rifle in France. For close skirmishing like that which our borderers carry on with the savage, where a half dozen shots in a minute may be worth a thousand in an hour, nothing can equal Colt's revolver.

The Prussian *Zundnadelgewahr*, or "needle-firing gun," is a rifle loaded at the breech. The cartridge contains the ball and the powder, between which is placed a detonating material. It is discharged by forcing a thin steel needle through the powder, against the detonating material, which causes it to explode, the ignition thus taking place at the forward end of the cartridge, which possesses several advantages not necessary to be detailed. In rapidity of loading and discharge, the Prussian gun stands unrivaled; but its construction is so delicate that much doubt exists as to its efficiency in the rough usage of an actual campaign. If report speaks truly, after a few discharges it leaks fire to such an extent, through the joinings, that the soldiers can not discharge it from the shoulder. It is apprehended that, like the famous regiment of tall grenadiers of the first Prussian monarch, it is quite too fine to use.

In France attention was turned to perfecting the muzzle-loading rifle. The first considerable step was taken by M. Delavigne, who made the barrel of his rifle with a chambered breech. That is, the bottom of the barrel, where the powder was placed, was smaller than the bore above. The ball was of a size to pass freely down until stopped by the shoulders of the chamber, upon which it rested. Two or three smart taps with a heavy ramrod flattened out the ball, so that it filled the bore, and was pressed into the grooves. As a round ball would not merely flatten laterally, but become distorted by the blows, he used a conical one, with several grooves around it. It was found that not only was the force required to spread the ball lessened, and the friction diminished by thus reducing the rubbing surface, but the grooved ball traveled more truly, the atmosphere apparently acting upon the grooves as upon the feather of the arrow.

Colonel Thouvenin improved upon Delavigne's chambered breech by screwing a *tige* or steel pin into the breech of the ordinary rifle barrel. The ball passing down the barrel, rested upon the *tige*, around which the powder lay, exposing a larger surface, and thus igniting more rapidly. This rifle is the *carabine à tige* of the chasseurs de Vincennes.

Colonel Minié directed his attention to improving the ball. His ball is a leaden cone, shaped very nearly like a sugar loaf, of a size to pass readily down the bore of the rifle. In the



WALL-PIECE—HARQUEBUSE—MINIE RIFLE, WITH SWORD BAYONET.

bottom of the ball is a conical excavation, in which is placed an iron thimble of the same shape, only somewhat larger, so that it passes only part way up the excavation. This thimble acts like a wedge, and a blow upon it will drive it further into the cavity in the bullet, spreading the soft lead equally on every side. The first shock of the explosion, when the powder is ignited, of course strikes the iron wedge, driving it up into the lead, which expands and fills the barrel and its rifled grooves. The force of the powder performs the work of the blows of the ramrod in other rifles. The operation of loading consists merely in dropping the bullet down upon the powder. This combination of ball and gun constitutes the fatal Minié rifle.

Marvelous stories are told of the range and accuracy of this new weapon. A good marksman is sure of his man at a distance of more than one-third of a mile; at a distance twice as great the men and horses attached to a piece of artillery might be easily picked off one by one; at a mile and more the balls would tell fearfully upon a body of troops. At the battle of Inkermann, we are told that the Minié balls passed sheer through four men, killing the fifth. The most effective distance for grape and canister shot is but three or four hundred yards—just half as far as the Minié rifle carries with perfect accuracy. A few riflemen, therefore, lying securely under cover might easily disable a battery. A hundred of these weapons well directed against Bragg's artillery might have changed the fate of the battle of Buena Vista. A troop of cavalry advancing to the charge would be for a mile under the direct fire of a body of riflemen. At Bomarsund and Sebastopol the French riflemen deliberately picked off the gunners at the embrasures of the Russian fortress. The Minié rifle must effect great changes in the art of war, by depriving the artillery of the pre-eminence it has so long held of being the most efficient arm of service. It behooves our own government to look to it that

we are not found without having at command this new weapon.

The present war in the East has given rise to almost innumerable suggestions and experiments for the purpose of improving every description of fire-arms. Among these is the "Lancaster gun," which is an apparently successful attempt to apply the principle of the rifle to cannon of the largest size. The chief peculiarity of this cannon is, that the bore, instead of having grooves like the rifle, is smooth. As a substitute for grooves, the bore, instead of being circular, has a form slightly elliptical, the major axis exceeding the minor about half an inch, in a piece of eight inches calibre. The longer axis, instead of running straight down the piece, makes a half-turn in its whole length. The annexed cut represents a section of the bore at the breech of the gun, the longer diameter lying horizontally. At the muzzle the longer diameter, as in the cut opposite, stands perpendicularly. The ball being of such a shape as to fit the bore, it of course makes a half-turn in passing from the breech to the muzzle, and thus acquires the rotary motion of the rifle bullet. The ball for the Lancaster gun is conical, like that used with the Minié rifle. Suppose an ordinary sugar loaf to be slightly compressed at the sides, and we have a perfect representation of this ball. The conical ball possesses two advantages over the spherical one. It receives less resistance from the atmosphere, and it admits of a heavier ball being fired from a cannon of a given calibre. It is the combination of the twisted spherical bore and the conical ball that constitutes the Lancaster gun. This gun has been put to the test at Sebastopol, where it is asserted that it has thrown a ball of 95 pounds weight more than four miles.





THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE RATTLESNAKE AND ITS CONGENERS.

OF all animated life, the serpent at first sight, is the most repulsive; and yet, with the species, there is such a combination of the beautiful, the terrible, and the mysterious, that the beholder, in spite of himself, is attracted by their appearance. The association of the animal with the fall of our first parents, no doubt, to the Christian mind, gives it a vague and undefined interest; but with all heathen nations, and from the remotest times, the serpent has occupied the most prominent place, not only as a deity, but as the fittest physical representative of spiritual qualities. Upon the earliest monu-

ments of Egypt, Syria, Greece, India, China, and even on those of the conventionally newer nations of America—in fact, every where on the globe—it has ever been made typical of wisdom—power—duration—the good and evil principles, and of eternity. “It has entered into the mythology of every nation, consecrated almost every temple, symbolized almost every deity; was imagined in the heavens, stamped upon the earth, and ruled in the realms of everlasting sorrow.” Moses lifted up a brazen serpent in the wilderness, and those afflicted who looked upon it lived, and thus it was made to shadow forth the mightiest event wrought for the redemption of mankind; yet why it has been thus



FIGHT BETWEEN THE BLACK SNAKE AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

universally used, seems impossible of solution. The ancients attempted various explanations, but all founded upon fabled qualities, for they evidently knew little of the natural history of the animal, and instead of describing the living, breathing thing, merely repeated and exaggerated those strange attributes ascribed to their deified representations.

The most striking hieroglyphs in which the serpent occurs are those of Egypt, and usually appear over the entrances of their great temples; these are composed of a pair of extended wings, a globe, and two serpents: the globe signified the simple essence, the wings the penetration of universal power, the serpents the life-giving principle. This expressive compound emblem has been found by Mr. Layard among the supposed ruins of Nineveh; it also occurs on Syrian and Persian temples. Aztec ruins in Mexico are still to be seen, composed of large stones, in which some particular layer is projected from the plain wall, and ingeniously sculptured so as to represent a huge snake encircling the edifice. Stone works of vast extent, in the forms of serpents, penetrated or surrounded the Druidical temples of the early

Britons. Our own fertile valleys of the West are filled with tumular monuments, a mile in length, erected by the early inhabitants of this continent, representing pythons in every form, and displaying a perfect sympathy of intention with similar creations in the Eastern world.

Of the connection of the serpent with the temptation of Eve, we have heard a strange story related by an American traveler in Egypt, who was noted among his companions for his willingness to intrude upon out-of-the-way and admitted-to-be dangerous places. An Arab guide, perceiving this peculiarity, offered, for a consideration, to conduct him into the interior of one of the large pyramids, and show him a room, upon the walls of which was a picture no Frank had ever seen. The bargain was at once consummated, and the parties entered the structure, and after sliding down an inclined plane of some hundred feet, they came upon a large room, out of which led a narrow and half choked-up communication with an adjoining apartment. This apartment reached, the Arab lit his torches, and exposed to the astonished gaze of the traveler a painting, fresh as if the work of yesterday, representing a serpent with human arms

and legs, handing an apple to an Egyptian woman; both figures relieved by the conventional trees peculiar to such early art. If this story be true—and we have no reason to doubt its authenticity—we have a pictorial representation of the Fall of Man, possibly more ancient than even the Mosaic account.

A large portion of the rings, necklaces, and bracelets found in ancient tombs are formed of single or combined serpents, beautifully variegated by different colors in gold, precious stones, and enamels; and the commonest form of household gods of the Mexicans and Peruvians was the same, and probably it was a favorite example of their finer jewelry. This emblem is also dug out of our western mounds, sculptured in fine basalt, and betraying a vast amount of labor and excellent art. As the light of Christian civilization dawned upon mankind, the mythological character of this form of life seems to have become more and more disregarded, until now it is only alluded to in such a connection

as is indicative of the deplorable ignorance of early times—yet there is a taint left in our natures for the old superstition; for we still maintain, with the ancients, a predilection for ornaments of the serpent form; and we daily meet in the rich salons of Europe, and of our own country, fingers as delicate as Pharaoh's daughter's glistening with snaky rings, and arms more beautiful than Cleopatra's that are encircled by the golden asp.

Our object is not, however, to deal with the vague and often sublime fancies of the ancients regarding the serpent, but to treat of its history in the spirit of the age—when speculation gives way to truth, and the fables of times past are forgotten in the interesting facts brought forth by the naturalist and other close observer of the Creator's works. A general division of serpents may be made in the distinction which lies between those which kill by muscular pressure and those which destroy their prey by poison. The latter class are comparatively few in



RATTLESNAKE AND WILD CAT.



DEER AND RATTLESNAKE.

number, and may be considered exceptions to the general rule; for all boas, pythons, and most snakes, depend for their subsistence upon the power they possess of crushing their prey in enveloping folds. The assertion that most serpents in temperate climates are harmless, can not readily be assented to; for the Englishman, who has not a really dangerous specimen on his native island, shrinks from their presence with all the fear that he betrays when he meets with the really death-dealing cobras of the jungles of India; and it is remarkable, that Europeans residing in that country, soon become indifferent to the vicinity of the most destructive wild beasts of prey, but can never conquer their dread of snakes. The same thing may be said of the enlightened mind every where, for it recoils from the presence of serpent life.

This terror is one of the most defined instincts of human nature, for it exists without having been founded upon any direful experience, and can not be overcome by reason; yet most serpents are beautiful, and in their adornment, combine with unequaled grace all the brilliant colors of the most precious mosaics. We knew an excellent artist who had a taste for natural history, and being favorably situated for gratifying a long-indulged wish, he determined to place upon canvas the gorgeous beauties of the rattlesnake. It so happened that while he

was busied with the last touches upon a portrait of a lovely girl—was adding the rich carnations to the lips, the azure to her eyes, and the sunny auburn to a profusion of glowing locks, he received the announcement that a just killed rattlesnake was at his disposal. A few moments only elapsed before his sitters were changed. In place of all that was beautiful—in place of intelligence—in place of woman in her loveliest estate, there was reared the form, according to our instinctive ideas, of the most repulsive of created things. By a happy conception the serpent was arranged in a most natural attitude of defiance; its mouth was open, its fangs displayed, and the enthusiastic painter began his work. Soon by the aid of chalk the spiral and expressive form was produced upon the canvas; next was seized the pallet, the colors all beaming in flesh tints, the pencils still glowing with the imitating hues of Hebe; but all in their purity found a place upon the the serpent's form. The delicate pink, the softened carmine, the Tyrian blue, the deep auburn, were not only necessary, but just as they appeared in their clearness and purity, so did they most approach the original, and aid in starting forth a picture of horrid fascination. With the hand of genius the labor of an hour made the task complete—the effect was magically produced—a vivid, glowing lesson had been

taught, that the things we love and worship in nature, or shrink from with terror, are but combinations of the same charming effects of form and color; and that in our own minds, and not in the outward things, is the beauty or hideousness that attracts or repels.

Serpents, says a distinguished naturalist, have been improperly regarded as animals degraded from a higher type; but their whole organization, and especially their bony structure, demonstrate that their parts are as exquisitely adjusted to their habits and sphere of life, as is the organization of any animal conventionally superior to them. Nothing can be more wonderful than to see the work of feet and fins performed by a modification of the vertebral column. As serpents move chiefly on the surface of the earth, their danger is greatest from pressure and blows from above; all the joints are fashioned, therefore, to resist yielding, and sustain pressure in a vertical direction; there is no natural undulation of the body upward and downward—it is only permitted from side to side. The serpent, simple as it is in form, can, by the wonderful wisdom displayed in its creation, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, and suddenly loosing the close coils of its couching spiral, it can

spring into the air and seize the bird upon the wing; for all these creatures have been known to fall its prey. The serpent, without arms or talons, can outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger in the embrace of its ponderous overlapping folds; and instead of being obliged to lick up its food as it glides along, it uplifts its crushed prey to its mouth, grasped in the death-coil as in a hand.

There are properly no sea snakes, although we hear much of sea serpents. Most snakes swim well in water, but they must have their head out to breathe; else they will drown about as soon as the lower orders of most land animals. Eels are not snakes, and most people are conscious of the fact; yet few can tell the distinguishing traits of difference between them and the reptile ashore: the eel has a flat tail, erect as an oar, the snake has a round one. Yet the sea, it would seem, is not altogether free from serpentine life that will vie for poison with the rattlesnake itself. In Haydon's extraordinary autobiography, there is a singular incident related, illustrative of our position. Her Majesty's brig *Algerine*, was at anchor in Madras Roads, when one of the marines hooked and brought on board what was evidently taken



RATTLESNAKE CHARMING A RABBIT.

for an eel. A young officer of the brig, Haydon's step-son, took the animal in his hand, which irritated it, and it seized hold of the young man's fore-finger, and held the skin doubled up between its teeth until forced to let go its hold. This occurred at half past seven in the morning. The bitten man held the occurrence lightly, and went down to breakfast, but soon after felt some uneasiness in his throat, which quickly began to swell, and the patient, although attended by two physicians, died in just three hours after receiving the wound. Soon after death the neck was discolored, the body spotted, and it was found necessary to hasten the burial. The snake (so called), was six feet six inches in length, general color yellow, ornamented with forty-three black rings equidistant, its circumference eighteen inches in the largest part, its tail projecting vertically, *flat* or compressed, which shows that it was a native of the sea. It had three rows of teeth, but no fangs could be discovered.

We are accustomed to say that the serpent swallows its food; this is true in a general sense, but not so, if we understand the act as applied to animals of a higher organization. A boa attempting to bury a buffalo in its capacious maw, or a little garter snake disposed to do the same favor for a juvenile frog, does not let the precious but very different sized morsels tremble for a moment on their palates, and then disappear; on the contrary, after the meal is prepared, the bulk may be many times larger in diameter than the apparent size of the jaws and throat that are to receive them. But no difficulty is in the way; the jaws of the serpent not only separate, if necessary, from each other—being held together only by cartilaginous ligament—but they also have the power of protruding or retracting them, one independently of the other. By this arrangement, one side of the jaws is extended forward, and the two rows of teeth of the upper, and the single row of the lower fixed into the prey; then the opposite side of the jaws is pushed on in the same manner, and so on alternately, until the mass disappears.

I took a good deal of trouble (says a recent traveler in Ceylon) to inquire the size of the boa-python of that country; but though I heard of several that, within the memory or tradition of men had been killed, measuring thirty feet, I never heard that size exceeded; but this by no means proves that their growth is limited to that length, or that they may not exist in large numbers. Game of all kinds is so plentiful in Ceylon that the boa need never be forced into the neighborhood of man to procure food. In India I know, from eye-witnesses, of their being killed forty-five feet long, and six feet in circumference; and the one killed in the Sunderbund some years ago, was credibly reported to be sixty feet; moreover, in proof that this need not be an exaggeration, we may remember, that the snake that stopped the army of Atilius Regulus in the river Bagroda, was one

hundred and twenty feet in length, and that its skeleton was preserved in Rome until within some three or four centuries.

Boas, however, of most promising proportions, occasionally visit the scenes of civilization. A perfectly authenticated story is told of an officer residing in British Guiana, who amused himself in fishing and hunting in a neighboring river. One sultry day, tired with unsuccessful sport, he threw his lines, and drew his canoe to the river's edge, for the purpose of refreshing himself in the water. Having done so, he stretched himself, half dressed, on the benches of his canoe, with his gun at his head loaded with shot, and in this position he fell asleep. Presently he was roused from his slumber by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking his foot. In a state of half stupor, natural to waking from a sound sleep, he cast his eyes downward, and, to his horror, perceived the neck and head of a monstrous serpent, covering his foot with saliva, preparatory to commencing the process of swallowing him whole. The officer had faced death in many forms—on the ocean—in the battle-field, but never had he conceived of it in such terrible guise. For a moment, and but a moment, the officer was fascinated, and then withdrawing his foot, he instinctively seized his gun lying beside him.

The reptile, apparently disturbed, for it had evidently mistaken the officer for a dead carcass, drew its head below the canoe. It rose again, moving backward and forward, as if in search of the object it had lost. The officer, with the muzzle of his gun within a yard or two of the serpent, fired, lodging the contents in its head. The terrible boa, with a hiss, raised its heretofore unseen body in the air, and seemed determined to throw itself upon the officer and embrace him in its powerful coils. A fortunate stroke of the paddle sent the canoe into the stream and to a place of safety. Having procured assistance, the officer returned to the place of attack; and having killed the reptile, found it upward of forty feet in length and of proportionate thickness.

Another officer in the British service, stationed with his regiment in the neighborhood of Kalladgee, in India—a region in which monkeys abound in numberless quantities—professes to have been a witness to the following extraordinary scene:

He was one day, accompanied by a native as a companion, climbing one of the slanting ascents of a neighboring cliff, when he became aware that an unusual commotion existed among the monkeys, which had become so familiar with the officer's appearance, that they seldom honored him with a snarl or any other expression of dislike. Creeping round the projection of a rock, behind which the monkeys seemed to have congregated, the officer became a witness of a strange tragedy in simian life. In the voluminous folds of an enormous boa was being slowly enwrapped a beautiful brown monkey, whose last cries and struggles denoted that all succor



WILD HOGS HUNTING RATTLESNAKES.

was too late. The surrounding monkeys, in wild alarm, were running hither and thither, moping, moaning, and chattering, but not one advanced near the spot where their poor companion was momentarily disappearing in the dread folds of its destroyer. The officer, whose curiosity was highly excited, sat down, and determined to watch the serpent prepare its food for deglutition. The bones of the poor victim were broken like pipe stems by the pressure to which they were subjected; and gradually the reptile began to untwist its folds, affording a magnificent view of its glittering scales, which shone like variegated metallic substances. The officer shuddered as he beheld the serpent's head—its prominent eyes luminous with fiery light. Perfectly heedless of the noise made by the monkeys, it unwound its coils till the victim, now an unrecognizable mass, lay before it lubricated and fit to be received into the destroyer's stomach. When the reptile had fairly commenced its repast, and before the flaccid body began to fill and swell, the officer, with the assistance of his companion, the native, determined upon capturing the soon to be sated giant. Accompanied by the stout lascar, bearing a strong

cudgel and sharp knife, the officer felt there would be little difficulty in securing the prize when once filled to repletion. But upon nearing the scene of strife a new subject of admiration presented itself. The constrictor lay thoroughly gorged, beneath a projecting mass of the cliff, and resembled more a log of wood than a thing of life. On the summit of this projecting rock a troop of monkeys had assembled, and three or four of the largest and strongest were occupied in displacing an immense fragment of the massive stone, already loosened by time and the elements, from the parent ledge. By enormous exertions—made in a silence that was rare with the volatile creatures—they at last succeeded in pushing the rock until it trembled just over the boa's head; when, uttering a fierce yell, in which every separate voice mingled in exultation, by a vigorous movement they shoved it over the precipice. The heavy mass had been judiciously poised, for it struck the serpent on the head, mashing it to a jelly, and as the reptile threw its fearful tail about in its last struggles, the officer and native instinctively joined in the cries of exultation of the monkeys, as they rejoiced over their well-accomplished vengeance.

Snake-charming is a trade in Eastern countries, and the secrets connected with carrying it on are carefully handed down from father to son, although its professors insist that they inherit from nature their singular power. The practice is known to be very ancient. The earliest notice of the mystery is in the Psalms, where we find an allusion to the "voice of the charmers." There is a practical benefit derived by the people of the East, from the occupation of these men, in their bringing from concealed hiding-places poisonous serpents that infest private houses and gardens, which the charmer does with great effect. It has been the care of many intelligent Europeans to satisfy themselves that the natives were honest and used no deception. A missionary of India states, that some incredulous persons, after the most minute and careful precaution against artifice of any kind, sent a charmer into the garden. The man began playing with his pipe, and for some minutes proceeded from one part of the garden to another; he finally stopped near a wall much injured by time, and declared that a serpent was within the ruins. He then played quicker, and his notes were louder; when almost immediately a large cobra put forth its hooded head, and the man fearlessly ran to the spot, seized it by the throat, and drew it forth; he then showed the fangs, beat them out, and placed it among the rest of his serpents confined in his basket.

Layard, while encamped in the vicinity of his "favorite ruins," states, that a snake-charmer, with his son, a boy of seven years old, one afternoon came to his tents, and exhibited his tricks in the midst of a circle of astonished beholders. The exhibitor first pulled from a bag a number of snakes knotted together, which the by-standers declared to be a venomous kind. The child took the reptiles fearlessly from his father, and placing them in his bosom, allowed them to twine around his naked neck and arms. The Bedouins present gazed in mute wonder at the proceedings; but when the Sheikh, feigning rage against one of the snakes which had drawn blood from his son, seized it, and biting off its head with his teeth threw the writhing body among them, they could no longer restrain their horror and indignation, but uttered loud curses upon the infidel snake-charmer and upon his kindred to the remotest generation.

An affecting story is told of an European family residing in Saint Domingo, in which an only child was sacrificed by a snake, through the arts of a petted slave. The negro was a favorite with his master's household, but in spite of this became involved in one of those deep conspiracies that characterized the early history of the West Indian Islands. In the dead hour of night, the slaves from the adjoining plantations met in the forest to concoct their insurrectionary plans, and expose and punish any of their members who had shown any reluctance to carry out their designs for the destruction of the whites. The slave we have alluded to was suspected by his confederates of undue affection

for his young mistress, and it was whispered that, in a general rising, he would make an effort to save the innocent child from massacre. This supposed humanity on the part of the slave was pronounced treason in its worst form; and the suspected conspirator, on pain of death to himself, was ordered, before the next meeting, to destroy his young mistress, as a proof that he was not a traitor in heart. The negro—the confidential servant of his master and the inmate of the household—accomplished his purpose without attracting to himself the least suspicion. Hunting up the nest of a pair of deadly snakes, every where to be found in tropical climates, with those arts peculiar to all semi-savage minds, he enticed them into the garden and familiarized them with the vicinity of the house. His plans being perfected, he announced to his master and mistress that he had reason to believe that there was a deadly reptile lodged in the vicinity. A large reward was offered for its destruction, and in two or three days the negro brought the female to the house, laid it upon the front steps, and received the congratulations of the family for his faithful devotion. The moment he was unobserved, he dragged the dead carcass of the snake into the house, thrust it through the lattice-work that divided the sleeping chambers from the parlors, and then, opening the door of the sleeping room, trailed the venomous body across the empty couch of his young mistress, and concluded by depositing it in a coil under the sheets and in the very centre of the bed. All this being done, he next enveloped the body of the snake in some broad leaves, hid it about his person, and unobserved escaped into the open air.

At midnight, when every door was opened, and every lattice turned up to admit the refreshing breeze denied during the day—when all were wrapped in profound slumber, the surviving snake was searching for its lost mate. Gradually it approached the dwelling, for it was on the trail, climbed up the door-steps, glanced inquiringly about, as fresh evidences of final success seemed to dawn upon it, and then it stealthily entered the parlor; straight across the floor it moved, penetrated the lattice, and mounted the couch. The trail was now warm, and led the snake under the clothes; the innocent occupant of the couch brushed the intruder aside, and in another instant the deadly fangs of the frustrated and angry serpent were buried deeply in her bosom. The victim sighed heavily, for the deep sleep of a tropical climate was upon her, and she slumbered on, to waken no more in this troubled life, and to present to her fond parents in the coming morn, instead of a sweet, doting, intelligent child, an offensive mass—the most terrible form of death.

The Southern negroes will never kill a snake, giving as a reason, that it will cause them "bad luck." This idea is evidently traditional with them, brought by their ancestors from Africa. Many of them also appear to have the power, if cultivated, of charming snakes; for, if so dis-

posed, they will handle any snake they come across with impunity. A physician of Louisiana, who had a desire to study the habits of the rattlesnake, kept a number in a cage, and, for fear of accident, had it placed in the distant corner of a large room in which he slept. It was the doctor's custom, on his return home at night, to take a glance at the reptiles, to assure himself that they had been properly cared for through the day, and also to see if the door of the cage was securely fastened. One night, having come home very late and much fatigued, he neglected his usual precautions, and at once retired. The weather was exceedingly hot, and, notwithstanding his exhaustion, several hours glided away without his obtaining any sleep. Suddenly he heard a light sliding noise along the floor, and cautiously looked out to learn the cause. The moonlight was shining full into the room, and to his horror he discovered the largest of his snakes roaming free about the room. What was to be done? A loaded gun was at the farthest end of the room—but was this the only serpent out of the cage? were all the rest at liberty? The whole household being asleep, the doctor concluded it was better to wait until morning, taking the precaution to tuck his mosquito bar with extra care around his bed, and thus imprisoned, he impatiently watched the issue. The snake continued his travels, finally approached the bed, and all became silent.

At daylight the doctor heard the steps of his body-servant, who was coming, according to custom, to perform his morning duty. The doctor cried out to him not to open the door, but to go for an old African negro, named Isaac, who was known to approach all snakes without fear. The negro came, and entered upon his task confidently, and after a moment or two found the cause of the alarm quietly sleeping under the bed. The other snakes were in the cage, although the door was open. The doctor insisted upon the negro's shooting the snake, but he flatly refused, and declared himself able to seize the animal without the least fear of being bitten by him. Advancing toward the bed, he commenced whistling and pronouncing soothing words, in the same manner as the snake-charmers of India; after some minutes he ventured to pass his hands over the back of the snake, all the time using soothing sounds: finally, he lifted up the snake's head, and induced it to repose upon his bended arm and body—the snake suffering all this without betraying the least fright or emotion.

The doctor, agitated for the safety of his servant, and wishing the matter to end, desired the negro to put the snake in the cage. This Isaac said was impossible for him to do; and upon the negro approaching the prison-house, the snake, as if conscious of his purpose, immediately erected its head in anger, and sprung its rattle. Whereupon Isaac walked in another direction, began his incantations, and the reptile was soon calm. He then asked for a sheet, and by degrees accustomed the snake to its sight, and

then passed one edge of it between his arm and the animal's body, continuing his wheedling and walking about all the time. As soon as he was certain that he could envelop the reptile in the sheet, he rapidly threw it around him, and the snake was mastered. By a series of skillful movements he got the snake back into his old quarters, without having received the slightest injury, and thus the adventure terminated; the negro, however, declaring that he could never again charm that snake, because he had used his power to deceive it.

The gentleman who relates the above incident is authority for another, that came very near a tragical termination. A hunter of his acquaintance used to amuse himself, whenever he met with a fine specimen of a rattlesnake, with endeavoring to catch it alive. This he was enabled, after much experience, to do by means of a long stick, cleft at the end, with which he was accustomed to seize the reptiles by the back of the head. One day, as he was posted some distance from his friends, watching for deer, he perceived a large rattlesnake, which he seized in his favorite manner, and then, after placing his fingers firmly behind the reptile's head, he amused himself by opening its mouth, in order to examine its teeth and fangs. In the mean time the snake, quite unnoticed by the imprudent hunter, who was entirely absorbed in his examination of the creature's head, had twisted its body in numerous folds around his arm. Little by little he was conscious of a slight pressure, accompanied by an alarming numbness in the member. The hunter immediately attempted to disengage his arm. At the same time he felt conscious that his power to do so was every instant lessening, and he had the additional horror to feel that his fingers were becoming powerless to retain their hold. At last the head of the animal began to draw near the palm of his hand, and the hunter gave himself up for lost, when fortunately one of his companions at an adjoining "stand" heard the cries of distress, and most opportunely arrived, armed, as is common in the Southern forests, with a bottle of ammonia. The cork was hastily pulled, and the contents poured into the reptile's mouth. Instantly the frightful scene was changed; the animal in agony unrolled, and fell harmless to the ground, and with a successful blow its head was separated from its body.

Although it is disputed by most naturalists that snakes have the power of fascination, yet to us it seems as if nothing relating to their natural history is more fully substantiated. People living in crowded cities, who receive from abroad "specimens" preserved in alcohol and bottled, or write dissertations from examinations of the "stuffed skin," must feel assured, from what they see before them, that the power of fascination is a fable; and as doubting is a safe form of unbelief, it is freely expressed. The rattlesnake, nevertheless, as certainly has an eye of command as had Napoleon; and the power of the reptile's gaze is not only acknowledged by

the humbler class of animals, but man, with all his superior powers, has felt the thrill of helplessness pass through his soul, as he beheld that mysterious eye glaring full upon him. Approach a rattlesnake, and with the first convenient thing dash out its brains, but dare not to make a close examination of the death-dealing object before you; if its spiral motions once find a response in the music tune-markings of your own mind—if you look into those strange orbs, that seem to be the openings into another world—if that forked tongue plays in your presence, until you find it is as vivid as the lightning's flash, and the meanwhile the hum of those rattles begins to confuse your absorbed senses—you will be conscious of some terrible danger; that you stand upon some dread precipice; that your blood is starting back from your heart; and you can only break through the charm with an effort, that requires the whole of your resolution.

A well authenticated story is told of a Mr. Rowe, of Philadelphia, who was riding out one morning to visit a friend, when his horse refused to go forward, being terrified at a large rattlesnake that lay across the road. Mr. Rowe believed in the power of snakes to charm, and alighting from his horse attempted to lead the animal around the object of terror. The snake meanwhile coiled itself up, sounded its rattle, and stared its enemy full in the face, and with such fire in its eyes that Mr. Rowe felt the cold sweat break out upon him, and he was conscious that he neither had the power to retreat or advance. However, his reason remained, and getting the better of his alarm, he suddenly approached the reptile, and with one stroke of his cudgel knocked out its brains.

The food of the rattlesnake, it is to be observed, is in a great measure composed of small animals or birds superior to it in fleetness, and it has no power to seize its prey except when it is coiled up, and consequently incapable of giving chase. In addition, the reptile, when attempting to seize its prey, emits a strong odor, which no doubt has a stupefying effect upon the victim. Now, as the rattlesnake never steals upon any object, and is perfectly incapable of seizing its food, except when it is coiled up and stationary, how would it ever obtain subsistence, if nature had not given it the power to attract its prey within its deadly reach? On one occasion we were hunting over an old cotton-field, when we perceived a large rattlesnake coiled up under a tree, upon the limb of which, perhaps six feet above, was a small hawk. The reptile was in a high state of excitement; its head waved to and fro, and otherwise indicated the phenomenon of charming. Without hesitation we discharged the contents of our gun, and literally cut the creature to flinders; at the same instant the hawk fell heavily to the ground, and so helpless, that we thought a scattering shot had struck it. In a moment, however, the hawk commenced fluttering and rolling on the grass, as if suffering from intoxication; gradually it recovered

the use of its wings, and screaming with terror, passed beyond our sight.

But this power of fascination is not confined to the rattlesnake; it is peculiar to the species. How far the popular stories we meet with in the newspapers are critically correct, it is difficult to decide; but they are all founded in truth, and are characteristic of the mysterious influence under consideration. An English paper recently published the following incident:

"A little boy, who was known to be frequently absent from school, was noticed in the neighborhood of Privet, by a shepherd, to be very busily engaged in the wood. The shepherd approached nearer, and was surprised to see the boy feeding two adders! The child having crumbled his bread in his satchel, spread it out in his cap, and the adders came and ate the food, picking up the crumbs with great dexterity. After feeding the snakes, the little fellow lay down upon the ground and played with his strange favorites, all three seeming to enjoy the sport. But if the little urchin rejoiced in their company the shepherd did not, for with much difficulty he killed the reptiles, to the great distress of their little playmate, who wept bitterly at their destruction."

The most extraordinary story of snake fascination was recently related by a St. Louis paper* of a black snake seven feet six inches long, and a young girl thirteen years of age, which resulted in a fearful tragedy. The father of the child lived in Franklin County, Missouri. The fact was first noticed, that the young girl from perfect health, began to decline, and finally wasted away to a mere skeleton. On the arrival of the spring she could not be prevailed upon to eat in the house, but insisted upon taking her bread and meat to the banks of a neighboring creek. The neighbors having heard of the child's extraordinary conduct, and also of her wasted appearance, suggested to her father to watch her movements, which was done on a succeeding Friday. The child had been sitting on the bank of the creek nearly all the forenoon until near dinner time, when she got up, went to the house, asked for a piece of bread and butter, and again returned to her place of watching. The father stealthily followed the child, and to his horror saw a huge black snake slowly raise its head into the child's lap, and receive the bread and butter from her hand; and when she would attempt to take a bite of the bread, the snake would become very angry, when the child, trembling like a leaf, would promptly return the food to the monster. The father was completely paralyzed, not being able to move hand or foot; the blood fairly clogged in his veins, and he groaned in agony. This caused the snake to become alarmed, and it glided away into the creek and disappeared. Upon being questioned, the child refused, or appeared incapable of giving any answers. It was finally determined that the child should go again the next day, and that the snake should thus be allured ashore and

* St. Louis Herald, 12th July

killed. The next morning the child took the bread to the creek as usual, and the moment the monster made its appearance, the father, who was on the watch, fired and shot it through the head. The child swooned, the snake writhed about and died; the child recovered, and swooned and recovered, and swooned, and finally died, seeming in the greatest agony. Upon the facts the editor says: "This horrible, and at the same time melancholy occurrence, is the first we have heard of for a long time, and in fact the first we ever knew of where we could positively vouch for its truthful correctness. We know that there are persons who doubt the reality of such fascination, but if they entertain any doubts on this subject hereafter, the relations of this unfortunate little girl can be found ready and willing to corroborate our statement."

With the rattlesnake the excitement of charming is positively necessary to prepare the animal to take its food. Nature seems to have provided this strange peculiarity to call the salivary glands into action, and soften the muscles of the throat so as to give them the elasticity necessary for swallowing. A gentleman who had a large rattlesnake confined in a cage, after it had fasted for some months, gave it a half-grown rat. To his surprise the snake took no notice of the intruder, and in a few hours they were living on peaceable terms. The rat ate its food with relish, and paid no attention to its disagreeable neighbor. After some two or three weeks the gentleman had his attention attracted to the cage by warlike sounds, and looking in, to his surprise he discovered the snake coiled up in the attitude of defiance, its head waving to and fro, its eyes glistening with anger, and its rattle making a continued hum. The rat, meanwhile, as if conscious of its doom, exhibited every symptom of terror, and yet constantly approached its enemy. The reptile having finally prepared itself for the fatal blow, darted with lightning rapidity upon the poor quadruped, and soon engulfed it in its capacious throat. This example is satisfactory, that the snake, as we have already suggested, is obliged to go through the excitement attendant upon what is termed charming, to be able to take its food; for it could at any time, for weeks previous, and without ceremony, have snapped up the rat as it lay all the day long sleeping upon the floor of the cage.

A Southern gentleman, who took a great deal of interest in the habits of rattlesnakes, mentions that a negro once brought him one and offered it for sale. To show the size and beauty of the creature, he took it out of the small wooden box in which it was confined, and fearlessly let the serpent loose upon the ground. The reptile began to glide in a sinuous, undulating, but gentle course along the veranda. Seeing it approach the limits of the adjoining premises, the negro was ordered to bring the reptile back. Obeying the injunction, the man immediately recaptured the snake, which he effected by applying his fingers to the back of its head. The

gentleman, upon examining the snake attentively, discovered two long and terrible fangs projecting from the upper jaw, which he had understood the negro to say had been extracted. The negro, upon being told of the danger he ran in seizing the snake with his naked hand, replied, "that there was never any danger when the snake was not coiled up and prepared for a spring."

Audubon, to prove that serpents can not fascinate, relates that he had a rattlesnake and a thrush confined in a large cage—so large, indeed, that the bird easily escaped out of the reach of the monster. For a long while the snake made vain attempts to catch its prey, and finally only succeeded by lying down close to the cup of water, and there waiting for the bird. The thrush showed great uneasiness, and would dash at the water and then retreat; it finally, as the great ornithologist thinks, fell a prey to its enemy while endeavoring to quench its thirst. Our conclusion is, that the snake never possessed intelligence enough to go through the complicated argument that the thrush must come to the cup of water or perish with thirst; on the contrary, the snake being near the water was an accident, and the bird, instead of dashing down to drink, was really in the toils of the charmer, and vainly struggling to make its escape.

Rattlesnakes have their antipathies, and those known, are very strongly marked. In Texas, particularly between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, the largest rattlesnakes in the world exist, and at certain seasons of the year it is quite dangerous to "camp out" without due precaution. The inhabitants have many devices to protect themselves, but the most simple is encircling the place of bivouac with the long horse-hair halter. The snakes will never cross this magic circle. In more northern latitudes, it has been found that the rattlesnake will not live where the white ash grows in abundance. It has even been the practice among hunters who traverse the forests in summer, to stuff their boots, moccasins, and pockets with white ash leaves, for the purpose of securing themselves against the snakes; and it is said that no person was ever bitten who resorted to this specific.

Judge Woodruff, formerly a resident of Ohio, relates that he was with a small party on the Mahoning river for the purpose of deer hunting. The party took their station on an elevated spot, fifteen or twenty yards from the water's edge. Here the men watched for their wished-for game; and while they were waiting, they saw a large rattlesnake, which had crawled out from among the rocks beneath them, and was slowly making his way across a narrow, smooth sand-bank toward the river. Upon hearing the voices of the men, the snake halted, and lay stretched out with his head near the water.

"It was now determined to try ash leaves. Accordingly search was made, and a small white ash sapling, eight or ten feet long, was procured; and, with a view to make the ex-

periment more satisfactory, another sapling of maple was cut. In order to prevent the snake's retreat to his den, the Judge approached him in his rear, and when he had advanced within eight feet of him, the snake coiled up his body, elevated his head several inches, brandishing his tongue, and thus signified his readiness for battle. The Judge then presented his white ash wand, placing the leaves upon the body of the snake. The reptile instantly dropped his head upon the ground, unfolded his coil, rolled over upon his back, twitched and twisted his whole body in every form but that of a coil, and gave signs of being in great agony. The white ash was then laid by, upon which the snake immediately placed himself in a coil, and assumed the attitude of defense as before. The sugar-maple stick was next used; the snake darted forward in a twinkling, thrust his head 'with all the malice of the under fiends,' and the next moment coiled and lanced again, darting his whole length with the swiftness of an arrow. After repeating this several times, says the Judge, I changed his fare, and presented him the white ash. He immediately doused his peak, stretched himself on his back, and writhed his body in the same manner as at the first application.

"It was then proposed to try what effect might be produced upon his temper and courage by a little flogging with the white ash. This was administered, but, instead of arousing him to resentment, proved only to increase his troubles. As the flogging grew more severe, the snake frequently stuck his head into the sand as far as he could thrust it, and seemed desirous to bore into the earth and rid himself of his unwelcome visitors. Being now convinced that the experiment was a satisfactory one, and fairly conducted on both sides, we deemed it ungenerous to take his life after he had contributed so much to gratify our curiosity; and so we took our leave of the rattlesnake with feelings as friendly at least as those with which we commenced our acquaintance with him, and left him to return at leisure to his den."*

The rattlesnake excites a great deal of alarm in the deer, and it is seldom that the buck will let it escape without giving battle. Their manner of attack is very curious and effective. The buck trots around the rattlesnake for some time, seemingly disposed to confuse the reptile, and then suddenly starting off will make a tremendous sweep, and coming near the snake will gather its four sharp hoofs into a point, and then springing eight or ten feet in the air, will land directly upon the coils of the snake, and then separating its feet with wonderful quickness and force, if the assault has been successful, the snake is cut into shreds.

Combats between the rattle and black snakes are certain if they meet, and the black snake is, with rare exceptions, the conqueror. Upon seeing each other, these animals instantly assume their respective attitudes of defiance, and

display the great difference in their organization. The rattlesnake coils itself up, ready for attack or defense; the black snake, being a constrictor, moves about from side to side, and is in constant activity—mutually exciting each others passions. The rattlesnake finally settles down into a glowing exhibition of animosity, its head thrown back, its fangs exposed, its rattles in constant agitation. The black snake, seemingly conscious that the moment of strife has come, now commences circling round its enemy, absolutely moving so swiftly that it seems but a gleam of dull light; the rattlesnake attempts to follow the movement, but soon becomes confused, and drops its head in despair: then it is that the black snake darts upon the back of the neck of its deadly foe, seizes it between its teeth, and springing upward, envelops the rattlesnake in its folds. The struggle, though not long, is painful: the combatants roll over in the dust, get entangled in the bushes; but every moment the black snake is tightening its hold, until the rattlesnake gasps for breath, becomes helpless, and dies. For a while the black snake still retains its grasp; you can perceive its muscles working with constant energy; but finally, it cautiously uncoils itself, and quietly betakes to the water, where recovering its energy, it dashes about a moment as if in exultation, and disappears from the scene.

Of all enemies with which the rattlesnake has to contend, except man, the hog is the most destructive. An old sow with a litter of pigs to provide food for, will hunt for the reptile with a perseverance and sagacity truly astonishing, tracking them by their scent to their hiding-places, and never letting them escape. In the West in early times, and now throughout the country, if rattlesnakes become troublesome in any locality, a drove of hogs are turned into their haunts, and the snakes soon disappear. The hog, when it sees a rattlesnake, instantly erects its bristles and back, and commences rattling its tusks. The snake accepts the challenge, and prepares for defense. The old porker seems to understand what parts of its body are invulnerable to poison, so it gets down upon its knees, and in this awkward position deliberately crawls, by a sideling motion, up to the enemy. The snake darts forward, and the hog dextrously catches the fangs in the fat that swells out the jaws—the blow is repeated, and the hog having been smitten on one cheek deliberately turns the other. This the animal continues to do until the snake has not only exhausted for the time being, its poison, but also its strength. The hog then deliberately rises from its knees, and now, regardless of consequences, seizes the serpent near the head, and putting its fore-foot upon its squirming body, strips the reptile through its teeth, and thus tears it to pieces. If the hog, as is sometimes the case, happens to be very lean, and the poison fangs thereby strike the circulation, it will die from the wound, but this conjunction rarely takes place.

In the fall the rattlesnake seeks a secure place

* Silliman's *Scientific Journal*.

in which to hide during the cold months of the year, and they have been found in large numbers entwined together, in a torpid state, and while in this condition they are comparatively harmless. In warm climates the rattlesnake trusts to the heat of the atmosphere for the development of its young in the egg, although it would seem that, in extreme northern climates, the production of the egg is followed by the instant appearance of the young breaking from the membranous shell.

The poison of the rattlesnake, and the remarkable machinery with which it is injected into the wound, have always been subjects of philosophical interest. It is only recently, that a gentleman prepared by education, and dictated by the true spirit, has given his attention to this subject, and he has unfolded to the world many interesting facts, and added to the cause of humanity.* From the gentleman referred to we learn, that during a sojourn of two or three months in the interior of Arkansas, which appears to be the paradise of these reptiles, he discovered four distinct varieties of the rattlesnake, the species including the largest serpents of North America.

Upon dissection, the Doctor found that the poisoning apparatus of all serpents was similar. It consists of a strong frame-work of bone, with its appropriate muscles in the upper part of the head, resembling and being in fact a pair of jaws, but externally to the jaws proper, and much stronger. To these are attached one or more movable fangs on each side, just at the verge of the mouth, and capable of being erected at pleasure.

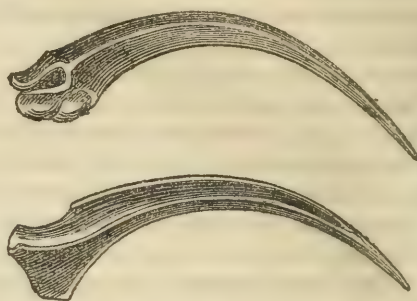
The fangs are very hard, sharp, and crooked, like the claws of a cat, and hooked backward, with a hollow from the base to near the point. At the base of these fangs is found a small sack, containing two or three drops of venom, which resembles clear honey. The sack is so connected with the cavity of the fang during its erection,



RATTLESNAKE'S SKULL.

that a slight upward pressure forces the venom into the fang, and from which it makes its exit with considerable force. The rattlesnake does not

bite, but throws its fangs forward with tremendous force, literally hitching them as hooks into the destined victim, and in the rude assault the poison is driven into the wound with the rapidity of lightning, and unerring as is always the shaft of death. Unless the fangs are erected for battle, they lie concealed in the upper part of the mouth, sunk between the internal and external jaws, something like a pen-knife blade shut in its handle. These fangs are frequently broken off and replaced by new ones,



POISON FANGS MAGNIFIED.

the rudiments of which always appear on careful examination.

The incidents that follow are so interesting, that we give them in Dr. Gilman's own language:

"During the process of robbing several species of serpents, I inoculated several small but vigorous and perfectly healthy vegetables with the point of a lancet, well charged with venom. The next day they were withered and dead, looking as though they had been scathed with lightning. In attempting to preserve a few drops of venom, for future experiments, in a small vial with two or three parts of alcohol, it was found in a short time to have lost its venomous properties. But after mixing the venom with aqua ammonia, or spirits of turpentine, or oil of peppermint, or of cinnamon, or of cloves, or with nitric or sulphuric acid, it still seemed to act with undiminished energy. It is best preserved, however, for future use, by trituration with refined sugar or sugar-of-milk.

"A very fine, large cotton-mouth snake, being captured, by tying a shoe-string around him, he became excessively ferocious, striking at even the crack of a small riding-whip. Finding himself a prisoner, without hope of escape, he turned his deadly weapons on his own body, striking repeatedly his well-charged fangs deeply into his flesh. Notwithstanding this, he was put in a small basket, and carried forward. In one hour after he was found dead, and no amount of irritation could excite the least indication of life. Four hours after, while removing the skin for preservation, the blood oozed slowly from the vessels in a dissolved state. No violence was done to his snakeship except what he did to himself.

"A large rattlesnake, beheaded instantly with a hoe, would, an hour after, strike any thing that pinched its tail. Of several persons who were testing their firmness of nerve by trying to hold the hand steady while the serpent struck at it, not one could be found whose hand would not recoil in spite of his resolution; and one man—a great bully, by-the-by—was struck on the naked throat with considerable force by the headless trunk of the serpent, and staggered back, fainted, and fell from terror. Mr. Stewart, of Mississippi, tells me he once witnessed a singular scene. An old hunter shot a rattlesnake's head off, and after reloading his gun and standing some time, he stooped to pull off the rattles, and the bloody but headless trunk of the snake struck

* See St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal, for researches relative to the Rattlesnake, reported by Dr. Gilman.

him in the temple, and he fainted and fell down with terror.

"Seven venomous serpents, belonging to five different species, were made to fraternize and dwell amicably in one den. A beautiful pair of long-bodied speckled snakes, known as king-snakes, found to be fangless, and consequently without venom, were duly installed as members of the family. Some uneasiness was perceivable among the older members, but no attempt was made to destroy the intruders, though they might have been killed instantly. The next morning four of the venomous serpents were found to have been destroyed by the king-snakes, and one was still within their coil, and the two remaining ones would make no effort at self-defense. A large rattlesnake seemed stupid and indifferent to his fate. He could not be made to threaten or give warning even with his rattles. The smallest king-snake was afterward inoculated with the poison of one of the serpents he had destroyed, and died immediately after—thus evincing that they must have exercised some power besides physical force to overcome their fellow-creatures."

The vitality of the snake is a matter of observation with all acquainted with its habits. The negroes of the plantations say that one never dies—no matter how much "killed"—until after sundown. Some flat-boatmen on one occasion captured a large black snake in the Tallahatchie river, and put it in a cage for the sake of amusing themselves with its struggles to escape. Accidentally finding a mole, about the size of a mouse, they put "the groundling" into the snake's cage. The reptile at once gulped it down, but the mole, making no difference between the sides of its prison-house and the solid earth, much to the astonishment of the flat-boatmen, ate its way out of the snake's side; whereupon it was swallowed again, and again gnawed its way into daylight. The snake, getting a dinner under difficulties, once more titillated its throat with the oft-repeated morsel, but with no more success of keeping it on its stomach than the Irishman had with the emetic. The fourth time, the snake vainly attempted to engulf its dinner, but was too much exhausted, and gave it up as an impossible job. The mole, so well calculated to make its way through the world, was put on shore as a reward for its bravery; and, if it ever thinks at all, must be very much amused at its adventures with the flat-boatmen on the roaring river of the sunny land of Florida.

Extraordinary stories are told of the time that the poison of the rattlesnake—so subtle that it destroys vegetable as well as animal life—will remain active upon the fang. A naturalist preserved the skin of the snake, with the mouth open and the fangs exposed. After a time—many months—it ceased to be valued, and was carelessly left uncared-for in the house. One dark evening a member of the family stepped upon something, and felt a slight puncture at the bottom of the foot. In the course

of a few hours alarming symptoms were visible, and the patient was pronounced to have been bitten by a rattlesnake. Upon examination, the effigy was found on the floor, crushed as if by some heavy weight, with one of the fangs broken off. A still more curious anecdote, which seems authentic, is related of a farmer, who came home from the woods, and, without being aware of the cause, became fatally sick: after a few hours he died, every one pronouncing the case one of active poison. Very many years afterward a son of the deceased, now grown up, appropriated to himself his father's boots. At night, upon going to bed, he was taken very sick, and after a few hours died; when it was remembered that the symptoms were the same as those of the father. Upon examination of the boots, a rattlesnake fang was found driven into the leather just above the heel, and broken off so as not to be observable on the outside, and yet pointing down in the interior, in such a manner that, in drawing off the boot, the fang would inflict a slight wound.

At the commencement of our Revolution the rattlesnake held quite a conspicuous place in the imaginative minds of many of our patriotic fathers, as a fit emblem for our national flag; and hence the reptile assumed, for the time being, an historical interest. One of the pleasantest essays ever written by old Ben Franklin was in support of this proposition. In Congress, on the 9th of February, 1775, Colonel Gadsden presented "an elegant standard, such as was used by the commander-in-chief of the American navy, being a yellow field with a lively representation of a rattlesnake in the middle in the attitude of going to strike, and the words underneath—

"DON'T TREAD ON ME."

Of this flag, Paul Jones, in his journal, says: "As first lieutenant of the *Alfred*, on board of that ship, before Philadelphia, Mr. Jones, with his own hands, hoisted the flag of America, the first time it was displayed, as the commander-in-chief embarked on board of the *Alfred*."

By the kind order of an overruling Providence, in spite of our prejudice against snakes and serpents, the number of persons actually injured by them is exceedingly small; for it is rare, indeed, that a poisonous reptile will make an unprovoked attack upon a human being. In Ceylon—which is described as the heaven of snakes, and is the home of the cobra capello, where they are so plentiful as to be frequently found concealed in the houses, and snugly stowed away in the beds—they are looked upon as comparatively harmless, and, as with our own rattlesnake, it requires the industry of the naturalist and the historian, to find authentic records of the species doing injury to man. But, as parts of the creation, they are full of interest, and upon careful study, will be found equally with the more attractive exhibitions of nature, to show forth the wonders of the Almighty's handiwork.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF THE BOURBONS IN SPAIN.

THE year 1700 was drawing to a close. Carlos the Second, the last Austrian king of Spain, was on his death-bed. Neither his mind nor his body had ever been strong; and hypochondria had now shattered the one, and disease enfeebled the other. He had endured, during the past few weeks, what would have shaken the frame of the most robust noble at his court.

Dying childless, competitors for his succession had assailed him on all sides, urging him to decide between them by a will. Death relieved him of the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, whose claims were the best; and the contest thenceforth lay between Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV. and Carlos's eldest sister, and the Archduke Charles, son of another sister of Carlos, who had married the Emperor Leopold. In law, the titles of both were bad. At their marriages both the sisters of Carlos had solemnly renounced, on behalf of their husbands and their issue, all claim to the Spanish succession. But such renunciations have seldom possessed much weight among kings, when any thing was to be gained by their repudiation; neither Louis XIV. nor the Emperor troubled their heads about so small a matter. The latter secured the services of several of the Spanish Ministers, and placed great reliance on the Queen and the confessor, who were strongly attached to the Austrian line. The interests of the French pretender were advocated by Cardinal Portocarrero, Archbishop of Toledo, the most wily priest of the age. The former applied themselves to fortifying Carlos's natural predilection for the Austrian side; the latter wrought upon another chord in the royal breast. Profligate as Carlos had been, he was, like many other Spanish profligates, a thorough bigot. At this crisis especially, the fear of death had led him to redouble his devotions. Portocarrero assured him that the salvation of his soul depended on his leaving his crown to Philip. This was a statement not easily proved to a man of sane mind. To the Cardinal's surprise, Carlos had sense enough left to perceive its fallacy, and the cunning priest saw that the success of his scheme required that the King's imbecility should be rendered more complete.

Reminding Carlos of an old superstition, he advised him to consult the spirits of his ancestors. The idea pleased his morbid fancy; and at midnight, with a torch in his hand, the monarch descended into a vault in the Escorial called the Pantheon, where the bodies of the kings and queens of Spain lie. No ray of light penetrates that gloomy chamber. Massive bronze chests inclose the corpses. All around harmonizes with the dread presence of death; and we may be sure that Portocarrero allowed no element of terror to pass unnoticed on this occasion. Some of the tombs were opened, and the ghastly remains paraded before the trembling king. At length that of his first wife, whom he is said to have loved, was unsealed,

and her features—such had been the skill of the embalmer—still wore an air of freshness and unearthly bloom, though she had been eighteen years in the grave. The sight was more terrible to Carlos than that of the livid corpses falling to pieces by decay and gnawed by worms. He fell back into the attendant's arms, crying, "I shall soon be with her," and was carried from the vault. The effect of the scene was so cruel, that he could endure the Escorial no longer, and fled to Aranjuez.

Still his fondness for the Austrian line endured, and the Cardinal saw that his mind needed further shocks. Having disposed of his most dangerous rival, the confessor, by a riot which he contrived to excite at Madrid, he calmly informed the King that his disease required a higher remedy than medicine; that he was in the condition of the unfortunates mentioned in the gospels as being possessed of devils, and that the only hope left was in the awful rite of exorcism. Those who are familiar with the superstitions of the period, will readily conceive the terror with which this announcement was received by Carlos. Next to excommunication, exorcism was the most terrible sentence of the Papal church. The royal chapel was hung with black, and every preparation made for an awful ceremony. The King was seated in the middle of the aisle, in a penitent's dress, while priests chanted lugubrious psalms, and attendant friars constantly sprinkled holy water over his person. After the litany, Portocarrero and other ecclesiastics made their appearance, and at once addressing themselves to the spirit, adjured it, with many opprobrious epithets, to abandon the body of Carlos, and seek another home. Doses of sulphur and asafoetida were meanwhile administered to the patient, those drugs being generally supposed to be peculiarly efficacious in expelling demons. Finally, the torture was concluded by the rite itself. Portocarrero pronounced it in a terrible voice, invoking all the terrors of heaven and hell upon the spirit which obstinately persisted in retaining possession of the body of the King, and neglecting no formality which could enhance the agony of the unfortunate hypochondriac.

The work of destruction was now so far complete that Portocarrero could venture on bolder tactics. He begged the King to refer the question of his successor to the Pope, as the infallible judge of right and wrong; knowing perfectly well that Innocent XII., who was at daggers-drawn with the house of Austria, would decide in Philip's favor. The appeal was made, and the result justified the policy of the Cardinal. Carlos was admonished that if he desired to escape eternal damnation he must appoint the grandson of Louis XIV. his successor. Portocarrero lost no opportunity of impressing the alternative on the King's mind; night and morning—having usurped the confessor's place—he and his creatures prayed at the dying man's bedside that he might repent ere he died, and save his soul by executing a will in favor of Philip.

At length, having exhausted ecclesiastical terrors, and driven his victim to the verge of madness, the tormentor extorted a promise that the Pope should be obeyed. The words were hardly uttered before two men appeared in the room; the one Arias, a political friend of the Cardinal's, the other Ubilla, secretary of the Despacho, who had been created a notary for the purpose, and had brought the will in his pocket, all ready for signature. Carlos writhed, but Portocarrero was already in prayer and thanksgiving; and, partly by force, partly by entreaty, the will was signed, Carlos exclaiming in his agony, "God alone is the disposer of kingdoms." The next day he promised his wife to make a will in favor of the Archduke Charles; but the hand of death was too rapid, and before any steps could be taken his life was ended.

A different scene was enacted at Versailles a few days afterward. Messengers were at once dispatched to Louis, to inform him of the success of his schemes, and inviting his grandson to take possession of his kingdom. No subject had been more constantly in the French king's thoughts for months than this Spanish succession. For it he had braved a war with all Europe. For it he had lavished untold sums of money. Yet when the news came, this excellent man was so astonished and shocked that he would not receive the Spanish envoy. Adroit courtiers had to coax him to listen to his story. Persuaded at last to hear the proposal, he allowed it to be laid before his council, and asked their opinion with a deprecatory air. They were well schooled in Louis's manner of dealing. Though it was perhaps the fiftieth time within a year that they had met to consult on that very business—though the dispatches from Harcourt, the ambassador at Madrid, had related to nothing else for months—though bales of correspondence with Portocarrero and other agents were lying in their archives—all affected to share the King's surprise. The Chancellor looked anxiously at the legal bearings of the plan. Another councilor curiously examined its political merits. Torci weighed both sides of the argument, and thought, on the whole, that, however unexpected the proposal was, Louis ought to accept the Spanish throne for his grandson. The Dauphin gave way to a beautiful burst of enthusiasm, and said his ambition had no higher aim than to be father and son of a king. These reasons seem to have overcome the scruples of the virtuous monarch; for summoning young Philip to his presence shortly afterward, he addressed him in the magniloquent style peculiar to the period and the man. "Sir," said *le grand roi*, "you are called to the throne of Spain. The nobles demand you, the people desire you, and I give my consent." A day or two afterward Philip left for Spain.

Philip, Duke of Anjou, was seventeen years old at the time. Being only the second son of the Dauphin, no one had ever imagined that he was destined to wear a crown, and his education had been sadly neglected. A slight deformity

of person, joined to a taciturn habit and gloomy frame of mind, had kept him aloof from the gayeties of the French court, and he was as inexperienced and timid a youth as could be found in the whole nobility of France. His preceptor, Beauvilliers, paid him the compliment of stating that he had never given him any trouble. Docility was, in fact, his leading virtue; indolence his ruling vice. Provided he was permitted to enjoy a long night's sleep, had mass said to him regularly, and was freed from business cares, he was supremely happy. Such was the founder of the Bourbon dynasty in Spain; such the monarch who was expected to raise the Peninsula from the ruin into which it had fallen.

Those who are familiar with the present condition of the Spanish monarchy, may perhaps realize its state at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The power which aimed at universal monarchy under Charles V. had fallen into absolute decrepitude in a hundred and fifty years. It had lost successively Germany, Portugal, the Low Countries, Artois, Flanders, and Franche-Comté. Three fourths of its inhabitants had emigrated or disappeared. Its finances had fallen so low that the King was often forced to borrow a few pistoles to pay his household expenses. Its army had vanished. Foreign merchants, with foreign ships, manned by foreign sailors, monopolized its trade. Miles and miles of fertile land lay waste. The whole country was the prey of the monks and the Inquisition. In the language of an eloquent historian, "Death's hand was visible every where; in the nation, whose liberties had been ruined; in the government, deprived of army, navy, and funds; in property, lying idle for want of labor, and locked up by the church tenures; in the people, a prey to sluggishness and poverty; in the reigning dynasty, a ghastly spectacle of impotence. So marked a decline had never been witnessed in any former royal family. Charles V. had been a soldier and a king; Philip II. had been nothing more than a king; Philip III. and Philip IV. had not even been kings; Charles II. was not even a man." This was the legacy Louis had coveted, and his grandson left Versailles to claim.

To a boy, however, who had never known any higher delight than a triumph at the tennis-court, it was promising enough. Philip was well received at Burgos and Madrid, and began to think royalty a very fair occupation. Bull-fights were given in his honor, and he was allowed to have *recherché* suppers, and to get up as late in the day as he pleased. The council grumbled at first when Philip kept them waiting three or four hours, in order to enjoy a comfortable rest after a jolly evening; and Louis XIV., his grandfather, wrote sharp letters on the dangers of indolence. But Cardinal Portocarrero and Arias, who were anxious to reap the reward of their labors, consoled Philip, and graciously relieved him of the burdens of kingship. While he was enjoying midnight suppers, they were portioning out the kingdom among their

friends, and assisting the tax-gatherers to rob the state. Poor Philip found the council a bore. He cared so little about state business that he frequently omitted to open his letters, and invariably forgot the topics discussed by his cabinet as soon as it rose. A horse, a gun, and a few jovial friends, were more suitable to his age and congenial to his humor than political problems or state concerns. He could not, however, shake off all the obligations of his rank; his marriage was essential to the welfare of Spain, and when his grandfather notified him that he had chosen him a wife, Philip dutifully replied that he was resigned and content. The lady selected was a little girl of thirteen, of gentle manners and mild disposition; her family, the house of Savoy, were sure to interpose no obstacle to the French king's authority over his grandson. Still, lest little Maria Louisa should begin to rule her boy husband, and thus interfere with the views of Louis, it was thought prudent to provide her with what is called in Spain a *camerara major*, and what we shall accurately render by the plain Saxon word nurse. This nurse is one of the most renowned personages in Spanish history.

Some thirty odd years before, the wife of the Duke of Noirmontiers, a French nobleman of high standing, had given birth to a daughter, Anne Marie, who, in due time, grew up a handsome young woman, and was married to a dashing noble of the court, the Prince of Chalais. Shortly after the marriage, the latter was concerned in a fatal duel; and being exiled in consequence, died at an early age, leaving his widow in very straitened circumstances. She fled to Rome, where her fascinating manners and personal charms secured her many admirers; among others, Cardinal Portocarrero, Cardinal Bourbon, and the Abbé d'Estrées. These excellent prelates charitably undertook to defray the expenses of Madame de Chalais' household until they could find her a husband. The search was not long. Flavio d'Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, and a Grandee of Spain, wanted a wife, and the clerical magnates made such tempting offers, that he consented to overlook the detriment scandal had wrought in the fair fame of the handsome Frenchwoman, and to give her his name. His death soon afterward again set free the charming adventuress. Her ambition was now gratified. Possessed of consummate art, great powers of fascination, extensive knowledge of human nature, and intense lust for power, the Princess Orsini had required but two things to secure the realization of her hopes—wealth and rank—and both were now hers. She ruled, despotically the dissolute court of Rome: the leader of fashion, the protectress of art, the idol alike of votaries of pleasure and masters of diplomacy. But her mind craved a larger sphere of action. The sceptre of society at Rome did not satisfy her grasp. With her quick eye, when the marriage of Philip was proposed, she saw that Spain afforded the sphere she sought. At once severing the ties which bound her to the papal court, she offered her services to Louis

XIV., promising that she would faithfully serve him, and keep watch over the royal couple. So eligible an offer was not to be neglected; the Princess Orsini received a gracious letter of thanks from the great monarch; and Philip was presented with a baby wife and an experienced nurse at the same time.

He seems to have been equally grateful for both presents. As sometimes happens, a strong affection sprung up between himself and his wife; and the Princess Orsini, accustomed to deal with the ablest diplomatists of the time, found no difficulty in asserting her sway over the children she had undertaken to govern. She purchased her authority, however, at a cost which to us will seem considerable. She claimed as a right the most menial functions of the royal household; officiating not only as lady-in-waiting to the Queen, but as valet de chambre to the King. With what pride she discharged the duties of the former station may be seen from her letters, in which she angrily claims a vast superiority over the Piedmontese servants who presumed to vie with her in washing the Queen's feet. There is even a sort of triumph in the complacent manner in which she relates her attendance at his majesty's bedside in the morning, with his slippers and shirt in her hands. It is only just to the princess to add that she aimed at something higher than perfection in these menial occupations. Saint Simon notes that "she invariably hurried forward to her ends without regard to the means;" and she had no sooner usurped the place of mistress in the royal household than she gave proof of her ambition. Philip was beginning to suffer *ennui* in his palace; and had already thought of visiting his Italian dominions by way of a distraction. The princess encouraged the idea; urging him to set out without delay, and to appoint the Queen regent in his absence. The war to which his accession to the throne gave rise was already lowering in the horizon; Philip made it the pretext of a journey to Naples.

His arrival in that city was marked by a signal disappointment for the superstitious king. The blood of Saint Januarius, which, according to the papal authorities, invariably liquefies at the command of the priests at certain seasons of the year, was brought out with the usual forms in his presence; but, to the horror of the congregation, it remained as solid as a stone. Worse than this, the moment Philip left the church, the blood of the saint liquefied as usual. This was a sad omen: a severe blow to Philip, and a great discouragement to the faithful. To his credit be it said, however, that he overcame the despondency it caused; and war breaking out shortly afterward, he behaved with signal bravery at the battle of Luzzara and the siege of Borgoforte. This was the beginning of the famous war of the succession; a war occasioned by the jealousy of the Emperor of Austria, who wanted the Spanish crown for the Archduke Charles, and the apprehensions of England, alarmed at the establishment of the house of Bourbon on

the throne of Spain. The majority of the Spanish people supported Philip, and his grandfather remained, of course, his firm ally; but the opinions of the former were not consulted, and the latter was hardly able to cope with England and the German Empire united. It was hard enough, one would imagine, for a poor lad like Philip to be set to govern a ruined kingdom like Spain, where he had not money to pay his servants, or guards to prevent beggars insulting him in the streets; but England and Austria resolved that he should not have even this scant share of the world's goods without a struggle. So troops were sent into Spain and Italy; and the war, whose annals Lord Mahon has so ably written, was commenced in earnest.

Maria Louisa—left as regent of the kingdom—was charged, in the first place and above all things, to get money. The royal coffers were entirely empty. But Spain contained three provinces—Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon—whose liberties the Austrian line of kings had not disturbed, and which, though sternly opposed to despotism in the monarch and frequently factious and turbulent, had usually come to the aid of the throne in similar emergencies. Before leaving, Philip had applied to the Cortes of Catalonia for a grant, and had obtained a trifle, with a promise of more whenever he consented to confirm their ancient privileges. Maria Louisa now made a like request of the Cortes of Aragon. The same demands met her, and as she declined to accede to them, she was obliged to content herself with one hundred thousand dollars, which she transmitted to Philip. We may be sure that his resentment at this small supply was simultaneous with his resolve to abolish the liberties of the free states in Spain.

He returned home soon afterward, and found Orsini governing the kingdom. So little affection was there in her language, that she boldly asked his approval of "her administration." She was, in fact, the despotic mistress of the court and the kingdom. She had eclipsed Portocarrero, her former friend, Arias, and the French ambassador; encouraged Philip in his habits of indolence and effeminacy; and actually shown signs of rebellion against Louis XIV. Such audacity was not tolerated by the imperious ruler of France, who promptly ordered the princess to withdraw from the court. He was obeyed; but Philip and his wife were literally heart-broken at the catastrophe. Orsini had become essential to their existence. The queen fell ill, Philip kept his bed, and refused to attend to business till she returned. Louis, fearful of the failure of his ambitious schemes, reluctantly permitted his Minister Torci to write to the princess, authorizing her to return to Madrid; but the haughty woman replied that the king himself had dismissed her, and if her restoration was desirable he must restore her himself. Her boldness was successful: Louis, the terror of the greatest court in Europe, wrote her a letter with his own hand, flattering her, and entreating her to resume her post. She graciously condescend-

ed to accede to his request; and, having dismissed Portocarrero and Arias to show her authority, again seized the reins of government to the delight of Philip and his wife. Her conduct was the scandal of the Spanish court, which then made some pretensions to morality. A young man named D'Aubigné officiated as her secretary, and at times passed for her husband; though the princess, happening to open a dispatch from the French ambassador, in which she was mentioned as married to D'Aubigné, impudently scribbled on the margin "*pour mariée, non.*" Other occasions of scandal induced Louis to make a second attempt to undermine her. With his usual duplicity, he directed his ambassador to assure her of his implicit reliance in her fidelity, and at the same time commanded his grandson to send her to Paris. She left Madrid accordingly; but before she reached Versailles, Philip, with all the energy of which his feeble nature was susceptible, had notified Louis that if he had to choose between his grandfather and the princess, he would not hesitate in deciding in favor of the latter. His infatuation overcame the antipathy of the French king. When the princess arrived at Versailles, she was received with honors seldom granted to a subject. Louis himself, who had sent for her to pronounce her disgrace, was fascinated with her; his attentions gave Madame de Maintenon a fit of jealousy, and the favorite hastened Orsini's return to Madrid. So overwhelmed with joy were Philip and his wife at the restoration of their idol, that they traveled two leagues to meet her; and, to the disgust of the punctilious Spaniards, violated regal etiquette in a most glaring manner by inviting her to enter the city in their own carriage. After this, of course, she resumed her supreme authority.

Meanwhile, the war continued, and the imperial armies were generally successful. Philip received the news of defeat after defeat. Half his kingdom was in the possession of his rival. Shaking off his native sluggishness for a while, he led his own armies at Saragossa and was utterly routed. A precipitate flight saved him. He hastened to Madrid, and assembling his friends, escaped to Valladolid. The history of his misfortunes affords a touching illustration of the noble fidelity of the Spanish people. Though he had no other claim on their affection but the title of king—though he could not point to a single act of his to command their gratitude—thousands sacrificed every thing to support him in adversity. Crowds miles in length followed him to Valladolid. When the Archduke Charles entered the capital he found Madrid a desert. Nothing could shake the loyalty of the people of Castile. Whole regiments were cut to pieces without murmuring; and, for the first time in his reign, money was freely offered him for the defense of his throne. It is due to Philip—whose life contains few acts justly worthy of praise—to say that his fortitude rose under his trials. When his grandfather urged him to compromise with the enemy, he protested that he

would not surrender one foot of Spanish soil; and was doubtless sincere in his declaration to the people, that he would rather die under the ruins of the monarchy than yield it to a stranger. In truth, he was less responsible for the dreadful miseries inflicted on Spain by the war of the succession than the sovereigns of England and Austria; the blood then shed, the homes desolated, the misery engendered, were their acts, not his. Not that Philip, even under the pressure of circumstances which have called forth brilliant talent in men even less esteemed than he was, ever rose to respectable administrative ability. When his chances were at the worst, and when they were at their apogee, he was uniformly the same—an uxorious husband and the willing slave of the Princess Orsini. If others lighten his load of responsibility for the sufferings of the first years of his reign, none but himself must answer for his shameful and constant neglect of the duties of his station. The year before the peace of Utrecht, when the Allies had overrun Spain, and Philip's chances were not worth a year's purchase, the Duke of Noailles writes of the Spanish court: "The King and Queen are always the same; petty and private reasons overpower the consideration of the general good. Court intrigues preponderate; and no confidence is given but to five or six wretches without experience or talents."

In the year 1711, Philip's cause was desperate. His rival actually reigned at Madrid. But, at the very moment when his flight to Paris might have been expected, the Emperor Joseph died, the Archduke Charles inherited his crown, and the whole aspect of affairs was changed. The Allies then sought peace; and, through the agency of the Princess Orsini, it was concluded. By that peace Philip lost many valuable territories, among others Gibraltar and Minorca, which England secured, as Lord Bolingbroke confesses, by the favor of the all-powerful princess, and for which he strongly recommends her to the gratitude of his government. The whole of the Italian possessions and the Netherlands were severed from Spain. Philip further bound himself and his successors—the stipulation possesses a curious interest to-day—never to sell or alienate any one of his European or American dominions to France or any other power without the consent of all the parties to the treaty of Utrecht. But greater misfortunes than the loss of provinces or prestige awaited him. His wife—his gentle, much-loved Marie—sickened and died, and Philip was inconsolable. Touched by his misfortunes, the Princess Orsini hired the convent next to his palace, and had the party-wall between demolished, so as to obtain free access to him at all hours unperceived. There can be but little doubt that this virtuous woman acted thus from the dictates of a warm heart; though the Spaniards thought differently, and inquired of each other whether the princess aimed at playing the Maintenon in Spain, or whether she really meant to be queen in name as she was in fact. Her vivacity and fasci-

nating elegance—which age could not impair—afforded grounds for such conjectures. If she did entertain views of that nature, they were soon abandoned; for, a few months after the Queen's death we find her advising Philip to marry again.

The story of his second marriage is strikingly dramatic. The princess wanted to find him a wife whom she could rule as she had ruled his first queen. There was at the Spanish court at that time an Italian Abbé from Placentia, who shared in no small degree the confidence of the princess. A singular man this Abbé; "a monstrous large head, swarthy complexion, short neck, broad shoulders, and low stature;" the son of a gardener, and well acquainted himself with hoe, rake, and spade; had dug carrots and garlic for a time, then taken to digging graves; from sexton's assistant had risen to the dignity of priesthood; from priest had risen to be valet-secretary to great men; had served many masters, devout with some, ribald with others, subservient to all, and pleasing all—until at last, having been presented to Louis XIV. by Vendôme—whose favor he had gained by his profane wit and licentious jests—he was appointed by the French king to watch Orsini at the court of Madrid. This was the man, by name Giulio Alberoni, with whom the princess took counsel about the choice of a wife for Philip. Surely knave never fell more completely into a trap. Alberoni warmly sympathized with the princess, affected to share her apprehensions, and recommended Isabel Farnese, a countrywoman of his own, for whose docility of character and angelic gentleness he vouched. Satisfied by his assurances, Orsini dispatched her relation, Chalais, to demand the hand of the princess for the king. Her emissary had hardly sailed for Italy when accounts reached her which gave the lie to Alberoni's statements respecting the character of the princess. She sent off a second messenger with express orders to countermand the proposals of marriage. Alberoni also sent a messenger, in all haste, to the Farnese family, urging them to accept the offers of Chalais without delay. The last envoy reached Parma first. Orsini's second messenger arrived twenty-four hours before the time fixed for the marriage-ceremony: in ample time to defeat the alliance, had he been able to deliver his message. But Farnese was on the alert. The messenger was detained one day at the gates of the city on some frivolous pretext. When he entered the marriage-ceremony was over, and his orders were useless.

The princess bore up against the disappointment with her usual fortitude. When Isabel landed in Spain, she advanced to meet her as far as Xadraca. But the tide of misfortune had fairly set in against her. Before she met the Queen, the latter received a letter from Philip, stating that Orsini had used every means to persuade him to marry her, that she would be sure to breed discord between them, and that the new

queen should at once get rid of her. He cautioned Isabel against being an hour in her society; "for," said the letter, "if you talk to her but an hour, she will fascinate you." Quite unconscious of this cruel blow from a quarter where she felt so secure, the princess met the Queen smilingly, and led her to her apartment. They had hardly entered when Isabel—the model of gentleness so vaunted by Alberoni—took offense at Orsini's dress, and attacked her savagely. Bewildered and shocked, the princess attempted to excuse herself; but the Queen, in a paroxysm of fury, called the attendants to turn out "that mad woman," and, seizing her by the shoulders herself, actually pushed her outside the door.

This was the last of Philip's nurse, who fills a place in Spanish history second to no statesman or courtier. Thrust into a carriage, without time to change her dress, she was hurried off under an escort of fifty dragoons, and forced to travel for twenty-three days in bitterly cold weather, without change of linen or a bed, and frequently without sufficient food. She fled first to France, where no one would receive her; thence to Holland; was refused permission to return to Rome by Pope Clement, but obtained from his successor the grace of being allowed to attach herself to the household of the Pretender Stuart, where she died, solacing herself on her death-bed with the reflection that she was still in the service of a lawful king. No remorse ever seems to have penetrated Philip's mind in consequence of his desertion of his early friend. Royal ingratitude is perhaps wisely ordained by Providence to guard against man's proneness to sycophancy and king-worship.

The most detestable act committed by Philip during the ascendancy of this woman, was doubtless the destruction of the liberties of Valencia, Aragon, and Catalonia, in revenge for their refusal to supply him with funds. His grandfather had reminded him, on his departure for Spain, that the Spanish monarchy had always been absolute; Philip made it so. At the very time the unfortunate Spanish people were pouring out their life-blood in his defense, in the year 1707, a royal decree abolished the fueros of Aragon and Valencia, and thus bereft those provinces of the freedom they had enjoyed under the whole Austrian line. After the close of the war, a similar decree was fulminated against Catalonia. The Catalan spirit rose, and the monarch was informed that they would never submit to be deprived of their liberty. In a single-handed contest with the crown, Catalonia might have maintained her rights; but the monarchs of those days were always ready to lend each a helping hand when subjects became unruly. France and England kindly lent Philip an army—his own was scattered—to crush the Catalans. In a few weeks the whole province was laid waste by the foreigners, and city after city fell. The Catalans—whose spirit never flagged—retired to Barcelona, fortified it, and prepared for a desperate defense. It was

assaulted over and over again; but with such valor did the townsmen fight, priests and women eagerly mingling in the fray in defense of their cherished fueros, that the issue was long doubtful. At length, numbers and discipline triumphed; Barcelona was taken, and for hours every living soul was put to the sword by the victors. Repeated offers of peace had been made by Philip, on the sole condition that the fueros should be abandoned; but when the city was smoking in ruins; the brave Catalans still persisted in refusing to surrender this guarantee of freedom. They were now utterly annihilated. So desperate had been their defense, that it was seriously proposed and considered by Philip whether the town should not be razed to the ground, as a lesson to the rest of Spain: had the kingdom possessed another seaport on the coast as available for commercial and military purposes as Barcelona, this horrible idea might have been carried into effect. As it was, the King graciously contented himself with reducing the Catalans to the condition of vassals of the crown.

Queen Isabel had no sooner reached Madrid than a fresh struggle for supremacy began between herself and the minister Alberoni. Isabel's gentleness was the gentleness of the cat: she was hasty, vindictive, impetuous, and full of caprice. Her inexperience compelled her to submit to the sway of the minister for a few years; during which Alberoni labored zealously to improve the agricultural condition of the kingdom, to establish manufactures, to place the army and navy on a proper footing, and, above all, to extend and consolidate the power of the Church. His power was so unbounded that he did not scruple, on the occasion of a dispute with the Duke of Escalona, the high chamberlain, to seize the grey-headed noble by the shoulders in the king's bedroom, and thrust him out of the chamber. But these bursts of temper, and his rigid superintendence of the royal finances—which he guarded so vigilantly that Isabel declared he did not allow her enough for the necessities of life—led to his ruin. The measure he had meted out to Orsini was meted out to him. The Queen's *assa feta*, or bedchamber-woman, Laura Pescatori, resolved on his disgrace, urged on, it is said, by the British and French ambassadors, to whom Alberoni had made himself particularly obnoxious. She gained the Queen, who was only too ready to see her rival in the king's favor disgraced; and one day, without any notice, Alberoni received orders to leave Madrid in a week, and the kingdom in three. He obeyed; on his way to the sea-side was attacked by robbers, stripped of every thing, and forced to travel on foot, in disguise, from Barcelona to Gerona. Persecution as virulent as that he had invoked against Orsini followed him in his exile. The Pope refused to receive him, and he fled to the Apennines. Some years afterward he was allowed to remove to Placentia, where he lived in great poverty, till Pope Benedict invited him to the office of vice-legate

of Romagna, which he held till he died, at the age of eighty-eight.

Isabel was now supreme. The King was so devoted to her that he could not bear to be absent an hour from her side. Her energy was well adapted to master his sloth. She made war and declared peace; appointed ministers, and collected the revenues; always dealing with Spain as if it were her private property. Saint Simon gives the following singular picture of the habits of the royal pair:

"At nine o'clock in the morning the *assa feta*, or first woman of the bedchamber, drew aside the curtains of the royal bed, followed by a French valet, who carried a restorative cordial composed of broth, milk, wine, yolks of eggs, cinnamon, sugar, and cloves. While the King was drinking this cordial, the *assa feta* brought the Queen some tapestry or other work, and having placed upon the bed some of the papers which lay upon the chairs, retired with the valet. Their majesties then said their morning prayers. The prime minister, when there was one, or the secretary of state then made his appearance, and transacted the necessary business; while the Queen's employment did not prevent her from giving her opinion. The minister retiring, the *assa feta* brought the King his dressing-gown and slippers, and his majesty passed into his dressing-room, where he was assisted by three French valets and two Spanish noblemen of his household. Being quickly dressed, he passed a quarter of an hour alone with his confessor, and then repaired to the Queen's toilet.

"On the King's retiring to his dressing-room, the Queen rose from bed, attended by the *assa feta* only; and these were almost the only few minutes in the four-and-twenty hours which she could call her own, and converse on confidential business unknown to the King. Hence the consequence and power of the *assa feta*—who was always a person in the highest confidence—and the importance of these precious moments, when the Queen could receive or return any letter or message. But as this time seldom exceeded a little more than a quarter of an hour, without giving umbrage to the King, it is easy to imagine with what apprehensions letters or messages were received or returned, and how precipitately political conferences were closed. The Queen then returned to her toilet, which was attended by the King, accompanied by two or three principal officers of his household, the infants, and their governors. At the conclusion of the toilet their majesties repaired to the drawing-room to receive foreign ministers and *grandees* who requested a private interview. When any one was introduced, the Queen affected to retire to the end of the room; but people who were presented, well knowing that the King told her all that passed, and that she would be offended if any secret were kept from her, always entreated her majesty to approach, or spoke loud enough to be heard by her, if she persisted in keeping aloof. Philip never gave an opinion on business of importance without having first consult-

ed the Queen in private, or asked her counsel publicly at the time of the audience.

"After the audience, King and Queen heard mass. They sat down to dinner at twelve, no one, save those who had been present at the toilet, being admitted. The King had his particular dishes, the Queen hers. The latter, who was inclined to gormandize, ate largely and of many dishes. The King was a sparing eater, and seldom varied his fare: soup, fowls, boiled pigeons, and a roast loin of veal, without fruit, salad, cheese, or pastry, comprised his usual meal. Though bigoted, he never kept *maigre*; but his fondness for eggs in every style was marked. Both king and queen drank Champagne. After dinner they said their prayers again, and saw the minister, if he had any particular business to transact. The royal couple then drove out in a carriage to shoot; and this, though the only diversion of the King's life, was no less dull and melancholy than his other occupations. A number of peasants drove the game into a particular spot, where the King and Queen, ensconced in an avenue, shot promiscuously at stags, wild boars, hares, and foxes as they passed before them. On returning from shooting, they partook of a cold collation: the King, biscuits or bread with wine and water; the Queen, pastry, fruits, and cheese. Then they received their children for about a quarter of an hour, and afterward transacted business with the minister or secretary of state.

"The Queen confessed once a week. She used to retire with the confessor into a cabinet adjoining, and if the King thought the confession too long, he would open the door and call her. They then said their prayers once more, or read some book of devotion till supper, which was exactly like dinner. After supper they conversed or prayed *tête-à-tête* till bedtime."

While Philip shot hares, Isabel's mind dwelt on higher game. Louis XIV. was dead. His successor, young Louis XV., was attacked by a disease which threatened his life. In the event of his death, Philip might aspire to the French throne. True, he had renounced it by solemn oath; but what of that? Isabel resolved she should be Queen of France. Foreseeing the opposition which would arise if Philip attempted to wear both crowns, she boldly resolved to make him abdicate the Spanish sceptre. In January, 1724, he announced, to an astonished people, that it was his intention to resign the throne in order to lead a private life with the Queen—to the end that, freed from all other cares, he might serve God, meditate on a future life, and devote himself to the important work of his salvation. He appointed his son Luis his successor, and retired to the palace of San Ildefonso, on which he had spent six millions of dollars, and which he preferred to the Escorial. The people of Castile expressed no sorrow at the loss of a monarch who had done nothing to gain their good-will, and the last few years of whose reign had been equally divided between the chase and his bed. But for the

peace of the kingdom they desired that their Cortes should meet to ratify the abdication of Philip. Isabel was shrewd enough to see the danger of a step which would forever bar her from ascending the Spanish throne afresh; and she positively refused to convoke the Cortes. She prudently kept the Spanish throne in reserve, in case she failed in her attempts on that of France. Her confidence in the success of her schemes was, however, unbounded. Ample preparations for a journey to Paris were made at San Ildefonso. The Queen's jewels and clothes were packed up. Couriers were kept on the road, and daily messengers left with dispatches for the Duke of Bourbon, who was in Philip's interest. In fancy she was already Queen of France.

Meanwhile young Luis ascended the Spanish throne; his coronation being commemorated by an *auto-da-fé*, at which five heretics were burnt before him. Two events of note are recorded in his short reign. The first was his robbing his own orchards at night in order to worry the royal gardeners. The second was his imprisonment of his wife, Louise Isabelle d'Orleans, daughter of the regent, who had been forced upon him by Alberoni. Her gallantries were so notorious and so shameful, that Luis was compelled to have her arrested on her return from a gay soirée. She affected penitence, and a reconciliation took place. Luis had, in truth, resolved to divorce her; but while the necessary papers were being prepared he died of small-pox.

To the astonishment of every one, Philip, his father, unceremoniously seized the sceptre at his death. The truth was, Louis XV. had recovered, and Isabel thought the Spanish throne better than none. Having failed to become Queen of France herself, she tried to marry her daughter the Infanta to Louis XV.; but this scheme failed likewise, and she furiously exclaimed—this pattern of gentleness—"The Bourbons are a race of devils, except," she added to the king, who was beside her, "your majesty." It was hardly worth while to make the exception. Philip lay day after day like a log in his bed. For eight months he never shaved. The Queen ruled the state, received foreign ambassadors, made war, and even thought of heading her armies. So completely was she mistress of the kingdom, that at her confinements the whole business of state was at a stand still. The poor king, a victim to hypochondria, again thought of abdicating; and his hints to that effect so frightened Isabel, that she locked him up in his own room. The wretched monarch contrived in her absence to write a decree of abdication, and bribed a valet to carry it to the Council of Castile; but the Queen intercepted the message and destroyed it. After this her watch over the King became more rigid. He was absolutely forbidden to go to Madrid; and lest he should by any possibility communicate with the Council of Castile, he was removed to Seville, and allowed to spend whole days and nights in bed. There,

while the Queen was scheming to secure for him the succession of the Emperor Charles VI., Philip was suddenly struck with apoplexy, and died before a physician or a priest could reach him.

Such was the founder of the Bourbon dynasty in Spain. It would be difficult in the history of dynasties to find one which sprang from a more worthless source.

Philip had five sons and two daughters. Of the former, Luis died before him; Ferdinand and Charles succeeded him in turn; Philip became Duke of Parma, tried to emulate the extravagance and vices of his father-in-law, Louis XV., and after playing the part of a royal beggar for some years, died of a fall from his horse; and Luis Antonio lived and died in entire obscurity.

Ferdinand ascended the throne at the age of thirty-six. He was a little ugly man, who had never cared for any thing but hunting and music. He did not think fit to alter his habits on becoming King of Spain. It is said that he spoke the truth, which was very commendable in a man in his position; and he was highly extolled for having forborne to put his mother-in-law to death, or at least exile her without a dollar when he ascended the throne. The truth was, that Ferdinand was an intensified embodiment of his father's indolence, and never had any opportunity of committing absolute crimes. All he wanted was a wife, a gun, and an opera singer. The first he found in Portugal, in the person of Barbara, daughter of John V., a very fat young lady, who piqued herself on her angelic meekness and docility. A polite Frenchman who visited her court, declared that her face "pained him to behold," so excessively plain and harsh were her features. It would have been well for Spain had her personal defects been her worst faults; but with these she combined insatiable avarice, low cunning, and true Portuguese treachery. The last of Ferdinand's requirements he imported from England. Carlo Broschi, a famous opera singer, had gained fame and wealth by his profession; and under the assumed name of Farinelli, gladly accepted Ferdinand's offer to come and charm his hereditary hypochondria with sweet strains. It is related that when Farinelli first arrived at Madrid, the Queen secretly introduced him into the room next to Ferdinand's bedchamber, where he sang and played, and that the new pleasure so excited the sluggish monarch, that he rose from his bed and actually shaved himself. This Farinelli became in course of time an important personage of state, and inherited the mantle of the Princess Orsini. Shortly after his arrival he was appointed intendant of the King's pleasures; which, as the King lived for nothing but pleasure, gave him almost absolute control over the court. Petronius Arbiter was not nearly so powerful. He ruled the King with music, the Queen with sycophancy. When trouble broke out between the courts of Versailles and Madrid, Farinelli the singer was ap-

pointed to conduct the negotiations on behalf of the latter. To realize the strangeness of such an appointment, we must try to fancy Mr. Forrest intrusted with the settlement of the Fishery Question, or Mario accredited by the British government to Washington. However, Farinelli did his duty; and to his undying honor we must add that he never robbed his master or Spain. His partners in the government of the kingdom were not so scrupulous. Though Carvajal was rigidly honest and austere to a fault, Ensenada, who during the greater portion of Ferdinand's reign shared the weight of the government with Farinelli, set a sublime example of corruption and boundless extravagance. He wore on his person jewels worth nearly half a million of dollars. At his disgrace the inventory which was taken of his effects contained, among other things, a list of porcelain to the amount of two millions of dollars, forty watches, 1170 pairs of silk stockings, 180 pairs of breeches, 150 pairs of drawers, and 48 rich suits. He had been Farinelli's friend when the latter arrived in Spain, and in the hour of adversity the honest singer did not forget him. To his influence Ensenada owed his exemption from the fate of Orsini and Alberoni.

The memoirs of Ferdinand are not the history of Spain. That must be sought in the biography of Ensenada, Carvajal, and Farinelli. The King was a nullity in his kingdom. As hypochondriac as his father, he had got it into his head that he was to die of asthma, in abject poverty, and had actually persuaded the queen that such was his destiny. All his care was to ward off the dreaded disease, with which he was never really threatened; all hers to heap up money, which she obtained by selling every office under the crown to the highest bidder. In affairs of state neither meddled much; and it is perhaps to this peculiarity that the monarch owes the title of Ferdinand the Sage. He did certainly once or twice take some share in the business of the Council when his spendthrift brother, Philip, entreated him to pay his debts, and his intriguing brother, Carlos, tried to gain a footing in the government. But a remittance to the one, and a reprimand to the other, exhausted Ferdinand's energy. He cried bitterly when Carvajal died, and was hardly less affected at Ensenada's disgrace; trembling lest the cares of government should fall on his feeble shoulders. The death of his wife completely prostrated him. He shut himself up at Villaviciosa, and deprived himself of food and rest. The British ambassador wrote to his government: "The King has kept his bed for seven days; he was blooded twice within a few hours, and has been physicked; but his aversion to see any one but the two physicians increases daily." All public business was stopped, for the ministers could not even obtain the formality of a signature from the King. The premier, M. Wall, confessed that Ferdinand's mind was deranged. He refused to be shaved, and insisted on going about without any other cover-

ing but his shirt, which had not been changed for weeks. His hypochondria returning with violence, he persuaded himself that he would die if he lay down, and spent the last days of his life sitting upright in a chair. At length death terminated his sufferings, within a year after the decease of his wife.

During the whole of his reign he had been a mere cipher. With singular maladroitness the historians, who have delighted to style him Ferdinand the Sage, have commended his frugality and economical style of living; pointing triumphantly to the fourteen millions of dollars he left in the Spanish treasury. Allusion has already been made to one mode in which the bulk of this money was gained; another remains to be told. Philip had died deeply in debt, his reckless expenditures for hunting and the construction of San Ildefonso having absorbed twice the means at his disposal. Contrary to the invariable practice of the Spanish monarchy, Ferdinand refused to pay his father's debts, and hoarded up the money raised for the purpose, while his unfortunate creditors starved. He has also obtained the credit of dealing the first blow at the papal despotism in Spain. To this he has no claim. The honor of the deed belongs to men whose names are now forgotten—Macanaz and Orri, under Philip, and the stern Carvajal and Wall in his own reign. They it was who stripped the Pope of nine tenths of his benefices, and paved the way for the stupendous reform Aranda was destined to accomplish. The best we can say of Ferdinand is, that he was a harmless imbecile.

Carlos the Third, his successor, was his half brother, being the son of the imperious Isabel Farnese. He had been King of Naples some years before the death of Ferdinand; and was thus the most experienced Bourbon king Spain had had. His reign stands out in bold contrast to those of his predecessors and his successors, from the simple reason that he showed, on great emergencies, a will of his own. He owed much if not all of his fame to his tact in avoiding worthless favorites, and his good fortune in commanding the services of able men as ministers. Spain has reason to be proud of such statesmen as the Conde d'Aranda and Florida Blanca.

At his accession the state required him to provide successors to the Spanish and Neapolitan thrones. His eldest son, Philip, was an idiot. Carlos summoned a jury of physicians and learned men to examine him; they reported that they were unable to find in the unhappy prince the use of reason or any trace of reflection. Philip was accordingly disinherited. His second brother, Carlos, was named Prince of Asturias; and the third, Ferdinand, obtained the crown of Naples.

The first act of his reign was the exile of poor old Farinelli, whose voice had gone, and who was probably very glad to leave the desolate court of Spain, no richer than he was when he first went there. The direction of affairs he

intrusted to Squillace and Grimaldi, both able men, the former a Neapolitan. This done, the king began to indulge his passion for hunting, which with him amounted to a monomania. He had hardly seated himself on the throne when the British ambassador reports that though his abilities are good, he sacrifices every thing to hunting, and will not abandon his favorite pursuit for the gravest state affairs. He kept thousands of men employed in beating up game for him, and his expenses for this amusement involved him in constant pecuniary difficulties. His dinner hour was fixed at ten in the morning, so as to leave him a clear afternoon for the chase.

While he hunted, Squillace set about reforming the kingdom, and more especially the condition of the priests and the church. By a bold stroke of authority he succeeded in banishing the Grand Inquisitor, and this act was the beginning of the war between state and church, which is the most interesting feature of Carlos's reign. To understand it, it must be remembered that when Philip V. ascended the Spanish throne, one fifth of the real estate in the kingdom belonged to the church, and was held in *main-morte*, so that it could not be alienated. During Philip's reign, upward of three thousand persons were either burnt, imprisoned for life, or sent to the galleys by the Inquisition. These frightful atrocities were diminished under Ferdinand; and when the attention of Carlos was drawn to the Inquisition, that body urged, as a complete answer to the charges of cruelty brought against them, that they had only burnt four persons and imprisoned fifty in several years. Still, the kingdom contained no less than ninety thousand priests or monks, and twenty thousand nuns; in all, upward of one thirtieth of the whole population were ecclesiastics of some sort, an unproductive burden to the state. The first blow was struck, as was said, by the exile of the Grand Inquisitor. It was soon avenged. Spain being at war with England, the British fleets took Havana; and the royal confessor took care to remind the King that the fall of that city had taken place on the anniversary of the exile of the holy officer. Carlos, a thorough bigot at heart, was struck with the coincidence, and the inquisitor was recalled. But so meagre a triumph did not satisfy the papal church. The priests resolved to ruin Squillace. He had issued an edict against long cloaks and slouched hats, which frequently served as a disguise for brigands and assassins. He had moreover, to raise money to supply the King's wants, granted monopolies to certain parties for supplying Madrid with bread and oil. These measures created much discontent among the people. The proscription of slouched hats was regarded as unequivocal tyranny; and the rise in the price of bread caused great suffering. Of these elements of popular discontent the Jesuits adroitly availed themselves. Of a sudden, in March, 1766, a riot broke out at Madrid. The popu-

lace thronged the streets, breaking windows, insulting the officers of state, and attacking the Walloon guards. Rushing in a body to Squillace's residence, they called for the minister's head, and declared they would be satisfied with nothing short of this sacrifice. With great difficulty Carlos, the Queen, and Squillace made their escape to Aranjuez, whence the King sent messengers to treat with the mob. They demanded the exile of Squillace and the revocation of the edict prohibiting slouched hats. Both demands were instantly granted, and quiet was once more established. Strange to say, Squillace was no sooner dismissed than the populace set to work to repair the damage done during the riot with as much energy as they had displayed in carrying it out. Every one whose windows had been broken, or whose property had been otherwise injured, was paid in full. Where the money came from he was not told. There were men in Madrid, however, who knew enough of mobs to be well aware that it did not come out of the pockets of the bravos who broke Squillace's windows. People pointed significantly to the gloomy Jesuit colleges; and then it was remembered how many dark priests had been seen flitting like evil spirits through the mob on the occasion of the riot. Scores of thinkers doubtless recalled to memory the injuries Squillace had wrought to the church, the vindictiveness of the Order of Jesus, and the singular concentration of purpose evinced by the populace in directing the whole force of the popular torrent against him. In brief, there were but two classes which could have excited and defrayed the expenses of the "slouched hat riot," as it was called; these were the nobles and the church. It was clearly not the work of the nobles.

Among others who were diligently noting facts of this nature, was an old soldier, and a youthful statesman, the Count of Aranda, whose military experience led him at once to discover the real authors of the disturbance. Squillace's exile drew Aranda nearer to the King; with every precaution of secrecy he communicated his suspicions, and to his great delight found them fully shared by the monarch. They agreed that the turbulent Jesuits must be punished. But how could a blow be struck without their knowledge? The royal confessor was in their interest; they had spies every where; it was hardly safe to whisper what was to be kept a secret from the all-seeing, all-hearing fraternity. Aranda consulted with the King with locked doors; not a soul was intrusted with the least inkling of the scheme. Lest the spies should perceive that the royal ink-stand had been used, Aranda brought his own in his pocket, together with paper and pens. Portugal had just been compelled to exile the Jesuits, in consequence of their factious conduct in Paraguay; with this example before them, the King and his minister framed their decrees. No living soul in Madrid had the least suspicion of the plot.

At midnight, strong bands of soldiers simultaneously surrounded the six Jesuit colleges; the bells were secured, and sentinels posted at every door and outlet. The Jesuits were then roused from their beds and summoned to the refectory, where an officer awaited them with the decree of exile in his hand. After it was read, each man was directed to pack up his linen, snuff, and money; and the whole fraternity was dispatched in carriages, under the escort of dragoons, to the sea-side. With such secrecy and unanimity had the *coup d'état* been carried out, that no one in Madrid suspected what had happened until late next day, when the exiles were far on their journey. We are led to form a high opinion of the efficiency of the government and its thorough organization, from the fact that precisely the same measures were taken at the same time all over Spain; and within a few weeks, throughout Spanish America and the Philippine Isles. By the end of six months the Spanish dominions did not contain a single avowed Jesuit.

When we recollect the mischief they had done to Spain in various ways; their factiousness; their cruelty; their unbending hostility to municipal reform; and the burden they constituted in a state which required the active support of every citizen; their expulsion will seem an act of sound policy. In fact Spain would have been spared half her subsequent troubles had their fate been shared by three fourths of the remaining priests, who, like locusts, ate up the fat of the land. But this much said in justice to Aranda and Carlos, it is impossible to deny the exiles a tribute of admiration for their fortitude under their trials. Not a complaint broke from the lips of a single prisoner, either at the time of their arrest and separation from a much-loved home, or during the hardships and privations of the journey. Shipped in transports for Civita Vecchia, their arrival at that port took the governor by surprise, and he refused to allow them to land until the pleasure of the Pope should be known. Clement, foreseeing the coming storm, declined to allow his dominions to be made a refuge for all the ecclesiastical outcasts in Europe, and they put to sea again, under a scorching sun and scantily supplied with provisions. For three months they were tossed hither and thither in the Mediterranean, suffering indescribable misery, and dying in large numbers from want of the necessities of life. At length, the inhabited earth refusing them a resting-place, they were unladen like bales of goods, and thrust ashore on the barren coast of Corsica. There, fresh privations awaited them; and the aged and infirm rapidly sank under their miseries. Many months elapsed before Carlos, softened by their sufferings, decreed an allowance of about twenty-five cents a day to each exile, and procured for them admittance to Italy. The Pope made a faint struggle on their behalf, and even threatened the Duke of Parma, who had followed Car-

los's example, with excommunication. But the King of Spain and Aranda were resolute; and the papal authority had fallen so low that Clement's successor was glad to purchase peace with his powerful neighbors in Naples, Spain, and Parma, by abolishing the order of the Jesuits. The survivors, then considered harmless, were permitted to return to Spain.

The overthrow of the Jesuits was, however, by no means the overthrow of the Church. It was the means of wresting the schools out of the hands of the clergy; but the Inquisition still retained the censorship of all publications, while the ecclesiastical courts still took cognizance of numerous criminal offenses, and enjoyed the right of confiscating, to their own use, the property of the individuals they condemned. The lives of the ecclesiastics of both sexes were still a common subject of scandal. Against these abuses Aranda battled bravely; but it seemed as though the King's energy as a reformer had been exhausted by the expulsion of the Jesuits, for his bigotry grew daily more and more intense, and the confessor invariably succeeded in defeating Aranda's designs. After a short while the Inquisition again grew so bold as to attract once more the attention of Europe. Señor Olavide, a popular reformer, undertook to reclaim and colonize the Sierra Morena, which from time immemorial had been a den of banditti; and among other good citizens whom he contrived to attract to the spot, he was fortunate enough to obtain several Protestant families. A lawgiver for his little colony, he wisely decreed that these Protestants should not be compelled to attend mass; for which, and other cognate offenses, he was shortly afterward seized and thrust into one of the dungeons of the Inquisition. The majority of the members of that dread tribunal insisted on having him burnt. To this, however, Carlos would not consent; the Grand Inquisitor himself owned to an unbecoming tenderness toward the prisoner, and confessed that a good long imprisonment, with a recantation and a reprimand, would satisfy his conscience. This opinion prevailed. We have the closing scene of the drama from the narrative of a foreigner who was present.

"A great number of persons of all ranks, civil, military, and ecclesiastical were invited, I should rather say summoned, to attend at the holy office at eight o'clock in the morning, on the 24th of last month. They were all totally ignorant of the reason of their being called on. After waiting some time in an apartment destined for their reception, they were admitted to the tribunal—a long, darkish room, with the windows near the ceiling, and furnished with a crucifix, under a black canopy, a table with two chairs for the inquisitors, a stool for the prisoner, two chairs for his guards, and benches for the spectators. The familiars of the Inquisition, Abrantes, Mora, and others, grandees of Spain, attended as servants without hats or swords.

"Olavide soon appeared, attended by brothers

in black, his looks quite cast down, his hands closed together, and holding a green taper. His dress was an olive-colored coat and waistcoat, with canvas breeches, and thread stockings, and his hair was combed back into a bag. He was seated on the stool prepared for him. The secretaries then read, during three hours, the accustomed accusations and proceedings against him. They consisted of above a hundred articles, such as his possession of free books, loose pictures, letters from Voltaire, his having neglected some external duties of religion, uttering hasty expressions, his inattention to images, together with every particular of his life, birth, and education. It concluded by declaring him guilty of heresy. At that moment he fainted away, but was brought to the recovery of his senses that he might hear his sentence. It was no less than the deprivation of all his offices, present and future, the confiscation of his property, banishment to thirty leagues from Madrid, from all places of royal residence, from Seville, his new colony, and Lima, the place of his birth; prohibition from riding on horseback, or wearing gold, silver, or silk; and eight years confinement and monastic discipline in a convent. The sentence being read, he was led to the table where, on his knees, he recanted his errors, and acknowledged his implicit belief in the articles of the Roman Catholic faith. Four priests in surplices, and with wands in their hands, then came in. They repeatedly laid their wands across his shoulders, while a miserere was sung. He then withdrew, the inquisitors bowed, and the strangers silently departed with terror in their hearts, but discretion on their lips." Olavide escaped to France, lived long enough to recant his heresy, and wrote a book in favor of the Church.

It was some years after this that the last *auto-da-fé* took place in Spain. The victim was a poor old woman, who was accused of being a witch. More than a century before a judge in Massachusetts had begged pardon of his fellow-citizens assembled in church, for having had the folly and the wickedness to sentence just another such old woman to death for witchcraft. From the decline of Aranda's power to the conquest by Napoleon, no open attempts were made to overturn the priesthood of Spain; the revolutionary tide alone warned them, that if they valued their own safety they must not provoke the people too far.

Baffled by the ecclesiastics, Aranda turned his vigorous mind to political reforms, and strongly urged the King to re-establish the *fue-ros* of Catalonia, Aragon, and Valencia, unlawfully abolished by Philip V. But the monarch was too much of a Bourbon to yield one iota of his prerogative; and the noble-hearted statesman, disgusted by his failures, begged leave to retire to the embassy at Paris. Under his successors, Grimaldi and the celebrated Florida Blanca, Spain speedily found itself involved in quarrels and wars all over the world. War with England had become a chronic disease; and Carlos, who

nourished a strong antipathy against the holders of Minorca and Gibraltar, took more interest in his quarrels with the British ministers than in any public business. The United States at this time declared their Independence; and greatly to the discomfiture of Florida Blanca, who urged the danger of their example to the Spanish colonies on the same continent, Carlos feigned to espouse their cause against Great Britain. The truth was, Franklin had adroitly denied England's right to retain Gibraltar, and the remark found its way to Carlos's heart. What measure of sincerity his friendly assurances to our envoys contained, may be inferred from his declaration on his death-bed, that nothing gave him greater satisfaction than the remembrance that he had never held direct intercourse, or concluded any treaty, with the "rebellious States" of North America.

The war with England, including the capture of Minorca, and the famous though unsuccessful siege of Gibraltar, the armed neutrality which was first conceived at Carlos's council, and the important innovations in international law which grew thereout, as well as the commencement of the troubles in South America, which led to the independence of the Spanish colonies, occupy much space in histories of Spain under Carlos, and form the leading points in biographies of Florida Blanca and other statesmen. Carlos himself had little to do with them. Threatened with the same hypochondria that had embittered the life of his predecessor, he sought distraction in renewed ardor at the chase. A close observer of his habits states that he never saw his temper ruffled except during two days in Passion Week, when he was detained from hunting. Swinburne says: "His dress seldom varies from a large hat, gray coat, buff waistcoat, black breeches, and worsted stockings: he wears a small dagger at his belt, and his pockets are always stuffed with knives, gloves, and shooting tackle. On gala days a fine suit is hung upon his shoulders, but as he has an eye to his afternoon sport, and is a great economist of time, the black breeches are worn to all coats. I believe there are but three days in the year that he spends without going out shooting, and these are marked with the blackest mark in the calendar. No storm, heat, or cold can keep him at home, and when he hears of a wolf, distance is counted for nothing; he would drive over half the kingdom rather than miss an opportunity of firing on that favorite game. Besides a number of persons belonging to the hunting establishment, several times a year all the idle fellows of Madrid are hired to beat the country and drive the wild boars, deer, and hares into a ring, where they pass before the royal family." He kept a journal in which he regularly entered the results of his chase; and shortly before his death, he was enabled to boast that he had killed 539 foxes and 5323 wolves, besides smaller game, and thus had not been useless to his country. His favorite passion was fatal to him at last. He caught

cold while hunting, at the age of seventy-three, and died after a short illness.

In comparison with the uxorious Philip, the imbecile Ferdinand VI., the profligate Carlos IV., the infamous Ferdinand VII., or the present occupant of the Spanish throne, Carlos III., with all his faults, seems a good man, and a praiseworthy monarch. He never bartered away his kingdom to favorites, or set an example of dishonesty, cruelty, or vice. A strictly moral man himself, he was severely censorious of the morals of the court. Firm to obstinacy, he seldom allowed himself to be used as a tool by intriguing courtiers. As kings went, he showed a very respectable interest in his subjects, and did not always throw impediments in the way of the schemes by which Aranda, Squillace, Grimaldi, and Florida Blanca attempted to improve their industrial and social condition. Had his resolution been proof against the insidious appeals of his confessor, the great ecclesiastical reforms of which Spain stood in such need, would have been achieved in his time, and the present fallen condition of Christianity in that kingdom might have been averted; as it was, his expulsion of the Jesuits, and the bold front with which the Spanish Cabinet opposed Pope Clement, reflect credit on his memory, and show that, up to a certain point, he was not wanting in moral courage. His great defect was his absorbing love for a pastime which usurped the energy and the hours that should have been devoted to the service of the state. It would be hardly fair to reproach him—a Bourbon—with his unwillingness to restore to his provinces the liberties the founder of his dynasty had stolen from them.

By his wife, Amelia of Saxony, he had thirteen children, eight of whom died before him. Of the survivors two were daughters; one son, Philip, the eldest, was an idiot; Ferdinand, his third son, succeeded to the crown of Naples; and Carlos, the second, Prince of Asturias, ascended the Spanish throne as Carlos IV.

The twenty years which this sovereign spent on that throne were the most startling and eventful that Europe had known since Charlemagne. The French revolution, which first sowed democratic seeds on European soil—the resistless and universal reaction against ecclesiastical tyranny—the overthrow of kingdoms, and the elevation of men of the people to the sovereign rank—the convulsions which led a monarch to the scaffold, upset the whole political existence of Europe, and culminated in an era of war unprecedented in history—were all contemporaneous with the reign of Carlos IV. He ascended the throne a few months before the Bastille was attacked; his fall was the first step Napoleon took toward his ruin. To us, separated by a long lapse of time from the mighty events of those days, it would seem that not even a blacksmith or a hod-carrier living at that period could have helped acting his part in the drama, and linking his name, in some memorable way, with the deeds done around him. Yet Carlos IV., the successor of Charles V., and the inheritor of

a monarchy once the greatest in the world, lived and reigned throughout the whole epoch without once raising his name to the historical level, until his vices and his fall gave him prominence. He would have been utterly insignificant had he not been conspicuously depraved. All the defects of the Bourbon kings of Spain were combined in his character, and enriched by the addition of vices to which the worst of them had been strangers. He was as weakly subservient to his wife as Philip; as imbecile and indolent as Ferdinand; as deeply absorbed in the search of pleasure as his father; and he was, what they were not, grossly addicted to sensualism; blindly attached to the superstitions of his church; and treacherous, base, and false to a degree which almost surpasses belief. To rise early, eat, pray, and hunt till noon; to dine, shoot till dark, sup, pray, and talk idly of state affairs with his wife's lover, or of other themes with the ministers to his own debauchery—such was the routine of his life; a routine, as he assured Napoleon in 1808, which had never varied since he ascended the throne.

He never pretended to perform the work of a king. When he ascended the throne he found the able Florida Blanca at the head of affairs. He made some feeble attempts to restore the Church to its old position, at the very time when the works of Voltaire and Rousseau were shaking the foundation of all religion, and tried hard to have the Holy Virgin appointed tutelary saint of Spain. He was so far successful in this design as to compel the Estates to take an oath of their belief in her immaculate conception; but the cathedral of San Jago de Compostella stood out boldly for the prior claims of their patron saint, who, as they naïvely assured the King, had often appeared at the head of the Spanish armies, mounted on a white charger; and Carlos ultimately recognized the propriety of allowing such claims as these to rest undisturbed. After this failure, he betook himself to his table and his chase with renewed zeal. The supreme power fell into the hands of two other persons.

These persons were Maria Louisa, the queen, and one Manuel Godoy. On the shoulders of the latter had fallen the mantle of the Princess Orsini—with this difference, that the latter had some respectable title to the rank she held, while the former had risen by means which, with all the faults of the Bourbons, had been unknown before Carlos IV. Manuel Godoy was the son of a poor noble of Badajoz. Poverty had obliged him to enlist in the life guards of the royal family. At the age of twenty-four he mounted guard at the palace. He was a fine-looking young fellow, and played the lute to perfection. This accomplishment attracted the attention of the queen, who was already tired of her husband, and Godoy became the recipient of favors which must have astonished none more than himself. Not to dwell upon trifles, he soon usurped the rightful place of the monarch, and four years after the accession of Carlos he contrived to supersede Florida Blanca, and to assume the direc-

tion of affairs in the kingdom. Being ignorant, unprincipled, and reckless, his first act was to plunge Spain into hostilities with the republic of France, and when disaster rewarded his folly, he hastened to conclude, first, the treaty of Basle, by which Spain surrendered part of her American dominions, and next the peace of San Ildefonso, by which, to conciliate France, he embroiled Spain with England. Fresh losses were the penalty of this new blunder; and the peace of Amiens again diminished the Spanish empire. It was clear that, whichever side of the contest Spain espoused, she was sure to be the loser; so Godoy, raised in consequence of his last service to the title of Prince of Peace, resolved to try a middle course, and to observe a strict neutrality between the belligerents. England consented without demur; but Napoleon, who was anxious for the assistance of Spain, demanded a tribute of something like \$12,000,000 a year, as the price of renouncing so useful an ally. Godoy, taught by the loss of St. Domingo and Trinidad, consented. But Great Britain very naturally interpreted this tribute as an act of hostility, and retaliated by the battle of Trafalgar, in which the Spanish fleet was annihilated. Shortly afterward the American colonies revolted; and Napoleon, pursuing his own schemes, thought fit to dispossess the Bourbons of the throne of Naples. Such were the first fruits of Godoy's administration.

He had, in fact, thought of nothing but his own pleasure; and the King, of course, was too busy hunting, eating, and flirting with ballet-dancers, even to know what his wife's favorite was doing. Maria Louisa and Godoy consoled themselves for the loss of colonies, revenue, and fleet, in the delights of unlawful love. After the peace of Amiens, the favorite had feigned to withdraw from public business; but he obtained the appointment of generalissimo of the Spanish armies, though he was profoundly ignorant of the fundamental principles of the military art, and could not even direct a review; and was afterward honored with the rank of admiral, though it is doubtful whether he ever trod the deck of a man-of-war. He even assumed the title of "Highness," never granted to a subject. His whole business was the sale of offices, which, as Toreno confesses, he carried on to such an extent, that any one who chose to pay could obtain not only the first civil offices of state, but even the highest ecclesiastical preferment. He sold bishoprics as readily as posts of *alcalde*. With the money thus obtained, he and the Queen led a life of infamous scandal. Not a tinge of romance gilded their amours. Godoy was legally married to Maria Theresa de Bourbon, the King's cousin; and the unalterable affection which he inspired in the breast of Donna Josepha Tudo, who bore him a large family of children, was a matter of public notoriety. We must suppose that the horrible depravity of the Spanish court had dulled all sense of feeling as well as decorum; for the philosophy with which the Queen treated the profligacy of her favorite was not

more conspicuous than the lover-like regard entertained for him by the King. The account given by the Spanish writers of the condition of the court of Carlos IV. would not bear republication to-day.

All this, however, was drawing to a close. Untaught by experience, and seriously inconvenienced by the tribute exacted by Napoleon, the Prince of Peace resolved to break with France once more; and, while assuring Bonaparte of his firm friendship, actually issued to the Spaniards a violent appeal against the French. For so wretched a creature to attempt to intrigue against the great master of diplomacy was only another instance of his folly. Napoleon speedily arranged the partition of Spain with Alexander at Tilsit; and, the better to accomplish his schemes, required the Prince, who dared not openly declare himself, to send the flower of his army to Italy and the north of Europe. He then, under the transparent pretense of watching Portugal, poured a French army into Spain.

Meanwhile other cares engrossed the Prince of Peace. As often happens in monarchical countries, a violent animosity had sprung up between the heir-apparent, Ferdinand, and his father, the King. As Carlos was obviously nothing but a tool in Godoy's hands, the intrigues of the Prince of Asturias were mainly directed against him, and it soon became evident that one or the other must be ruined. Ferdinand—a weak, spiritless, vicious youth, totally destitute of filial affection—had written to Napoleon, begging the favor of being allowed to marry a princess of his family, and hinting that the price of so great an honor would be his complete subserviency to the will of the great conqueror. The letter fell into the hands of Godoy, who persuaded Carlos and Louisa to make it the basis of an accusation of high treason against their son. He was charged with no less a crime than a design to murder his father and mother, arrested, and held for trial. If no proof of the fact was adduced, the character of Ferdinand affords no presumption that such an infamy would have been too shocking for him to perpetrate. But the public indignation at what appeared to be a dark plot against the life of the heir to the throne, compelled Godoy to abandon his design. Ferdinand was liberated. Carlos wrote an abject letter to Napoleon, stating his side of the case; but the Emperor refused to interfere. His troops already held the principal fortresses in the north of Spain; his own scheme was too ripe; and the utter worthlessness of both father and son was too apparent to allow him to think of espousing the cause of either. Murat arrived at Burgos in March, 1807, and though he only assumed the title of lieutenant of the Emperor, it was palpable that his authority rendered the office of king a sinecure.

At this conjuncture the national spirit of the Spaniards was aroused. A riot broke out in Madrid, and the populace directed its fury against the favorite, whose vices and follies had, in their opinion, produced all their misfortunes.

His palace was attacked and searched. The King and Queen, who had made preparations for a flight to Mexico, were forcibly detained and forbidden to leave the kingdom. Godoy himself, at the first news of the outbreak, had fled to his garret, and covered himself with a pile of mats. Every room in his palace was ransacked by the infuriate mob, and more than once, it is said, the pikes and swords of the populace passed within a few inches of his body. Still he escaped detection for thirty-six hours. At the expiration of that time, he could no longer endure the tortures of thirst, and crawled down the stairs to procure a glass of water. On his way he was recognized and denounced. A shout of exultation burst from the mob as they seized him and hurried him they knew not whither. In the madness of their fury they threw stones, sticks, and filth at him, and wounded each other without injuring him. Toreno recounts his escape with amazement. While they were thus contending wildly for the honor of being his executioner, a few Walloon guards charged the crowd and rescued him. Two stout horsemen seized him, one by each arm, and dragged him off, more dead than alive, to the nearest jail, into which he was thrust bleeding, senseless, and covered with mire. A rescue was only prevented by the personal intervention of Ferdinand, who was implored by his mother to save "the father of her children."

Ferdinand was not the man to render a service of this kind gratuitously. The scene had been too much for the weak nerves of Carlos; and when his abdication in favor of his son was proposed, the miserable monarch eagerly embraced the suggestion. In March, 1808, one year after Murat's entrance into Burgos, Carlos announced that his infirmities obliged him to abdicate the throne; and declared that, "freely and spontaneously" he renounced the sceptre, and placed it in the hands of his "well-beloved son, Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias." The abdication was received with just such transports of delight as might have been expected from the well-known life of Carlos; and the multitude, knowing nothing of Ferdinand's disposition, hailed him as the saviour of Spain. Two hundred thousand people accompanied him on his entrance into Madrid, and threw themselves at his feet with every exclamation of joy and enthusiasm.

His first care was to obtain a recognition from Napoleon, and for this purpose envoys were sent to the Emperor with most servile professions of esteem. At the very same time, Carlos, who had repented of his descent from the throne, on receiving a kind message from the Emperor, sent word that his abdication had been extorted from him by force, and implored Napoleon to restore him. The French monarch complied with neither request, but invited Carlos and his son to meet him at Bayonne. The former, with the Queen, set out at once: the latter was at first reluctant to put himself in Napoleon's power; but the fear of his father's intrigues, and his own hopes, finally overcame his scruples, and

he left Madrid with the infants for Bayonne. Carlos arrived first, and Napoleon bluntly told him he wanted a fresh abdication in his favor—promising the royal dotard a comfortable residence and plenty of money in exchange. To these conditions Carlos and Maria Louisa at once agreed, and even engaged to do their best to bully their son into abdicating his throne. When Ferdinand arrived, he was assailed not only by the French Emperor and his officers, but by his own father and mother—whose violence of language to their son seems to have amazed the by-standers: Maria Louisa is even said to have suggested his execution to Napoleon. Ferdinand resisted at first; but his weakness was not proof against the mock threats of the French generals, and he, too, ended by signing a renunciation in favor of Napoleon. Carlos and his wife, with the Prince of Peace, were sent to Compiègne. Ferdinand and the infants were granted Talleyrand's seat at Valençay, with handsome pensions.

Spain—always loyal to her kings—was frantic at the capture of Ferdinand. A desperate struggle began in every province and city, and formed the first scene of the Peninsular war. "*Vencer o morir por la patria y por Fernando septimo*," was the cry throughout the country. While the Spaniards were dying by the hundred in his defense, Ferdinand, his uncle, and brothers, were leading a life of ease and sloth at Valençay. They had few diversions—the uncle, Don Antonio, having strictly forbidden his nephews from entering the library, which was filled with the revolutionary publications of the eighteenth century; but Madame Talleyrand occasionally gave them a tea-party: they worked assiduously with a turning lathe, and they sometimes drove through the neighborhood to admire the scenery. Thus was spent the time of the Bourbon heir to the Spanish throne, while his country was bathed in blood. Indifference was not enough for Ferdinand; on each victory he wrote to congratulate Napoleon, and, on grand occasions, set Talleyrand's woods on fire to testify to his joy. Some years after he had been sent to Valençay, a hair-brained baron, named Kolly, contracted with the British Government to deliver him from the hands of the French. The project was insane, as the only Spanish attendant Ferdinand had was a fellow who was acting as a spy for the French Government; and one of Kolly's confederates, named Richard, soon betrayed him. He was arrested; but, to try Ferdinand's temper, Fouché sent the traitor Richard to Valençay with a feigned scheme for his escape. As the French Government had expected, Ferdinand no sooner heard Richard's tale than he at once disclosed the whole to the Governor of Valençay, and had him sent back to Paris. He desired nothing better, he said, than to remain where he was.

Five years he spent cheerfully in his prison, during which Spain was the seat of one of the most terrible wars the world has ever known. At the expiration of this period, the failure of

Napoleon's expedition against Russia necessitated the recall of his troops from Spain; and he offered to reinstate Ferdinand on his throne. So wedded was the latter to his life of ease, that he evinced considerable reluctance in accepting Napoleon's proposal. His scruples were, however, overcome, and in March, 1814, Ferdinand left Valençay for Spain. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed at the news of his return. For the people of Spain, his restoration was an exchange of a French for a native master; and they warmly seconded the Cortes in welcoming him home, and offering him their support and encouragement. The intense hatred with which the French were regarded in the Peninsula, may be inferred from the following Catechism, which was taught to the village children by the priests:

Q. Tell me, my child, who art thou?

A. A Spaniard, by the grace of God.

Q. Who is the enemy of our happiness?

A. The Emperor of the French.

Q. How many natures has he?

A. Two; the human and the diabolical.

Q. How many emperors are there?

A. One, in three deceitful persons.

Q. What are their names?

A. Napoleon, Murat, and Manuel Godoy.

Q. Which of the three is the most wicked?

A. They are all three equally wicked.

Q. From whence did Napoleon come?

A. From sin.

Q. Murat?

A. From Napoleon.

Q. And Godoy?

A. From the infamy of the two.

Q. What is the spirit of the first?

A. Pride and despotism.

Q. Of the second?

A. Rapine and cruelty.

Q. Of the third?

A. Avarice, treason, and ignorance.

Q. What are the French?

A. Ancient Christians become heretics.

Q. Is there any sin in putting a Frenchman to death?

A. No, my father; we gain heaven by putting one of those dogs of heretics to death.

Like Louis XVIII., Ferdinand no sooner felt himself at liberty than he scorned all restraint. The Cortes requested him to return to Spain by one route; he took another. They stipulated that he should exile the Bonapartists—he had promised Napoleon to retain them; and, as it turned out, he acted just as suited his own purpose. He crossed the frontier in disguise, arrived at Valencia, and at once issued two decrees, disavowing the action of the Cortes, ignoring the Spanish constitution of 1812, and clearly foreshadowing a restoration of monarchy on the old Bourbon principle. Thence he repaired to Madrid, where he was received by the priests and their creatures with shouts of "*Viva Fernando and the Inquisition!*" The cry was soon justified. Ferdinand's first act was to take measures to restore the Church property and re-establish monasteries. He then dissolved

the Cortes, suppressed the newspapers, and imprisoned the leaders of the democratic party in Spain, who had been so faithful to his cause during five years of exile. The concentrated tyranny of his soul began to burst forth. Friends and enemies felt his anger alike. The Bonapartists, or Josephinists as they were called, were driven from the kingdom in spite of his pledge; Cevallos, his faithful adherent and apologist, who had defended him when the prisoner of Valençay had not a friend, had to fly for his life; and the republicans were every where thrown into dungeons. Executions followed with such rapidity as to appall any nation which had not endured a six years' war. Ferdinand evidently aimed at restoring the despotism of his fathers. Weakened by the desperate contest it had waged on his behalf, and stunned by the shock of disappointment, Spain endured these atrocities in silence for six long years. Banditti scoured the country, and levied undisputed toll on villages and travelers. Priests once more fattened on the land, and good citizens starved. The King himself embroidered offerings to the Virgin, and divided his time between his confessor and his lieutenant of police. Amidst such scenes it is hardly worth while to notice such trifles as royal marriages. Ferdinand's first wife, Maria Antoinetta Theresa of Naples, an amiable and virtuous princess, had had the misfortune to acquire popularity under Carlos's reign; and, accordingly, was invited to take chocolate with her mother-in-law the Queen, and died a few hours afterward. After his coronation, Ferdinand married successively a Portuguese and a Savoy princess, both of whom died before him.

It was not to be expected that the Spanish nation would forever submit to such unbridled despotism as that of Ferdinand. In 1820, the whole country was in a ferment: Riego and Quiroga aroused a rebellion among the soldiery, and declared they would never lay down their arms till Ferdinand had accepted the constitution of 1812. As cowardly as tyrants usually are, Ferdinand gave way at the first show of force; and in March of the same year his adhesion to the famous charter of Spanish freedom was given in the principal towns. A new era seemed to dawn on Spain. Brief enough, however. Austria, Russia, and France were horrified at the victory gained by the Spanish democrats. In the hour of trouble, the Czar had recognized the government of the Cortes, and approved the Constitution of 1812; but now, Napoleon was at St. Helena, and he could afford to speak the truth. At Troppau, the Holy Alliance declared their abstract "right to interfere in the affairs of foreign nations in every case where constitutions were established not consistent with the monarchical principle, which recognizes no institution as legitimate that does not flow spontaneously from the monarch." It is rather to be regretted that, in their enthusiasm for monarchy, the allied sovereigns overlooked the case of a transatlantic Power whose institutions were slightly inconsistent with the mon-

archical principle, and did not "flow from any particular monarch." Had they thought of enforcing their right of interference in the affairs of the United States, Spain might possibly have preserved her freedom. Unfortunately the flagrant case of this country did not present itself to their notice; and it was resolved to make an example of Spain. One hundred thousand men were raised in France, and the greater part sent over the frontier, under the Duke d'Angouleme, to assist Ferdinand. For three years—ever since his acceptance of the Constitution—he had been occupied in conspiring against the Cortes; he now broke loose from all restraint, and declared his intention of ruling despotically. Ruined as Spain was, it was hopeless to think of a contest against the French. The republicans reluctantly accepted Ferdinand's offer of an unconditional amnesty, and abandoned their cherished hopes.

Treachery was the ruling trait of the King. No sooner had Angouleme invested Madrid, and Ferdinand felt himself surrounded by French bayonets, than he had all the democrats he could find arrested. The gallant Riego was executed at once. Quiroga escaped by a miracle. Scores of high-souled patriots were imprisoned, tortured, or executed. The dungeons overflowed with political captives. Ferdinand was once more a happy man. Strengthened by a French garrison, and fortified by the knowledge that every prominent man in Spain was either in prison or in exile, Ferdinand flattered himself that he had fairly broken the Spanish spirit, and once more resigned himself into the hands of the priests. His third wife dying, he married his relation, Maria Cristina of Naples, and became in his old age as uxorious as his ancestors. He would leave the council-chamber two or three times during the sitting to visit her, and spent the greater portion of the day in her room. The habits of the couple were primitive; they rose at six, dined alone at two, and went to bed at nine. The only amusement they took was a drive to the Zoological Garden at Madrid, where the bears and monkeys were taught to salute the King. In his latter years, Ferdinand's mind lost its powers; even his cruelty vanished, leaving his folly alone to attest his identity. At length, in 1833, Spain was delivered by his death by apoplexy.

All right-minded men justly applauded Lord Brougham when he declared in the British Parliament, before Ferdinand's death, that he was "more the object of the contempt, and disgust, and abhorrence of civilized Europe than any individual living." A countryman of our own has sketched his character in still more vivid colors. "It is hard to say," observes Mr. Wallis, "whether folly or iniquity was the prominent characteristic of that very wicked and foolish man. His only occupations in life were power, vengeance, and the gratification of his appetites. His policy had two departments—force and fraud. His only address was falsehood, and when it was not necessary to him as an instrument, he sported with it as an accomplishment

or reveled in it as a luxury. He hated constitutions, because they trammelled him. He hated reform, even when it did no harm, because the constitutionalists were reformers and had befriended him, and he hated them. Having no idea of government except as the exercise of his own will, he found the ancient institutions and traditions of the kingdom as objectionable as the new lights, and he loved them all the less because he had understood none of them. Religion—though he professed it sturdily, went through its forms ostentatiously, and clung to it like a bad coward when death terrified him—he practically valued only as a lever of government. Education and literature he discouraged, because he knew nothing about them, and had an indefinite idea that they were not to be trusted. Men of learning and talent he drove as far away from him as possible, being 'as much afraid of them,' to use a phrase of Lord Chesterfield's, 'as a woman is of a gun which she thinks may go off of itself and do her a mischief.' He had, in fine, no sympathy with the feelings of his people, because he had no heart; and none with their intellectual yearnings, because he had no head. The only good thing he ever did was to die, and he did that as slowly and as unsatisfactorily as possible, having never learned in all his vicissitudes to submit with grace to necessity, and being opposed on principle to gratifying his subjects as long as he could in any way avoid it."

His old father, Carlos, had died four years before him. The climate of Compiègne not suiting him, he had removed to Marseilles, and from thence to Rome, where he spent the last twenty years of his life in unbridled excesses, with the Queen and Godoy. On his accession, Ferdinand had evinced his filial affection by stopping his father's pension; and the virtuous trio were for a time reduced to great straits. Europe, however, would not permit him to let the old man starve, and Ferdinand was compelled to make him an allowance. This ceased at his death; and Godoy, like so many other favorites, was driven in poverty to Naples.

At the demise of Ferdinand, a fierce contest for his succession took place. By the old law of Spain, females as well as males could inherit the throne; but this law had been altered by Philip V., who desired to assimilate the Spanish monarchy to that of France. Ferdinand, cajoled by his wife, Maria Cristina, had, previous to his death, repealed Philip's enactment, and, by placing the law on its old footing, secured the throne to his infant daughter, Isabella, thus excluding his brother, Carlos. The latter would not allow himself to be set aside; and prepared to assert his claims to the throne by arms. Maria Cristina, acting as regent, proclaimed her daughter queen; Carlos was proclaimed in like manner by his adherents. This was the beginning of the famous Carlist war.

Don Carlos openly proclaimed his belief in the Bourbon doctrine of divine right, and promised, in case he was successful, to re-establish the Inquisition with all its old privileges. Ten

years before, this profession of faith would have insured him at least the support of the Holy Alliance; but the French revolution of 1830 had scattered that junta of despots, and Austria and Russia had their hands full at home. In 1833, fossil principles like his only earned for him public contempt, while they gained for Cristina a host of partisans. The old nobility and the priests adhered to Carlos; the mass of the people, preferring a child who might turn out well to a man whose wickedness was incurable, rallied round the regent and Isabella. A body of British volunteer troops, under General De Lacy Evans, one of the heroes of Inkermann, also marched under her banners. The war began to rage with such fury that the world stood aghast. Carlos announced that he would give no quarter; the Cristinist generals replied with a similar threat. At the commencement of hostilities in Navarre, Lorenzo, the Cristinist general, inveigled Santos Ladron, the Carlist leader, into a conference, and had him and thirty-two of his companions shot in a ditch. Saarsfield was ordered by Cristina to shoot every rebel prisoner, and faithfully obeyed the infamous command. The same indiscriminate massacre was enjoined upon the Cristinist soldiers in a proclamation from Pamplona, issued in 1834. Nor were the Carlists at all behind their enemies in butchery. Cristinist prisoners were every where massacred in cold blood. Zumalacarregui, the Carlists' bravest general, was not surpassed by the most savage of the regent's officers. After the battle of Vittoria, he had some eighty to a hundred prisoners in his hands. Two out of the number having escaped, the officer in charge sent to his superior for orders. "Let the prisoners be bound hand and foot," was Zumalacarregui's answer. He was told that no cords could be had for the purpose. "Then let them be put to death." The Carlist officer, nowise astonished, ordered a corporal's guard to fix bayonets and charge in among the prisoners. The poor wretches shrieked for mercy, and clasped the knees of their murderers in frantic agony; but not one escaped. On a previous occasion he had taken prisoner a young count named Via Manuel, whose amiable character and talents induced Zumalacarregui to admit him to his society and his table, until he could be exchanged. A message to that effect had been sent to the Cristinist general, who had several Carlist prisoners in his hands. The reply was brought while Via Manuel was at table with his captor. It was laconic. Nothing but these words: "The rebels have been shot already." Zumalacarregui handed it without a word to Via Manuel, who was shot next morning. It is hard to say on which side the atrocities were the most frequent or the blackest. The Cristinos succeeded in making prisoners two daughters of Zavala, a Carlist chief, and invariably placed them in the front of their army which marched against their father. For some time this manœuvre succeeded. Zavala dared not fire on his daughters, and was obliged to re-

treat whenever the Cristinists advanced. But at length a sense of duty overcame his paternal affection, and on the approach of the Cristinists near Guernica, the old Carlist directed his soldiers to fire. The moment their pieces were discharged, he ordered an advance with the bayonet; and by a miraculous interposition of Providence, had the delight to rescue both his daughters unhurt in the midst of the dead and the dying. The massacre of Barcelona, at which the brave O'Donnell perished, with twenty-one others, and where the brutality of the Cristinists in mangling the dead bodies spread a feeling of horror throughout Europe, is notorious. Yet it falls into the shade in comparison with the other atrocities of the war. At Villa Franca the Cristinists, among whom were many women and children, fled for refuge into the church. The Carlists set it on fire, and bayoneted those who attempted to escape from the stifling smoke. On the other hand, Mina, the Cristinist general, shot every fifth inhabitant of a populous village, because they had failed to give him information with respect to the movements of the enemy. In short, the traveler in Spain during the Carlist war waded knee-deep in blood. It is impossible to make any distinction between the combatants. Ferdinand's widow and his brother were equally regardless of the welfare of Spain and the dictates of humanity. It seems to have been the destiny of the Spanish Bourbons to mark their track with blood.

The war ended as disgracefully as it had begun. Espartero, the Cristinist general, met Maroto, the Carlist general, at Vergara, in 1839, and offered him a round sum of money to lay down his arms. The offer was accepted. The next year Cabrera was defeated, and fled: and this destroyed the last hope of the Carlists. Thenceforth Isabella's throne was undisputed. It was not without thorns, however. Four years before, it had occurred to some factious Spaniards that it was hardly fair for the Regent Cristina to ask them to spend their blood in her service, while her rule ground them to the earth. These, and other highly impertinent pretensions for a subject to urge, were set forth, not without boisterous clamor and threats, at La Granja; and as Cristina could not help herself, she yielded, and the Constitution of 1837, an improved edition of that of 1812, was forthwith promulgated. This was not all. Like the mother of her late husband, Cristina had not allowed her position to stand in the way of her passions: a handsome fellow named Muñoz, son of a tobacconist, had fascinated her, and she had openly presented him to Spain as her husband long before he had any legal right to the title. Besides this violation of her duty to her deceased husband, she had plundered the royal coffers with unsparing hand: while the kingdom was on the verge of bankruptcy, Muñoz and his children rolled in wealth. All this was sure to lead to a crisis. In 1840, after the Carlist war had ended, the victorious general, Espartero, called Cristina to such an account that she was

obliged to fly the kingdom and take refuge in France. Espartero himself succeeded her as regent.

According to the law of Spain, he should have held the office four years; according to the will of Ferdinand, which fixed Isabella's majority at eighteen, for eight. But cabinet or rather bed-chamber intrigues in Spain invariably prevail over law and constitution; three years after Espartero became regent, Narvaez persuaded the Cortes to proclaim Isabella's majority, and the Duke of Victory, the saviour of her throne, was forced to fly precipitately to England. On 15th November, 1843, Isabella, then a child of thirteen, was declared of age by the Cortes of Spain. To teach her some smattering of her duties, Don Salustiano de Olozaga was appointed her tutor, with a seat in the cabinet. Unfortunately the queen-mother, Cristina, had been allowed to return to Spain, and hated Olozaga with a deadly feminine hatred. She heaped insult after insult on his head. The Queen invited him to dinner; Cristina's emissaries, who were in waiting at the palace, told him, when he came, that no dinner was prepared for him. Olozaga immediately answered, with admirable tact, that "he had not come to eat, but to pay his respects to the Queen," and forced his way into her presence. But Cristina had resolved on his disgrace. On the 1st of December all the dignitaries of Spain were summoned into the royal presence. There little Isabella recounted to them, with the utmost circumstantiality, how Olozaga had compelled her by violence to sign a decree for the dissolution of the Cortes a few days before. The declaration was attested by the Queen with the usual solemnity, and a cry of horror arose throughout Madrid at so gross an outrage. Fortunately for Olozaga, he possessed equal nerve and coolness. He met the charge with a bold front; and to the confusion of Cristina, who had expected that he would not have the audacity to oppose his word to that of the child-queen, he not only denied the fact, but proved its utter falsity in the Cortes. Thus, at the very commencement of her reign, poor little Isabella was convicted of uttering, under circumstances of peculiar solemnity, a deliberate falsehood, with the view of ruining one of the few honest men who surrounded her. Nothing saved her from public execration but her youth, and the general belief that her fault was chargeable on the queen-mother alone.

The latter now began to rule Spain once more. To avoid scandal, Muñoz and she resolved to follow the example of their neighbors, and to become man and wife, the former having received the title of Duke of Rianzares. To extract from suffering Spain fortunes for him and his children became Cristina's sole concern. With this view she engaged in the slave-trade, and speculated largely in railways and mines; always contriving to make money, while every one else was a loser. Wealth, however, did not cure the vices of her youth. In 1851, her intrigues, political and otherwise, became so fruitful a theme of

scandal, that even Narvaez was compelled to resign his office and retire into private life. The want of his strong arm was soon felt; a few months ago his successor was driven from office by an insurgent mob, and Cristina herself was retained at Madrid in a sort of legal custody.

Isabella gladly resigned the cares of royalty into the hands of her mother and Narvaez. Her only serious occupation during the first years of her reign was to dance and to make a collection of sweetmeats which should surpass the first confectioners' shops in the world. In this she is said to have succeeded, her pastry-cook museum being pronounced perfect on all hands. Her love for truth has already been exemplified. Her gratitude and affectionate disposition are not less striking. Previous to the expulsion of her mother, the Marquesa de Santa Cruz had been her governess, and constantly received marks of intense love from the young queen. When she was exiled in 1840, Isabella received with the same affection her new aya, the widow of General Mina, and never even inquired about the marquesa's fate. So, during Espartero's regency, she expressed a warm regard for him, and had his portrait in her bedroom. When he was driven from Spain, she presented the portrait to the Señora de Mina, observing that she had no further use for it. She even violated Spanish etiquette in the tenderness of her language to Olozaga, before she told the falsehood which overthrew him.

She is as much to be pitied as disliked. As soon as she arrived at nubile years, her aunt, Carlota, wife of Don Francisco de Paula, her father's brother, tried to force her to marry her son, Francisco de Assis, an imbecile creature, who could do nothing but dance. Carlota bought a newspaper to advocate the match; and was so bent upon it, that when England and France thwarted her views, she died of the disappointment. Her scheme was carried into effect after her death. Isabella was duly married to her cousin, and the first greeting of the royal pair, it is said, was a frank confession of their dislike for one another. The birth of a child satisfied the nation; and if patriotic Spaniards occasionally gave vent to their shame at the unvailed gallantries of their queen, the bulk of the people, remembering how little Isabella's feelings had been consulted in the matter, and seeing the utter worthlessness of the man to whom she was united, forgave her for treading in her mother's footsteps. At all events, the dread of a revolution suffices to retain her on the throne.

Queen Isabel makes no pretensions to good looks. She has her father's heavy eye, coarse mouth and chin, and unintellectual expression. Her complexion is sallow, and presents a striking contrast to the girlish beauty of her sister, Louisa, wife of the Duke of Montpensier. Sulen and irritable, her gestures are rude, and her whole demeanor what we should call unladylike. It is by no means unlikely that a hereditary predisposition to scrofula has contributed to impair her personal appearance and sour her temper.

Such is the history of the Bourbon monarchs of Spain. When we bear in mind that, with the exception of the last, all have wielded absolute authority—disposing of the life, property, and liberties of their subjects as their caprice prompted—and weigh in the balance the capacity for such a task and the fitness for such a responsibility possessed by favorite-ridden imbeciles like Philip V. and Ferdinand VI., a bigot like Carlos III., a worthless profligate like Carlos IV., a monster of perfidy and cruelty like Ferdinand VII., or a wretched girl like Isabella—we may well shed a tear over unhappy Spain, and thank Heaven that we were not born subjects of a hereditary despotism.

BABY BLOOM.

I.

THERE was not a prettier little maiden in all Harlem than Baby Bloom. Cherry-cheeked, bright-eyed, and rosy-lipped, she was the incarnation of rural health and beauty. As she ran, early in the morning, down the meadows that bordered on the river, laughing gleefully to herself, and talking to the birds as if they were old and intimate friends of hers, and had known her for years, many a youth turned his head to look at her, and had visions of her light figure and roguish eyes flitting all day afterward between him and his work.

One young fellow, in particular, was seriously troubled about Baby Bloom. Nearly every morning, as he was walking steadily to his work—he being apprenticed to a carpenter in the village—he would almost certainly encounter Baby Bloom tripping along the road, or gathering the wild plants that crept and twined through the locust fences. When the little maiden saw Reuben Lowe approaching—and I verily believe that the wicked little thing saw him long before she pretended to see him—she would turn, with a merry toss of her head, and chirp out a “Good-morrow, Master Reuben.” Then she would bend her head down, and affect to be very busy with her plants indeed. Reuben, with a hearty greeting, and somewhat rustic bow, would then stop in the centre of the road, looking very much as if he would have given one of his ears to have some pretty speech to make; Baby all the while botanizing with absorbing anxiety. “Won’t you walk a bit of the way with me, Baby?” Reuben would at last blurt out. “I walk with you, Master Reuben!” she would cry, in utter amazement; “what an idea! Go on; you will be late for your work.”

“I’ll work all the better, Baby, if you will walk a part of the way with me. Just as far as the three pollards. Do, now!”

“You are very impudent, Master Reuben, not to take an answer when you get one. I won’t walk with you.”

“Ah! but you will, though,” Reuben would cry, springing desperately over the fence, and seizing Baby’s nosegay of flowers, with which he would retreat in triumph. “Now, Baby, if you want your flowers you must come and take them.”

Baby would pretend to weep, and call Reuben a brute, and a cruel wretch. But she nevertheless would follow the flowers. Then Reuben would march backward along the road, holding the nosegay high out of Baby’s reach, and mocking all her efforts to obtain it, until they reached the three pollards, and often journeyed far beyond them, when he would relinquish his prize reluctantly, and go off to his work, thinking of nothing in the world but Baby Bloom; who, on her side, as she tripped home again, thought of nobody but Reuben Lowe.

How this little maiden came to be called Baby Bloom, I can not tell positively. I know, however, that she came of German parents, whose name, when they first settled in the village, was Blum, which in time came to be written Bloom. Why she was called Baby, is a mystery to me. She certainly was very childish-looking, and was full of juvenile tricks and innocent caprices; so that, probably, she was called so originally in sport, and the name clung to her eventually in earnest. Baby’s father was an old German emigrant, whose trade was harness-making. He had a little store in the village, filled with saddles and bridles, spurs and whips, traces and girths, and all the paraphernalia with which we moderns think it necessary to decorate our horses. He drove a thriving business; and as Baby was his only child, the people of the village settled among themselves that the twenty thousand dollars which the old man kept in the Bruderschaft Bank would become Baby’s property at his death. Baby had a mother also, an excellent old lady, with coarse skin and a thick waist, who wore seven or eight blue blankets by way of petticoats, and devoted all her spare moments to attending to her large stock of poultry. Owing to this partiality of the good lady for such species of stock, the interior of Mr. Bloom’s house somewhat resembled an aviary. But more frequently it might have been characterized as a gallinaceous hospital. Fowls in every stage of infirmity and convalescence were distributed through the establishment. There was generally a white bantam, with his leg in splints, in the parlor. Numerous maimed turkeys hobbled and gobbled about the kitchen; but it was upon a gigantic Shanghai cock, of attenuated form and feeble gait, that Mrs. Bloom’s tenderest care was lavished. This unhappy fowl had been locked out one night in the depth of winter. The next morning he was found frozen into a solid lump, and apparently dead. After incredible exertions, and a course of warm baths, brandy, and flannel wrappings, the Shanghai showed symptoms of returning animation. He presently uttered a feeble crow, and in the course of another hour staggered upon his legs. But his constitution was forever ruined. From being a cock of brave and warlike aspect, he degenerated into a bird of consumptive and rueful appearance. Nothing would fatten him. He tottered along the floor with the gait of premature old age, and his crow was weak and wheezing. Mrs. Bloom believed that something was

the matter with his lungs, and he was accordingly kept on a strictly consumptive diet. He slept in a box lined with flannel, and was the only fowl of the establishment who enjoyed the privilege of entering the shop. There he would stand on the doorstep, in the sunshine, all day long, with his head sunk between his shoulders, and the tokens of a confirmed valetudinarian written in his lack-lustre eyes.

Thus Mr. and Mrs. Bloom and Baby and the fowls all lived happily enough, in their old-fashioned house, with its peaked roof and queer dingy staircases. Mr. Bloom himself was a saddler of a meditative habit. He liked his pipe and his glass of *Lager Bier*, and was never known to have been excited save once, and that was when the news reached him that a schooner from Bremen, laden with a large cargo of sauerkraut, had gone to the bottom in a storm. Sometimes Reuben Lowe would drop in of an evening, on pretense of smoking a pipe and having a friendly glass of beer with the old man; but I strongly suspect that the long, silent sittings were endured by Reuben more on account of the snatches of chat he occasionally had with Baby, than for any pleasure he had in the old saddler's company. Things went on this way for some time, until one evening Reuben marched into the parlor, where old Bloom was sitting alone with his pipe, and boldly asked for Baby in marriage. What internal effect this proposition had on the old gentleman no one could tell, for without even removing his pipe from between his lips, he told Reuben, in the calmest and briefest manner, to call next evening for his answer. Next evening Reuben called. He was received by Mr. and Mrs. Bloom, who, I think, put on an extra petticoat in honor of the occasion. After a short silence, Reuben was informed that his proposition could not be entertained—that he was a very excellent young man, but poor; while Baby Bloom would be possessed of such a fortune at her father's death as would entitle her to look higher than a carpenter's apprentice. I am quite sure that neither the old saddler or his wife thought there was any thing cruel or contemptible in such a course. They never thought for a moment of consulting Baby herself. They looked on the whole affair as a sort of business matter, which was to be considered in a purely pecuniary light.

It was in vain that Reuben entreated and vowed. It was in vain that he asked for a conditional engagement, until he became rich, which he promised most faithfully to do, in any period of time that the old people chose to name. Mr. Bloom calmly smoked his pipe, and occasionally shook his head; and Mrs. Bloom bruised a plateful of millet-seed for a poultice that was about to be applied to the white bantam's leg. So Reuben had to depart with his rejected proposal; and as after this he came no more to smoke a pipe with the old saddler, his only opportunity of seeing Baby was in the mornings when he went to work, and then, somehow, by

a singular chance, that innocent little maiden was always out gathering flowers.

II.

"When will you be back, Baby?"

"I shan't be long, mother. I will only just run down to Mrs. Foster's, to get the eggs, and shall be back in an hour at farthest."

"There's a good child. And, Baby, take particular care not to break any of the eggs. It's the only chance I have of getting any of that breed, and it won't do to lose it."

So Baby put on her wide-leafed hat, for it was summer, and giving her mother a peck on the cheek, which was meant to pass for a kiss, tripped down the road, chirping out little fragments of songs, as usual.

At the period about which I write, Harlem was not what it is now. The village consisted of a very few houses, scattered along the roadside at considerable intervals. There was no screaming locomotive flying along, in mid-air, within sight of the village. No overloaded stages lumbered along the road that lay between it and New York; and great tracks of swampy land, as yet undrained, stretched between it and the river. At the time I speak of there was much forest yet standing about Harlem. Huge masses of forest, so choked and filled with matted underwood that the daylight rarely shone upon the brown soil beneath. There were talks of bears then among the honest villagers; and black unwieldy shapes were sometimes seen stealing, of moonlight nights, through the orchards, to the great dismay of some belated youth, who made the family circle tremble that night with his account of his interview with the bear. The fierce catamount, too, lurked among the woods, and poultry-yards suffered fearfully from nocturnal depredations. Indeed, not long before, a fine boy, of some eight years old, who had wandered off into the woods to gather huckleberries, was found two days afterward with his young throat torn open, and a tuft of catamount's hair clutched desperately in his little hand.

Mrs. Foster's house lay on the road that stretches between Harlem and New Rochelle, so that Baby Bloom had, at least, a walk of a mile and a half before she could obtain the priceless eggs for which her mother sighed. But she did not mind that, for it was very early in the morning, and it was more than probable that somebody would be passing along on his way to work. So Baby Bloom tripped merrily on, and sang, as she went, a pretty little love ditty about a maiden who followed her lover to sea, and was discovered by him just as the ship was going down. She reached the old locust fence, and, of course, could not miss the opportunity of gathering a nosegay, so she crept through, and was soon plucking, with dainty care, sprigs of lobelia and golden-rod. But now and again she would stop and listen, as if watching for some familiar step, and hearing it not, would resume her task with a mournful expression, and her song would have a sadder cadence.

Presently one that was overlooking her would have seen a sudden change come over Baby Bloom. He would have seen her eyes suddenly brighten, and her cheeks flush. He would also have seen her turn her back resolutely to a certain point of the road, and bend over a piece of convolvulus, as if nothing on earth would ever induce her to look up again. The cause of all this strategy seemed to be nothing more or less than the echoes of a sturdy step upon the road. Tramp, tramp, it came along, and the nearer it came the more steadfastly did Baby Bloom consider the physical economy of the convolvulus. Presently the footsteps came to a halt, and were followed by a creaking of the locust fence, and a heavy thud upon the turf.

"Oh, ho!" thought Baby Bloom, "so you come over the fence to-day without saying, 'By your leave,' Master Reuben. It will go hard with me if I don't punish your impertinence." So she continued to remain quite oblivious of the footsteps, until at last a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder.

"Oh! is that you?" said Baby, carelessly, without even lifting her head, "there—I can't attend to you now. I am busy."

"It is me, my pretty lass," replied a harsh, powerful voice, "and I am glad to see such a pretty maiden gathering such pretty flowers."

Baby started as if a dagger had been thrust suddenly through her heart. It was not Reuben's voice! She lifted her eyes hurriedly, and, although she did not scream, her lips and cheeks became deadly pale. A tall and singular-looking man was standing over her. His hair, which was bright auburn, hung down over his shoulders in huge tangled masses, and mingled with his matted yellow beard. His face was thin and pale, and his eyes seemed what might be called a fiery blue. His entire appearance was wild and strange. His clothes were torn and dusty, and a curious chain, formed of pine cones strung together, hung around his neck. His glance was wonderfully restless, and a convulsive nervous twitching seemed to play continually around the corners of his mouth. He certainly was far from being the kind of person that a timid little maiden of sixteen would choose for the companion in a *tête-à-tête*.

Baby Bloom was still with terror as this wild being disclosed himself to her. She still knelt, with the flowers grasped tightly in her hand, gazing fixedly up at him with her large, round blue eyes. A terror that she could not analyze or account for, seemed to have taken possession of her. This man, as yet, had committed no act of violence, nor did he seem intent on such, yet she felt as if she was about to be overwhelmed with some terrible misfortune.

"Well, sweet lass, this is a merry morning," he continued, in a deep, lugubrious tone that contrasted strangely with his avowed appreciation of the bright sunshine and fragrant fields.

"Yes, Sir!" answered Baby Bloom, almost mechanically, never for a moment taking her eyes from his face.

"A merry morning, a merry morning!" he rapidly went on. "The birds are well to-day, lass. My son, the Oriole, came to see me this morning in the gray of the dawn, and told me he was going to give a banquet in the woods to-day, so I came for you."

"For me, Sir!" gasped poor Baby Bloom, still deeper stricken with increasing terror. "Oh! I can not go—I must go to Mrs. Foster's," and she made an effort to rise, but she had scarcely got to her feet when the man caught her hand and held it tightly. Poor Baby felt as if her last hour was come. "Oh, let me go, Sir!—do let me go!" she pleaded, in almost a whisper, for terror had nearly taken away her voice. "My mother is waiting for me, and I am in haste."

"We will have a glorious time of it," pursued the maniac, heedless of her entreaties. Cat-bird and his wife are coming, and all the squirrels are out gathering nuts for the dessert. Besides," he continued, lowering his tone to a whisper, "the *Regulus Cristata* has promised to come, and bring his top-knot with him!" And he looked at Baby Bloom as if he expected her to be completely overwhelmed by this astounding information.

"Oh!" cried Baby, her eyes filling with tears, and her little heart lying as still in her bosom as a frightened bird in its nest—"oh! if Reuben were only here;" and for a moment she listened intently, thinking she might hear his footstep on the road. But there came no sound. Seeing her so still, the man let drop her hand, and moved away a pace or two, still watching her intently.

"I am the Cock of the Rock, my dear," said he, bowing with much solemnity as he thus introduced himself. "We will make a nest together."

Baby shrank so far into a bunch of sumach, that it seemed as if she really was about to take the hint, and commence the process of nidification immediately.

"I never felt in better plumage," went on her strange companion, rustling his arms as if they were a gorgeous pair of wings; "I am quite over my moulting."

If Baby could have laughed, or if she had a laugh in her, it would certainly have come out at that moment. But the terror that so filled her little heart left no space for any mirthful feeling, and this mad talk seemed to her so awful, that, by a sudden and almost superhuman effort, she sprang to her feet and strove to fly. In an instant, with a weird, unearthly cry, the madman had pounced upon her, lifted her delicate form in his sinewy arms as if she had been a bunch of ostrich plumes, and before she could draw breath twice was scudding with her on his shoulder across the lonely fields.

She did not scream. She could not scream. She lay quite still in a trance of terror. The fields across which they sped were blooming with the crimson tufts of the sumach. The golden-rod lifted up its tall spires from out the parched grass, and the blackbird sat upon the

maple bough and sang short love-songs to his dusky mate. She noted all these things idly as her captor bounded along with the sinewy speed of a deer. Then she began to think of Reuben. How he would come along the road, watching for her; and how sadly he would go to his work when he found she was not at the old place. She tried to think what her mother and father would do, when it was discovered that she was gone—for she did not even feed herself with the hope of ever seeing them again—and wondered if the white bantam would miss her. She thought, of course, that this wild man would kill her when he got her into the woods, and racked her brain in trying to imagine the way in which her murder would be accomplished. Whether it would be a stick or a stone; or whether he would light a fire, and dance round her while she was burning, as she had heard the Indians did of old. Now and then she would wearily strain her eyes across the green fields in search of some familiar face—there lurked a faint hope of Reuben's help in her heart yet—but she saw nothing but yellow fields dotted with patches of fiery sumach, with here and there a lonely pond, fringed with hazel copses, into which she sometimes thought the maniac was about to plunge her.

Thus they drew nearer and nearer to the huge lonely woods that stretched away far into the interior of the island; and as Baby Bloom approached their sombre edges, they seemed to her like some black ocean in which she was about to be engulfed.

They were soon immersed in the forest. A deep twilight, that only half revealed the path, made it all the more fearful. Here and there the sunlight struggled into an open patch, and taking the hues of the autumn leaves through which it passed, painted the ground like the floor of a cathedral when the day illuminates its stained windows. Baby Bloom was now getting very weak and exhausted. The attitude in which she was held by the wild man was distressing in the extreme, and her slight frame was almost breaking as he folded her in his arms. Once or twice she essayed a sort of plaintive remonstrance with him, and tried to bribe or cajole him into setting her free; but as the only reply she got was an unearthly hallo, and an increased rate of speed, she gave up all hope of escape by fair means, and had little prospect of getting her liberty by foul ones.

At last they reached a species of open glade far away in the interior of the forest. A huge evergreen oak lifted its sturdy limbs in the centre of the open patch, and spread them abroad until they touched the trees that encircled it. Here the maniac stopped, and placed Baby Bloom on the ground. Poor thing! between fright and exhaustion, her limbs were so weak that she could not stand; so that the moment her feet touched the sward she sank at full length.

"Now, my lass," said the maniac, gazing at her with an approving smirk, "we'll build our

nest here, up in that tree"—pointing to the oak—"and it shall be so handsome that the Regulus Cristata will die of envy. But we must hasten," he continued rapidly; "the sun is nearly at noon, and the birds will be here before long. Besides, if we haven't it finished to-night, the moon will scold us. And oh! how bitter she is when she is angry. Her words are like ice—so cold, so cold! and she pours them down straight on your head until they cut in—in to the brain, and freeze it up forever. We must not anger the moon, my lass. Come, let us gather moss."

So saying, and heedless whether Baby obeyed him or not, he stooped down and commenced gathering the thick moss that grew all round the place. Several times Baby Bloom thought that his attention would be so occupied with his task that she might manage to steal away unseen. But no! his glance was ever restless and wary, and she had nothing left but to sit still, and watching, praying to Heaven, with all the strength of her young soul, that help might come. She did not long remain so, however. The maniac had soon collected a huge pile of moss, and when he had disposed of it in a heap in the centre of the open space, he beckoned to her imperiously. She did not stir.

"Come!" he cried impatiently, stamping his foot.

"Please—please let me go home, Sir—to my mother—to Reuben. Oh! do let me go!" and Baby wept, and wrung her hands, but did not rise.

"We are wanted up there!" he whispered, pointing mysteriously to a high cleft in the great oak. "We must go."

Baby Bloom clasped her hands in despair, and rocked to and fro on the earth; but the maniac did not give her much time for inactive sorrow, for he seized her once more, and hoisting her on his shoulder, commenced crawling up the rugged trunk of the tree with almost supernatural agility and strength. Higher and higher he climbed until he reached a portion where disease had eaten a large cavity into one of the huge main branches; and this hole, surrounded as it was with twisted limbs, formed a sort of niche in which a couple of persons might easily sit.

"This is to be our nest," he cried triumphantly, as he swung Baby Bloom inside. "Here we'll sit and sing all day long. You sing, don't you? Sing me a song, my Bee-bird."

He looked so imperious and kingly as he said this, sitting at the threshold of the little niche, and had such a dangerous intermittent fire in his blue eye that Baby dared not refuse. So, in hopes that by falling in with his humor she might succeed in softening his heart a little, she began a tremulous ditty that gradually quavered off into a burst of tears. He scarce appeared to listen, and before she ended burst into another fit of talking.

"I am the *Chlamydera Maculata*, a spotted bower-bird," he went on. "I am principally to be found in New South Wales, and am very

abundant at Bezi, on the river Mokai. I am very shy, and my habits are with difficulty observed by naturalists. Mr. Gould gives an excellent description of the manner in which I build my nest. I live in the Australian plains, which are studded with the acacia pendulata; and the bower which I construct, and from which I take my name, is very curious, exhibiting traces of a remarkable architectural faculty."

Baby, to whom this scientific rigmarole was utterly unintelligible, gazed at him with mingled terror and wonder. Suddenly the quick ear of her companion caught some sound in the forest, for he arrested his disquisition, and bent forward anxiously, and listened in perfect silence. Then the sound struck on Baby's ear—a faint hallo, far, far away. Oh! how her heart beat, and how she prayed to God that it might be faithful Reuben seeking for her! Then came the yelp of a dog, growing louder and more furious each moment. It was certainly some one on her track. The maniac grew restless. He flitted like a monkey from bough to bough, casting fiery glances of suspicion at Baby, who sat in her cell with blanched cheeks and clasped hands, listening with all her might. Now the sounds came very near, and Baby, feeling that the time was come, poured forth all her long pent-up terror in one shrill and echoing shriek. It was answered instantly by a shout. The maniac sprang with a howl toward her, when the copse crashed, a small dog leaped panting into the open space. Baby Bloom uttered a cry of joy, and the next moment she saw Reuben Lowe at the foot of the tree gazing up at her.

III.

"Baby, dear Baby! are you safe?" cried Reuben, striving with glances of intensest anxiety to penetrate the thick foliage by which she was screened.

"Quite safe, dear Reuben. But for God's sake take me down out of this."

"In a moment, Baby;" and the next instant Reuben was swiftly creeping up the trunk. But he reckoned without his host. The instant the maniac saw his design, he swung himself with lightning-like rapidity from branch to branch, until he reached the first fork of the tree, and there he waited, peering down into Reuben's ascending face with his fiery blue eyes.

"Let me up, scoundrel," said Reuben, as he neared the fork. "Let me up, or I will kill you."

"Whoo! I am the Cock of the Rock! You shall not rob my nest, or catch my little singing Bee-bird. Whoo!" and the maniac grinned and shouted and flung his arms fiercely about.

Reuben, with a powerful effort, strove to swing himself into the fork, but his opponent was too quick for him, and striking Reuben a fearful blow in the chest with his foot, he flung him, stunned and bruised, to the ground. Baby Bloom from her nest above uttered a faint shriek, and the maniac laughed and shouted,

and joyously proclaimed himself to be a number of strange birds one after the other.

Reuben though bruised, was not, however, disabled. He was on his legs in an instant, and after a moment's reflection ran to the foot of a large locust-tree whose branches intermingled with those of the oak. With an agility that could scarcely be expected after his late tremendous fall, he swarmed up the trunk like a wild cat, and the next instant was speeding up through the limbs until he reached one that projected into the leafy heart of the oak-tree. His face was very pale, but his brows were knit darkly, and Baby Bloom could see that he was determined to rescue her at the cost of his life. When he reached the bough, he ran out lightly along the swaying pathway it formed, and the maniac, divining his intention, sprang up the oak boughs to meet him.

"Have no fear, Baby," he cried, as he reached the very end, which swung beneath his weight as if it would break each moment. "I will be with you in a moment. Have courage, lass!" So saying, he leaped boldly into the oak branches, clutching desperately at the nearest ones. Fortunately he succeeded in grasping one strong enough to bear him, just as the maniac reached him. Reuben, now certain of his footing, turned furiously on his opponent, and caught him by the throat with the only hand which he had at liberty. The boughs of the sturdy old tree shook and heaved with the struggle, and the birds flew screaming around the glade. The contest, however, was but brief, for the madman, finding himself overpowered, let go his hold, and dropped with the lightness of a cat upon the sward beneath. The next instant Reuben had Baby in his arms.

There was no time, however, to be lost in caresses. Reuben explained in a few words that Baby had been missed—that the whole village was out in search of her, and that her father and mother were traversing the fields like wild people, looking for their child. He further added, what perhaps Baby was not sorry to hear, that old Bloom had told Reuben that if he brought back his daughter in safety his suit, once rejected, would be so no longer.

This safety was not yet assured. The mad creature beneath seemed possessed with a demon. He foamed, and shrieked, and flung up stones and fragments of turf into the tree, and Reuben felt sorely puzzled how to get Baby down in the face of so infuriated a maniac. He first thought of descending himself, and endeavoring to secure him, and bind him hand and foot. But there was the chance of his failing in the attempt, and if the madman conquered him, Baby was again at his mercy. Neither did he like to wait for the chance of assistance arriving, for night was falling rapidly, and it was more than probable that those who were on the same errand as himself would not pass that way. He was completely at bay, and racked his brain to no purpose for some means of escape.

He was soon roused into activity. The madman, with the devilish cunning so characteristic of the insane, was busy in piling the dry moss he had gathered about the base of the oak. Reuben also saw him take a box of lucifer matches from his pocket. It was clear that his intention was to burn them down. Reuben knew from experience that a forest in autumn was but too easily ignited, and he shuddered at the horrible fate that awaited Baby and himself, if the maniac was not in some way arrested in his purpose.

Bidding Baby remain perfectly still, he crept gently out on one of the lower branches, directly overhanging the spot where the madman was striving to ignite a match. He was so occupied with his fiendish task that he did not once look up. Reuben let himself down until he swung by his arms, and poised himself exactly over the stooping figure beneath. Then breathing a prayer to Heaven for his success, he dropped. He fell on the madman with a fearful crash. There was a fierce groan, as he tumbled over on the sward, and when he rose, half expecting to find a deadly grasp upon his throat, a black mass, that lay quivering, as if in the last agonies, at the base of the tree, was all that could be seen. A shout of joy announced to Baby Bloom her safety, and in another moment she and Reuben were kneeling on the turf, with entwining arms, thanking God for their escape.

Baby's entrance that night into Harlem was indeed triumphal. Every neighbor within three miles hastened to old father Bloom's, and she had to tell her story over and over again, until she grew so weary that she nodded over the most thrilling portions. And brave Reuben Lowe was a hero for many a day after, and when next New Year he and Baby were married in the old wooden church, every one said that he deserved to win her, and that God would bless their union. Even the consumptive Shanghai was heard to utter a joyful crow on that solemn occasion, which so delighted Mrs. Bloom, that she began to entertain serious doubts whether the affection of the chest under which her favorite labored might not be cured after all.

The poor maniac, whose body was found in the forest the same evening, proved to be a crazy ornithologist, who had escaped weeks before from his keeper, and his death, however unavoidable, was the only drawback to the wedded happiness of Reuben and Baby Bloom.

When the heroine of this little story told me the main facts herself, the other day in Harlem, there was a second Baby Bloom running about the floor. Let us hope that if she wins as brave a husband as Reuben, it will not be such a terrible adventure as that by which her mother gained her heart's desire.

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR.

"IF you had a brother there, I could understand it; or if you were going to nurse some old friend; but, as it is, I must say, Sara,

this sudden resolution of yours seems to me a very wild-goose scheme," said Mr. H—— to his sister-in-law, as they walked before a handsome summer residence in the gray twilight of a quiet and pensive autumnal afternoon.

"Every Englishman is a brother to me, and a friend also, in one sense," answered Sara, gently yet firmly; "and you well know, George, that my resolution is not a sudden one by any means. Besides, you must recollect how many things have occurred to make me feel that it is right for me to undertake this duty. Remember how peculiarly I have been fitted and prepared for the work. You can not have forgotten that terrible accident at the coal-pits, and how much of the care of the sufferers devolved upon me. And then that awful cholera time! Oh, George! you can not but feel that, far from embarking in a wild-goose scheme, I am only following a course which, without any seeking of mine, has been pointed out to me."

"But you seem to forget, Sara, that it was your own people whose sufferings you relieved, and that the accident took place on Henry's estate. Again, in that cholera time—awful you may well call it—all the sick were known to you; they were your brother's tenants. You had visited them in their own cottages, had made intimate acquaintance with every man, woman, and child among them, before those who were taken ill had been removed to the Hall—a rather Quixotic proceeding, as I still think it was, on Henry's part; but, of course, he is at liberty to do what he pleases. Yet, Quixotic as I have always thought him, I am really very much surprised that he should have given his approval to such a scheme as this. What he and Edith can be thinking of to allow you to go, passes my powers of comprehension!" And here the worthy gentleman shook his head, and quickened his steps in proportion as his vexation rose higher, while glancing at the handsome but delicate-looking woman walking by his side, and thinking how unfitted she was, alike by nature and gentle nurture, for the scenes she must encounter in the hospitals at Scutari.

"What Henry and Edith are thinking of," said Sara, "I can readily tell you. They are thinking that I ought not to shrink from a work for which I have been, as it were, educated. They feel that, in becoming nurse, I am not forsaking duties of more paramount importance. They know, by experience, that I have strength and nerve sufficient for any demands that are likely to be made upon either. They have seen that it was not without a struggle I made up my mind at first, but that afterward I considered it the greatest privilege that had ever been bestowed upon me to be allowed to join that devoted band of women who are using all their energies in the noblest work in which woman can be engaged." And while Sara spoke, her deep-blue eyes brightened, even though they were filling with tears, and her mouth quivered with emotion. But she hastily wiped away her tears, and resumed her expression of calm com-

posure, when her brother-in-law, in a slightly sarcastic tone, replied,

"Oh! if you are going to fly away on your enthusiastic wings, you must excuse me from attempting to follow you. I only profess to look at the common-sense view of the matter; and, notwithstanding all your arguments, you have failed to make me see the propriety of an English lady, brought up as you have been in the midst of every luxury, and carefully guarded from the sight and sound of every thing which, for one moment, might shock a woman's delicacy or refined taste, voluntarily exposing herself to the chance—nay, the certainty—of witnessing scenes which ought never to pass before her eyes, and hearing expressions which ought never to enter her ears. You do not know what soldiers are, Sara. You have no conception of the sort of conversation which takes place among them; you can not possibly form any idea of the wickedness and ribald conversation of their camps and barracks; and you must not expect that because they have been wounded, because they have lost an arm or a leg, they will be transformed into different men. On the contrary, it is in the midst of sickness and suffering that character often shows itself most clearly; and what the real character of most of these men is, I am certainly better able to judge than you. It is very different, let me tell you, from a lady's *beau-ideal* of a *preux chevalier*. Then, when they are beginning to recover! Good heavens! that you should be exposed to the chance of hearing their coarse jests, their profane language! No; the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that you are all wrong. Your motive is a good one, but you will forever repent the delusion into which it has led you."

"If I had not prayed often and earnestly to be guided aright," answered Sara, in a low and reverential tone, "then, perhaps, I might have doubted whether I was not undertaking something which was beyond my powers, and out of my province. But ever since it was proposed to me to offer myself—you must recollect that the suggestion, in the first instance, did not come from me—I have met with every encouragement to proceed. I am not blinding my eyes to what I shall have to encounter. And if it should unhappily be as you say, it will only make me feel that it would have been far worse if women had not been there, in some degree to check it by their presence. As for the recollection of it, I have no doubt that it will very soon pass away from my memory."

"All very well, Sara, if there were not others better qualified for the work than you. Far be it from me to wish that our brave wounded men should not all have proper attendance and attention given to them. But this will be much better provided by people who have been regularly brought up to the work—proper hospital nurses, endowed with more physical and mental strength of a certain kind than English ladies can boast, or, indeed, I for one should wish to see them possess. You think, perhaps, you are

doing these soldiers a kindness by going out to wait upon them. You fancy most likely that some of them will be gratified by the attendance of *real* ladies. You will find out that all this is nothing but a species of self-deception. Depend upon it, our soldiers will much prefer being taken care of by people selected from their own class of life, and will only feel awkward, uncomfortable, and constrained, under the nursing of persons so different in every way from those to whom they are accustomed."

"Oh, George! if there were a sufficient staff of proper hospital nurses, I should never for a moment have thought of offering my services. Do you fancy that it costs me nothing to leave this dear place, and still dearer friends? Do you think I would, for a moment, have acceded to the wish of those who have asked me to bid farewell for a time, we know not how long, to all that makes life pleasant or lovely, if I had thought there were others better qualified for the work than I? It was the conviction of the want of such properly-qualified people which mainly induced me to think of becoming a hospital nurse. Surely, if the common run of nurses are spoken of as 'persons accustomed to drown disgust in brandy,' they can not be the right description of people to send out as attendants upon our wounded men. Believe me, that, after all, arduous though our duties may be, they will not be half so trying or distressing as you are apt to imagine." And Sara looked at her brother-in-law with a cheering smile on her face, which ought to have chased every doubt and cloud from his mind, if he had not been so wedded to his common-sense notions—and something more than common sense is needed to understand the motives which prompt to such undertakings.

"But consider what your going out entails," he continued; "you are obliged to take a servant to cook for you, and wait upon you, and separate accommodation must be provided for you; whereas, had common hospital nurses alone been sent out, they would have required no better quarters than such as the wounded men have assigned to them; and if they themselves had been attacked by sickness, they would not have felt the want of comforts which to ladies are indispensable."

"In that case we shall have our own servants to wait upon us, and they will see that we want for nothing that is really necessary. Besides, they will be able to give us help in many things, such as preparing little remedies for the sick, and assisting us in our care of them in more ways than I have time to tell you of just now," said Sara, looking heartily weary of the discussion.

"Well, my dear Sara, I suppose a willful woman must have her way. I am sure you will believe that, although I have thought it right to tell you *some* of my objections (I have still several others left, which I may give you at some future time), I fully appreciate the generous devotion and unselfish enthusiasm which in-

duces you to leave a happy home, and friends who dearly love you, in order to go and soften the sufferings of our brave fellow-countrymen by your presence and care."

So saying he held out his hand, and fondly was its pressure returned by his sister, though the only words she spoke were:

"Ah, George! the sunshine of my life is over. It is long since I was made to know that I must try to live for the many, instead of devoting myself only to *one*. You understand me now."

* * * * *

Shift we the scene. Time has passed, and with it many brave souls have been borne on the sulphurous smoke of cannon from a field of blood to the judgment-seat of God. An awful change! The battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, have been fought, and before the yet unbreached walls of Sebastopol a decimated, but undaunted army, lies intrenched. To the desperate and tenacious valor both of Frank and Anglo-Saxon, let the ravages of famine, pestilence, and war bear undying testimony. But, alas! the ends by which such glory is attained only put our civilization and Christianity to the blush. History dares not record, and the world strives to forget them.

History does not tell how many of France and England's bravest soldiery die with curses and imprecations on their lips, and murder in their hearts! History does not tell of the grief, anxiety, and final despair of widowed wives and orphaned children! History tells not the tale of long-protracted suffering, to which death comes as a blessed boon! History does not tell how many stout yeomen would forfeit their claims, even to courage itself, to be once more at their own cottage firesides! History does not truly paint the agony of a single dying soldier on the field! But we can see him. Now he raises himself wearily on his arm amidst a heap of hostile slain—man and beast. The sea of battle has rolled over the adjoining hill, and is hidden from his view. No succor is near. Mercy has mantled her face for very shame. Yet he fought like a Roman for his household gods in the very fiercest of that fiery charge! Damp dews are on the ground. His wounded limbs are already stiffened with cold, and the dusky shadows of night—the precursors of death—are creeping on.

Hark! the tumultuous tide is borne hitherward again. But what mockery to him is that shout of victory! What cares he, at such a moment, to see the red cross or the tricolor carried triumphantly into the heart of the enemy's ranks! *His* eyes do not glisten now at the sight of those retreating masses of disordered chivalry. The tramp of horses, and the thunder of artillery, are no longer heeded by him; for the heart of the dying soldier, if heart he has, is far, far away. Home, wife, friends, pass in dreary array, to haunt and torment him to the grave. There let him rest. The "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" have faded away, and the realities of this royal pas-

time stand unmasked. They are ruin, despair, death.

Ay, Famine, Pestilence, and War, in the allied armies of France and England, have not left their work incomplete. Ship-loads of sick and wounded are taken from the scene of carnage. Tossed upon the stormy waves of the Euxine during several days, many die before they reach their destined asylum. But vessel after vessel arrives with its freight of human suffering, and the great hospital at Scutari is speedily filled.

The noble women who left England to nurse the wounded soldiers were already engaged in their arduous labors. Sara, too, was there. She had soothed the last moments of many a sufferer, and now looked pale and wearied with unwonted exertion. The sight of their agony was almost greater than she could bear—far, far more terrible than she had ever anticipated. She, too, found that there were realities in war over which history silently draws a veil. Man can face the battle-field, but with all his hardihood and courage he will shrink from the hospital. Woman's fortitude is required *there*.

Yet Sara did not falter in her self-imposed task, though words in unknown tongues, shrieks of pain, mutterings of prayer, and even execrations were often her only reward. Though uncouth, mutilated forms, which once gloried in the perfection of manly strength and beauty, constantly met her eye, she still persevered with unswerving fidelity to the cause in which she was engaged. A deaf ear was never turned by her to the sufferer's entreaties, especially when they came from one of her own countrymen. The same sympathy, care, and attention was bestowed upon all.

On the day of which we speak, many new patients were brought into the hospital. It was a solemn and distressing sight. Here was a tall grenadier who had lost both his legs, and, though he was now dying in great agony, no murmur or other indication of pain escaped his lips. It was the stoicism of a Spartan hero! From the damp perspiration collected on his forehead, you might conceive somewhat of the agony he endured.

Another near him—in the wild delirium of fever—fancied himself in a cavalry charge, trampling down the enemy's infantry, while he shouted again and again as in the frenzy of the fight. Further on, might be heard shrieks or low convulsive moanings, which told their own tale. A few seemed resigned to their fate, and others were silently praying their last prayer.

Among these, was one brought in that same morning. He had been desperately wounded at Balaklava, and life was now fast ebbing away. Judging from his ghastly face and closed eyelids, he seemed unconscious of all around. He might have been thirty-five years of age, and was doubtless above the rank of a common soldier, for there was a noble appearance about his features, wasted and haggard though they

were with suffering, which would have arrested the attention of the most casual observer.

"Who is he?" whispered one of the nurses to Sara.

"Which one?"

"There. He opens his eyes and seems to be looking at you. Do you know him?"

She half uttered a shriek.

"Why, what's the matter?"

But Sara was on her knees now by the bedside. And while her companions were wondering at her emotion, she had placed her arm around the sick man's head, speaking fondly, passionately, and, as they fancied, incoherently to him. His eyes, turned with a troubled expression toward hers, rested there long ere they betrayed any sign of recognition. At last the light of memory flashed over the features of the dying man. He could not speak, but he smiled; and it was a smile that death could not banish from his face. The struggling spirit had quietly severed the silver cord that bound it to earth even then, and the sobs of the kneeling woman were not needed to reveal the secret of a long-cherished but hopeless love.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IN WHICH BENEDIK IS A MARRIED MAN.

WE have all heard of the dying French Duchess, who viewed her coming dissolution and subsequent fate so easily, because she said she was sure that Heaven must deal politely with a person of her quality. I suppose Lady Kew had some such notions regarding people of rank: her long suffering toward them was extreme; in fact, there were vices which the old lady thought pardonable, and even natural, in a young nobleman of high station, which she never would have excused in persons of vulgar condition.

Her ladyship's little knot of associates and scandal-bearers—elderly roués and ladies of the world, whose business it was to know all sorts of noble intrigues and exalted tittle-tattle; what was happening among the devotees of the exiled court at Frohsdorf; what among the citizen princes of the Tuileries; who was the reigning favorite of the Queen-mother at Aranjaz; who was smitten with whom at Vienna or Naples; and the last particulars of the *chroniques scandaleuses* of Paris and London; Lady Kew, I say, must have been perfectly aware of my Lord Fartintosh's amusements, associates, and manner of life, and yet she never, for one moment, exhibited any anger or dislike toward that nobleman. Her amiable heart was so full of kindness and forgiveness toward the young prodigal, that, even without any repentance on his part, she was ready to take him to her old arms, and give him her venerable benediction. Pathetic sweetness of nature! Charming tenderness of disposition!

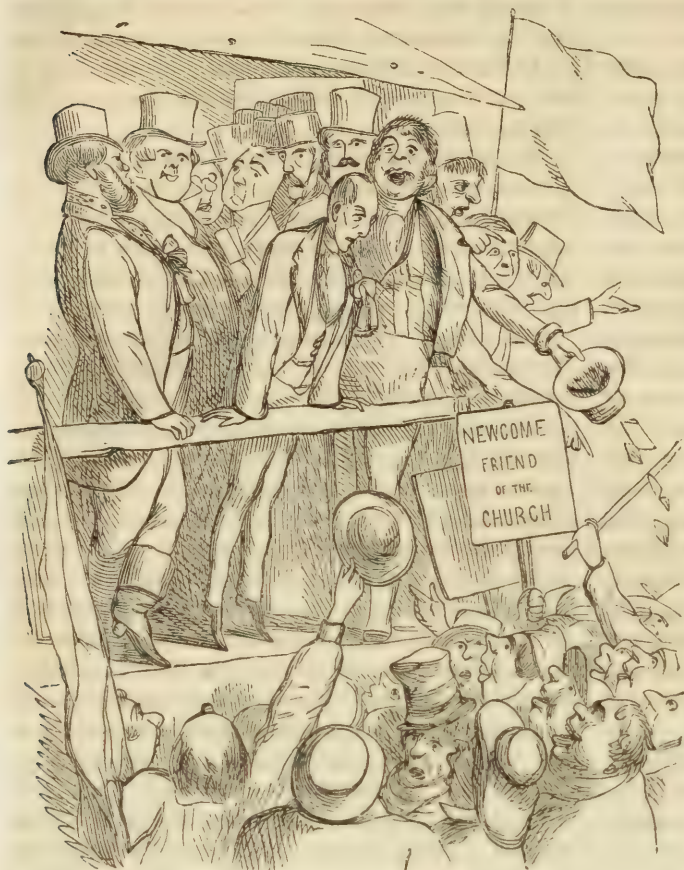
With all his faults and wickednesses, his follies and his selfishness, there was no moment when Lady Kew would not have received the young lord, and endowed him with the hand of her darling Ethel.

But the hopes which this fond forgiving creature had nurtured for one season, and carried on so resolutely to the next, were destined to be disappointed yet a second time, by a most provoking event which occurred in the Newcome family. Ethel was called away suddenly from Paris by her father's third and last paralytic seizure. When she reached her home, Sir Brian could not recognize her. A few hours after her arrival, all the vanities of the world were over for him: and Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet, reigned in his stead. The day after Sir Brian was laid in his vault at Newcome—a letter appeared in the local papers addressed to the Independent Electors of that Borough, in which his orphaned son, feelingly alluding to the virtue, the services, and the political principles of the deceased, offered himself as a candidate for the seat in Parliament now vacant. Sir Barnes announced that he should speedily pay his respects in person to the friends and supporters of his lamented father. That he was a staunch friend of our admirable constitution, need not be said. That he was a firm, but conscientious upholder of our Protestant religion, all who knew Barnes Newcome must be aware. That he would do his utmost to advance the interests of this great agricultural, this great manufacturing county and Borough, we may be sure he avowed; as that he would be (if returned to represent Newcome in Parliament) the advocate of every rational reform, the unhesitating opponent of every reckless innovation. In fine, Barnes Newcome's manifesto to the Electors of Newcome was as authentic a document, and gave him credit for as many public virtues, as that slab over poor Sir Brian's bones in the chancel of Newcome church; which commemorated the good qualities of the defunct, and the grief of his heir.

In spite of the virtues, personal and inherited, of Barnes, his seat for Newcome was not got without a contest. The dissenting interest and the respectable liberals of the Borough wished to set up Samuel Higg, Esq., against Sir Barnes Newcome; and now it was that Barnes's civilities of the previous year, aided by Madame de Moncontour's influence over her brother, bore their fruit. Mr. Higg declined to stand against Sir Barnes Newcome, although Higg's political principles were by no means those of the honorable Baronet; and the candidate from London, whom the Newcome extreme radicals set up against Barnes, was nowhere on the poll when the day of election came. So Barnes had the desire of his heart; and, within two months after his father's demise, he sat in Parliament as Member for Newcome.

The bulk of the late Baronet's property descended, of course, to his elder son: who grumbled, nevertheless, at the provision made for his

* Continued from the February Number.



brothers and sisters, and that the town-house should have been left to Lady Ann, who was too poor to inhabit it. But Park Lane is the best situation in London, and Lady Ann's means were greatly improved by the annual produce of the house in Park Lane; which, as we all know, was occupied by a foreign minister for several subsequent seasons. Strange mutations of fortune; old places; new faces; what Londoner does not see and speculate upon them every day? Cœlia's boudoir, who is dead with the daisies over her at Kensal Green, is now the chamber where Delia is consulting Dr. Locock, or Julia's children are romping: Florio's dining-tables have now Pollio's wine upon them: Calista, being a widow, and (to the surprise of every body who knew Trimalchio, and enjoyed his famous dinners) left but very poorly off, lets the house and the rich, chaste, and appropriate-planned furniture, by Dowbiggin, and the proceeds go to keep her little boys at Eton. The next year, as Mr. Clive Newcome rode by the once familiar mansion (whence the hatchment had been removed, announcing that there was *in cœlo quies* for the late Sir Brian Newcome, Bart.), alien faces looked from over the flowers in the balconies. He got a card for an entertainment from the occupant of the mansion, H. E., the Bulgarian minister; and there was the same crowd in the reception-room and on the stairs, the same grave men from Gunter's distributing the refreshments in the dining-room, the same old Smee, R.A. (always in the room where the edibles were), cringing and flattering to the new occupants; and the same effigy of poor Sir Brian, in his deputy-lieutenant's uni-

form, looking blankly down from over the sideboard, at the feast which his successors were giving. A dreamy old ghost of a picture. Have you ever looked at those round George IV.'s banqueting hall at Windsor? Their frames still hold them, but they smile ghostly smiles, and swagger in robes and velvets which are quite faint and faded: their crimson coats have a twilight tinge: the lustre of their stars has twinkled out: they look as if they were about to flicker off the wall and retire to join their originals in limbo.

Nearly three years had elapsed since the good Colonel's departure for India, and during this time certain changes had occurred in the lives of the principal actors and the writer of this history. As regards the latter, it must be stated that the dear old firm of Lamb Court had been dissolved, the junior member having contracted another partnership. The chronicler of these memoirs was a bachelor no longer. My wife and I had spent the winter at Rome (favorite resort of young married couples), and had heard from the artists there Clive's name affectionately repeated, and many accounts of his sayings and doings, his merry supper-parties, and the talents of young Ridley, his friend. When we came to London in the spring, almost our first visit was to Clive's apartments in Charlotte Street, whither my wife delightedly went to give her hand to the young painter.

But Clive no longer inhabited that quiet region. On driving to the house, we found a bright brass plate, with the name of Mr. J. J. Ridley on the door, and it was J. J.'s hand which I shook (his other being engaged with a great pallet, and a sheaf of painting-brushes), when we entered the well-known quarters. Clive's picture hung over the mantel-piece, where his father's head used to hang in our time—a careful and beautifully executed portrait of the lad in a velvet coat, and a Roman hat, with that golden beard which was sacrificed to the exigencies of London fashion. I showed Laura the likeness until she could become acquainted with the original. On her expressing her delight at the picture, the painter was pleased to say, in his modest blushing way, that he would be glad to execute my wife's portrait too, nor, as I think, could any artist find a subject more pleasing.

After admiring others of Mr. Ridley's works, our talk naturally reverted to his predecessor. Clive had migrated to much more splendid quarters. Had we not heard? he had become a rich man, a man of fashion. "I fear he is very lazy about the arts," J. J. said, with regret on his countenance; "though I begged and prayed him to be faithful to his profession. He would have done very well in it, in portrait-painting especially. Look here, and here, and

here!" said Ridley, producing fine vigorous sketches of Clive's. "He had the art of seizing the likeness, and of making all his people look like gentlemen, too. He was improving every day, when this abominable bank came in the way, and stopped him."

What bank? I did not know the new Indian bank of which the Colonel was a director? Then, of course, I was aware that the mercantile affair in question was the Bundelcund Bank, about which the Colonel had written to me from India more than a year since, announcing that fortunes were to be made by it, and that he had reserved shares for me in the company. Laura admired all Clive's sketches, which his affectionate brother artist showed to her, with the exception of one representing the reader's humble servant; which, Mrs. Pendennis considered, by no means did justice to the original.

Bidding adieu to the kind J. J., and leaving him to pursue his art, in that silent serious way in which he daily labored at it, we drove to Fitzroy Square hard by, where I was not displeased to show the good old hospitable James Binnie the young lady who bore my name. But here, too, we were disappointed. Placards wafered in the windows announced that the old house was to let. The woman who kept it, brought a card in Mrs. Mackenzie's frank handwriting, announcing Mr. James Binnie's address was "Poste restante Pau in the Pyrenees," and that his London Agents were Messrs. So-and-so. The woman said she believed the gentleman had been unwell. The house, too, looked very pale, dismal, and disordered; we drove away from the door, grieving to think that ill-health, or any other misfortunes, had befallen good old James.

Mrs. Pendennis drove back to our lodgings, Brixham's, in Jermyn Street, while I sped to the City, having business in that quarter. It has been said that I kept a small account with Hobson Brothers, to whose bank I went, and entered the parlor with that trepidation which most poor men feel on presenting themselves before City magnates and capitalists. Mr. Hobson Newcome shook hands most jovially and good-naturedly, congratulated me on my marriage, and so forth, and presently Sir Barnes Newcome made his appearance, still wearing his mourning for his deceased father.

Nothing could be more kind, pleasant, and cordial than Sir Barnes's manner. He seemed to know well about my affairs; complimented me on every kind of good fortune; had heard that I had canvassed the borough in which I lived; hoped sincerely to see me in Parliament and on the right side; was most anxious to become acquainted with Mrs. Pendennis, of whom Lady Rockminster said all sorts of kind things; and asked for our address, in order that Lady Clara Newcome might have the pleasure of calling on my wife. This ceremony was performed soon afterward; and an invitation to dinner from Sir Barnes and Lady Clara Newcome speedily followed it.

Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., M.P., I need not say, no longer inhabited the small house which he had occupied immediately after his marriage; but dwelt in a much more spacious mansion in Belgravia, where he entertained his friends. Now that he had come into his kingdom, I must say that Barnes was by no means so insufferable as in the days of his bachelorhood. He had sown his wild oats, and spoke with regret and reserve of that season of his moral culture. He was grave, sarcastic, statesman-like; did not try to conceal his baldness (as he used before his father's death, by bringing lean wisps of hair over his forehead from the back of his head); talked a great deal about the House; was assiduous in his attendance there and in the City; and conciliating with all the world. It seemed as if we were all his constituents, and though his efforts to make himself agreeable were rather apparent, the effect succeeded pretty well. We met Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, and Clive, and Miss Ethel looking beautiful in her black robes. It was a family party, Sir Barnes said, giving us to understand, with a decorous solemnity in face and voice, that no *large* parties as yet could be received in that house of mourning.

To this party was added, rather to my surprise, my Lord Highgate, who under the sobriquet of Jack Belsize has been presented to the reader of this history. Lord Highgate gave Lady Clara his arm to dinner, but went and took a place next Miss Newcome, on the other side of her: that immediately by Lady Clara being reserved for a guest who had not as yet made his appearance.

Lord Highgate's attentions to his neighbor, his laughing and talking, were incessant; so much so that Clive, from his end of the table, scowled in wrath at Jack Belsize's assiduities: it was evident that the youth, though hopeless, was still jealous and in love with his charming cousin.

Barnes Newcome was most kind to all his guests: from Aunt Hobson to your humble servant there was not one but the master of the house had an agreeable word for him. Even for his cousin Samuel Newcome, a gawky youth with an eruptive countenance, Barnes had appropriate words of conversation, and talked about King's College, of which the lad was an ornament, with the utmost affability. He complimented that institution and young Samuel, and by that shot knocked not only over Sam but his mamma too. He talked to Uncle Hobson about his crops; to Clive about his pictures; to me about the great effect which a certain article in the "Pall Mall Gazette" had produced in the House, where the Chancellor of the Exchequer was perfectly livid with fury, and Lord John bursting out laughing at the attack: in fact, nothing could be more amiable than our host on this day. Lady Clara was very pretty; grown a little stouter since her marriage, the change only became her. She was a little silent, but then she had Uncle Hobson on her

left-hand side, between whom and her ladyship there could not be much in common, and the place at the right hand was still vacant. The person with whom she talked most freely was Clive, who had made a beautiful drawing of her and her little girl, for which the mother and the father too, as it appeared, were very grateful.

What had caused this change in Barnes's behavior? Our particular merits or his own private reform? In the two years over which this narrative has had to run in the course of as many chapters, the writer had inherited a property so small that it could not occasion a banker's civility; and I put down Sir Barnes Newcome's politeness to a sheer desire to be well with me. But with Lord Highgate and Clive the case was different, as you must now hear.

Lord Highgate, having succeeded to his father's title and fortune, had paid every shilling of his debts, and had sowed his wild oats to the very last corn. His lordship's account at Hobson Brothers was very large. Painful events of three years' date, let us hope, were forgotten—gentlemen can not go on being in love and despairing, and quarreling forever. When he came into his funds, Highgate behaved with uncommon kindness to Rooster, who was always straitened for money: and when the late Lord Dorking died and Rooster succeeded to him, there was a meeting at Chanticleere between Highgate and Barnes Newcome and his wife, which went off very comfortably. At Chanticleere, the Dowager Lady Kew and Miss Newcome were also staying, when Lord Highgate announced his prodigious admiration for the young lady; and, it was said, corrected Farintosh, as a low-minded, foul-tongued young cub for daring to speak disrespectfully of her. Nevertheless, *vous concevez*, when a man of the Marquis's rank was supposed to look with the eyes of admiration upon a young lady, Lord Highgate would not think of spoiling sport, and he left Chanticleere declaring that he was always destined to be unlucky in love. When old Lady Kew was obliged to go to Vichy for her lumbago, Highgate said to Barnes, "Do ask your charming sister to come to you in London; she will bore herself to death with the old woman at Vichy, or with her mother at Rugby" (whither Lady Ann had gone to get her boys educated), and accordingly Miss Newcome came on a visit to her brother and sister, at whose house we have just had the honor of seeing her.

When Rooster took his seat in the House of Lords, he was introduced by Highgate and Kew, as Highgate had been introduced by Kew previously. Thus these three gentlemen all rode in gold coaches; had all got coronets on their heads; as you will, my respected young friend, if you are the eldest son of a peer who dies before you. And now they were rich, they were all going to be very good boys, let us hope. Kew, we know, married one of the Dorking family, that second Lady Henrietta Pulleyn, whom we described as frisking about at Baden, and not in the least afraid of him. How little

the reader knew, to whom we introduced the girl in that chatty off-hand way, that one day the young creature would be a countess! But *we* knew it all the while—and, when she was walking about with the governess, or romping with her sisters; and when she had dinner at one o'clock; and when she wore a pinafore very likely—we secretly respected her as the future Countess of Kew, and mother of the Viscount Walham.

Lord Kew was very happy with his bride, and very good to her. He took Lady Kew to Paris, for a marriage trip; but they lived almost altogether at Kewbury afterward, where his lordship sowed tame oats now after his wild ones, and became one of the most active farmers of his county. He and the Newcomes were not very intimate friends; for Lord Kew was heard to say that he disliked Barnes more after his marriage than before. And the two sisters, Lady Clara and Lady Kew, had a quarrel on one occasion, when the latter visited London just before the dinner at which we have just assisted, nay, at which we are just assisting, took place—a quarrel about Highgate's attentions to Ethel very likely. Kew was dragged into it—and hot words passed between him and Jack Belsize; and Jack did not go down to Kewbury afterward, though Kew's little boy was christened after him. All these interesting details, about people of the very highest rank, we are supposed to whisper in the reader's ear as we are sitting at a Belgravian dinner-table. My dear Barmecide friend, isn't it pleasant to be in such fine company?

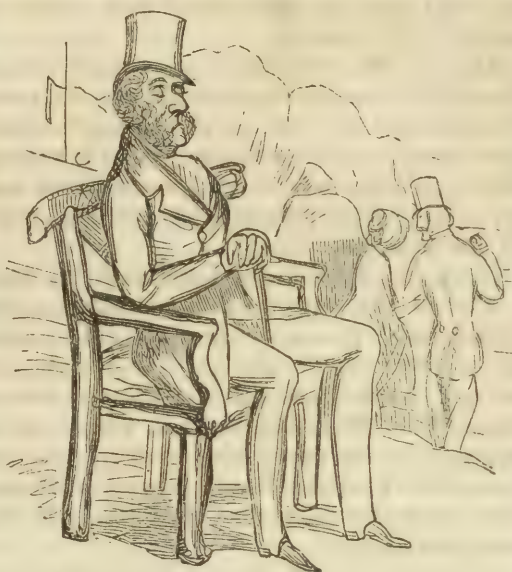
And now we must tell how it is that Clive Newcome, Esq., whose eyes are flashing fire across the flowers of the table at Lord Highgate, who is making himself so agreeable to Miss Ethel—now we must tell how it is that Clive and his cousin Barnes are grown to be friends again.

The Bundelcund Bank, which had been established for four years, had now grown to be one of the most flourishing commercial institutions in Bengal. Founded, as the prospectus announced, at a time when all private credit was shaken by the failure of the great Agency Houses, of which the downfall had carried dismay and ruin throughout the presidency; the B. B. had been established on the *only* sound principle of commercial prosperity—that of association. The native capitalists, headed by the great firm of Rummun Lall and Co., of Calcutta, had largely embarked in the B. B., and the officers of the two services and the European mercantile body of Calcutta had been invited to take shares in an institution which to merchants, native and English, civilians and military men, was alike advantageous and indispensable. How many young men of the latter services had been crippled for life by the ruinous cost of agencies, of which the profits to the agents themselves were so enormous! The shareholders of the B. B. were their own agents; and the greatest capitalist in India as well as the youngest Ensign in the service might invest at the largest and

safest premium, and borrow at the smallest interest, by becoming, according to his means, a shareholder in the B. B. Their correspondents were established in each presidency and in every chief city of India, as well as at Sidney, Singapore, Canton, and, of course, London. With China they did an immense opium trade, of which the profits were so great, that it was only in private sittings of the B. B. managing committee that the details and accounts of these operations could be brought forward. Otherwise the books of the bank were open to every shareholder; and the Ensign or the young civil servant was at liberty at any time to inspect his own private account as well as the common ledger. With New South Wales they carried on a vast trade in wool, supplying that great colony with goods, which their London agents enabled them to purchase in such a way as to give them the command of the market. As if to add to their prosperity, copper-mines were discovered on lands in the occupation of the B. Banking Company, which gave the most astonishing returns. And throughout the vast territories of British India, through the great native firm of Rummun Lall and Co., the Bundelcund Banking Company had possession of the native markets. The order from Birmingham for idols alone (made with their copper and paid in their wool) was enough to make the low church party in England cry out; and a debate upon this subject actually took place in the House of Commons, of which the effect was to send up the shares of the Bundelcund Banking Company very considerably upon the London Exchange.

The fifth half-yearly dividend was announced at twelve and a quarter per cent. of the paid up capital: the accounts from the copper mine sent the dividend up to a still greater height, and carried the shares to an extraordinary premium. In the third year of the concern, the house of Hobson Brothers, of London, became the agents of the Bundelcund Banking Company of India; and among our friends, James Binnie, who had prudently held out for some time, and Clive Newcome, Esq., became shareholders, Clive's good father having paid the first installments of the lad's shares up in Calcutta, and invested every rupee he could himself command in this enterprise. When Hobson Brothers joined it, no wonder James Binnie was convinced; Clive's friend, the Frenchman, and through that connection the house of Higg, of Newcome and Manchester, entered into the affair; and among the minor contributors in England we may mention Miss Cann, who took a little fifty pound note share, and dear old Miss Honeyman; and J. J., and his father Ridley, who brought a small bag of saving—all knowing that their Colonel, who was eager that his friends should participate in his good fortune, would never lead them wrong. To Clive's surprise, Mrs. Mackenzie, between whom and himself there was a considerable coolness, came to his chambers, and with a solemn injunction that the matter between them should be quite

private, requested him to purchase £1500 worth of Bundelcund shares for her and her darling girls, which he did, astonished to find the thrifty widow in possession of so much money. Had Mr. Pendennis's mind not been bent at this moment on quite other subjects, he might have increased his own fortune by the Bundelcund Bank speculation; but in these two years I was engaged in matrimonial affairs (having Clive Newcome, Esq., as my groomsman on a certain interesting occasion). When we returned from our tour abroad, the India Bank shares were so very high that I did not care to purchase, though I found an affectionate letter from our good Colonel (enjoining me to make my fortune) awaiting me at the agent's, and my wife received a pair of beautiful Cashmere shawls from the same kind friend.



CHAPTER XLIX.

CONTAINS AT LEAST SIX MORE COURSES AND TWO DESSERTS.

THE banker's dinner party over, we returned to our apartments, having dropped Major Pendennis at his lodgings, and there, as the custom is among most friendly married couples, talked over the company and the dinner. I thought my wife would naturally have liked Sir Barnes Newcome, who was very attentive to her, took her to dinner as the bride, and talked ceaselessly to her during the whole entertainment.

Laura said No—she did not know why—could there be any better reason? There was a tone about Sir Barnes Newcome she did not like—especially in his manner to women.

I remarked that he spoke sharply and in a sneering manner to his wife, and treated one or two remarks which she made as if she was an idiot.

Mrs. Pendennis flung up her head, as much as to say, "And so she is."

Mr. Pendennis. What! the wife too, my dear Laura! I should have thought such a pretty, simple, innocent, young woman, with just enough good looks to make her pass muster, who is very well-bred and not brilliant at all—I should have thought such a one might have secured a sister's approbation.

Mrs. Pendennis. You fancy we are all jealous of one another. No protest of ours can take that notion out of your heads. My dear Pen, I do not intend to try. We are not jealous of mediocrity: we are not patient of it. I dare say we are angry because we see men admire it so. You gentlemen, who pretend to be our betters, give yourselves such airs of protection, and profess such a lofty superiority over us, prove it by quitting the cleverest woman in the room for the first pair of bright eyes and dimpled cheeks that enter. It was those charms which attracted you in Lady Clara, Sir.

Pendennis. I think she is very pretty, and very innocent, and artless.

Mrs. P. Not very pretty, and perhaps not so very artless.

Pendennis. How can you tell, you wicked woman? Are you such a profound deceiver yourself, that you can instantly detect artifice in others? O Laura!

Mrs. P. We can detect all sorts of things. The inferior animals have instincts you know. (I must say my wife is always very satirical upon this point of the relative rank of the sexes.) One thing I am sure of is, that she is not happy; and, O Pen! that she does not care much for her little girl.

Pendennis. How do you know that, my dear?

Mrs. P. We went up stairs to see the child after dinner. It was at my wish. The mother did not offer to go. The child was awake and crying. Lady Clara did not offer to take it. Ethel—Miss Newcome took it, rather to my surprise, for she seems very haughty; and the nurse, who I suppose was at supper, came running up at the noise, and then the poor little thing was quiet.

Pendennis. I remember we heard the music, as the dining-room was open; and Newcome said, "That is what you will have to expect, Pendennis."

Mrs. P. Hush, Sir! If my baby cries, I think you must expect me to run out of the room. I liked Miss Newcome after seeing her with the poor little thing. She looked so handsome as she walked with it! I longed to have it myself.

Pendennis. *Tout vient à fin, à qui sait. . .*

Mrs. P. Don't be silly. What a dreadful, dreadful place this great world of yours is, Arthur; where husbands do not seem to care for their wives; where mothers do not love their children; where children love their nurses best; where men talk what they call gallantry!

Pendennis. What?

Mrs. P. Yes, such as that dreary, languid, pale, bald, cadaverous, leering man whispered to me. Oh, how I dislike him! I am sure he is unkind to his wife. I am sure he has a bad temper; and if there is any excuse for—

Pendennis. For what?

Mrs. P. For nothing. But you heard yourself that he had a bad temper, and spoke sneeringly to his wife. What could make her marry him?

Pendennis. Money, and the desire of papa and mamma. For the same reason Clive's flame, poor Miss Newcome, was brought out to-day; that vacant seat at her side was for Lord Farintosh, who did not come. And the Marquis not being present, the Baron took his innings. Did you not see how tender he was to her, and how fierce poor Clive looked?

Mrs. P. Lord Highgate was very attentive to Miss Newcome, was he?

Pendennis. And some years ago, Lord Highgate was breaking his heart about whom do you think? about Lady Clara Pulleyn, our hostess of last night. He was Jack Belsize then, a younger son, plunged over head and ears in debt; and of course there could be no marriage. Clive was present at Baden when a terrible scene took place, and carried off poor Jack to Switzerland and Italy, where he remained till his father died, and he came into the title in which he rejoices. And now he is off with the old love, Laura, and on with the new. Why do you look at me so? Are you thinking that other people have been in love two or three times too?

Mrs. P. I am thinking that I should not like to live in London, Arthur.

And this was all that Mrs. Laura could be brought to say. When this young woman chooses to be silent, there is no power that can extract a word from her. It is true that she is generally in the right; but that is only the more aggravating. Indeed, what can be more provoking, after a dispute with your wife, than to find it is you, and not she, who has been in the wrong?

Sir Barnes Newcome politely caused us to understand that the entertainment of which we had just partaken was given in honor of the bride. Clive must needs not be outdone in hospitality; and invited us and others to a fine feast at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where Mrs. Pendennis was placed at his right hand. I smile as I think how much dining has been already commemorated in these veracious pages; but the story is an everyday record; and does not dining form a certain part of the pleasure and business of every day? It is at that pleasant hour that our sex has the privilege of meeting the other. The morning, man and woman alike devote to business, or pass mainly in the company of their own kind. John has his office; Jane her household, her nursery, her milliner, her daughters, and their masters. In the country he has his hunting, his fishing, his farming, his letters; she her schools, her poor, her garden, or what not. Parted through the shining hours, and improving them let us trust, we come together toward sunset only, we make merry and amuse ourselves. We chat with our pretty neighbor, or survey the young ones sporting; we make love and are jealous; we dance, or obsequiously turn over the leaves of Cecilia's music-book; we play whist, or go to sleep in the arm-chair, according to our ages and conditions. Snooze gently in thy arm-chair, thou

easy bald head! play your whist, or read your novel, or talk scandal over your work, ye worthy dowagers and fogies! Meanwhile the young ones frisk about, or dance, or sing, or laugh; or whisper behind curtains in moonlit-windows; or shirk away into the garden, and come back smelling of cigars; nature having made them so to do.

Nature at this time irresistibly impelled Clive Newcome toward love-making. It was pairing season with him. Mr. Clive was now some three-and-twenty years old: enough has been said about his good looks, which were in truth sufficient to make him a match for the young lady on whom he had set his heart, and from whom, during this entertainment which he gave to my wife, he could never keep his eyes away for three minutes. Laura's did not need to be so keen as they were in order to see what poor Clive's condition was. She did not in the least grudge the young fellow's inattention to herself; or feel hurt that he did not seem to listen when she spoke; she conversed with J. J., her neighbor, who was very modest and agreeable; while her husband, not so well pleased, had Mrs. Hobson Newcome for his partner during the chief part of the entertainment. Mrs. Hobson and Lady Clara were the matrons who gave the sanction of their presence to this bachelor-party. Neither of their husbands could come to Clive's little fête; had they not the City and the House of Commons to attend? My uncle, Major Pendennis, was another of the guests; who, for his part, found the party was what you young fellows call very slow. Dreading Mrs. Hobson and her powers of conversation, the old gentleman nimbly skipped out of her neighborhood, and fell by the side of Lord Highgate, to whom the Major was inclined to make himself very pleasant. But Lord Highgate's broad back was turned upon his neighbor, who was forced to tell stories to Captain Crackthorpe which had amused dukes and marquises in former days, and were surely quite good enough for any baron in this realm. "Lord Highgate sweet upon *la belle* Newcome, is he?" said the testy Major afterward. "He seemed to me to talk to Lady Clara the whole time. When I awoke in the garden after dinner, as Mrs. Hobson was telling one of her confounded long stories, I found her audience was diminished to one. Crackthorpe, Lord Highgate, and Lady Clara, we had all been sitting there when the bankeress cut in (in the midst of a very good story I was telling them, which entertained them very much), and never ceased talking till I fell off into a doze. When I roused myself, begad, she was still going on. Crackthorpe was off, smoking a cigar on the terrace: my Lord and Lady Clara were nowhere; and you four, with the little painter, were chatting cozily in another arbor. Behaved himself very well, the little painter. Doosid good dinner Ellis gave us. But as for Highgate being *aux soins* with *la belle Banquière*, trust me, my boy, he is . . . upon my word, my dear, it seemed to me his thoughts went quite another way. To be

sure, Lady Clara is a *belle banquière* too now. He, he, he! How could he say he had no carriage to go home in? He came down in Crackthorpe's cab, who passed us just now, driving back young Whatdyecall the painter."

Thus did the Major discourse, as we returned toward the City. I could see in the open carriage which followed us (Lady Clara Newcome's) Lord Highgate's white hat by Clive's on the back seat.

Laura looked at her husband. The same thought may have crossed their minds, though neither uttered it; but although Sir Barnes and Lady Clara Newcome offered us other civilities during our stay in London, no inducements could induce Laura to accept the proffered friendship of that lady. When Lady Clara called, my wife was not at home; when she invited us, Laura pleaded engagements. At first she bestowed on Miss Newcome too a share of this haughty dislike, and rejected the advances which that young lady, who professed to like my wife very much, made toward an intimacy. When I appealed to her (for Newcome's house was after all a very pleasant one—and you met the best people there), my wife looked at me with an expression of something like scorn, and said: "Why don't I like Miss Newcome? of course because I am jealous of her—all women, you know, Arthur, are jealous of such beauties." I could get for a long while no better explanation than these sneers, for my wife's antipathy toward this branch of the Newcome family; but an event came presently, which silenced my remonstrances, and showed to me that Laura had judged Barnes and his wife only too well.

Poor Mrs. Hobson Newcome had reason to be sulky at the neglect which all the Richmond party showed her, for nobody, not even Major Pendennis, as we have seen, would listen to her intellectual conversation; nobody, not even Lord Highgate, would drive back to town in her carriage, though the vehicle was large and empty, and Lady Clara's barouche, in which his Lordship chose to take a place, had already three occupants within it; but in spite of these rebuffs and disappointments the virtuous lady of Bryanstone Square was bent upon being good-natured and hospitable; and I have to record, in the present chapter, yet one more feast of which Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis partook at the expense of the most respectable Newcome family.

Although Mrs. Laura here also appeared, and had the place of honor in her character of bride, I am bound to own my opinion that Mrs. Hobson only made us the pretext of her party, and that in reality it was given to persons of a much more exalted rank. We were the first to arrive, our good old Major, the most punctual of men, bearing us company. Our hostess was arrayed in unusual state and splendor; her fat neck was ornamented with jewels, rich bracelets decorated her arms, and this Bryanstone Square Cornelia had likewise her family jewels distributed around her, priceless male and female Newcome jems, from the King's College youth with whom we

have made a brief acquaintance, and his elder sister, now entering into the world, down to the last little ornament of the nursery, in a prodigious new sash, with ringlets hot and crisp from the tongs of a Marylebone hairdresser. We had seen the cherub faces of some of these darlings pressed against the drawing-room windows as our carriage drove up to the door; when, after a few minutes' conversation, another vehicle arrived, away they dashed to the windows again, the innocent little dears crying out, "Here's the Marquis;" and in sadder tones, "No, it isn't the Marquis," by which artless expressions they showed how eager they were to behold an expected guest of a rank only inferior to Dukes in this great empire.

Putting two and two together, as the saying is, it was not difficult for me to guess who the expected Marquis was—and, indeed, the King's College youth set that question at once to rest, by wagging his head at me, and winking his eye, and saying, "We expect Farintosh."

"Why, my dearest children," Matronly Virtue exclaimed, "this anxiety to behold the young Marquis of Farintosh, whom we expect at our modest table, Mrs. Pendennis, to-day? Twice you have been at the window in your eagerness to look for him. Louisa, you silly child, do you imagine that his lordship will appear in his robes and coronet? Rodolf, you absurd boy, do you think that a Marquis is other than a man? I have never admired aught but intellect, Mrs. Pendennis; *that*, let us be thankful, is the only true title to distinction in our country now-days."

"Begad, Sir," whispers the old Major to me, "intellect may be a doosid fine thing, but in my opinion, a Marquisate and eighteen or twenty thousand a year; I should say the Farintosh property, with the Glenlivat estate, and the Roy property in England, must be worth nineteen thousand a year at the very lowest figure; and I remember when this young man's father was only Tom Roy, of the 42d, with no hope of succeeding to the title, and doosidly out at elbows too. . . . I say, what does the bankeress mean by chattering about intellect? Hang me, a Marquis is a Marquis; and Mrs. Newcome knows it as well as I do." My good Major was growing old, and was not unnaturally a little testy at the manner in which his hostess received him. Truth to tell, she hardly took any notice of him; and cut down a couple of the old gentleman's stories before he had been five minutes in the room.

To our party presently comes the host in a flurried countenance, with a white waistcoat, holding in his hand an open letter, toward which his wife looks with some alarm. "How dy' doo, Lady Clara; how dy' doo, Ethel?" he says, saluting those ladies whom the second carriage had brought to us. "Sir Barnes is not coming, that's one place vacant; that Lady Clara you won't mind, you see him at home: but here's a disappointment for you, Miss Newcome, Lord Farintosh can't come."

At this, two of the children cry out "O! O!" with such a melancholy accent, that Miss Newcome and Lady Clara burst out laughing.

"Got a dreadful toothache," said Mr. Hobson; "here's his letter."

"Hang it, what a bore!" cries artless young King's College.

"Why a bore, Samuel? A bore, as you call it, for Lord Farintosh, I grant; but do you suppose that the high in station are exempt from the ills of mortality? I know nothing more painful than a toothache," exclaims the virtuous matron, using the words of philosophy but showing the countenance of anger.

"Hang it, why didn't he have it out?" says Samuel.

Miss Ethel laughed. "Lord Farintosh would not have that tooth out for the world, Samuel," she cried, gayly. "He keeps it in on purpose, and it always aches when he doesn't want to go out to dinner."

"I know *one* humble family who will never ask him again," Mrs. Hobson exclaims, rustling in all her silks, and tapping her fan and her foot. The eclipse, however, passes off her countenance, and light is restored; when at this moment, a cab having driven up during the period of darkness, the door is flung open, and Lord Highgate is announced by a loud-voiced butler.

My wife, being still the bride on this occasion, had the honor of being led to the dinner-table by our banker and host. Lord Highgate was reserved for Mrs. Hobson, who, in an engaging manner, requested poor Clive to conduct his cousin Maria to dinner, handing over Miss Ethel to another guest. Our Major gave his arm to Lady Clara, and I perceived that my wife looked very grave as he passed the place where she sat, and seated Lady Clara in the next chair to that which Lord Highgate chanced to occupy. Feeling himself *en veine*, and the company being otherwise rather mum and silent, my uncle told a number of delightful anecdotes about the *beau monde* of his time, about the Peninsular war, the Regent, Brummell, Lord Steyne, Pea Green Hayne, and so forth. He said the evening was very pleasant, though some others of the party, as it appeared to me, scarcely seemed to think so. Clive had not a word for his cousin Maria, but looked across the table at Ethel all dinner time. What could Ethel have to say to her partner, old Colonel Sir Donald M'Craw, who gobbled and drank as his wont is, and if he had a remark to make, imparted it to Mrs. Hobson, at whose right hand he was sitting, and to whom, during the whole course, or courses, of the dinner, my Lord Highgate scarcely uttered one single word.

His lordship was whispering all the while into the ringlets of Lady Clara; they were talking a jargon which their hostess scarcely understood, of people only known to her by her study of the peerage. When we joined the ladies after dinner, Lord Highgate again made way toward Lady Clara, and at an order from her as I thought, left her ladyship, and strove hard to engage in

a conversation with Mrs. Newcome. I hope he succeeded in smoothing the frowns in that round little face. Mrs. Laura, I own, was as grave as a judge all the evening; very grave even and reserved with my uncle, when the hour for parting came, and we took him home.

"He, he!" said the old man, coughing; and nodding his old head and laughing in his senile manner, when I saw him on the next day, "That was a pleasant evening we had yesterday; doosid pleasant, and I think my two neighbors seemed to be uncommonly pleased with each other; not an amusing fellow, that young painter of yours, though he is good-looking enough, but there's no conversation in him. Do you think of giving a little dinner, Arthur, in return for these hospitalities? Greenwich, hey, or something of that sort? I'll go you halves, Sir, and we'll ask the young banker and bankeress—not yesterday's Amphytrion nor his wife; no, no, hang it! but Barnes Newcome is a devilish clever, rising man, and moves in about as good society as any in London. We'll ask him and Lady Clara and Highgate, and one or two more, and have a pleasant party."

But to this proposal when the old man communicated it to her, in a very quiet, simple, artful way, Laura, with a flushing face, said no quite abruptly, and quitted the room, rustling in her silks, and showing at once dignity and indignation.

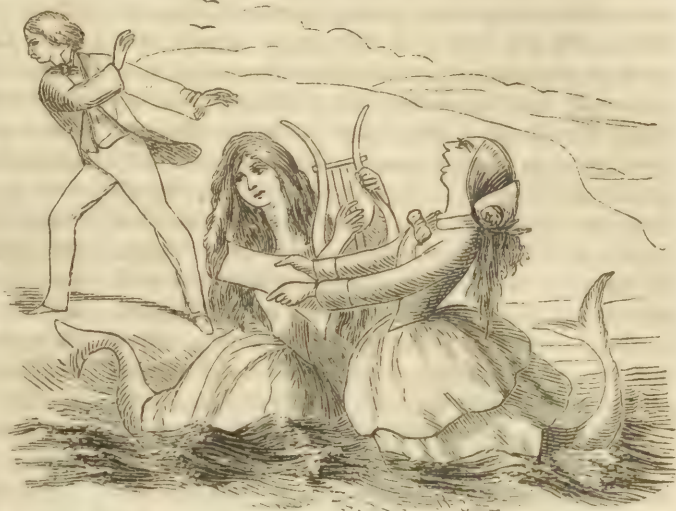
Not many more feasts was Arthur Pendennis, senior, to have in this world. Not many more great men was he to flatter, nor schemes to wink at, nor earthly pleasures to enjoy. His long days were well-nigh ended; on his last couch—which Laura attended so affectionately—with his last breath almost, he faltered out to me, "I had other views for you, my boy, and once hoped to see you in a higher position in life; but I begin to think now, Arthur, that I was wrong; and as for that girl, Sir, I am sure she is an angel."

May I not inscribe the words with a grateful heart? Blessed he—blessed though maybe undeserving—who has the love of a good woman!

CHAPTER L.

CLIVE IN NEW QUARTERS.

My wife was much better pleased with Clive than with some of his relatives to whom I had presented her. His face carried a recommendation with it that few honest people could resist. He was always a welcome friend in our lodgings, and even our uncle the Major signified his approval of the lad as a young fellow of very good manners and feelings, who, if he chose to throw himself away and be a painter, *ma foi*, was rich enough, no doubt, to follow his own caprices. Clive executed a capital head



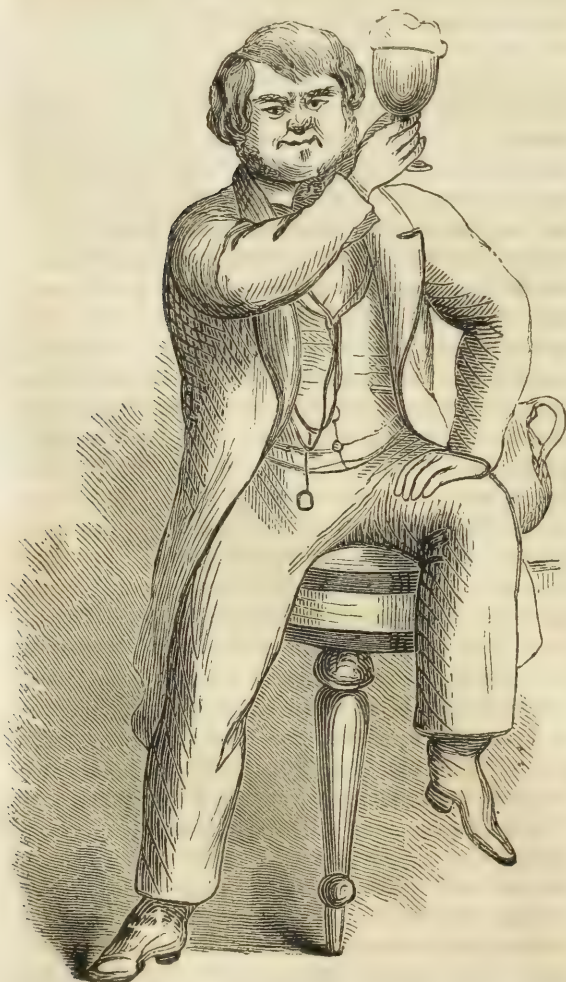
of Major Pendennis, which now hangs in our drawing-room at Fair Oaks; and reminds me of that friend of my youth. Clive occupied ancient lofty chambers in Hanover Square now. He had furnished them in an antique manner, with hangings, cabinets, carved-work, Venice glasses, fine prints, and water-color sketches of good pictures by his own and other hands. He had horses to ride, and a liberal purse full of paternal money. Many fine equipages drew up opposite to his chambers: few artists had such luck as young Mr. Clive. And above his own chambers were other three, which the young gentleman had hired, and where, says he, "I hope ere very long my dear old father will be lodging with me. In another year he says he thinks he will be able to come home: when the affairs of the Bank are quite settled. You shake your head! why? The shares are worth four times what we gave for them. We are men of fortune, Pen, I give you my word. You should see how much they make of me at Baynes and Jolly's, and how civil they are to me at Hobson Brothers! I go into the city now and then, and see our manager, Mr. Blackmore. He tells me such stories about indigo, and wool, and copper, and sicca rupees, and Company's rupees. I don't know any thing about the business, but my father likes me to go and see Mr. Blackmore. Dear Cousin Barnes is forever asking me to dinner: I might call Lady Clara Clara if I liked, as Sam Newcome does in Bryanstone Square. You can't think how kind they are to me there. My aunt reproaches me tenderly for not going there oftener—it's not very good fun dining in Bryanstone Square, is it? And she praises my Cousin Maria to me—you should hear my aunt praise her! I have to take Maria down to dinner; to sit by the piano and listen to her songs in all languages. Do you know Maria can sing Hungarian and Polish, besides your common German, Spanish, and Italian? Those I have at our *other* agents, Baynes and Jolly's—Baynes's that is in the Regent's Park, where the girls are prettier and just as civil to me as at Aunt Hobson's." And here Clive would amuse us by the accounts

which he gave us of the snares which the Misses Baynes, those young sirens of Regent's Park, set for him; of the songs which they sang to enchant him, the albums in which they besought him to draw—the thousand winning ways which they employed to bring him into their cave in York Terrace. But neither Circe's smiles nor Calypso's blandishments had any effect on him; his ears were stopped to their music, and his eyes rendered dull to their charms by those of the flighty young enchantress with whom my wife had of late made acquaintance.

Capitalist though he was, our young fellow was still very affable. He forgot no old friends in his prosperity; and the lofty antique chambers would not unfrequently be lighted up at nights to receive F. B. and some of the old cronies of the Haunt, and some of the Gandishites, who, if Clive had been of a nature that was to be spoiled by flattery, had certainly done mischief to the young man. On one or two occasions I was allowed to become a bachelor again, and participate in these jovial meetings. How guilty my coat was on my return home; how haughty the looks of the mistress of my house, as she bade Martha carry away the obnoxious garment! How grand F. B. used to be as president of Clive's smoking party, where he laid down the law, talked the most talk, sang the jolliest song, and consumed the most drink of all the jolly talkers and drinkers! Clive's popularity rose prodigiously; not only young-

sters, but old practitioners of the fine arts, lauded his talents. What a shame that his pictures were all refused this year at the Academy! Alfred Smee, Esq., R. A., was indignant at their rejection; but J. J. confessed with a sigh, and Clive owned good-naturedly, that he had been neglecting his business, and that his pictures were not so good as those of two years before. I am afraid Mr. Clive went to too many balls and parties, to clubs and jovial entertainments, besides losing yet more time in that other pursuit we wot of. Meanwhile J. J. went steadily on with his work, no day passed without a line: and Fame was not very far off, though this he heeded but little; and Art, his sole mistress, rewarded him for his steady and fond pursuit of her.

"Look at him," Clive would say with a sigh. "Isn't he the mortal of all others the most to be envied? He is so fond of his art that in all the world there is no attraction like it for him. He runs to his easel at sunrise, and sits before it caressing his picture all day till nightfall. He takes leave of it sadly when dark comes, spends the night in a Life Academy, and begins next morning *da capo*. Of all the pieces of good fortune which can befall a man, is not this the greatest—to have your desire, and then never tire of it? I have been in such a rage with my own shortcomings that I have dashed my foot through the canvases, and vowed I would smash my pallet and easel. Sometimes I succeed a little better in my work, and then it will happen for half an hour that I am pleased, but pleased of what? pleased of drawing Mr. Muggins's head rather like Mr. Muggins. Why, a thousand fellows can do better; and when one day I reach my very best, yet thousands will be able to do better still. Ours is a trade for which nowadays there is no excuse unless one can be great in it; and I feel I have not the stuff for that. No. 666. Portrait of Joseph Muggins, Esq., Newcome, Great George Street. No. 979. Portrait of Mrs. Muggins, on her gray poney, Newcome. No. 579. Portrait of Joseph Muggins, Esq.'s dog Toby, Newcome—this is what I'm fit for. These are the victories I have set myself on achieving. Oh, Mrs. Pendenis! isn't it humiliating? Why isn't there a war? Why can't I go and distinguish myself somewhere and be a general? Why haven't I a genius? I say, Pen, Sir, why haven't I a genius? There is a painter who lives hard by, and who sends sometimes to beg me to come and look at his work. He is in the Muggins line too. He gets his canvases with a good light upon them; excludes the contemplation of all other objects; stands beside his pictures in an attitude himself, and thinks that he and they are master-pieces. Master-pieces! Oh me, what driveling wretches we are! Fame!—except that of just the one or two—what's the use of it? I say, Pen, would you feel particularly proud now if you had written Hayley's poems? And as for a second place in painting, who would care to be Caravaggio or Caracci? I





wouldn't give a straw to be Caracci or Caravaggio. I would just as soon be yonder artist who is painting up Foker's Entire, over the public house at the corner. He will have his payment afterward, five shillings a day, and a pot of beer. Your head a little more to the light, Mrs. Pendennis, if you please. I am tiring you, I dare say, but then, oh I am doing it so badly!"

I, for my part, thought Clive was making a very pretty drawing of my wife, and having affairs of my own to attend to, would often leave her at his chambers as a sitter, or find him at our lodgings visiting her. They became the very greatest friends. I knew the young fellow could have no better friend than Laura; and not being ignorant of the malady under which he was laboring, concluded, naturally and justly, that Clive grew so fond of my wife, not for her sake entirely, but for his own, because he could pour his heart out to her, and her sweet kindness and compassion would soothe him in his unhappy condition.

Miss Ethel, I have said, also professed a great fondness for Mrs. Pendennis; and there was that charm in the young lady's manner which

speedily could overcome even female jealousy. Perhaps Laura determined magnanimously to conquer it: perhaps she hid it so as to vex me and prove the injustice of my suspicions: perhaps, honestly, she was conquered by the young beauty, and gave her a regard and admiration which the other knew she could inspire whenever she had the will. My wife was fairly captivated by her at length. The untamable young creature was docile and gentle in Laura's presence; modest, natural, amiable, full of laughter and spirits, delightful to see and to hear; her presence cheered our quiet little household; her charm fascinated my wife as it had subjugated poor Clive. Even the reluctant Farintosh was compelled to own her power, and confidently told his male friends, that, hang it, she was so handsome, and so clever, and so confoundedly pleasant and fascinating, and that—that he had been on the point of popping the fatal question ever so many times, by Jove. "And, hang it, you know," his lordship would say, "I don't want to marry until I have had my fling, you know." As for Clive, Ethel treated him like a boy, like a big brother. She was jocular, kind, pert, pleasant with him, ordered

him on her errands, accepted his bouquets and compliments, admired his drawings, liked to hear him praised, and took his part in all companies; laughed at his sighs, and frankly owned to Laura her liking for him and her pleasure in seeing him. "Why," said she, "should not I be happy as long as the sunshine lasts? Tomorrow, I know, will be glum and dreary enough. When grandmamma comes back I shall scarcely be able to come and see you. When I am settled in life—eh! I shall be settled in life! Do not grudge me my holiday, Laura. Oh, if you knew how stupid it is to be in the world, and how much pleasanter to come and talk, and laugh, and sing, and be happy with you, than to sit in that dreary Eaton Place with poor Clara!"

"Why do you stay in Eaton Place?" asks Laura.

"Why? because I must go out with somebody. What an unsophisticated little country creature you are! Grandmamma is away, and I can not go about to parties by myself."

"But why should you go to parties, and why not go back to your mother?" says Mrs. Pendennis, gently.

"To the nursery, and my little sisters and Miss Cann? I like being in London best, thank you. You look grave? You think a girl should like to be with her mother and sisters best? My dear, mamma wishes me to be here, and I stay with Barnes and Clara by grandmamma's orders. Don't you know that I have been made over to Lady Kew, who has adopted me? Do you think a young lady of my pretensions can stop at home in a damp house in Warwickshire and cut bread-and-butter for little boys at school? Don't look so very grave and shake your head so, Mrs. Pendennis! If you had been bred as I have, you would be as I am. I know what you are thinking, Madam."

"I am thinking," said Laura, blushing and bowing her head—"I am thinking, if it pleases God to give me children, I should like to live at home at Fair Oaks." My wife's thoughts, though she did not utter them, and a certain modesty and habitual awe kept her silent upon subjects so very sacred, went deeper yet. She had been bred to measure her actions by a standard, which the world may nominally admit, but which it leaves for the most part unheeded. Worship, love, duty, as taught her by the devout study of the Sacred Law which interprets and defines it—if these formed the outward practice of her life, they were also its constant and secret endeavors and occupation. She spoke but very seldom of her religion, though it filled her heart and influenced all her behavior. Whenever she came to that sacred subject, her demeanor appeared to her husband so awful, that he scarcely dared to approach it in her company, and stood without as this pure creature entered into the Holy of Holies. What must the world appear to such a person? Its ambitious rewards, disappointments, pleasures, worth how much? Compared to the possession

of that priceless treasure and happiness unspeakable, a perfect faith, what has Life to offer? I see before me now her sweet grave face as she looks out from the balcony of the little Richmond villa we occupied during the first happy year after our marriage, following Ethel Newcome, who rides away, with a staid groom behind her, to her brother's summer residence, not far distant. Clive had been with us in the morning, and had brought us stirring news. The good Colonel was by this time on his way home. "If Clive could tear himself away from London," the good man wrote (and we thus saw he was acquainted with the state of the young man's mind), "why should not Clive go and meet his father at Malta?" He was feverish and eager to go; and his two friends strongly counseled him to take the journey. In the midst of our talk Miss Ethel came among us. She arrived flushed and in high spirits: she rallied Clive upon his gloomy looks; she turned rather pale, as it seemed to us, when she heard the news. Then she coldly told him she thought the voyage must be a pleasant one, and would do him good: it was pleasanter than that journey she was going to take herself with her grandmother, to those dreary German springs which the old Countess frequented year after year. Mr. Pendennis having business retired to his study, whither presently Mrs. Laura followed, having to look for her scissors, or a book she wanted, or upon some pretext or other. She sat down in the conjugal study: not one word did either of us say for a while about the young people left alone in the drawing-room yonder. Laura talked about our own home at Fair Oaks, which our tenants were about to vacate. She vowed and declared that we must live at Fair Oaks; that Clavering, with all its tittle-tattle and stupid inhabitants, was better than this wicked London. Besides, there were some new and very pleasant families settled in the neighborhood. Clavering Park was taken by some delightful people—"and you know, Pen, you were always very fond of fly-fishing, and may fish the Brawl, as you used in old days, when—" The lips of the pretty satirist who alluded to these unpleasant by-gones were silenced, as they deserved to be, by Mr. Pendennis. "Do you think, Sir, I did not know," says the sweetest voice in the world, "when you went out on your fishing excursions with Miss Amory?" Again the flow of words is checked by the styp-tic previously applied.

"I wonder," says Mr. Pendennis, archly, bending over his wife's fair hand—"I wonder whether this kind of thing is taking place in the drawing-room?"

"Nonsense, Arthur! It is time to go back to them. Why, I declare, I have been three quarters of an hour away!"

"I don't think they will miss you, my dear," says the gentleman.

"She is certainly very fond of him. She is always coming here. I am sure it is not to hear you read Shakspeare, Arthur; or your new

novel, though it is very pretty. I wish Lady Kew and her sixty thousand pounds were at the bottom of the sea."

"But she says she is going to portion her younger brothers with a part of it; she told Clive so," remarks Mr. Pendennis.

"For shame! Why does not Barnes Newcome portion his younger brothers? I have no patience with that—Why! Goodness! There is Clive going away, actually! Clive! Mr. Newcome!" But though my wife ran to the study window and beckoned our friend, he only shook his head, jumped on his horse, and rode away gloomily.

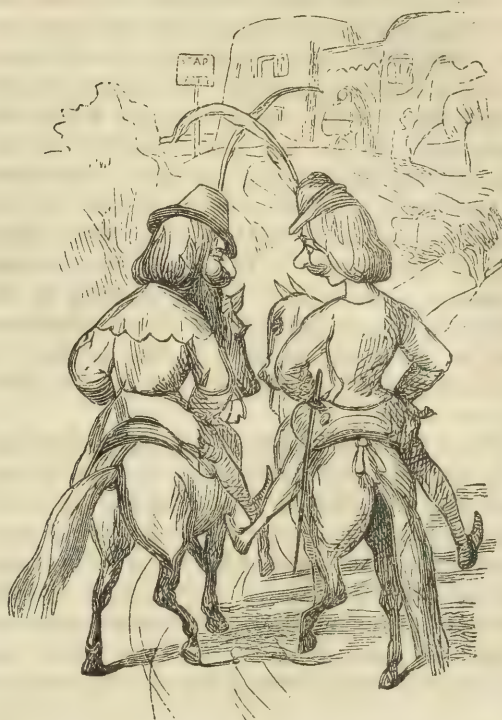
"Ethel had been crying when I went into the room," Laura afterward told me. "I knew she had; but she looked up from some flowers over which she was bending, began to laugh and rattle, would talk about nothing but Lady Hautboi's great breakfast the day before, and the most insufferable May-Fair jargon; and then declared it was time to go home and dress for Mrs. Booth's *déjeuner*, which was to take place that afternoon."

And so Miss Newcome rode away—back among the roses and the rouges—back among the fiddling, flirting, flattery, falseness—and Laura's sweet serene face looked after her departing. Mrs. Booth's was a very grand *déjeuner*. We read in the newspapers a list of the greatest names there. A Royal Duke and Duchess; a German Highness, a Hindoo Nabob, etc.; and, among the Marquises, Farintosh; and, among the Lords, Highgate; and Lady Clara Newcome, and Miss Newcome, who looked killing, our acquaintance Captain Crackthorpe informs us, and who was in perfectly stunning spirits. "His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Farintosh is wild about her," the Captain said, "and our poor young friend Clive may just go and hang himself. Dine with us at the Star and Garter? Jolly party. Oh, I forgot! married man now!" So saying, the Captain entered the hostelry near which I met him, leaving this present chronicler to return to his own home.

CHAPTER LI.

AN OLD FRIEND.

I MIGHT open the present chapter, as a contemporary writer of Romance is occasionally in the habit of commencing his tales of Chivalry, by a description of a November afternoon, with falling leaves, tawny forests, gathering storms, and other autumnal phenomena; and two horsemen winding up the romantic road which leads from—from Richmond Bridge to the Star and Garter. The one rider is youthful, and has a blonde mustache: the cheek of the other has been browned by foreign suns; it is easy to see, by the manner in which he bestrides his powerful charger, that he has followed the profession of arms. He looks as if he had faced his country's enemies on many a field of Eastern battle. The cavaliers alight before the gate of a cottage on Richmond Hill, where a gentleman receives them with eager welcome. Their steeds are



accommodated at a neighboring hostelry—I pause in the midst of the description, for the reader has made the acquaintance of our two horsemen long since. It is Clive, returned from Malta, from Gibraltar, from Seville, from Cadiz, and with him our dear old friend the Colonel. His campaigns are over, his sword is hung up, he leaves Eastern suns and battles to warm younger blood: Welcome back to England, dear Colonel and kind friend! How quickly the years have passed since he has been gone! There is a streak or two more silver in his hair. The wrinkles about his honest eyes are somewhat deeper, but their look is as steadfast and kind as in the early, almost boyish days when first we knew them.

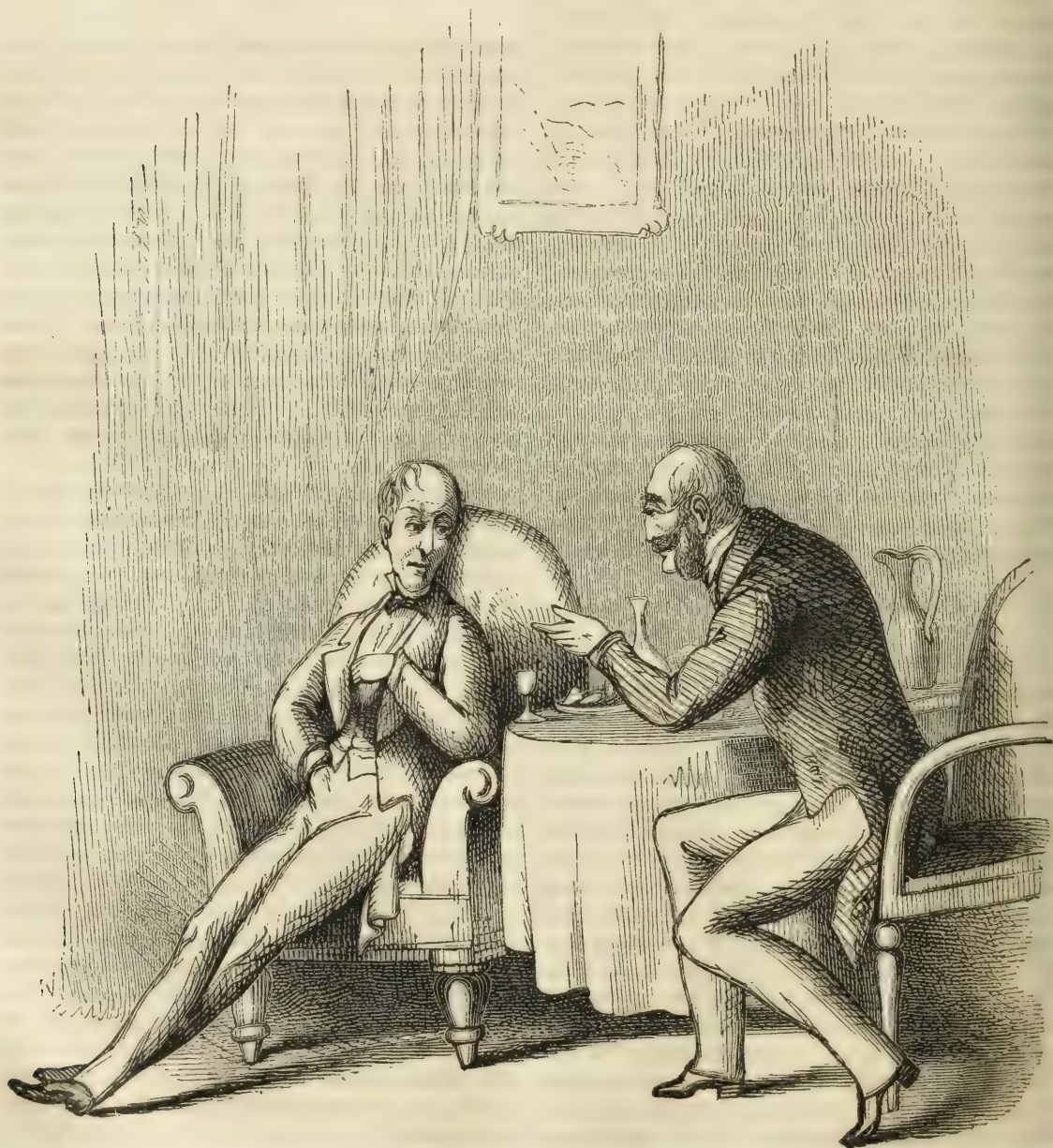
We talk awhile about the Colonel's voyage home, the pleasures of the Spanish journey, the handsome new quarters in which Clive has installed his father and himself, my own altered condition in life, and what not. During the conversation a little querulous voice makes itself audible above stairs, at which noise Mr. Clive begins to laugh, and the Colonel to smile. It is for the first time in his life Mr. Clive listens to the little voice; indeed, it is only since about six weeks that that small organ has been heard in the world at all. Laura Pendennis believes its tunes to be the sweetest, the most interesting, the most mirth-inspiring, the most pitiful and pathetic, that ever baby uttered; which opinions, of course, are backed by Mrs. Hokey, the confidential nurse. Laura's husband is not so rapturous; but, let us trust, behaves in a way becoming a man and a father. We forego the description of his feelings, as not pertaining to the history at present under consideration. A little while before the dinner is served, the lady of the cottage comes down to greet her husband's old friends.

And here I am sorely tempted to a third description, which has nothing to do with the story to be sure, but which, if properly hit off, might fill half a page very prettily. For is not a young mother one of the sweetest sights which life shows us? If she has been beautiful before, does not her present pure joy give a character of refinement and sacredness almost to her beauty, touch her sweet cheeks with fairer blushes, and impart I know not what serene brightness to her eyes? I give warning to the artist who designs the pictures for this veracious story, to make no attempt at this subject. I never would be satisfied with it were his drawing ever so good.

When Sir Charles Grandison stepped up and made his very beautiful bow to Miss Byron, I am sure his gracious dignity never exceeded that of Colonel Newcome's first greeting to Mrs. Pendennis. Of course from the very moment they beheld one another they became friends. Are not most of our likings thus instantaneous? Before she came down to see him, Laura had put on one of the Colonel's shawls—the crimson

one, with the red palm leaves and the border of many colors. As for the white one, the priceless, the gossamer, the fairy web, which might pass through a ring, *that*, every lady must be aware, was already appropriated to cover the cradle, or what I believe is called the bassinet of Master Pendennis.

So we all became the very best of friends; and during the winter months while we still resided at Richmond, the Colonel was my wife's constant visitor. He often came without Clive. He did not care for the world which the young gentleman frequented, and was more pleased and at home by my wife's fireside than at more noisy and splendid entertainments. And, Laura being a sentimental person, interested in pathetic novels and all unhappy attachments, of course she and the Colonel talked a great deal about Mr. Clive's little affair, over which they would have such deep confabulations that even when the master of the house appeared, Pater Familias, the man whom, in the presence of the Rev. Dr. Portman, Mrs. Laura had sworn to love, honor, etc., these two guilty ones would be silent, or change the



subject of conversation, not caring to admit such an unsympathizing person as myself into their conspiracy.

From many a talk which they have had together since the Colonel and his son embraced at Malta, Clive's father had been led to see how strongly the passion which our friend had once fought and mastered, had now taken possession of the young man. The unsatisfied longing left him indifferent to all other objects of previous desire or ambition. The misfortune darkened the sunshine of his spirit, and clouded the world before his eyes. He passed hours in his painting room, though he tore up what he did there. He forsook his usual haunts, or appeared among his old comrades moody and silent. From cigar smoking, which I own to be a reprehensible practice, he plunged into still deeper and darker dissipation; for I am sorry to say, he took to pipes and the strongest tobacco, for which there is *no* excuse. Our young man was changed. During the last fifteen or twenty months, the malady had been increasing on him, of which we have not chosen to describe at length the stages; knowing very well that the reader (the male reader at least, does not care a fig about other people's sentimental perplexities, and is not wrapped up heart and soul in Clive's affairs like his father, whose rest was disturbed if the boy had a headache, or who would have stripped the coat off his back to keep his darling's feet warm.

The object of this hopeless passion had, meantime, returned to the custody of the dark old duenna, from which she had been liberated for a while. Lady Kew had got her health again, by means of the prescriptions of some doctors, or by the efficacy of some baths; and was again on foot and in the world, tramping about in her grim pursuit of pleasure. Lady Julia, we are led to believe, had retired upon half-pay, and into an inglorious exile at Brussels, with her sister, the outlaw's wife, by whose bankrupt fire-side she was perfectly happy. Miss Newcome was now her grandmother's companion, and they had been on a tour of visits in Scotland, and were journeying from country-house to country-house about the time when our good Colonel returned to his native shores.

The Colonel loved his nephew Barnes no better than before perhaps, though we must say, that since his return from India the young Baronet's conduct had been particularly friendly. "No doubt marriage had improved him; Lady Clara seemed a good-natured young woman enough; besides," says the Colonel, wagging his good old head knowingly, "Tom Newcome, of the Bundelcund Bank, is a personage to be conciliated; whereas Tom Newcome, of the Bengal Cavalry, was not worth Master Barnes's attention. He has been very good and kind on the whole; so have his friends been uncommonly civil. There was Clive's acquaintance, Mr. Belsize that was, Lord Highgate who is now, entertained our whole family sumptuously last week—wants us and Barnes and his wife to go

to his country-house at Christmas—is as hospitable, my dear Mrs. Pendennis, as man can be. He met you at Barnes's, and as soon as we are alone," says the Colonel, turning round to Laura's husband, "I will tell you in what terms Lady Clara speaks of your wife. Yes. She is a good-natured, kind little woman, that Lady Clara." Here Laura's face assumed that gravity and severeness, which it always wore when Lady Clara's name was mentioned, and the conversation took another turn.

Returning home from London one afternoon, I met the Colonel, who hailed me on the omnibus, and rode on his way toward the City. I knew, of course, that he had been colloquing with my wife; and taxed that young woman with these continued flirtations. "Two or three times a week, Mrs. Laura, you dare to receive a Colonel of Dragoons. You sit for hours closeted with the young fellow of sixty; you change the conversation when your own injured husband enters the room, and pretend to talk about the weather, or the baby. You little arch hypocrite, you know you do. Don't try to humbug *me*, miss; what will Richmond, what will society, what will Mrs. Grundy in general say to such atrocious behavior?"

"Oh! Pen," says my wife, closing my mouth in a way which I do not choose farther to particularize; "that man is the best, the dearest, the kindest creature. I never knew such a good man; you ought to put him into a book. Do you know, Sir, that I felt the very greatest desire to give him a kiss when he went away? and that one which you had just now, was intended for him."

"Take back thy gift, false girl!" says Mr. Pendennis; and then, finally, we come to the particular circumstance which had occasioned so much enthusiasm on Mrs. Laura's part.

Colonel Newcome had summoned heart of grace, and in Clive's behalf had regularly proposed him to Barnes, as a suitor to Ethel; taking an artful advantage of his nephew Barnes Newcome, and inviting that Baronet to a private meeting, where they were to talk about the affairs of the Bundelcund Banking Company.

Now this Bundelcund Banking Company, in the Colonel's eyes, was in reality his son Clive. But for Clive there might have been a hundred banking companies established, yielding a hundred per cent. in as many districts of India, and Thomas Newcome, who had plenty of money for his own wants, would never have thought of speculation. His desire was to see his boy endowed with all the possible gifts of fortune. Had he built a palace for Clive, and been informed that a roc's egg was required to complete the decoration of the edifice, Tom Newcome would have traveled to the world's end in search of the wanting article. To see Prince Clive ride in a gold coach with a princess beside him, was the kind old Colonel's ambition; that done, he would be content to retire to a garret in the prince's castle, and smoke his cheroot there in peace. So the world is made.

The strong and eager covet honor and enjoyment for themselves; the gentle and disappointed (once, they may have been strong and eager, too) desire these gifts for their children. I think Clive's father never liked or understood the lad's choice of a profession. He acquiesced in it, as he would in any of his son's wishes. But, not being a poet himself, he could not see the nobility of that calling; and felt secretly that his son was demeaning himself by pursuing the art of painting. "Had he been a soldier, now," thought Thomas Newcome, "(though I prevented that), had he been richer than he is, he might have married Ethel, instead of being unhappy as he now is, God help him! I remember my own time of grief well enough, and what years it took before my wound was scarred over."

So with these things occupying his brain, Thomas Newcome artfully invited Barnes, his nephew, to dinner, under pretense of talking of the affairs of the great B. B. C. With the first glass of wine at dessert, and according to the Colonel's good old-fashioned custom of proposing toasts, they drank the health of the B. B. C. Barnes drank the toast with all his generous heart. The B. B. C. sent to Hobson Brothers and Newcome a great deal of business, was in a most prosperous condition, kept a great balance at the bank—a balance that would not be overdrawn, as Sir Barnes Newcome very well knew. Barnes was for having more of these bills, provided there were remittances to meet the same. Barnes was ready to do any amount of business with the Indian bank, or with any bank, or with any individual, Christian or heathen, white or black, who could do good to the firm of Hobson Brothers and Newcome. He spoke upon this subject with great archness and candor: of course, as a City man, he would be glad to do a profitable business any where, and the B. B. C.'s business *was* profitable. But the interested motive which he admitted frankly as a man of the world, did not prevent other sentiments more agreeable. "My dear Colonel," says Barnes, "I am happy, most happy, to think that our house and our name should have been useful, as I know they have been, in the establishment of a concern in which one of our family is interested; one whom we all so sincerely respect and regard." And he touched his glass with his lips and blushed a little, as he bowed toward his uncle. He found himself making a little speech, indeed; and to do so before one single person seems rather odd. Had there been a large company present Barnes would not have blushed at all, but have tossed off his glass, struck his waistcoat possibly, and looked straight in the face of his uncle as the chairman; well, he *did* very likely believe that he respected and regarded the Colonel.

The Colonel said—"Thank you, Barnes, with all my heart. It is always good for men to be friends, much more for blood relations, as we are."

"A relationship which honors me, I'm sure!"

says Barnes, with a tone of infinite affability. You see he believed that Heaven had made him the Colonel's superior.

"And I am very glad," the elder went on, "that you and my boy are good friends."

"Friends! of course. It would be unnatural if such near relatives were otherwise than good friends."

"You have been hospitable to him, and Lady Clara very kind, and he wrote to me telling me of your kindness. Ahem! this is tolerable claret. I wonder where Clive gets it?"

"You were speaking about that indigo, Colonel!" here Barnes interposes. "Our house has done very little in that way to be sure; but I suppose that our credit is *about* as good as Battie's and Jolly's, and if—" but the Colonel is in a brown study.

"Clive will have a good bit of money when I die," resumes Clive's father.

"Why, you are a hale man—upon my word, quite a young man, and may marry again, Colonel," replies the nephew, fascinatingly.

"I shall never do that," replies the other. "Ere many years are gone, I shall be seventy years old, Barnes."

"Nothing in this country, my dear Sir! positively nothing. Why, there was Titus, my neighbor in the country—when will you come down to Newcome?—who married a devilish pretty girl, of very good family, too, Miss Burgeon, one of the Devonshire Burgeons. He looks, I am sure, twenty years older than you do. Why should not you do likewise?"

"Because I like to remain single, and want to leave Clive a rich man. Look here, Barnes, you know the value of our bank shares, now?"

"Indeed I do; rather speculative; but of course I know what some sold for last week," says Barnes.

"Suppose I realize now. I think I am worth six lakhs. I had nearly two from my poor father. I saved some before and since I invested in this affair; and could sell out to-morrow with sixty thousand pounds.

"A very pretty sum of money, Colonel," says Barnes.

"I have a pension of a thousand a year."

"My dear Colonel, you are a capitalist! we know it very well," remarks Sir Barnes.

"And two hundred a year is as much as I want for myself," continues the capitalist, looking into the fire, and jingling his money in his pockets. "A hundred a year for a horse; a hundred a year for pocket-money, for I calculate, you know, that Clive will give me a bedroom and my dinner."

"He—he! If your son won't, your *nephew* will, my dear Colonel!" says the affable Barnes, smiling sweetly.

"I can give the boy a handsome allowance, you see," resumes Thomas Newcome.

"You can make him a handsome allowance now, and leave him a good fortune when you die!" says the nephew, in a noble and courageous manner—and as if he said Twelve times

twelve are a hundred and forty-four, and you have Sir Barnes Newcome's authority—Sir Barnes Newcome's, mind you—to say so.

"Not when I die, Barnes," the uncle goes on. "I will give him every shilling I am worth to-morrow morning, if he marries as I wish him."

"*Tant mieux pour lui!*" cries the nephew; and thought to himself, "Lady Clara must ask Clive to dinner instantly. Confound the fellow! I hate him—always have; but what luck he has!"

"A man with that property may pretend to a good wife, as the French say; hey, Barnes?" asks the Colonel, rather eagerly looking up in his nephew's face.

That countenance was lighted up with a generous enthusiasm. "To any woman, in any rank—to a nobleman's daughter, my dear Sir!" exclaims Sir Barnes.

"I want your sister; I want my dear Ethel for him, Barnes," cries Thomas Newcome, with a trembling voice, and a twinkle in his eyes. "That was the hope I always had till my talk with your poor father stopped it. Your sister was engaged to my Lord Kew then; and my wishes, of course, were impossible. The poor boy is very much cut up, and his whole heart is bent upon possessing her. She is not, she can't be, indifferent to him. I am sure she would not be, if her family in the least encouraged him. Can either of these young folks have a better chance of happiness again offered to them in life? There's youth, there's mutual liking, there's wealth for them almost—only saddled with the incumbrance of an old dragoon, who won't be much in their way. Give us your good word, Barnes, and let them come together; and upon my word the rest of my days will be made happy if I can eat my meal at their table."

While the poor Colonel was making his appeal, Barnes had time to collect his answer; which, since in our character of historians we take leave to explain gentlemen's motives as well as record their speeches and actions, we may thus interpret. "Confound the young beggar!" thinks Barnes, then. "He will have three or four thousand a year, will he? Hang him, but it's a good sum of money. What a fool his father is to give it away! Is he joking? No, he was always half crazy—the Colonel. Highgate seemed uncommonly sweet on her, and was always hanging about our house. Farintosh has not been brought to book yet; and perhaps neither of them will propose for her. My grandmother, I should think, won't hear of her making a low marriage, as this certainly is; but it's a pity to throw away four thousand a year, ain't it?" All these natural calculations passed briskly through Barnes Newcome's mind, as his uncle, from the opposite side of the fireplace, implored him in the above little speech.

"My dear Colonel," said Barnes; "my dear, kind Colonel! I needn't tell you that your proposal flatters us, as much as your extraordinary generosity surprises me. I never heard any thing

like it—never. Could I consult my own wishes—I would at once. I would, permit me to say, from sheer admiration of your noble character, say Yes, with all my heart, to your proposal. But, alas! I haven't that power."

"Is—is she engaged?" asks the Colonel, looking as blank and sad as Clive himself when Ethel had conversed with him.

"No—I can not say engaged—though a person of the very highest rank has paid her the most marked attention. But my sister has, in a way, gone from our family, and from my influence as the head of it—an influence which I, I am sure, had most gladly exercised in your favor. My grandmother, Lady Kew, has adopted her; purposes, I believe, to leave Ethel the greater part of her fortune, upon certain conditions; and, of course, expects the—the obedience, and so forth, which is customary in such cases. By the way, Colonel, is our young *soupirant* aware that papa is pleading his cause for him?"

The Colonel said No; and Barnes lauded the caution which his uncle had displayed. It was quite as well for the young man's interests (which Sir Barnes had most tenderly at heart) that Clive Newcome should not himself move in the affair, or present himself to Lady Kew. Barnes would take the matter in hand at the proper season; the Colonel might be sure it would be most eagerly, most ardently pressed. Clive came home at this juncture, whom Barnes saluted affectionately. He and the Colonel had talked over their money business; their conversation had been most satisfactory, thank you. "Has it not, Colonel?" The three parted the very best of friends.

As Barnes Newcome professed that extreme interest for his cousin and uncle, it is odd he did not tell them that Lady Kew and Miss Ethel Newcome were at that moment within a mile of them, at her ladyship's house in Queen Street, May Fair. In the hearing of Clive's servant, Barnes did not order his brougham to drive to Queen Street, but waited until he was in Bond Street before he gave the order.

And, of course, when he entered Lady Kew's house, he straightway asked for his sister, and communicated to her the generous offer which the good Colonel had made.

You see Lady Kew was in town, and not in town. Her ladyship was but passing through, on her way from a tour of visits in the north, to another tour of visits somewhere else. The newspapers were not even off the blinds. The proprietor of the house cowered over a bed-candle and a furtive tea-pot in the back drawing-room. Lady Kew's *gens* were not here. The tall canary ones with white polls, only showed their plumage and sang in spring. The solitary wretch who takes charge of London houses, and the two servants specially affected to Lady Kew's person, were the only people in attendance. In fact her ladyship was *not* in town. And that is why, no doubt, Barnes Newcome said nothing about her being there.

PASSAGES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.*

THIS is the latest book of travels, and one of the liveliest, just from the press; being sketches of men, places, and things in most of the countries of Europe, in Turkey, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, by a writer whose brilliant style, keen perception of the beautiful in nature and art, truthful description, and vigorous views of every subject in his way, have won for him thousands of admiring readers and friends. Few men have more happily blended the cheerful with the tender, the beautiful with strength. We take, almost at random, a few passages from various parts of the volumes:

ON THE VOYAGE OUT—A MAN OVERBOARD.

The full moon rose on the sea, and hung out from the sky like a silver globe. The ship was sailing well under a fair breeze, and we walked the deck in the enjoyment of one of the most delightful evenings. One after another of the passengers went below, and a few only of the younger and more romantic remained to look out on the waves reflecting the beams of the moon, now riding far up in the heavens. It was nearly midnight when the cry shot through the ship, piercing every ear and heart—"A MAN OVERBOARD!" Except the cry of fire, no sound on ship is more terrible. For days you have been thinking every time you looked over into the deep through which the ship is rushing, of the helpless and hopeless fate of him who shall be cast into the sea; and when the fearful word is given, in that tone of mingled fear and pain which the fact extorts, there is a sinking of the heart, as if each one had a friend now perishing. Mr. Moore, the second mate, had an assistant in the ship's carpenter, who had acted as a seaman during the passage, as we had a miserable crew. He was a fine-looking young man, and the only one of all the men who had interested the passengers. He had been down in my state-room, and told me something of his history. His parents were in Holland, and he was on his way to visit them. A young woman was on board, to whom he was to be married in May, and they were to return to America to spend their days. His manners were very gentle, and he looked to me and spoke as if he had left the comforts of home, and had entered a life for which he was not formed. My heart had gone out to him, and in return for some acts of kindness he had done to me, I was thinking what present I should make him before going ashore, when, at the instant, the shout was made, and this noble fellow, the pride of the men, was struggling in the pitiless waters. Mr. Moore was near him, and had given an order to bear off the boom from the side of the ship—this man stepped over the bulwarks, pushed against the boom, the topping-lift gave way, and he pitched forward, head first, into the sea. The ship shot by him in a moment. Nothing thrown over could reach him. His cries of agony came up,

cutting the heart, oh, so bitterly, that it would have been a mercy to be deaf. The mate, with admirable promptness, gave the orders to put the ship about. "Ready about. Luff round. Hard lee. Tacks and sheets, main top-sail haul: let go and haul." Then he leaped into the boat and cried, "Put the helm hard down. Lower away the quarter boat." Never shall I forget the look of the mate, as he screamed "Give me a knife—A KNIFE!" and taking one from a sailor, he passed it through the ropes. "In men, in"—and four stout fellows leaped in with him, and down it went upon the ocean, a little shell of a thing, sent forth to seek and to save that which was lost. I wanted to go with them, and as they struck out into the deep, under that full moon, at midnight, to look for a drowning brother, I felt that their errand was noble though none of them should live to tread the deck again. Then we gathered on the stern of the ship, and looked out into the night and the sea to watch the event. It was light enough to see that tears were falling fast on the cheeks of some in that anxious group. Some of us prayed. It was all we could do. The little boat was soon out of sight. We could hear the shouts they sent up to reach, if it might be so, the ear of the "strong swimmer in his agony," and then all was silent, save the wind among the cordage, and the heavy flapping of the sails as the ship lay to. A dark spot rose on the wave: the flash of the dripping oars in the moonlight met the eye, and we knew they were coming. The mate was soon seen standing at the helm. Our impatience would not brook delay, and we sent out the cry "All well?" Our hearts stood still for the answer; a half spoken "No" murmured along the waters, and we knew that the brave fellow was among the dead. So suddenly—so fearfully! To be swept from among us, in the midst of life and hope. There were many, many tears of sympathy that night, and when I went below and strove to sleep, the vision of a fellow-being struggling in the billows around me, drove slumber from my eyelids; and when it did come, the vision remained among my dreams.

THE MEN OF ENGLAND—SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

There was better order in the House of Commons, than in our House of Representatives—more attention to the business in hand, and less confusion while members are speaking. They sit on long parallel benches with raised backs, with no conveniences whatever for writing. All the notes a man makes, even of a speech directed against himself, and to which he is bound to reply, he must make on a bit of paper in his hand; and even this is rarely done. All wear their hats while sitting, taking them off whenever they rise to speak, or to walk across the floor; and it ill comports with our ideas of propriety to see a gentleman put his hat on his head the moment he has ceased speaking. On the Treasury bench, the seat occupied by the members of the government, and running along at the

* *Travels in Europe and the East*, by SAMUEL IRENAEUS PRIME. In two volumes (800 pages), with 40 illustrations. Price \$2. Harper and Brothers.

right hand of the speaker, were sitting the most distinguished of the present ministry, whose names were mentioned to me by my friend. The members on the seat behind them were taking their ease, with their feet on the back of the Treasury bench, so that between the heads of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston were the feet of a member of Parliament, and between Russell and Sir James Graham were the feet of another learned member, and three or four more were taking their comfort in the same way. At a social party some days afterward a lady said to me, "Now you will be writing a book when you go home, to pay us for all the wicked things that our travelers have reported of your country."

"But," I replied, "I find every thing here so much like what I have left behind, that even the foibles of my countrymen prove to be *hereditary*; and they are still to be found in the father-land."

"Name some of them, will you?" she demanded, with some spirit, as if she was quite sure I would be put to my trumps.

I then told her that "I had believed the practice of sitting with the feet high as the head upon a table or desk, to be one of the peculiar institutions of my own country; but I had perceived it to have the high sanction of the British Parliament, and the permission of her Majesty's government."

Being still further pressed, I related the facts as above, but it was evident that the company were incredulous. I then told them, that on the previous evening I was in the gallery of the House of Commons, and asked a friend to count the number of members sitting with their feet on the top of the benches, a position which would place them in the same situation with a man in one of our churches with his feet on the back of the pew in front of him. The gentleman counted six members thus sitting before us, and then commenced counting the men stretched out at full length on the benches, but they were so many that, after finding twelve or fifteen, he gave it up. This was more convincing, and it was admitted to be wiser to look at our own faults than to be making merry over the faults of others.

Lord John Russell disappoints expectation when first seen. His figure is not commanding, but it is striking, and, without the prestige of form or feature, he makes an impression even before he speaks. Serious, thoughtful, sincere, his words are waited for, not only that he is in the confidence of royalty, and one of the powers behind the throne, but for the prudence with which he is believed to be endowed. He has the confidence of the country, as well as of the Queen. Never did I see a great assembly so profoundly silent and fixed in their intent to hear, as when he rose to answer an inquiry Mr. Bright addressed to him in relation to the war now going on. Mr. Bright is a fine speaker, more of an *orator* than any one whom I heard in the house. He had made a very eloquent

speech against the Ministry, not hesitating to denounce the war as unjust, and warning the country of its consequences. He spoke of the great danger of provoking hostilities with the United States of America, "a power," he said, "now equal to your own," and he predicted that if Great Britain should attempt to enforce her doctrine of "the right of search," in an American vessel, there would be war between the two countries in less than a year. He then inquired if the government had taken any steps toward securing a good understanding with the United States on this subject. This speech had been listened to with more than usual attention, but the moment Bright sat down, a silence seemed to come over the House, as if some stupendous event was about to transpire which held every breath in suspense. The members did not leave their seats, but each man sat, *auribus erectis*, and with eyes directed toward one man who would now respond.

Lord John rose: his frock coat was buttoned closely; his thin hair scarce hiding his massive head; a perfect gentleman in dress and manner, and after a momentary pause, while he looked upon the floor, he said in a low, conversational tone, which, so profound was the silence, was heard in the remotest corner of the hall, "that the honorable and learned gentleman might rest assured the subject had not escaped the attention of her Majesty's government." That was all. Other inquiries were made, and were answered with equal brevity and courtesy. Some of them required explanation, and the entire calmness and self-possession—the perfect familiarity with those details which others might have required a week to pick up, extorted the admiration of every hearer of the conversation in the House of Commons that night. At other times, I heard him when in more elaborate and formal efforts he rose to lofty strains of eloquence, and demonstrated his power to sway senates with his words.

Gladstone is the coming man of England. With a transparency of language that is beautiful to observe, he makes the driest financial and statistical matters almost entertaining to his hearers, and when pressed in debate he displays such fluency, elegance, and energy of expression, as to make him one of the most captivating of public speakers. He succeeded Disraeli in the chancellorship of the Exchequer, and it did not seem to me in the best taste, that the predecessor should now direct his terrible energies of invective and sarcasm constantly against the man who had supplanted him in office. But Disraeli, as the leader of the Opposition, is not scrupulous in his choice of weapons or occasions. Always in his place, taking no part in the ordinary business of the House, leaving that to his friends who have less responsibilities, he sits directly in front of Mr. Gladstone, waiting the hour when he may come down upon his victim with the swiftness of the eagle and the fierceness of the tiger. When all the country is on the side of the government, it is a hard

matter for the Opposition to make capital out of the war. But it would be harder to find in modern parliamentary speaking, a philippic more terrible than the one which Disraeli delivered one night in March last, reviewing the conduct of the Ministry in bringing on the war. He pretended to be giving his reasons for not meeting the challenge which had been made, that he should move a resolution of want of confidence in the Ministry: and collecting the contradictory statements made by members of the government in the two Houses, and the inconsistent declarations made by the same Ministers at different times, he declared there was no need of his asking Parliament to declare its want of confidence in Ministers, when it was plain they had no confidence in each other, or in themselves.

IN PARIS—THE CHILDREN'S BALL—THE BAL MASQUE.

In the winter, or rather in the month of March, for it was in the last days of the Carnival, I was in Paris, and attended a children's ball: decidedly the most intensely French of any thing I saw in France. It was given in the Jardin d'Iver, a winter garden, a Crystal Palace, where tropical plants and flowers and the genial warmth impart a summer feeling to the place, and make it a charming resort.

In the centre of the palace an arena is floored, and vast enough for a thousand children to wander and play in. From the sides of this area seats for spectators rise, and the plants and trees of the garden stand among the seats and extend back to the crystal walls. When I reached the gates, a long line of carriages was discharging their precious burdens: elegantly dressed children, with their governess or mamma, and in such haste that it was difficult to keep the little ones from rushing into the crowd and out of the reach of their protectors. I entered, and they were now pouring down in gay and beautiful troops upon the floor, their guardians accompanying them to the door of the arena, and there being obliged to leave them, as none but the young people could intrude upon that ground. The children ranged in ages from three to sixteen. They were of the first families, and dressed in the most elegant yet tasteful style. Some of them were in the costume of the last century—children in the dress of their grandparents, with powdered hair and patches on their rosy cheeks; the boys in short breeches and broad-tailed coats, yet all in the handsomest patterns and colors. For half an hour they promenaded in couples, and although they had no one to give them instructions, they went at it as orderly and politely as if they were men and women grown. Introductions would be given with perfect gravity and easy politeness. Gradually the great mass of little folks became amalgamated, and the performances of the day were ready to begin.

A large orchestra in attendance struck up lively music, and instantly the company seized their respective partners, and the dancing com-

menced. Then followed the liveliest, laughablest, and prettiest scene that I ever saw among the children. It was a burlesque on balls. It was the folly of dancing illustrated. It was child's play, and seemed just fit for that. Little girls and boys, certainly not more than three, and some said not more than two and a half years old, would go through the motions with profound propriety, holding to one another, and jumping as well as they could, as if unconscious that a thousand others were around them, and two or three thousand looking at them. The larger children had, of course, been taught to dance, and to them this was a great day to show off their airs, in the presence of the fashion and beauty of Paris.

The change of the music was instantly seen in the movement of the gay young multitude. And when it ceased, they dissolved into their several parties, marching and counter-marching, in the easiest and most agreeable manner conceivable, the gayest party that could be found that day in the Emperor's dominions.

Their parents and friends, sitting among the broad-leaved plants and orange-trees, seemed to be quite as much pleased as their children. A fine passage in the dance was applauded with great glee. The fond mother was pointing out to a group of friends her own dear child on the floor. Others received the compliments of their acquaintances on the beauty and grace of their children; and all appeared to enter into the occasion with the greatest zest, thinking it—as I presume it was, for young and old—one of the proudest days of their lives. What can be expected of a people thus trained, but that they will be frivolous, thoughtless, vain, and dissipated? What kind of women will these girls make, who are taught to seek distinction in such a scene? The greatest need of France is *mothers*—as much now as ever; and the prospect is not promising that France will have them soon.

I saw the bills posted for a *Children's Theatre*, and was told that they are attended by great crowds, the performances being given in the early part of the evening, that the nurses, with their infantile charges, may get home in season for bed. The little folks ought to have some rest, and must not be kept out too late.

The masked balls of Paris are described as the most picturesque and extraordinary of any of the night-scenes of Paris. As they are usually given on Saturday nights, and the dancing does not commence till midnight, those who have scruples of conscience on the matter of holy time will not attend to see what is to be seen, even if their scruples did not hinder them from going at any other time. A gentleman, who was present at the grand *Bal Masque* at the close of the Carnival, describes the scene:

"It was given in the Opera-house, the pit being floored over, making an arena for dancing for three or four thousand persons. The boxes are appropriated to spectators. Every conceivable character in the line of the ludicrous was exhibited by the men, and the gayest and frail-

est costumes imaginable were worn by the women. Men dressed as women, and women as men; and some, in imitation of animals, with horns and feathers, would come suddenly upon the floor, and be received with shouts of laughter, and mingle in the dance. Hundreds of the women were dressed in loose silk pantaloons, and a looser linen waist, so as to have the greatest possible freedom of action on the floor. And when the exciting strains of music summoned them to the work, a scene of bewilderment and revelry ensued that no pen of mine can essay to paint. The most extravagant figures were attempted, but no prescribed extravagance was sufficient for the frenzy of the actors in this extraordinary scene. They leaped, they whirled, they embraced, they raved in the wildness of the hour, as if they had lost all reason, and were now let loose to play the fool with thousands like themselves. After half an hour of the most violent and outlandish dancing, the whole company would promenade, and this was the time for the amusement of the masks with each other. The men wore none, except those who were dressed in some *outré* style, and the women had usually but a piece of black silk covering half the face, and this they were soon quite willing to drop, especially if they were handsome. The excitement increased as the night wore on. Madder and more mad appeared the dancers. The rooms for refreshments were crowded with men and women, who sought in strong drink the means of recruiting their failing strength. This was fuel to the flame. The restraints of decency became weaker, and then followed scenes more like pandemonium than any thing earthly ought to parallel."

CHURCHES—HOLY STAIRS.

In the church of the Capuchins is a famous picture of Guido—the Archangel Michael conquering a monster. It cost me some trouble to find a monk who would come and withdraw the curtain, for it was the hour for vespers, and they were all engaged; but when I discovered one apparently at leisure, he led me back into the church, and very kindly exposed the glorious painting, the master-piece of Guido. The young angel, with flowing hair and a countenance of heavenly beauty, with ardent courage and strength, is coming down on the enemy, and treading him beneath his feet. Our guide then conducted us to the cemetery of the Capuchins beneath their convent—an extraordinary museum in the court of death. One monk had just completed the pleasant duty of showing three ladies through the tombs, and they were kissing his hand and receiving his blessing as we came near. We entered the subterranean apartments, consisting of a series of cells, which are laid off in little squares, and covered with earth and moss, and here and there a few flowers. In each of these cells was the mummy of a monk, with cowl and cassock on, the cord confining his gown, the cross still held in his skeleton hand, and an hour-glass and book standing by. A

card in the other hand tells us the name of the monk and the time of his decease. The walls of this gloomy sepulchre are *adorned* with curious figures, wrought with the bones of the monks, who are thus made to contribute to the embellishment of the place after they are picked to pieces. Long ago the whole number of cells was filled with the mummies, and now, when a Capuchin dies, he can find a bed below only by crowding out the one who has been here the longest. His bones are then worked up; his skull becomes a lamp, the vertebrae a chain to hang it on, and the shoulder-blade becomes a scythe in the lank fingers of a skeleton, while the columns and arches are all made of thighs and arms, and even the smaller bones are set in curious mosaics, making the queerest of all caricatures in the chamber of the dead.

Every one has read of the Holy Stairs, the *Scala Santa*, in the noble portico near to the Basilica of St. John Lateran. These twenty-eight marble steps are said to have been in Pilate's house in Jerusalem, and the same which the Saviour trod when he went to the judgment-seat of the Governor. Now no one is permitted to ascend them but on her knees. I say *her* knees, for of the scores who were slowly climbing when I was there, not a man was to be seen. But at the head of the stairs is a chapel, on which is written in Latin, "In all the world there is no place more holy;" and into this no woman is allowed to enter. I looked through the windows and saw the divinity of the sanctuary, a painting of the Saviour at the age of twelve, said to be a perfect likeness, and painted by the evangelist Luke! Of all the penitents who were toiling up the stairs, a few only appeared to be impressed with solemnity becoming the work in which they were engaged. One lady, elegantly dressed, a plump and pretty woman, laughed all the way up, and chatted with the children, who found it excessively tedious to be toiling in this way, when they would have preferred to mount two or three steps at a time. Another was very much out of breath, and used her handkerchief freely in wiping the perspiration from her brow while she rested a few moments, and then climbed on. It is awkward work going up stairs on one's knees. I have heard it said that going down stairs in this way is a certain cure of the fever and ague. It is just as good for that malady as this uphill work is for the more desperate malady of sin. But here, even here, on his knees, on these very stairs, the great reformer, Luther, was startled by a voice from heaven—"The just shall live by faith"—and the Reformation was conceived.

A TURKISH BATH.

We entered a large apartment with a white marble floor, and a fountain of water playing in the centre. A dome was pierced with many holes, shedding a dim twilight over the room, and its warmth induced a pleasing languor. On a raised platform were divans, and bathers were reclining. We stretched ourselves to rest

a moment after our long walk. A servant then assisted me in undressing. Enveloped in a large shawl, and with towels about my head, I rose up from the divan, and stepping off from the platform, put my feet, not on the marble floor, but into wooden clogs, which stood ready to receive them, and marched unsteadily along in the procession of similarly clad, or unclad bathers. Passing out of this room we entered another steaming with heated vapor, all but suffocating. It grew hotter as we advanced, and I paused, fearful to proceed. Becoming accustomed to it in a few moments, we were led into still another room, with a marble circular platform about a foot high in the centre, while all around the sides were niches, a fountain in each, from which hot and cold water was flowing. On the marble floor a naked Turk was lying flat upon his back, and a stout fellow was bending his joints and kneading him all over as if he were dough. I sat down by the side of a fountain and surrendered myself to the soft, enervating influence of the atmosphere. At first it was oppressive, but soon was exceedingly agreeable. A young Turk, a smooth, handsome boy, came now, gently removed the covering from my head and shoulders, letting it fall loosely over my limbs. Taking one of my arms he rubbed it with a cloth mitten, at first softly, and then more briskly, with warm water. Then he took the other arm and went through the same process, my neck, and back, and breast; the cuticle seemed to roll up and off as he continued his manipulations, and I began to fear he was skinning me, or that I had never been washed clean before. With closed eyes and a gradual falling away of consciousness, I let him complete the process in his own way. When he had thus thoroughly cleansed me from head to heels he took a wisp, or mop of palm fibres, like tow, and lathered me with light suds, pouring it over my head and neck, piling it on me, though it would run down on my beard, as the ointment on Aaron's. Dipping bowls of hot water, he poured them on the top of my head; and as it streamed in a fiery torrent over my eye-balls, I thought they must be destroyed. I dared not open them to see if I could see; but I held my hands tightly over my eyes while he continued to dip and pour, till endurance was no longer possible, and I groaned to him to have mercy on me and stop. He did rest, but for a moment only; and once more covering me with the lather, he repeated the *douche* of hot water till he was satisfied; for I had no words which he could understand in which to convey my fears of the fatal consequences of such a scalding operation. He left me to sit quietly for a while and recover slowly from the effects. Returning with dry napkins, soft and pleasant, he rubbed me gently, and my good-nature came back with the friction. After he had made a turban of a towel and put it on my head, and winding several folds of a large shawl around me, he led me out through two or three successive chambers, becoming gradually cooler as

we withdrew, into the grand central hall, where the divans invited us again to repose. The servant now brought the chibouque—the pipe, with a stem four or five feet long, handsomely ornamented—and placing the pipe in a saucer on the floor, displayed his skill in bringing the amber mouth-piece so that it would rest upon my lips. I took a few whiffs, and then another servant appeared with coffee in a tiny china cup, and this cup in another of silver filigree-work. The coffee is drunk without milk or sugar, black, strong, and bitter, not to my taste at all; but the Turks are fond of it. I preferred the pleasant sherbet that followed; and by this time I was refreshed and ready to be dressed. With all the aches and pains of a week of hardship taken out of me, and rejoicing like a strong man to run a race, I left the bath with my friends, after paying about twenty-five cents for the various luxuries of bathing and refreshment which I had enjoyed. Money must go a long way here, or all this could not be had for a quarter of a dollar.

THE SLAVE MARKET—BUYING WIVES—SHOOTING THEM AT PLEASURE.

Antonio now brought us, after a long ride, to the slave-market. On one side of an open square was a row of boxes or stalls without windows, and the doors closely shut. As we came up, a man in European dress stepped up and asked, in French, if we would look at the girls; and immediately opened the door of one of the pens. Instead of seeing half a dozen beautiful Circassians, whose charms have been the theme of so much poetry and prose, four or five African women, dark as night, fat and funny, jumped up, and laughing merrily, desired us to buy them. Decidedly we had no inclination to make the purchase; and the dealer, seeing that we were merely gratifying our curiosity, slammed the door, and turned on his heel. Other men on the ground had a supply of these Nubian women for sale; but if there were any whites in the market, we were told that Franks are not allowed to look at them. As they are bought only for the harems of the Turk, the profaner eyes of the European must not see them before or after they enter that impenetrable retreat. These are brought to the market by their parents and friends, and often are children of the most respectable families in their own country, who are thus disposed of in the way of marriage perfectly consistent with the Oriental ideas of domestic happiness, however it may be revolting to ours. I had quite an argument with a Turkish merchant on this subject. He would not admit me, of course, into his harem; but the door that led into it was frequently left open, and never failed to disclose one or more of his wives, who disappeared after we had exchanged glances. I told him that one wife was enough if she was good, and too many if she was bad. He replied, that if she was good, the more of the same sort the better; and if she was bad, he must get a good one to console him for his disappointment

in the other. He said he had six, and loves them all, and they love him; and not one of them wishes to leave him. My arguments were all wasted; and I left him to the enjoyment of the field and the harem.

Slavery among the Turks is about the same as adoption into the family. The boy, bought of the trader, rises to the rank of his owner, becomes a member of the state, may be an officer of the government, take the daughter of the Sultan to be his wife, and aspire to the throne. But the power of the master is absolute over the slave; and the lordly Turk, not the Sultan only, but his ministers and his rich subjects, surrounded with their harems of fair women, bought with their money, and brought here in the budding loveliness of youth from the vales of Georgia and Circassia, do not hesitate to gratify their unbridled passions at any sacrifice in the exercise of their unlimited power. Not long since, one of the Sultan's present ministers accused one of his wives of stealing a trinket that belonged to another. She denied the charge with the warm indignation of injured innocence. In her youthful beauty she stood up before him as he sat on the crimson divan; and the whole bevy of his wives gathered around to see the trial of the accused, now trembling before her lord and master. She could only assert her innocence, while he repeated the charge, and drawing a pistol from his girdle, shot her through the heart. The frightened women fled from the shocking scene, as she fell bleeding and dead at the monster's feet. How common these things are, no man can say; but that such things are not uncommon, even at the present day, there is too much reason to fear.

LOVE AND CHARCOAL.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

CURIOSITY often leads one into strange places and unpleasant circumstances. I have found it so, and perhaps experienced the evil consequences of indulging that propensity more than most men. Indeed, with me it is rather a passion than a propensity—a passion in certain circumstances quite irresistible. To give it force with me, however, there must be something more than the mere desire of knowing and investigating things secret or concealed from me. All the young people in the world might make love, lawfully or unlawfully, within ten steps of me without exciting the slightest desire on my part to know what they were about. Rogues might rob, plunder, or cheat; politicians lie, swindle, and corrupt; scandal-mongers calumniate and backbite, without inducing me to lend an ear or turn an eye in that direction. But when there is any thing gloomy, any thing awful, any thing terrible to be discovered, or, indeed, attached in any way—real or fanciful—to events or objects brought under my observation, an overpowering desire, an impulse not to be resisted, impels me to probe the matter to the bottom; to trace the circumstances through all their turnings and wind-

ings, although every step be accompanied by pain and terror to myself.

I remember, in the year 1819, when I was detained for some months in Paris on business, I was fond of rambling through the older parts of that very remarkable city, and used frequently to pass through the *Rue des Petits Champs*. It had at that time a very dingy and somewhat squalid appearance about it; and one house especially seemed more dingy, more squalid, more ancient than the rest. At all events, it was more dirty. The brush of the painter, the trowel of the mason, the saw and chisel of the carpenter, did not seem to have been exercised upon it since it was built. It was a tall house, six stories high at least, and it had an ever-open *porte cochère*—for that had once been a fashionable street—which gave a view into a small court-yard, round which the great mass of the house arose. The windows upon the five upper stories toward the street were thickly coated and dim with the alternate rains and dust of many years; but there were two windows on the ground floor, or *rez-de-chaussée*, as they call it, one on each side of the *porte cochère*, which were a little cleaner; one of them, indeed, tolerably clean. The one displayed an inscription, giving the passing stranger notice that cigars and snuff were to be had within (this inscription, by the way, was written in a crabbed French hand upon a long strip of dingy gray paper much the color of the smoke-begrimed stone of the building), and the other window indicated the profession of those within by a display of somewhat soiled gloves and fly-marked articles of *lingerie*.

I passed it two or three times a day for at least a week, and every time I passed I looked up at the windows. Nothing, however, was to be seen but the dirt; no face appeared at any dusky pane; no head or hand was protruded to gaze on the passing crowd below or to water a sickly box of *mignonnette* which somewhat menaced the heads of the passengers. Gradually I grew interested in that house: it was so lean, so sordid, so woebegone, it looked like one of those men in threadbare black coats and pantaloons with glossy knees, whom we all conclude to have known better days, and who, we imagine—especially if their linen be scanty and somewhat yellow—have ruined themselves by gin or gambling. I began to ask myself curiously what sort of inhabitants that house could contain; to whom it belonged; what were its purposes, its applications.

I rarely saw any one go in or out in the earlier hours of the day; but once or twice, passing about four o'clock, I perceived several men enter in haste, and once a young and pretty girl and an old lady, both *en chapeau*—then a sign of claims to the rank of gentlewoman—and tolerably well dressed. The interest grew more intense; the house itself appeared to assume a more dingy hue—to look more forlorn and sickly. "I will know what it all means," I said to myself; "I will find out how this place is

tenanted. There are things in every great city which no one dreams of but the actors in them. Almost every house has its tragedy and its farce going on within it, while we pass by the door unmoved."

The next time that I went down the street, I quietly turned and entered the *porte cochère*. On the left hand was a little dingy den, with a door glazed in the upper half, and an inscription thus: "PARLEZ AU PORTIER." But I had nothing to do with the porter. He was not likely to give me any information, and so I walked on into the court-yard. The aspect of the place was not much improved by nearer inspection. The windows that looked into the court were as dim and dusty, the walls were as black, the window-sills and doors as ancient and colorless as those on the street; and, besides, there was a quantity of long rank grass growing up between the paving-stones, and showing clearly that horses seldom trod and vehicles rolled there. Neither was there any thing apparent to satisfy my curiosity, except where, from a pole stuck out of an upper window, and dangling by a piece of string, was a board with the words, "*Chambres garnies à louer*."

I then determined to go into the little glove-shop on the *rez-de-chaussée* and make inquiries, for by this time my fancy was excited to a high pitch, and I was resolved my curiosity should be satisfied. I found within a little old shriveled Frenchwoman, the very pink of politeness, and, of course, as the great preliminary, I bought a pair of gloves. All Frenchwomen love to talk when they have nothing else to do, and often whatever else they have to do; and thus I and *Madame* were soon in full conversation. I was not very ceremonious in bringing her to the point; for asking all sorts of impertinent questions is perfectly polite in France, if it be done in a polite manner; and I soon obtained sufficient information to stimulate my curiosity still farther. I found that the house was used as a boarding-house, and the old lady informed me that it contained "*une société charmante*," and, moreover, "*table d'hôte excellente*." There I found several young artists of whom the great world had never heard, and never will; several clerks in second-rate shops and warehouses; several ladies who gave lessons in various arts and accomplishments; and a number of others, whose occupations my informant did not pause to particularize, either lodged and boarded, or took their meals. She, moreover, assured me that if I were looking for such a place, I could not find a better in Paris.

This last observation gave point to my purpose. I had often longed to know—to see and examine with my own eyes—how the people whom nobody knows, live in Paris, and I determined, without giving up my other lodging, to hire a room in the *Rue des Petits Champs*. It was a foolish idea—an extravagant one in some respects; but I was impelled to it by sensations I could not resist—sensations which I

knew always mastered me in the end, and against which, therefore, there was no use of struggling. The Boodhists say that a man who wishes to overcome his faults and passions must take them one by one, like a man counting a rosary or string of beads; but I never could get over that first one, which has so often put me in painful situations.

Well, I walked straight in from the glove-shop to the porter's den, and began to chaffer about board and lodging. I am plain enough in my apparel, God knows; but the man eyed me all over, and then was all civility and attention. He would have the honor of conducting me immediately to "*Madame*," he said. She would be charmed to show me all the vacant rooms. There was an "*appartement délicieux au premier*," and "*sur le grand escalier*," and another nearly equally good "*sur le petit escalier*," but he counseled the former. It was more suited to the position of "*Monsieur*."

Madame was as courteous as the porter. She was a great tall strapping Flemish lady, very good-looking, though of large dimensions, and she instantly hurried with her keys, giving sundry orders to sundry maids as she went to show me the vacant rooms. Sagaciously she took me to the worst before the best. She took me up the "*petit escalier*," narrow and crooked, lighted principally by borrowed lights. Up three flights of steps she led me to a small dingy room, out of which the clothes and effects of an occupying tenant had not yet been removed. There was a trunk in a corner, a cravat over the back of a chair, and a pallet, paints, and brushes on the table. She explained, however, that the *monsieur* would be out in two or three days, "*pauvre jeune homme!*"

As I had lost more breath in going up than I should like to lose three or four times a day, I declined that chamber, and explained the reason. She then led me down to the floor below, where she showed me the counterpart room, and enlarged upon the excellent society which I should have around me there. One apartment was occupied by "*Madame —*," an excellent old lady of good family, who had condescended to be governess to the only daughter of the "*Duc de Quatrevingts Tourelles*," and was now living on an annuity she received from the family. Then she pointed to the very next door to that which she intended for my entrance, telling me, with a very knowing look, that there lodged a "*charmante demoiselle—belle comme une ange*," who gave drawing and painting lessons to young ladies. "*Une personne charmante*," she said, looking as cunning as possible all the time, "*mais sage, très sage*;" and then she laughed, fit to kill herself, at the very idea of there being such a thing as female virtue on the earth.

However, neither the neighborhood of the old lady, nor that of the young one, proved temptation enough. It was still too high. In short, I was resolved to see the apartment upon the ground escalier, which the porter had men-

tioned, and thither at length the good dame led me. She had to conduct me to the floor below, where she pointed out the *salle à manger*, or dining-hall, upon a good large vestibule, with the grand escalier running down to the ground floor. At the distance of some ten steps from the door of this dinning-room was on either side another large door, and one of these she opened, rushed in, put back the blinds, and then, after a quick glance round at what she considered the grandeur of the "*pièce*," she fixed her eyes upon me to see how I would be struck.

The apartment consisted of a little anteroom about twelve feet square, and beyond that a good large bedroom, with a bed in an alcove or recess, having a closet for clothes at each end. This alcove was on the left hand side, and no great calculation was needed to show me that it and the two closets, which occupied the whole length of the wall of the room, abutted upon the dining-hall. Just opposite the door by which I entered were two large windows, looking out into the court-yard, and affording so much light that I was surprised to perceive on the side opposite the bed another small window of an oblong shape, about three feet in width by two in height, perched up at the top of the wall just under the cornice. This was soon explained, however, for when I pointed it out to Madame, she not only informed me that it was what is called a borrowed light, to enable people to see their way upon the *petit escalier*, but dragged me up again, crying, "*Tenez, Monsieur; je vais vous faire voir*," and then took a great deal of pains to convince me that it was impossible for any one passing up or down that staircase to see into my room, for although it was so high up in the wall of the chamber, it was on a level with the feet of the passengers. This perfectly satisfied me, and I engaged the apartment, paid a small sum as earnest, and promised to move in the next day. This promise I faithfully fulfilled, but in the mean time did not give up my apartments in the *Rue d'Antin*, which, for a longer residence, suited me much better. In fact I went there merely from curiosity to see how people live. Madame assisted me with the greatest politeness in making all my little arrangements, changed the place of this piece of furniture and that, and as I was very courteous to her, spoke French, and paid her a small compliment now and then, I seemed to rise high in her good graces.

After all was arranged, as we had raised some dust in our manœuvres, she invited me down to her little *salon* while the *garçon* swept the room and waxed the floors, and passing through the dining-hall, she led me to a neat sitting-room beyond, where I found two ladies already in occupation and one gentleman. I was introduced in form, and soon settled rightly who and what my new companions were. The first was an elderly lady—about sixty-five—with a somewhat pretentious air, and a certain degree of *minauderie*, to say nothing of rouge and a wig;

and she I settled in my own mind was the admirable lady of good family who still enjoyed a little annuity from the family of the Duke de Quatrevingts Tourelles.

The other lady was the pretty girl I had seen once going into the *porte cochère*, and a mighty pretty girl she was, especially without her bonnet, with her black hair as smooth and glossy as a raven's wing, and her full black eyes deeply shaded, but replete with a soft, tender light. This was, of course, the young lady who gave lessons in painting, etc., to other young ladies. The gentleman who sat by her side seemed not at all insensible to her beauty, and their conversation was carried on in low and evidently very intimate tones, with glances of the eye, and looks of intelligence, which left no doubt of the quality of their friendship. He was a young, pale, rather haggard-looking man, but with good features and a fine person. His beard and hair were wild, and in this respect corresponded well with the expression of his eyes, which had a quick, eager, impetuous flash in them that savored a little of frenzy—whether of that which we are told assists the poet's eye in rolling or not, I can not say—but to me it looked a little unsettled and unsafe. When I was introduced to him and his fair companion, those eyes fixed upon me eagerly, but he seemed soon to settle in his own mind that I had not the qualities of a rival—I believe it was a glance at my drab gaiters which decided the question—and after that he was civil and courteous enough.

In the mean while I heard Madame informing the old lady that I was *vieux garçon*, but a charming, excellent man; and after a while, when I had a little private conversation with her, she told me that "*pauvre Monsieur L—* was madly in love with Mademoiselle Elise, but, poor people, what could they do? He had not a sou, and could not sell his pictures, and she was forced to live by her teaching." She whispered in the most profound confidence a little bit of scandal in regard to the extent of their intimacy; but enjoined secrecy, inasmuch as such a suspicion would ruin the prospects of the young lady, observing very properly that it was none of her business—she was not bound to play duenna to every lady who did her the honor of boarding in her house.

I never believe any tales of scandal, much less mere insinuation—I would rather not believe them, and so I do not—and in the present case they only served to make me take an interest in the two young people, who seemed to be in an unhappy but not unusual predicament; and as I was placed at dinner next to Monsieur L—, I contrived to get tolerably intimate with him in a short time. His fair friend sat just opposite, so that he had something to feast his eyes upon while he talked to me. The dinner was really very good to the taste. What it was composed of I do not know—who ever does know the composition of a French dinner? But after it was over, I asked my new acquaint-

ance to join me in my apartment, and partake of a very fine bottle of *Clos de Vougeant*, of which I had brought a store with me. He said he would come in a few minutes, and I saw him soon after walk across the court with Mademoiselle Elise, who parted from him at the door. He then returned and joined me in my rooms, and I could not help perceiving that he was very sad. The wine did not seem to cheer him much, and though Frenchmen are generally very facile in talking of their own affairs, he did not even approach the subject of his. To lead the way, and really with a kindly feeling toward him, I started the topic of painting, alluded to his profession as an artist, and expressed a wish to see some of his productions. He entered with enthusiasm into matters of art, and after a long disquisition, promised to bring me some of his drawings on the following morning. This he did not fail to do, and I found that they really had merit, though not that commanding merit which insures success. They were mere sketches, but vigorous and artistical, and I thought I could not spend a few Napoleons better than in buying some to hang up in my library at home. I selected six, and asked him to fix the price. He did so, naming a very moderate sum, and I paid him immediately in gold. I shall not easily forget his look or manner when I laid the four Napoleons down upon the table. He gazed at them and sighed, and seemed to hesitate whether he should take them up or not. Then pointing to them with his hand, he said, in a sort of cynical tone, "*Tenez, Monsieur; I recollect the time when to have sold half-a-dozen of my sketches for four Napoleons in one morning would have filled my heart with hope and expectation—I should have seen fame, and wealth, and honor before me, and the gratification of all my brightest hopes. But now—I have so often had such gleams, and so often seen them vanish the next instant, that they are to me like the handfuls of *couscousou* which the Moors give to a man whom they have impaled, to keep him just living on in his agony till he rots upon the stake.*"

There was something so unutterably sad in his whole tone, that his words touched me to the heart; and I was just thinking what I could do to serve, or say to comfort him, when he snatched up the money and ran out of the room.

He did not dine at the table that day, and I could see that Mademoiselle Elise was somewhat uneasy and absent, till a gentleman with large mustache—an officer of the Swiss Guard, I believe—who had been added to our party, drew her notice and her conversation by some little gallant attentions. During the evening I just caught a glimpse of Monsieur L—— passing down the stairs, and feeling rather unwell I retired to rest earlier than usual. I could not sleep, however. The borrowed light, which I have mentioned as just facing the alcove in which I lay, disturbed me. There was a perpetually-burning lantern on those stairs, and

people passed up at all sorts of hours; but it was the dull glare of that square eye of light at the top of the wall, forever looking at me as I lay, that annoyed me most. Half an hour—an hour, passed without any one going up or coming down; but still I lay awake, looking at that dull glare. There were cobwebs and dust enough to dim it, beyond doubt; but that only added to the annoyance. At length ten o'clock struck by the *pendule* in the dining-hall, and shortly after I heard somebody rustling up the *petit escalier*. The lantern hung on the opposite side of the stairs, so that I had the advantage of seeing their shadows—at least the lower parts of their shadows—as they passed up or down—a sort of *ombre chinoise*. It was that of Madame——, the elderly pensionary of the Quatre-vingts Tourelles family, which now passed. I am sure of that. There was the immensely extensive amplitude of gown, and the little foot—very neat and well preserved—raised, to go up the step in sight, like that of an antelope in a coat of arms. But her shadow passed away like the rest. I could hear that she made a pause at the door of her room. I imagined her fumbling for her key in her pocket. She applied it audibly to the key-hole, and then went in and closed the door.

Another hour passed, and still I could not close my eyes. Then I heard a step in the court-yard below, and then there was a quiet footstep again upon the *petit escalier*. At the same time there was a light step in the room overhead, crossing the floor in a direction that seemed to lead from the window toward the door. In the day time, what with sounds inside the house and out, I had never yet distinguished a sound in that up-stairs room, and I did not remember having heard one even that night till then. But now it was distinct, and the moment after I saw a pair of men's boots cross the borrowed light. I listened with all my ears. The steps stopped at one of the doors on the flight above. I could not hear the door opened, but a minute or two after I am sure I heard the murmur of voices, and I think I heard sobs.

"Imprudent young people!" I thought; and felt the full force and necessity of the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation!" Unhappily, it is we who are always seeking it ourselves. Whoever was the visitor, he staid but a few moments, and I heard him mount farther up the stairs. He certainly went to the room of Monsieur L——. Half an hour after I was sound asleep.

The breakfast hour in that house was not very exactly fixed like the dinner hour; and when I went in, rather late, I found Mademoiselle Elise seated, with the officer of the Swiss Guard on the opposite side of the table saying pretty things to her. I was hardly supplied with a cup of coffee, when Monsieur L—— appeared at the door. He paused, gazed in for an instant, and I could see his wild eyes flash fire. He calmed himself, advanced, sat down

without speaking, took one mouthful of coffee, and cut a long French roll in two. By the time that feat was accomplished, the officer had finished his breakfast, and rising, with a low bow to Mademoiselle, quitted the room. Still Monsieur L—— did not speak—no, not one word—and then he started up, and was making toward the door. But Elise could not bear it any longer, and she cried, “Charles! Charles!” He paused an instant, and she joined him at the other end of the room. I did not listen, but a casual glance of the eye that way showed me eager conversation and the gesture of entreaty and expostulation upon her part—upon his, an averted eye, a gloomy brow, a gnawing of the nether lip. At last he said a few words; and exclaiming, “Attend—attend!” to my great surprise, Elise ran up to me, and laying her hand almost familiarly upon my arm, she said, “Would Monsieur confer a great favor upon her, and change seats with her that day at dinner, excusing the great liberty she was taking in making such a request?”

She was so pretty, and she said it so prettily, that if it had been a desire to sit with my back to the stove or at an open window, I could not have refused her; and I replied, “Certainly. I shall be but too happy to concur in any arrangement that gives you pleasure.”

We three were now the only persons in the room—for the *garçon* had gone away with dirty plates—and what we said was quite aloud. Elise brought her lover back to the table, and I thought it better to leave them alone together. “Jealousy,” I said, as I walked up the stairs; and after pondering a short time upon the curious perversities of love, I went out to transact some business.

By the dexterous arrangement which Elise had made, by the aid of my concurrence, she was placed next to Monsieur L——, and I next to the officer of the Swiss Guard. Poor man! he looked quite disconcerted when he came in and found how the pieces had been altered on the board—his queen mated, and he himself in check. The game, however, was not quite up with him—at least he seemed to think so—and he said several things to Mademoiselle Elise across the table—all very pretty in their way, but all very insignificant. They fell short of their mark, however; for some Elise did not hear, some she would not hear, and the rest she did not seem to attend to.

“This is atonement,” thought I; and, taking a little interest in the game that was played, when my fair young friend and her lover retired into the sanctum of *Madame*, I walked in after them, and engaged the elders in conversation, that the younger ones might have their conference all to themselves. Nevertheless, from time to time I caught a few words of what was passing between Monsieur L—— and his companion, as they sat in a corner engaged in very eager and animated discussion.

I tried to divine what it was all about; and perhaps I was not wrong in thinking that, like

two fish caught in a net, the meshes of which were formed of passion and poverty, they were struggling to find some means of getting out, but still found themselves entangled.

At length there came a long, and, as it seemed to me, a solemn and gloomy pause; and then Monsieur L——, bending down his head, said something in a whisper to his beautiful friend.

She did not raise her eyes, but answered, in a low but distinct tone, “*Soit* (so be it); *mais c’est mourir de faim* (but it is to die of hunger).”

Again Monsieur L—— bent down his head, and added something in as low a tone as before. She gave a quick, almost painful start; then suddenly a light, almost like that of joy, beamed in her eyes, and laying her hand upon his arm, she repeated more than once, “*Soit—Soit!* It is the only resource. We may be happy at length.”

After some more conversation, which I did not overhear, she rose, and, taking *Madame* apart, conversed with her for several minutes, during which time I could see several significant shakes of the head, as the eyes of the two turned from one to another of the company present, and at length fixed upon myself.

All this time, Monsieur L—— had been looking down at his thumb nails, which he had been diligently cleaning and polishing with a pen-knife. A moment after, Elise was by his side again; and during the whole of the evening her spirits were excessive—unnaturally so, it seemed to me, for her countenance was not of a very joyous cast, and I had always thought that there was a degree of habitual melancholy—not gloom—in its expression.

As I left the room that evening, *Madame* followed me, and when we were alone, told me she had a message to deliver me from Mademoiselle Elise. “She is going to be married to-morrow,” she said, “quite in secret, *la pauvrete*, and she wishes you to accompany her to the church and the *mairie*—but you are not to say a word of it to any one; for you and I are the only persons to know it in the house.”

What could I do?—nothing but consent; and therefore, the following morning, *Madame* and myself, Monsieur L—— and Elise, set out at an early hour, and I saw her united to her lover forever. It was indeed forever!

After the ceremony was over, we all separated, and went upon our different errands, to all appearance as if nothing extraordinary had happened. There were no smart clothes, no bridal toilet—nothing but a pair of white gloves here and there, which were put in the pocket as soon as used; and doubtless the scholars of poor Elise entertained not the slightest suspicion that day that her heart was full of emotions which almost rent it in twain. At least, when the whole party assembled at dinner at the *table-d’hôte*, no one could have discovered from her face or manner that there was the slightest agitation within. She was peculiarly calm indeed, and I thought I had never seen her looking more

beautiful. The greatest liar, I do believe, on earth is the human countenance.

Well, the day passed by; and, at my usual early hour, I retired to rest. Sleep I certainly did not get for some time. That great yellow eye on the opposite wall, which I have already mentioned, would keep looking at me.

About eleven o'clock I heard some noise in the room above—there were footsteps, and people speaking; and it seemed to me that some one was carrying or moving a heavy object of some kind across the room, and set it down with a curious sort of clang near about the centre. Then all was still, and I fell asleep. I could not have slept much more than an hour, I suppose, and had been dreaming of I know not what—but of something frightful, when I started up with a feeling of terror upon me. The first thing I heard distinctly was a sort of staggering step overhead, and then the rattle and fall of something made of iron—at least so I judged, by the sound it made. Then some one seemed to try and open a door; and then came a heavy fall.

I was very much alarmed, but I knew not what to do. The sounds were evidently in Elise's room, but there was nothing to indicate positively that any thing had gone amiss. There had been no cry—no shriek—nothing, in fact, which might not be attributed to some little, ordinary accident. Nevertheless, I could not divest my mind of the idea that something had gone amiss; and although I would not take the liberty of going up to the door of two newly-married people, I lay awake for some ten minutes, with my ear bent eagerly to catch the lightest sound. There was none, however. It was another organ which, at the end of that time, confirmed my fears, and induced me to rise. I perceived a smell of fire in the house, distinct, though not very strong; and partly dressing myself, and casting on my dressing-gown, I ran out of the room. In the vestibule I found *Madame* coming forth from her room, and a waiter running up the stairs from below.

"Don't you smell fire?" I cried.

"*Mais oui, mais oui!*" answered the lady, and ran farther up, with the agility of a cat. We all stopped at the door of Elise's room, for there was a light smoke issuing through the cracks. We knocked—we tried to open—but all was still, and the door fast locked. There was no time to be lost, however; the waiter put his strong shoulder to the door—which, like the rest of the house, was old, and not very sound—and he and I together contrived to drive it in.

The man fell staggering in with his own weight, but instantly drew back; and the fumes of charcoal which issued forth almost suffocated me and *Madame*. For her part, she began to shriek with all her might, and by that means soon brought a number of people out of their rooms with lights. At all risks I made a rush at the window, and threw it open, holding my breath till I got out again.

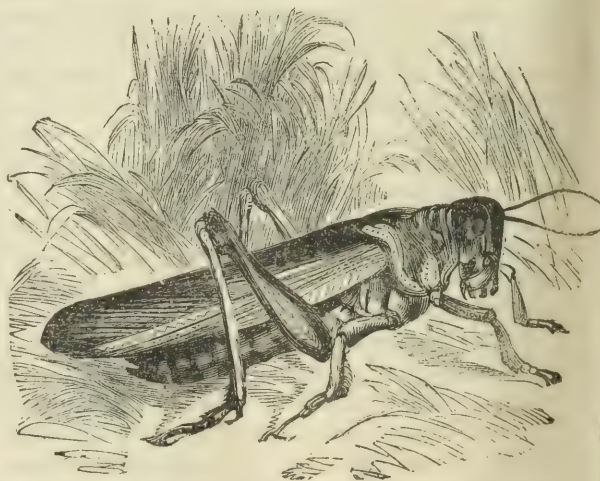
And now let me describe the appearance of

that room, when, after various little incidents not worthy of detail, we were at length able to enter and look about us.

The first object that met the eye was a large iron brasier, mounted on three long legs, which had been knocked over, and had scattered the lighted charcoal, that had previously filled it, over the floor. That floor was of old polished oak, and had been burned in several places by the pieces from the brasier, producing the smell of fire which I had perceived. Between the brasier and the door, but much nearer to the latter, lay Monsieur L—, in his night-dress. His face was considerably contorted, and it seemed evident that he had made an effort to open the door, and in staggering across the room, had knocked over the brasier and its contents. I lifted his arm; it was quite flaccid, but there was no breath came from his lips, and his face was the face of death. With a sad heart I walked across to the little alcove in which Elise's bed was placed, and drew back the curtain which shaded it. There she lay; and but that she was deadly pale, one might have thought her in a tranquil sleep. In her there was no contortion of features—no disturbance of limbs. One arm lay across her bosom, the other was stretched easily by her side. Her eyes were closed—her lips partly open, showing the pearl-like teeth within—and nothing indicated death but the wax-like hue of the skin, and the awful stillness of the whole form.

Some means were tried to recall the unhappy pair to life, but all without effect; and thus passed away two of this earth's children, who had impatiently bartered for an hour's happiness the life below—let us humbly hope not the life above.

Oh, that mess of pottage, that mess of pottage! We are all of us more or less Esaus in this world.



LOCUSTS IN THE EAST.

AN Eastern summer is full of wonders; but there is, perhaps, nothing about it more awfully appalling than those vast flights of locusts which sometimes destroy the vegetation of whole kingdoms in a few days, and where they found a garden leave a wilderness.

I am riding along a pleasant hillside—toward the end of May. There is a sharp pattering noise, like that of April rain in Scotland, falling on hard ground. I look attentively toward the earth, knowing that it can not be a shower this clear, balmy morning, and I see a countless multitude of little black insects no bigger than a pin's head. They are hopping and springing about in myriads, under my horse's feet—along the hard stony road, which is quite black with them, and far away among the heather, which is turned black also. I ride miles and miles, yet the ground is still darkened with those little insects, and the same sharp pattering noise continues. They are the young of the locusts, who left their eggs in the ground last year. They have just come to life. Three days ago there was not one to be seen.

A little later and I am passing through a Greek village. The alarm has spread every where, and the local authorities have bestirred themselves to resist their enemies while still weak. Large fires are burning by the river-side, and immense caldrons full of boiling water are streaming over them. The whole country side has been out locust-hunting. They have just returned with the result of their day's exertion. Twenty-three thousand pounds weight of these little insects, each, as I have said, no bigger than a pin's head, have been brought in already in one day.

They have been caught in a surface of less than five square miles. There has been no difficulty in catching them. Children of six years old can do it as well as grown men. A sack and a broom are all that is necessary. Place the open sack on the ground and you may sweep it full of locusts as fast as you can move your arms. The village community pay about a farthing a pound for locusts. Some of the hunters have earned two or three shillings a day. As the sacks are brought in they are thrust into the caldrons of boiling water, and boiled each for some twenty minutes. They are then emptied into the rapid little river swollen by the melting of mountain snows.

My Albanian, Hamed, watches these proceedings from his embroidered scarlet saddle with much melancholy gravity. "Ah," he says, "if there was but one dervish or good man among those rogues he could pray them away in an hour. There are no locusts in my village, because we have a dervish—a saintly man—there."

It appears that no dervish comes, and the plague goes on spreading daily from village to village—from town to town. This is the fourth year since they first appeared at Mytilene, whence I am writing. It is said that they seldom remain at one place longer, but that, in the fourth generation, the race dies out unless it is recruited from elsewhere. I am not aware whether this is a mere popular superstition, or a fact based on experience. They show, however, certainly no symptom of weakness or diminution of numbers. In ten days they have increased very much in size; they are now

as long as cockchafers, only fatter. They seem to be of several distinct species. Their bodies are about an inch and a half long, but some are much larger round than others. They have six legs. The hind-legs of the largest kind are nearly three inches long, or twice the length of the body. They have immense strength, and can spring four or five yards at a time. The legs are terminated by sharp, long claws, and have lesser claws going about half way up at the sides of them; their hold is singularly tenacious. Their heads and shoulders are covered with a kind of horny armor, very tough. Some are of a bright green color all over, some have brown backs and yellow bellies with red legs, and are speckled not unlike a partridge. Some are nearly black all over, and have long wings. The largest species have immensely long feelers projecting out near the eyes. I noticed some of these feelers twice the length of the rest of the body. The bite of the largest kind is strong enough to bend a pin. This locust has immense sharp tusks, furnished with saws inside. His mouth opens on all four sides, and closes like a vice. His eyes are horny, and he can not shut them. The largest kind have two short yellow wings and a long pointed fleshy tail, the smallest have four long black wings and no tail. The head is always large in comparison to the body, and not unlike that of a lobster. In moving, its scales make a noise like the creaking of new leather.

The locusts are on the wing, they have risen from the ground into the air. They darken the sky in their steady flight for hours, and they make a noise like the rushing of a mighty wind. Far as the eye can see over land and water broods the same ominous cloud. The imagination refuses to grasp their number. It must be counted by millions of millions. Count the flakes of a snow-storm, the sands by the seashore, the leaves of summer trees, and the blades of grass on dewy meadows. For days and days the locust storm and the hot south wind continue. At night the locusts descend on the gardens and cornfields. They struggle for pre-eminence on the points of palings, and the topmost overlooks the rest with extraordinary gravity. They crawl and hop loathsomely on fruit and flower. They get into eggs and fish, which become uneatable in consequence. There is no help against them because of their multitude. They eat holes in my bedding; they get into my pockets, and into my hair and beard. The Greek women are obliged to tie their trowsers on above their gowns as a protection against them. You tread upon them; they blow against you, they fly against you, they dine off the same plate, and hop on a piece of food you are putting into your mouth. Their stench is horrible, and this lasts for weeks.

I was tempted to impale one of them as a specimen, and left it sticking on a pin in the wall. Hamed slyly removed it, believing the proceeding to be a charm or magical device to counteract the designs of Heaven.

"It is God's will!" he said, sententiously, when I found him out and reproached him.

So they ate up the corn lands and the vineyards, wheresoever they fell. I counted nine on one blade of wheat. When they left it, it was as bare as a quill.

"They have still left your apples untouched," I said to a gardener.

"Helas!" replied the man. "They have eaten up all besides; and what is the use of your eyebrows if you have lost your eyes!"

Three days after they had eaten his apples too.

I noticed, however, that in the years the locusts appear there is no blight or smaller insects about. Perhaps, therefore, they are mercifully sent to destroy the smaller and more dangerous insects when they have multiplied exceedingly under the prolific suns of the East.

But they are a dreadful visitation. They ate holes in my clothes as I walked about. They got among Hamet's arms. They choked up the barrels of his pistols, and fed upon his sash of silk and gold. They ate away the tassel of his cap and the leathern sheath of his sword. My French dressing-gown might have been taken for a recent purchase at Rag Fair. They ate the sole of my slipper while I was asleep on a sofa. They ate my shirts in the wardrobe, and they ate my stockings. Hamed's "good man" never arriving, he catches many and puts them out of the window with much tenderness. The pasha, my host, with a touching faith in the goodness of God, goes about with a long stick to save them from drowning when they are driven by the winds into his reservoir of gold fish.

Perhaps the pasha is right: but I can not be so good as he is. For the locusts eat the back hair off women's heads while washing at the fountain, and the mustaches off gardeners while they sleep in the noonday shadow. They strip trees till they look as if struck by lightning or burnt by fire. I see the plants green and gay in the moonlight. In the morning their freshness and beauty have departed.

Families sit wailing in their fields over the ruin of their little all. There is a story that the locusts have eaten a child while its mother was away at work. There is a tradition that they once ate a drunken man who fell down in the kennel. Neither event is improbable. I saw a locust draw blood from the lips of an infant in its mother's arms.

They will not die. They seem to have neither sight nor hearing—vile things with nothing but mouths. If you catch one he will spring from your hold, and leaving his legs behind him go on as well as ever. The Cadi had a little garden; he had it watched day and night, for it was his pride, and full of far-away flowers. He kept fires surrounding it night and day to prevent the locusts crawling in. When they had learned to fly he fired guns to turn aside their course. When they came in spite of this he turned a garden engine upon them. Then

he buried them, but every green thing and every blossom was stripped from his garden for all that.

They will not die. They can swim for hours. Hot water, cold water, acids, spirits, smoke, are useless. I plunged one in salt and water. He remained four minutes, and sprung away apparently uninjured. I recaptured him and smoked him for five minutes. Two minutes afterward he had revived, and was hopping away. I recaptured the same locust, and buried him as deeply in the ground as I could dig with a pocket-knife. I marked the place, and the next morning I looked for my friend, but he was gone. Nothing will kill them but smashing them to a jam with a blow, or boiling them. There is no protection against them. They despise and eat through the thickest cloths, or sacking, or matting; and glass coverings for a large extent of ground would be of course too expensive. The only way in which one of my neighbors was enabled to save part of his harvest was by gathering his fruits and cutting down his corn when the locusts came, and then burying his property in holes dug in the ground and covered over with a heavy stone at the aperture, as I had seen the peasantry do in some parts of Western Africa. This saved him a little. No barn or room would have done so.

Yet another three weeks, toward the end of July, and the cloud which has hovered over the land so long is clearing away. And there arises a great wind, so that the locusts are swept off in countless armies to the sea, and so drowned. It is impossible to bathe for days, or to walk by the sea-shore, because of the stench of them. But they are gone, and their bodies float over the sea like a crust, extending to the opposite coast of Asia Minor.

I found out while busy with this subject, that the locusts were supposed to have come from Asia Minor to Mytilene; that when they first appeared on the northern coast of the island, they were few in number—a greater portion of the flight which settled here having been probably drowned on their passage. It was not till the third year that they became so numerous and so mischievous as to cause alarm. Their devastations were principally confined to the vines and olives; afterward they grew more general.

Last year the inhabitants, dreading their return, endeavored to take timely precautions for their destruction. There was some difficulty about this, however. It was necessary to apply to the Turkish local authorities. The local authorities were obliged to refer the matter to the Grand Sehoul-Islam, who published a *fetfah*, or decree, on the subject. But the *fetfah* was not obtained without a great deal of importunity, as it was believed by many learned doctors that the demand was altogether contrary to Moslem law. However, as the ravages of the locusts continued to increase to an extent which seemed to menace the revenue derived from the island, a *fetfah* was at last issued. In virtue of this, permission was given to destroy the locusts

oy all means save those of fire and water. It was necessary to evade this provision, since fire and water were universally acknowledged as the only effectual means of destruction.

The matter was now made the subject of a fixed legal regulation, by which every family was required to destroy from about twelve to twenty-five pounds weight of locusts, according to their numbers, for the common benefit. Some of the villages where labor was scarce, paid this tribute in money. Twopence a pound was first given for locusts; but the price afterward sunk to a farthing. The efforts of some places were, however, defeated by the indifference or superstition of others; so that labor, time, and money were all lost. More than seven hundred thousand weight were destroyed without any visible effect on their numbers. Their weight at this time was about two hundred and seventy to the ounce.

The Turks resolutely refused to assist in these proceedings! They looked upon the visitation as the will of God, with which it was impious to interfere. The captain of a Turkish man-of-war, seeing a locust drowning in the sea, bade his favorite coffee-boy plunge into the water to save it.

Some of the uneducated Greeks had also their own peculiar way of going to work. They

insisted that the locusts had arrived in punishment for the sins of the community, and consequently that human efforts against them would be vain. It appeared to them that public prayers and processions were much more reasonable. They also applied to a certain St. Tryphon on the subject—for St. Tryphon is the recognized patron and protector of fields and plants. They likewise sent a deputation to Mount Athos, requesting St. Tryphon to come and pass a few days at Mytilene—but he didn't.

It has been noticed that they appear, invariably, about the middle of May, and that they die or depart in August. They are most mischievous during the month of June. They have an objection to damp or marshy grounds. The females bury themselves in the earth when dying, probably to conceal their eggs. The males die aboveground, where the ants and smaller insects speedily devour them. Neither rain nor cold, however severe, appears to destroy or injure the eggs, which lie in the ground like seed during the winter, and burst forth into life in the first warmth of summer. Each female is understood to have about fifty young, which, in some measure, accounts for the astounding increase of the tribe. They require about twenty days to attain their full growth; sometimes longer, if the weather is unfavorable.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE past month has been unusually meagre in events of importance or permanent interest, both at home and abroad. The proceedings of Congress have related mainly to local and private matters, and have thus far resulted in no positive legislation. In the Senate, on the 18th of January, a letter was presented from Hon. Rufus Choate, tendering his resignation as one of the regents of the Smithsonian Institute, partly because of his inability to attend properly to the discharge of the duties of the position, but mainly because he could not concur in the policy which had been adopted by the majority of the Board. He regarded that policy as a direct violation of the law of Congress, by which their action was to be regulated and controlled, and as exactly contrary to the designs of the institution, as indicated by that law and by the will of the founder. The receipt of the letter occasioned some debate in the Senate, several Senators regarding it as derogatory to that body, and offensively peremptory in its condemnation of the majority of the Board from whose views the writer differed. It was laid upon the table, with the intimation that a committee would be hereafter appointed to investigate the complaints against the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Cooper, of Pennsylvania, on the 25th, addressed the Senate in support of resolutions he had previously offered, calling for the interference of the Government to put a stop to the practice of foreign countries in shipping their paupers and criminals as emigrants to the United States.—A Bill has passed both Houses of Congress authorizing the establishment of a Commission to inves-

tigate and pay the losses sustained by American citizens from the spoiliations of the French upon American commerce. On the 5th, in the Senate, Mr. Cass presented resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Michigan, instructing him, as one of the Senators from that State, to procure the passage of a law prohibiting Slavery from the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. He said, that, a few years since, he had declared his purpose to obey such instructions, when fairly exercised, and under proper circumstances. He desired now to show that the circumstances under which these resolutions of instruction had been passed, were not such as should give them any binding force. The Democratic party in Michigan had recently lost its ascendancy, and been succeeded by another party whose sentiments he did not share. The practical question, therefore, was whether a political party, whenever it accedes to power, by whatever combinations, has a right to pass resolutions which its opponents, in legislative trusts, are bound to obey; or, if prevented from obeying by their conscience and consistency, to resign their consistency. Such a rule, he believed, would introduce changes into the Senate radically affecting its organization, and incompatible with the objects of its institution as the representative branch of the Sovereignty of the State. It would deprive it of every characteristic of permanence, and would always be used to the disadvantage of the Democracy, since the opponents of that party do not admit the binding obligation of such a rule. He declined to discuss the general principle involved, saying his only object was to show why he acknowledged the obligations of the former instructions and denied those of the

present. Strange doctrines were now abroad, and strange organizations employed to promulgate and enforce them. The grave questions of policy which have hitherto divided parties are now cast aside, and religious and political intolerance finds zealous, and, it may be, successful advocates. While he believed the existence of political parties essential to the welfare of the country, he thought we needed no new experiments, and no new organizations. While the new party was in process of formation, upon a narrow basis of exclusion, seeking unity of action not in individual conviction and responsibility, but in the surrender of the will of each to the dictation of those who may gain the direction of the party, the public mind must be kept in a state of feverish excitement, unfriendly to calm deliberation; and majorities acquired by combinations arising out of such a state of things do not act under those fair and proper circumstances which he had declared to be essential to the obligatory force of legislative instructions. He believed the adoption of the measures, for which he was instructed to vote by the Legislature of Michigan, would be the signal for the breaking up of this confederacy, and he should, therefore, not obey them.—In the House of Representatives various subjects have been discussed, but no action of importance has been taken. Governor Causey, of Delaware, in his inaugural address, discusses at some length the evils that threaten the country from the increase of foreign influence, and the augmented number of foreigners who arrive among us. He congratulates the State on the spirit of resistance to these injurious influences which has been aroused throughout the country, and predicts from it the happiest results. He urges also the importance of affording more efficient protection to American labor against the effect of foreign competition; and concludes by representing all the fears that have been entertained for the safety of the Union as unfounded and absurd.—Public attention has been largely directed to an emigrating expedition in process of preparation, under command of Colonel Kinney, to colonize and settle certain portions of the territory on the Mosquito coast. The settlement is to be made under a grant alleged to have been made to two British subjects, named Sheppard and Haly, by the predecessor of the present king of the Mosquito country. The government of Nicaragua has protested against this expedition, as an invasion of its territory, and as in violation of the Neutrality Laws of the United States. To these representations Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State, has replied, that there was no evidence of any hostile intent on the part of the expedition, but that, on the contrary, it was merely a peaceful emigration company, intending to settle upon lands to which they had a claim, not for purposes of conquest, but of cultivation and improvement; and that it was not in violation of our Neutrality Laws, inasmuch as the members of the expedition would be in all respects subject to the authority of the country. To these representations Mr. Marcoleta, the Minister from Nicaragua, has replied, under date of January 16th, setting forth the various attempts of Great Britain to establish a protectorate over the Mosquito coast, and to plant an English colony there, and the declaration of the government of the United States that they would never acknowledge any such protectorate, nor permit the European governments either to interfere with the domestic concerns of the American

republics, or to establish new colonies upon this continent which should jeopard their independence or ruin their interests. The American Secretary of State, also, in 1849, and at other times, informed the British authorities that the American government could never acknowledge the independence of the Mosquito Indians, or admit that they have any right of sovereignty over the territory they claim. The Minister urges that by these declarations, so frequently repeated, and so explicit and emphatic in their terms, the government of the United States has denied the right of the Mosquito king to make any grants of land, and denounced the policy of planting new colonies upon those territories. It can hardly be supposed, therefore, that it would attempt to establish such colonies itself, or permit the invasion by its citizens of the rights and territories of the State of Nicaragua.—Colonel Kinney, on the 28th of January, writes to Secretary Marcy, declaring that the objects of the expedition are to occupy and improve the lands within the limits of his grant, and that every thing is to be done peaceably, and without invading the rights of either communities or States. He says he intends to establish municipal regulations for the government of the colonists, so that it may be in his power to enforce order, and keep up the forms of civilized society from the beginning. The Secretary, in his reply, dated February 4, states that if the expedition is a mere peaceful emigration, and if those connected with it choose to abandon all claim to the protection of the United States, and submit themselves to the jurisdiction of some other country, this government will not interfere with it; but the Ministers of the various Central American governments deny that he has any grant of lands within their dominions, and our government does not acknowledge the Mosquito king.—Elections have taken place for United States Senators in several of the States. In New York, on the 6th of February, Senator Seward was re-elected for six years from the 4th of March, when his present term of service will expire. He received 18 out of 31 votes cast in the Senate, and 69 out of 126 in the Assembly. The election had excited a great deal of interest, and was preceded by animated and vehement discussions, of several days' duration, in both Houses.—In Massachusetts, Henry Wilson, "Free Soil," has been chosen to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Edward Everett. In Wisconsin, Charles Durkee, "Republican," has been elected to fill the place of Isaac P. Walker. In Illinois, Lyman Trumbull, "Anti-Nebraska Democrat," succeeds James Shields. In Iowa, James Harlan has been chosen to succeed Augustus C. Dodge, who has been appointed Minister to Spain, in place of Mr. Soulé, who has resigned. Hon. John Slidell has been re-elected from Louisiana.—Lieutenant C. G. Hunter, in command of the United States brig *Bainbridge*, forming part of the United States squadron on the Brazil station, returned to New York, without orders, on the 23d of January. In an official report to the Secretary of the Navy, he assigns, as a reason for this step, the refusal of the commander of the squadron to permit him to carry into effect a plan he had formed for punishing the Dictator of Paraguay for insults offered to a Consul of the United States. Lieutenant Hunter was immediately dismissed from the service by the President for this violation of his duty.—Rev. William Capers, D.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South,

died suddenly, on the 29th of January, at his residence in Anderson, South Carolina. Dr. Capers was born in St. Thomas parish, on the 26th of January, 1790. He received the degree of M.A. from the South Carolina College, where he was educated, and was received into the annual Conference of his native State as a traveling minister in 1808. In 1828 he was sent to England as the representative of the American Methodist Episcopal Church to the British Conference, and for several years he was one of the general Missionary Secretaries. In 1846 he was elected Bishop. He was distinguished for the urbanity of his manners, the elegance of his style, the oratorical finish and force of his pulpit ministrations; and also for the prominent part he always took in the affairs of the Church, of which he was ever a distinguished ornament, and which will deeply feel his loss.

From *California* we have intelligence to January 16. The railroad across the Isthmus of Panama is completed, and trains passed from Aspinwall to Panama for the first time on the 28th of January. There is no intelligence of any importance from the Pacific coast. The Legislature was in Session. The returns of emigration show that while 47,730 persons have arrived in California during the year, 24,477 have taken their departure, so that there has been a clear addition of only 23,253 to the population, and of these only 10,135 were American.

From *Oregon* our dates are to the 28th of December. The winter had been unusually mild. The Legislature was in Session. Business was dull and money scarce. The question of organizing a State Government was agitated with a fair prospect of success. Difficulties were still encountered with Indians east of the Cascade Mountains.

From the *Sandwich Islands* we learn that King Kamehameha died on the 15th of December, aged forty-one years, and was succeeded by his son, Prince Liholiho, who had requested the members of the old Council to retain their places until he could make arrangements for appointing their successors.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament met on the 23d of January, and the war immediately engaged the attention in both Houses. The resignation of his seat in the Cabinet by Lord John Russell was announced, and on the 26th, his Lordship gave at length his reasons for this important step. The principal reason grew out of the notice given by Mr. Roebuck that he should move for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the conduct of the war. When he saw that notice, his Lordship said, he felt that it could only be met in one of two ways—either by denying the existence of the evils which were said to require investigation, or by saying that efficient measures had been taken to apply a remedy. The first declaration he could not make—for, unhappily, the condition of the British army in the Crimea was most melancholy and deplorable; nor, on the other hand, could he say that the conduct of the war department was in the hands of a man of the vigor and energy necessary to insure reform. He stated that he had held a long correspondence with Lord Aberdeen for the purpose of placing the control of the war in the hands of Lord Palmerston, believing him to be more capable than any other man of reforming the abuses the existence of which could not be denied. These endeavors, however, had been unsuccessful,

and he had made up his mind that the only course proper for him to pursue was to retire from a Cabinet the responsibility of whose measures he was not willing to share.—Lord Palmerston followed, in a speech deeply regretting the retirement of Lord John Russell, and complaining that he had not given the Government time enough for making the new arrangements which such a step would render necessary. He agreed, however, with him in the opinion that the war ought to be conducted with a greater degree of vigor than had yet been shown. Mr. Roebuck then urged the passage of his motion, and was answered by Mr. Sidney Herbert, in an attempted vindication of the action of the Government and the conduct of the war. In the House of Lords no important discussions had taken place. The Earl of Winchelsea made a speech, assailing with great bitterness the course of the *Times* newspaper, and was followed, in nearly the same strain, by the Duke of Newcastle. Lord Lyndhurst gave notice of a motion of censure upon the Government for its conduct of the war.

The public mind throughout England is greatly agitated by the reports from the Crimea—by the failure of the Allied armies to take Sebastopol—and especially by the loud complaints of the sufferings from disease, exposure, and insufficient care of the British troops. The most serious charges of incapacity and reckless neglect are urged against the Commander-in-chief and the Secretary of War, and the necessity of radical changes in the organization and conduct of the army is boldly urged. Several of the highest of the subordinate officers have returned to England, and among them is Sir De Lacy Evans, who has resigned command of the Second Division. A correspondence between him and Lord Raglan has been published, in which he assigns the very feeble state of his health as a sufficient reason for this step, but in which he also states certain facts concerning the attack of the Russians upon the British troops on the side of Inkermann on the 5th of November, which throw the responsibility of that fatal affair upon the commander. Sir De Lacy states that the weakness and exposed character of that position had attracted his notice as it was under his command, and he had frequently directed the attention of both Lord Raglan and General Canrobert to the subject. The weakness and precariousness of the position, its liability to be suddenly attacked, and the small means at his disposal to render it more secure, it was at all times his duty to represent. But the various exigencies to be provided for on other points at that time, he says, rendered it scarcely possible to afford any material reinforcement or means for the construction of defenses. The public press and public sentiment in England have availed themselves of these statements, and of others still more explicit from other sources, to sustain the most vehement complaints of the conduct of the war. Lord Raglan, in a letter acknowledging the receipt of Sir De Lacy's resignation of his command, compliments him very highly on the value of his services, and regrets the necessity of his departure.—Admiral Dundas has resigned his command of the Black Sea fleet, and returned to England: in his parting address he pays a high compliment to the officers and seamen of the fleet under his command, for the courage with which they have encountered danger in various forms, and for the high character they have sustained for enterprise, discipline, and devotion to their sovereign and their country.—Great

interest has been excited by an autograph letter from the Queen to Mr. Sidney Herbert, begging him to assure the "poor, noble, wounded soldiers and sick men, that no one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than their queen."—Lord Elgin, in his return from the Governorship of Canada, was honored with a public reception by the authorities of Liverpool. In his reply to the congratulatory addresses made to him, he said his endeavor had been so to develop the resources of Canada as to render her people absolutely contented with their condition, and also to promote that free intercourse with the people of the United States on which the welfare of both countries must always so largely depend. He thought he had done something toward the accomplishment of both these objects. Highly as he valued the independence of nations, he thought the present war proved conclusively, what ought never to be forgotten, that no two nations could engage in war without affecting injuriously the interests of the whole civilized world.

CENTRAL EUROPE.

In *France* the Emperor has called for a new loan of five hundred million francs: it is announced that more than three times that sum has been placed at the disposal of the Government, and that the number of subscribers to the loan was over one hundred and seventy-seven thousand. A bill has been adopted by the Legislative Corps calling out 140,000 men of the class of 1854.

In *Prussia* the course of events indicate a fixed determination on the part of the Government not to extend the character of its obligations to the Western Powers. On the 19th of December, Baron Manteuffel, on behalf of the Prussian Government, addressed a note to the English and French Envoys in regard to the request made that Prussia should give her assent to the arrangement they had made with Austria. He states that although the King had not thought proper to participate in the exchange of notes between the Four Powers, he had still endeavored to give a practical force to the guarantees provided for at Vienna, by inducing the Cabinet of Russia to adopt them. In a subsequent communication, dated January 5, the Baron reiterates the same views, and conveys the refusal of the Prussian Government to mobilize her army. The French Minister has replied to these representations in a dispatch not yet published, the purport of which is that Prussia will not be allowed to participate in the Conference to be held in Vienna, unless, 1. She accedes to the treaty of December; 2. Does not oppose the demand of Austria for the mobilization of the Federal contingents; and 3. That she shall herself mobilize a force of 100,000 men. On the other hand, Prussia claims a right to participate in these conferences, in her capacity of a great European Power, and because she was a contracting party to the treaties which are under revision. Prussia has, therefore, sent a protest to the Cabinets of Vienna, Paris, and London, against the validity of any resolutions adopted without her participation.

In *Austria* further conferences have been held and negotiations opened, which hold out expectations that peace may be restored. At an interview held at the house of the British Minister at Vienna, Prince Gortschakoff repeated the declaration that the Emperor was ready to accept the four guarantees as "points of departure" for a negotiation; add-

ing a request that the representatives of the Triple Alliance would explain the meaning they attach to the guarantees. As England, France, and Austria, had previously come to an understanding on the subject, their reply was communicated to the Russian Envoy by the French Minister. Two days afterward, Prince Gortschakoff demanded a new conference. It was granted; and here he put in a document giving the interpretation which the Emperor of Russia puts on the four guarantees, of which the following are the points: 1. Abolition of the Russian protectorate in Moldavia and Wallachia, and placing the privileges granted by the Sultan under the joint guarantee of the Five Powers: 2. Free navigation of the Danube: 3. Revision of the treaty of 1841, the Minister stating that he does not refuse to "come to an understanding, in formal conference for peace, on the means which the three Courts may propose to put an end to what they call the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea, on condition that, in the choice of those means, there be not one of a nature to infringe upon the rights of sovereignty" of the Czar on his own territory: 4. The guarantee of the privileges of Christians in Turkey by the Five Powers. This note was received, and further negotiations were postponed to a Conference to be held about the middle of February at Vienna.

EASTERN EUROPE.

From the *Crimea* there is no news of the slightest importance. The operations of the siege are still continued; the English army is deplorably in lack of clothing, provisions, etc., and the Russians are said to be in the constant receipt of reinforcements. Special efforts have been made to concentrate large bodies of troops at Perekop, so as to prevent the landing of reinforcements for the Allies, and if deemed desirable to make an attack on Eupatoria. The severe weather had rendered it very difficult for the Allied armies to press the siege with any vigor, and hostile operations were almost entirely limited to occasional skirmishes and cannonades.

From *Russia* we are in receipt of a manifesto issued by the Emperor on the 14th of December, in regard to the war he is waging with the Western Powers. The causes of the war, he says, are well understood. The whole country knows that neither ambitious views, nor the desire of obtaining new advantages to which he had no right, were the motives for those acts and circumstances that have unexpectedly resulted in the existing struggle. He declares that he had solely in view the safeguard of the solemnly recognized immunities of the Orthodox Church, and of its co-religionists in the East. His views, however, had been entirely misinterpreted by the Western Powers, who had attributed to him designs he never entertained, and commenced a war which he had done nothing to provoke. He says he shall omit no opportunity of restoring peace that may be consistent with honor; but that, if it be necessary to the protection of his dominions or the defense of his faith, he will prosecute the war to the last extremity.—Nesselrode has addressed a note to the Russian Minister at Berlin, expressing satisfaction at the language held by the two courts of Mecklenberg at the Frankfort Diet, declining to become parties to the Western Alliance, which, he says, under a pretense of restoring peace, tends to make the present war a struggle which will embrace the whole of Europe.

Editor's Table.

ARE THERE MORE WORLDS THAN ONE?

Is a question which is generally thought to have arisen solely out of modern science. But it is, in fact, a very ancient one. We can hardly conceive of a time so early when there did not, now and then, flit across the mind the thought that perhaps there were other worlds than this—other regions of space, whether visible or invisible, as densely occupied, as full of life, as widely diversified, as the portion of the universe which constitutes our own peculiar residence. The idea is as much a *priori* as a *posteriori*. It comes as much from the inward thinking of a serious mind as from outward observation. A race of blind men, or a world of blind men, might have had it, and even carried it much farther in their conceptive thinking than our most scientific astronomers with all the quickening aid the telescope can give to the mere scientific imagination. The soul, thus shut up to its own musing, might not have roamed so far out in space; but then, the idea once obtained of an objective universe without, it might have carried it to worlds *above* as well as worlds *beyond* us. From the very peculiarity of its condition, it might have had a tendency to the upward view, and loved to rise into that region of thought which science generally ignores because it prefers to think of nothing higher than man, and its own boasted display of intellectuality.

By worlds *above* us, we mean not simply in altitudinal space; for away from our own earth, and our own system, the topographical distinctions of *above* and *beyond* are wholly lost. The idea has respect to *degree* rather than to place. It suggests the query, whether there may not be worlds, properly so called, differing not merely in extent, or locality, or density, or any material condition, but in their very essence, or order of being—so as to make it something more than a mere figure when we speak of the material world, the spiritual world, the natural world, the supernatural world, the sensible world, the intellectual or intelligible world, the angelic worlds, the archangelic worlds, the celestial world, the Divine world—all distinguished from each other, not by any terms of quantity, or extent, or material greatness of any kind, but by their respective ranks in the order of ascending being. Such thoughts as these are independent of science, or any outward discovery. They belong to the innate constitutional thinking of the serious mind; and science can neither prove their rationality, nor show them to be absurd.

But, even as a philosophical speculation, the notion is very old in the world. It comes into the mind from that argument of the "sufficient" or "insufficient reason," which has been so powerfully presented in one of its aspects by Leibnitz, and has been, in all ages, one of the chief stimulants of philosophic, in distinction from merely scientific, inquiry. It is the argument that a thing may be believed to *be*, not simply on the ground that it is *positively* proved to be, but because there is no reason why it should not exist, either in itself, or as well as something else which is positively known to exist. *POURQUOI NON? Why not? Why should it not be?* It is the argument used by Montaigne for a plurality of worlds in *his* popular sense of the term; and it is the same argument so

powerfully applied by the author of a late very remarkable book, in refuting the conclusions such popular writers would too hastily draw from the surface observations of modern science.

It is this work of Dr. Whewell, entitled "The Plurality of Worlds," that has suggested our train of editorial remark, and we hope to say more about it; but to return to the antiquity of the idea. It was this argument, *pourquoi non*, that brought out the thought long before the telescope was known, or even dreamed of. The mind made the discovery, if discovery it be, from its own *interior* thinking, ages before there had been obtained this powerful aid to the *exterior* sense. Why not? it *would* say to itself—why not? Why should there not be other worlds than this, whether we *see* them or not? Just as we say now—Why should there not be other universes over, and above, and beyond, all that has ever been brought within the field of vision by the most powerful instrument? We are not to be limited in this matter by *sight*, either natural or improved by the highest conceivable aid. The argument does not come from the world of sense; it is not born out of it, and can not, therefore, be bounded by it.

It is all contained in the reasoning that Plutarch, in his book *De Placitis Philosophorum*, ascribes to Metrodorus. "We think it strange," says he, "that there should be but one spear of wheat in a great wheat-field; much more strange would it be that there should be but one kosmos in the infinite space." And then, according to Plutarch's account, he goes on to reason from another ground, supposed to be peculiar to some modern French and German metaphysicians—in other words, the *infinity of causation*, or, as some of our more pantheistically pious would name it, from the eternal and infinite necessity of creative power eternally and infinitely energizing. "It is evident," says this ancient forerunner of Messrs. Cousin, Morell, Hegel, and Co., "that the universe is infinite in *number* and quantity, from the fact that the causes are infinite, and therefore it can not be bounded, neither can the world be one." The old philosopher had in view what he would call elements and causalities, or powers, *αἰτια καὶ στοιχεῖα*. The modern French, German, and Anglo-Germanic school would use a somewhat different phraseology, and would seem, some of them, to talk more piously; but their doctrine, and the reasoning by which it is supported, would come to just about the same thing.

Such is the tendency of this innate query of the soul, when it goes forth unchecked in its roamings by any higher elements of belief. It may, however, assume a more truly religious aspect. It may be asked without having in mind any physical or metaphysical necessity of creation, but with direct reference to the divine moral attributes. Here, too, the soul inquires *why not?* with a reverent attitude, and yet with an assured confidence that it is asking no irrational question. Why not? Why should not God have made other worlds than this—made them, not from any necessity of creation reducing him to a position undistinguishable from that of a mere natural power, but according to the "eternal counsel" of his own most holy and rational *will*, working when and where, and to what extent, it pleaseth Him? Why should he not, in this way,

have made more worlds, and even more universes, for the exercise of his benevolence, for the promotion of happiness, for the artistic excellence of the workmanship irrespective of extrinsic utility; or for other sublime ends unknown to us, and inconceivable by us, but which, unknown and inconceivable as they are, even our reason teaches us may exist; or, finally, for that still more transcending and ineffable end, which embraces all other ends, His own Eternal Glory?

Such reasons are indeed not conclusive. There may, especially, be fallacies attending the first, or what is called the greatest happiness-theory of ends, and we believe it greatly calculated to mislead, if taken as our sole guide in theological investigations. Yet still, all these grounds and modes of thinking are natural to the human mind, and all of them, with less or greater force, suggest the question which science so arrogantly and so falsely claims as all her own.

But let us confine ourselves more strictly to this position of the old philosophy, only taking the word causation in its moral and religious, as well as in its physical and metaphysical senses. It may then be thus widely stated. The same causes, be they moral, or be they natural, or both classes combined, that produced one world might have produced more. Why, then, should they not have produced more? Since the mind can more easily conceive of their going on, than of their stopping right short at the bounds which shut in our own feeble observation, our own natural or telescope-assisted sense.

It is true, there was among these curious speculators—and the word has a far different sense from that which it obtains in the dialect of Wall Street—among these curious *speculators*, world-watchers, or world-students of the olden time, there was another theory, or another aspect of one, seemingly the opposite of this, but which, when carefully examined, is found in perfect harmony with it. Some, and the mightiest among them, maintained that the kosmos, or world, was *one*. Not that our earth was all the kosmos—they hardly thought of our earth in their far-reaching speculations—but the world, be it what it might, however great, however wide, however high, however varied, however full of orders of being, from the worm to Deity, was one, and could be but one—a unity, perfect, finished, and finite, or a unity infinite—but, in either sense, a unity beyond which, whether more or less, there was no other.

Empedocles, the philosophic poet, although he held to this, yet made a verbal distinction between the *Kosmos* and the *Whole*. The kosmos, he said, was one, but not *the all*, τὸ πᾶν. It was only a portion, a small portion, of *the all*, while the rest was bare *hyle*, the term the old philosophers used for the ultimate matter, or the material out of which the kosmos was made. With some of them this hyle was a purely metaphysical idea, the abstract matter, or matter in the abstract, or that which remained when all properties and qualities were gone—with others, it was something like the modern lecturers' star-dust, or elemental nebulous fluid, as near to nothing in density as a thing could be and yet be something.

In this sense, too, Plato held the world to be one, perfect, and all-containing. The reason he gives is most sublime. It must be one because its divine paradigm was one; the divine paradigm must be one, because the Eternal Mind in which it dwells, and dwelt from everlasting, was ONE.

Hence he gives it a name which we shrink from applying to the world, in any view of it, because for us its Scriptural usage connects it with a higher and holier association. He calls this paradigm, or Eternal Idea, the Only Begotten, and declares it incorruptible and imperishable, although its outward material manifestations in time and space might undergo numberless mutations and dissolutions.

The material world, too, was one, not simply in the sense in which it might be said *the all* was one in quantity, or the universe was one regarded as one extended and multiplied existence; but it was one because of one principle of organic unity, one law of mutual interdependence running all through it—penetrating, pervading, and embracing the whole and every part. What this principle of organic unity was, the ancients did not know *scientifically*—that is, they had not brought it in connection with forces already known upon the earth. They had not linked the series; which was what Kepler and Newton are supposed to have done, when they first vaticinated and then verified, in this way, the universal law of gravitation. How wide the chasm that parted this known from that great unknown they could not tell. They could look over from the land of sense, or experimental knowledge, to the opposite far-off coast of philosophic faith or *a priori* conviction; but they could not determine how many, or how few, the arches required to bridge that gulf which we think we have securely passed, although advancing science may throw still farther back the ever-distant shore, leaving our great law of gravitation still at an immense remove from that ultimate physical principle of unity in the universe that stands next to Deity.

And yet the thinking men of old were as firmly assured of such a law, such a principle, call it what we may, as we are. Their belief was independent of science; and so is ours, too, if we will but closely examine the ground of it. This innate conviction of the soul is a distinct thing from scientific knowledge, or scientific proof. The latter may tell us, or attempt to tell us, *what* the law is, or *how* it is, but can not make us more certain of its objective reality. Science or no science, the sound mind is as sure of this as the algebraist is of there being a real determinate answer to an equation of the fifth degree, though its solution has for centuries baffled all the mathematicians of Europe.

Thus thought, we say, the meditative men of old; at least all who intelligently employed that grand old word *kosmos* in its most significant, most beautiful, and perhaps, heaven-derived sense of fitness, order, harmony, all which ever imply the conception of variety in unity, and, thence, the theistic idea of unity in thought and design. Ages before Kepler and Galileo, serious Greek minds had their all-embracing oneness. Ages before Davy and Dalton, Pythagoras and Isaiah* had taught that the universe was made by weight, and number, and proportion. Ages before Newton, the devout Hebrew thinker had his "Word settled in the heavens,† according to which all things stand," his "line" of cosmical harmony which went out to the very "ends of the world,"‡ his celestial law "ruling in the armies above" and "making peace in the high places" of the Lord.§

But this conception of the world's oneness was not at all inconsistent with the other view of its

* Isaiah, xl. 12.

† Ps. cxix. 89, 91; cxlii. 15.

‡ Ps. xix. 4.

§ Job, xxv. 2.

plurality and even infinity. The great world, the great kosmos, might contain the lesser worlds. Still this plurality as maintained by some of the old thinkers was not, after all, that of modern science. It was not the belief, or the fancy, of each planet or star being a world like the earth, or a separate earth, as we sometimes express it. There is, indeed, a slight trace of this sometimes to be met with. Proclus, in his commentary on the Timeaus, quotes an ancient hymn in which the moon is spoken of as the seat of life similar to our own, and filled, like the earth, with hills and plains, and streams, and habitations, and works of men. In another place a similar view is presented of every star in the firmament. But, in general, the old idea of the infinity of worlds was of a very different kind from this. It took in, in its conception of the world, or of one world, all that was visible from our earth regarded as the centre of the rolling mundus, including sun, moon, planets, visible *fixed* stars, and the far off terminating empyrean in which they appeared to be bound or *fixed*. This was one world or mundus. It embraced all they saw, or that they would have seen had they had the modern telescope. But the belief, the fancy, the reasoning, call it what we may, would not be confined by the sense; it went forth beyond these visible bounds, and took in numerous, and even numberless, repetitions of the kosmos thus conceived. It was, in other words, the universe infinitely repeated throughout infinite time and infinite space. Whether these worlds, or worlds of worlds, were regarded as exact resemblances of each other, an endless going over of the same idea, does not appear; although if such had been the supposition, it would have been analogous to another favorite speculation of antiquity—the old cyclical idea, or doctrine of periods, in which all things come over and over again, just as before, and so on forever, and forevermore to all eternity.

But we are rambling. Let us come back, therefore, to the illustration of our leading thought. This old conception, though thus differing from the modern, by being on a so much grander scale, was built substantially upon the same argument, the same *a priori* reasoning. It was this same query, *pourquoi non*, ever carrying us forth in its demands, and allowing no stopping place as it thus speeds ever onward farther and farther into the infinite. Why not? Why should there not be other worlds, and other worlds of worlds? It belongs, we say, to the soul itself. It is as much the property of the common as of the scientific mind. In truth, science can not keep up with it. The fact that such views, whether true or false, are put as rhetorical ornaments in scientific text-books, does not alter the real nature of the case. They may come into the introductions of such works, or be paraded in a note, but they have no place in the analysis, the experiment, the induction, or the demonstration. They belong not to science but are borrowed by it.

It is the great merit, and the great strength, of the modern work to which we have referred, that it so completely separates between these two things, or so runs its dissecting-knife, we may say, between the strictly scientific and those *a priori* analogies from which modern science is ever stealing, and then treating them as her own. But he takes a step beyond this, and we think successfully. Without denying that "plurality of worlds" to which the soul so tends, or underrating the innate grounds on which it rests, he does show with a lucidness,

and a power of argument which Sir David Brewster, his chief antagonist, has greatly failed to meet, that the latest decisions of science are opposed to the cherished notion rather than in favor of it. The latest and closest observations are against the conclusions drawn from the more early and superficial. Every improvement of the telescope casts farther back the probability, the scientific probability we mean, that our moon and sun, and the planets of our system, are the seats of life resembling that which exists upon our earth.

Thus he reasons, and reasons successfully, from actual observations that lie within the field of the telescope. Equally powerful is he in refuting certain scientific analogies and conjectures, or meeting one conjecture by another of equal or greater weight. There is a favorite argument of the lecturer drawn from the ascertained velocity of light. Some worlds are so remote that thousands, it may be millions, of years are required for their light to reach us. Hence those which were in their infancy when this long journey first commenced, and that light first set out by which we now see them, may have become far advanced, even to a condition equal to, if not perhaps far surpassing our own. But why, for all that science can say against it, is not the contrary supposition equally tenable? This whole case, of which the lecturer makes so much, the author dispatches in one sentence of a note. "Why may we not suppose, as well, that many of them have been long since extinct, and survive in appearance only by the light they at first emitted?" We would not think of adding to the real force of this concise argument, but the thought may be carried farther. These apparent worlds may have *all* become extinct, and our sun may be the only one remaining. They may have all gone out after having had their day as worlds, either of lower or higher animation, or no animation at all. They may have so gone out that vast numbers have in past ages *wholly* disappeared, that is, from the sense of precipients as well as from actual being; while of those yet reflected in our firmament, some may have ceased to be millions of years ago, others at shorter periods, perhaps before our own system came upon the stage of existence, with here and there a long surviving ray of a world long gone, disappearing at last within the bounds of our own historical chronology. Yes, they may have all gone out. The whole array of our nightly heavens may be but the ghosts of perished worlds—

"All—all but we departed."

They may be all mere undulations in a diaphanous medium—mere pictures on the retina of the eye, with no more objective reality than the light in the mirror, or the moonbeam on the surface of the waters. Does any one say, What mad conjectures these! Let him point out the difference between them and those that are often urged for a contrary purpose under the imposing name of science.

There is another part of Dr. Whewell's book to which we would devote a little space. Whatever may be thought of his scientific reasonings in respect to the particular fact of the planets being inhabited, there can be no doubt of the masterly power he has shown in calling in question one of the favorite positions of the most modern natural theology. We refer to that cherished dogma of the physical school, that benevolence, taken, too, in the lowest sense of this very ambiguous term, is the only source, final cause, motive, or reason,

of the Divine action. In other words, the end of the universe, of all worlds, of any particular world, is the promotion of happiness, and happiness is pleasing sensations, and pleasing sensations run down into some agitation of a material organism. Hence this happiness, and its consequent and corresponding benevolence, become matters of quantity, to be measured either by numerical or massive amount. The happiness of oysters, and polypi, and mollusks, if there are only vast numbers of them, may be as good a reason for creating a world, and for continuing it ages in existence, as the happiness of higher beings, fewer in number, yet capable each of a larger *quantity* of enjoyment. But without going in to such measurement, there is one thought, suggested by this common talk about happiness, that ought to press itself upon the most serious attention of every thinking mind. Even though happiness, or pleasing sensations in this sense, may be admitted as one of the ends of the Divine action, have we not been rash in assuming it as the only one? May there not be many other ends in the Divine government, some of which, as well as happiness, we may comprehend, while there may be others, too, which are utterly unknown, utterly ineffable, yet as real as the one on which we speculate and dogmatize so confidently? Instead of every thing being made for organic life, and organic life itself being made only as the means to pleasing sensations, may there not be an artistic design, if we may so call it, which is worthy of the Divine mind, a design terminating in the very workmanship itself, without regard to any extrinsic utility in the promotion of the happiness of any class of beings? May there not be the making of a beautiful thing, or a harmonious thing, for the sake of its own beauty and harmony? It may be said that beauty and harmony are inconceivable without minds to which they are beautiful and harmonious. But may there not be innumerable unseen beings, if not immaterial, yet still not dwelling on earthy planets, or in houses of clay as we do, to whom that artistic beauty and harmony may be a manifestation of the Divine excellence and glory beyond any amount of happiness merely regarded as pleasing sensations? Or may it not be a design worthy of Deity to have made beautiful things and great things, for their own sake, for their own beauty and greatness, though no eye but his own should contemplate them, or because he deems it more worthy of himself thus to occupy the regions of space with beautiful workmanship, than to leave them to utter vacuity? There may be replies to this, we are well aware, but, after all, no objections half so strong as those which are ever suggested to the thoughtful mind, when the favorite utilitarian dogma of happiness, or "pleasing sensations," is pushed out to its extreme, and to the exclusion of any other end in the Divine work.

And then, again, may there not be what may be called an *ideal design*—the exhibiting in material forms the divine ideas, the dynamical laws, the mathematical ratios, the geometrical truths, of which a celestial work may be the glorious diagram—the exhibiting them thus to be read by far off rational beings, or because Deity may delight to render objective his own ideas to his own eternal mind. We would not rashly reason from the human rational to the divine, but there may be some analogy; and might we not say, that if there were but one man in the world, or but one rational being, it might be wise in him, it might be beauti-

ful, it might be noble, to write a book for his own reading? And so Deity may make of creation a book wherein to read himself, although the reason why he should do this may be ineffable to us. Or he may have meant it for earthly astronomers to read. For this end he may have hung out the rings of Saturn, or the moons of Jupiter. And may we not soberly see, even in this, a higher reason than though he had created them for the residence alone of fishes and reptiles, with all the happiness these mutually-devouring monsters could enjoy? Why should we make so much of mere life, as though the lowest kinds of it were higher than the highest inanimate production? There is surely some fallacy here. Solomon does, indeed, say, that "a living dog is better than a dead lion;" but there are certainly some bounds to the doctrine. We would not carry it so far as to maintain that a living dog, much less a living oyster or mollusk, is a higher thing than the Apollo Belvidere, or the temple of St. Peter, or the diagrams in Newton's Principia, regarded as diagrams alone and nothing else—diagrams of glorious truths though unseen by any gazing eye.

But God has certainly thus created worlds it may be said. If geology be true, this was once the condition of our own planet. For ages it had upon its surface, and beneath its waters, no higher life, no higher happiness, than that of the lowest semi-animate self-devouring orders. We do not pretend to answer the objection, or to solve the mystery; but then it only furnishes an opportunity to turn the battery against those who maintain, on the ground of the divine goodness, that other worlds must be all inhabited by rational and moral beings like our own. The *pourquoi* non is as powerful one way as the other. Why may not God have made other worlds so? Why may not all worlds, except our own, be now in this condition? Why may there not be worlds in which there is no life at all? For ages there was no life of any kind upon the earth. For millions of years was this true of one world. And, then, if it may be thus true of one world for millions of *times*, yea of long times, one after another, why may it not be true of millions of spaces, or worlds, existing contemporaneously?

We have indulged in a rambling editorial, but we should regret it if the nature and design of our remarks were in danger of being mistaken. The aim has been to expose the conceitedness of certain forms of science, in its assuming to sit in judgment on the divine works as the only assumed evidence of the divine designs. It has been to show how little, after all, we know of what we so confidently affirm. And such is the far better executed design of the work to which we have referred. There is a good as well as an evil skepticism. The latter often comes from a vain conceit of natural knowledge, leading one to doubt all beyond its narrow bound, or that does not perfectly square with its assumed analogies. There is another kind that may seem to underrate science, and to call in question some of the surface teachings of what is called natural theology. But then it is only to fall back the stronger upon that inner conviction that there is truth, glorious truth, certain, ascertainable truth, and that this truth is to be found in the close study of that outward, objective, written revelation which has been graciously given as the strength of our weakness, the light of our ignorance, and the guide of our faith.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE had recently a visit from Goldsmith's old friend, the Chinese Philosopher and Citizen of the World, whose observations upon England and English life, about a century since, have not been surpassed for keen insight and a delicate, humorous satire, which was not only bright, but—what is rarer in satire—was also warm.

It was none of our business to inquire how he chanced to be in New York, any more than to ask how he happened to be in this century. It is not reckoned good manners in China, as we had read, to ask impertinent questions; and if we had asked him why he suffered his queue to grow, he might have retorted upon us, with perfect propriety, by demanding in turn, why we cut our hair. We therefore, after the usual salutations, inquired concerning the health of the Reverend Fum-Hoam, and expressed a natural curiosity as to what so profound an observer as the Philosopher might have to say about our native institutions and habits. To see America reflected in China would certainly be an edifying spectacle, and might even satisfy Burns, who so earnestly longed for us all to have the power to see ourselves as others see us.

"The truth is," replied the Citizen of the World, "that I have just finished a letter to the gracious Fum, and if it would please you to hear parts of it, I shall have no objection to reading them to so accomplished and capable a critic" (at this point we bowed gravely, as old Easy Chairs will); "for I am sure if you find any thing to disapprove, you will honor the honest difference of my views."

"A friend of the Reverend Fum's," we replied, "could hardly say any thing that we should not be glad to hear. Sympathy of opinion is pleasant, but not at all necessary to friendship. We shall not allow the less weight to your views because your hair is twisted into a queue behind. If Plato should 'promenade himself'—as our French friends have it—in Broadway, the boys would hoot at him, and we respectable people should wonder that a wise man was willing to make himself a spectacle. Plato's costume was not ours, nor his habits, nor his religion. But good sense, just observation, charity, and kindly censure are cosmopolitan. So pray proceed. We envy the Reverend Fum-Hoam that he has a Citizen of the World for his correspondent."

The Philosopher bowed, and proceeded to read his letter:

"I have now been several months in this Western land, most benign Fum, and am delighted day by day. I find that I am loth to leave its metropolis, for I am never done observing the variety and peculiarity of its habits. No sooner do I persuade myself that I have made some progress in knowledge of the native customs, than I am plunged back again into a mortifying consciousness of ignorance.

"It was but a few months since, that I was shown, by a merchant of clothes, a garment worn by the ancient Americans of twenty years since, and called a surtout. I surveyed it with natural interest. I contemplated its long skirts, its inconvenience, its disproportions. Behold, said I, the sartorial relic of an era of barbarism. An outer coat is designed for warmth and protection. See how the earlier Americans, while still not emancipated from European savageness, mistook its meaning, and used this graceless and incomplete robe.

"I thanked the merchant, and retired with the placid consciousness of a man who had gained one fact. The inconvenient and unhandsome surtout is a thing of the past. I should now see the young bloods of this gay city in spacious and comfortable garments. As I walked away, musing upon the knowledge I had acquired, I naturally fell into pondering the reasons that influence fashions, and to praising the good sense of this young and modest people. But I was suddenly jostled by a man passing me rapidly, and looking up I was surprised to see a surtout. That, said I to myself, looking curiously after the passer, that is some obstinate adherent of the old school, some uncompromising conservative, who will not yield an inch of skirt. Judge my consternation when he suddenly turned, and proved to be the very head and front of fashion, the model of youth, and the admiration of the fair! Others passed me, with the indescribable air of fashion, clad in the same garment. I fancied myself dreaming of old times and old clothes, until I suddenly seized the skirt of one of the perplexing coats, to assure myself that I was awake, and was suddenly seized myself, in turn, for picking pockets, and could scarcely save myself from prison upon the plea of philosophy. The Justices declared it was a new plea, not found in the books, altogether without precedent, and in itself undoubtedly a misdemeanor, if not worse.

"I am, therefore, forced to believe that this people willfully returns to its exploded fashions, or that I have lost my power of observation. If it be the latter case, I might as well return to the bosom of my honored Fum. And if the former, of what use is philosophical acumen, since the subject presented is not worth consideration? Oh! my wise friend, I am taught humility by a surtout.

"I went the other evening, in pursuance of my studies of man in different climates and varying civilizations, to a great ball designed for the relief of the wretched who abound this year more than ever before. I beg you to mention to the mandarin who presides over emigration, that not every street in the New World is paved with gold, and that some pigs run round without puddings in their bellies. You will naturally figure to yourself a ball for the relief of the wretched as an occasion of gravity and sacrifice; the finer feelings of our nature would have play, you think; there would be a gracious emulation in the preparation and bestowing of relief. Men and women, plainly clad, as beseems the object, would wear serious faces of sympathy, and the sad hearts of poverty would be warmed by the cheerful kindness of the ministers of relief, as the chilled frames would be comforted by the alms.

"Benignant but benighted Fum! Do you remember the hard saying of Kon-fut-zee, whom the foreigners call Confucius? 'My children, eat your cake and have it.' Which of our philosophers has yet done that? I blush for my country; for there is not a miss who can dance who did not do it on the evening of which I speak. And shall a young girl teach a philosopher?

"You are burning with impatience to know the secret. Beloved Fum-Hoam, it is known to you that when many people combine and pay each an equal sum for a commodity, it often chances that the sum of the single contributions surpasses the whole expense. This is especially the case in combinations for purposes of amusement, and in this lies the secret which the loveliest youths and maidens here may teach the philosopher in China.

"When a man presents himself with a silver tea-service in this country, it is considered good taste to do it quietly. But when he pays for a certain amount of individual pleasure, of a dining or dancing character, he is at liberty to call it charity at the top of his voice. There are certain societies founded for the purpose of dining luxuriously once a year, for which the members pay a certain amount of dollars; and these societies are called, with a pleasant humor, charitable, because the members annually pay about a quarter of the price of the dinner for the purpose of furnishing a poor dinner to poor people. The comical power of this people is very great. You will be surprised that such customs should prevail. But, Fum, the world is large. It may be that this appears to be charity to the mind of the people. To serve duty and pleasure, or, as it is put by their priests, to serve God and Mammon, might perplex the Chinese. But, Reverend Fum, the Chinese are not Yankees; and although charity be a singular commodity to purchase, it is often the best economy to buy it. For it is not to be denied that in a time of general distress large sums of money, say six or seven thousand dollars, for purposes of relief, are just six or seven thousand times better than no money at all. The humor of the thing lies, of course, in the supposition that it is charity. Charity is, in its nature, an unselfish virtue. When, therefore, in a time of want I behold fellow-men regretting the general woe, and giving nothing to help it, until they receive an equivalent in whatever form it may be, I am not in haste to call them charitable. And the most obvious advice to such seems to be, 'Dear Sirs, be quiet about it.' For evidently if the good people who pay a certain sum for charitable uses, and tax that sum heavily for their own amusement, by way of sugar in the mouth after that ugly dose of goodness, would only hand in the sum, and decline to have it reduced for their own enjoyment, it might be accounted a very pretty charity. Only in that case they would eat their cake without having it, and any body can do that. Money-giving is not charity, I mean it is not the virtue of charity, although I have found it hard to persuade the friends I have made here that money-giving does not include all the virtues in itself.

"To us philosophers it seems sad that a time of distress should not sober the minds of the gay, and we ask ourselves with anxiety about that state of society in which public sorrow suggests an opportunity of enjoyment. It is a kind of trading in misfortune, which would be as repugnant to the mind of this people as to that of any other, if it were truly stated. I am glad that there was the festival, and rejoiced to hear of the goodly sum collected for the suffering. I wish there had been no expenses to deduct from the sum, for the expenses were not those of disbursing, but of fiddles and gas, which do not feed the hungry. Do not say, my Fum, that except for the fiddles and the gas there would have been no money to disburse, for that is the very thing I deplore.

"Ah! my dear philosopher, a century ago in England I wrote that mankind were always the same. They may wear blankets or broadcloth, but they both cover the same human heart. We philosophers scorn the ignorant, and they in turn ridicule us behind our backs. I smile at the complacency which considers what I have described as charity; but what shall I do with the infatua-

tion that crushes the human foot into deformity, and then calls it beautiful? At the charity ball I learned to be charitable. The guests had no bird-nests, not even rat-tails, for supper; but they consumed their customary viands and were content. Oh, Fum! I have been in the slave-bazaars of Constantinople, and in the drawing-rooms of London and Paris. The one is Mohammedan, the others are Christian. But however pretty and different names may be, things seem to me to be about the same. Certain things we do not like to think of, nor do, we look at them as they are. Why do we ever cease to be boys, or why does Heaven not love us all well enough to nip us in the bud?

"But unwilling to be a prey to such reflections, which my judicious Fum will call morbid, I seek consolation from the incomprehensible habits of this people by turning to the record of their lives, as several of the natives have recently related their own histories. From experience I fly to literature. I never think well of these hospitable foreigners. Let me, therefore, show their characteristics as they appear in the three most popular books of the moment. One is by a female whose name, singularly enough, is also the name of a wild wood-plant that grows luxuriantly and bears no flower. The second is by an eminent citizen, who, it is reported to me in well-informed circles—although I am loth to betray political secrets—will be made Governor of his native State just so soon as he rides upon a woolly horse to marry a mermaid. This secret implies habits with which I am not yet familiar. But I despair of nothing, benignant Fum. I hope yet to master these mysteries. The third is a chevalier's account of his unsuccessful pursuit of a fortune. The candor of the chevalier—a title evidently borrowed from the French language—is only surpassed by his freedom from many hesitations which some gentlemen cherish.

"In these volumes I hope to find relief for that skeptical spirit toward my fellow-creatures, which you have told me I sometimes too much indulge. Let us be grateful that there is always the sweet retreat of letters from the asperities of life. My honored Fum, what is it that somebody says about books?"

The Chinese Philosopher paused here, and told us that he had as yet written no farther. He said that he was only waiting to read the books to conclude his letter. By his means the Chinese public can thus know of our most recent literature, and perceive the character of the books we read with the most avidity.

Farewell Philosopher—but why is philosophy so sad? It is pleasant to reflect upon the improvement, in the Philosopher's view of us and our habits, which a perusal of the books will effect.

AN Easy Chair, however, has sometimes the advantage of a philosopher, and we have already read the works in question. We did so because they were universally spoken of; and the friends who come in from traveling assure us that no other books have sold. There was our cousin Amanda, too, who decried the wickedness of such exposures as were promised in "My Courtship." Careless Amanda! in less than a week the book dropped from under her apron, as she was hastily escaping from a room we had suddenly entered.

Now let us have a little plain speaking about these books. If the Literature of a people be at once a symptom and an influence, a symptom of

its moral and intellectual condition, and an intellectual and moral influence, we shall naturally look closely at the books which are sold with rapidity and read with avidity. There was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which had a sale unprecedented in literary history. No Northerner and no Southerner denied the great power, and pathos, and dramatic discrimination of that romance. It was more than a partisan, or even humane tract. It was a work of high literary art. There was less waste matter in it than in that of any literary work of any woman. The characters were typical and individual; they were portrayed with subtle skill; the tale developed through a series of incidents and dialogue, which constantly rose in interest and dignity; it dealt with a subject comparatively new to literature, and, apart from its peculiar success as the Veda of a party or a section, it had the qualities of permanent literary value. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was an addition to the literature of the world. And those who think it a dangerous and mistaken book will not deny it that praise.

Here lies *Ruth Hall*. Has it a single great literary merit? Is there any story at all? Is there any individualization or development of character? Is there any sentiment which is not sentimentality of the worst kind? Is there any thought which is not a thin echo of some noble word of one of the great minds that warm the age with their humane wisdom, and so distorted in the echo that it becomes untrue? Is there any pathos which is not puerile and factitious? Is there any thing more in the book than an easy smartness?

Its pictures are as like life as the portraits of an itinerant painter are like the sinewy farmer and the red-cheeked wife whom he paints. They are executed, and then hung upon the parlor wall. The farmer has some vague notion that he has patronized the fine arts. The wife thinks with satisfaction that Abimelech and Joab will know how handsome Grandma was when she was young. The farm-hands look at the work with wonder, and guess it isn't easy to do such things. Its prettier than samplers—than the crewel-work which the accomplished daughter of the house is doing. It is an unsightly daub, but it gives pleasure. It is a faint reminiscence of the human forms known to the farm-boys as the farmer and his wife, and gratifies the childish fondness for imitation. It is not more than this. If the farming-boys had the eyes and the minds that give fame to pictures, they would not gloat upon these portraits.

Now it is to the thoughtful and not to the trifling, to the generous and not to the mean, to the intelligent and not to the ignorant, that a noble-hearted author or artist addresses himself. And he knows that, for such a tribunal, truth is the first condition—truth of conception, and truth of treatment.

We can not find this truth in such a book as *Ruth Hall*. The characters have a dull and distant resemblance to the characters of life, as a face inked on blotting paper may vaguely resemble a face. But as they figure on the pages of the story they have no point, no moral, no interest. The whole book is embittered. It is not easy to say why, nor to what good result. If the work was written to sell, it has succeeded. It has sold universally; and that profoundly interesting question, whether *Ruth Hall* is Fanny Fern, has been debated from the Penobscot to the Mississippi. Let us suppose that it is. How glad, in that case, we

are that Fanny Fern has raised herself from penury to plenty. Let us suppose that it is not. How glad we are that there is one less victim of poverty. But then the fortunes of an individual, as such, are not interesting, unless that individual has given to his personality a kind of representative significance. Milton's individuality and Shakespeare's are interesting, because they are measures of human emotion. They feel, think, and speak for mankind. But Smith's emotions are an impertinence. If Smith is poor, let us give him work or a ticket to the Soup Society; but don't let Smith insist upon giving us in return a roll of very bad engravings.

If you can treat your private experience so that it becomes historical and of universal meaning, then you are one of the great few whom the world holds to its heart. There are very few autobiographies that the world values for any thing more than amusement. Cellini, Rousseau, Haydon, Leigh Hunt—do we reverence them more, or admire their works more, for the self-told story of their lives? *Ruth Hall*, if it be such an autobiography, Barnum, Wikoff—are we instructed, or helped in any way? are we even entertained by the stories?

Let us now tell the truth about Mr. Barnum. He has challenged truth-telling by inviting us to pay a dollar to hear his confession, and every Yankee has the right to discuss the value of the wares he buys. Mr. Barnum had peculiar reputation. He was said to have humbugged a large fortune out of the American people. Three facts were indisputable. Mr. Barnum had the best Museum in the country; he had done the State great service in bringing over Jenny Lind; and he punctually paid his bills. Mr. Barnum was also a strict temperance man, and generous in his management of his affairs. Gradually there was less and less said about mermaids and woolly horses. A man of enterprise, of sagacity, always cheerful and ready, a good neighbor, a generous friend; on the whole, it was considered that the difference between some men and others was only this, that some men made money by showing their woolly horses and mermaids, and other men by concealing them.

What a pity that shrewdness is too shrewd! How unfortunate that the "little joker" should always joke once too much for the proprietor; so that the little joking business was never known to be very profitable in the long run! How sad the infatuation that persuades us to show every man who admires our pretty palace that it is not marble, only ingenious stucco!

Why is it a pity, and unfortunate, and sad? Because there is a painful sense of untruth, and a want of manly sincerity. Because men love at heart what is genuine, however they may wink and shrug outside. Because, if you have suffered yourself to be gulled, although with your eyes open, you do not wish to see the dubious victory of a moment recorded as a permanent triumph. Because, to say that a child is five years old when you know him to be ten; to buy a horse in Cincinnati, and say that Captain Symmes caught him in his hole at the North Pole, is to do that for which a man would be expelled from a gentleman's house; and might, without stretching, be termed obtaining money—if money were involved by the statement—under pretenses not strictly true.

Does every man do the same thing in business? It is none the less mean for that, and most men have a kind of instinct that leads them not to publish the details of the transaction, and advertise it extensively in the newspapers. If Mr. Barnum had kept silence the laugh would have grown less, and, if he were as good as the average of men, he would have enjoyed the advantages of his position.

Every thoughtful and self-respecting man is insulted by the pompous publication of the story, because it implies that the public will read it with pleasure. Unless, indeed, it is put forth as a confession and a promise to woolly horse no more, which is not pretended. How, also, about the advertising of the sale of the copyright? Do names alter things? Is a cabbage a rose because it is called so? Is a—something, a something else, because it is called humbug?

We have read with astonishment in our Easy Chair many of the notices of the press of this book of Mr. Barnum's. It has been praised as if the hero's story were worth telling, or as if his example were to be cherished and followed. He has even been called the most successful business-man and the representative American; as if an American were only a man who was little less scrupulous at a bargain than any body else.

Now this Easy Chair has spoken well of Mr. Barnum. When he assumed the Presidency of the Crystal Palace we insisted that he should have a fair chance, and confessed that he was a man of shrewdness and tact. So also we said and say, that if the Jenny Lind business was a humbug, let us have more humbug. But now the things that every man was anxious to forget in his estimation of Mr. Barnum's position are complacently thrust in our faces by this autobiography. Dogberry desired to be written down an ass. But Mr. Dogberry was not considered to be a particularly clever man.

Does the public applaud this kind of thing? What a bitter satire lies in its applause. For it is clear that this shrewd gentleman thought that he was never shrewder than when he felt sure of the approving sympathy of the public, if he could only show that he made enough money.

Saltimbanque stands on his head and walks along the ceiling upon his elbows. When the performance is over, he receives an immense sum for his labors, and an envying public huzzas. But the poet passing by says to Saltimbanque, "As you are a man, how can you value your human dignity less than your dinner?" Saltimbanque leers at the poet, slaps his hand upon his pocket, which rings again, and the crowd huzzas once more to hear its silver rattle in the pocket of the mountebank.

Our Citizen of the World meant also to read Mr. Wikoff's history. This is a plaintive strain. The ex-secretary, the ex-concocter of articles for the French journals supporting English policy, the ex-man of fashion, the ex-man of fortune, bemoans his fate in two or three hundred pages and demands gently of his Dulcinea,

"But why did you kick me down stairs?"

Here was a hero of romance who comes perfumed from Paris to Portland Place, London, to court and conquer. The lady had been young, and since the earlier days of acquaintance with our hero had become wealthy. Time, let us hope, had touched her gently. And oh, sympathetic hearts, pray

that she may stoutly resist or softly yield, for now comes the King of Hearts to take his Queen—now arrives the man of fortune, who could not be suspected of mercenary matrimonial intention, to draw his quarter's salary as an English agent. And you will conceive that his pay as an official to give an English tone to the French press must have been prodigious.

It is clear that the lady was fascinated, and mistrusted. She mistrusts to that degree, that after leading him—to speak it gently—by the nose all through Europe, she finally leads him into a Genoa jail, and there ruthlessly leaves him for eighteen months. Vainly the Chevalier appeals to Pope, Marquis, Chargé, Consul, and American Minister in England. They turn deaf ears. They have been—who knows?—influenced by the lady. Hope gradually expires, and the Chevalier makes the best of it, turns a doubtful mental glance sometimes toward the fair Fate who has pursued him so relentlessly; whispers to his repining heart, "she *did* promise in the garden at the Hotel Byron to be mine," and recalls doubtless with joy the little piece of paper to which he playfully compelled her signature in the apartments of the absent Russian somebody in Genoa, and which humorously promised that he should have half her fortune if he could not have the whole of herself.

Probably the reflections of this ill-starred hour, in the Genoa jail, were such as we should all envy. Probably they were not more miserably mortifying than those of any prisoner ever before juggled. Probably he had that supporting sense of rectitude and good intention which prisoners, who are not common criminals, often have. Probably he did not gnash his teeth at being outwitted by a woman whom he did not too much respect, as the record shows. Probably it was a pleasant position for the *bon ami* of the Emperor and D'Orsay and the other *jeunesse dorée* of the gay capital. Ah! well, it is no wonder he climbed up to the window and looked in upon the victim who was to be beheaded next day. Oh, Miss Gamble! Miss Gamble! why *did* you kick him down stairs? Of course we are all anxious to know. Of course, in a great commercial crisis, with a great war to prolong it, it is of the last importance that the Chevalier's tale of jilting should be made public. We have such an interest in his career; we are so indebted to him for bringing Fanny Ellsler to help us complete Bunker Hill Monument; we have been so proud of him as a social representative of America in Europe; we have hung upon his movements with such eagerness, and the country so deeply deplored his Italian incarceration, that it was only common charity to tell us all about it.

We must grant that our Cupid and Psyche are a little ancient. We must concede that this graceful play of forty-pounders verges just a little upon the clumsy. It is, perhaps, not the purest grace. We do not survey the game with increasing respect for the players. What then? Have we not the great fact made patent that Miss Gamble beat Mr. Wikoff at his own game, and that the merry little adventure at the Russian Rooms in Genoa, one of his amusing gambols, ended, somehow, wrong; and, by some hocus-pocus, wherein the "little joker" was at fault, landed him in a jail instead of putting half a fortune in his pocket? It was an unkind turn of the cards. The Chevalier had mistaken trumps. But he has made a clean breast of it. Let us freely forgive a man who takes pains to publish that he

has failed in a very foolish endeavor. Yet why, Chevalier, were you not even more sincere? Had Paris paralyzed your remembrance of the fact that Yankees had not only cut their eye-teeth, but had also opened their eyes, some time since? *Did* you suppose we were going gravely to believe that it was the fair *hand* you were pursuing?

But our hero keeps up heart throughout. The stormy winds do blow upon his love from first to last—from Portland Place to Genoa jail. But they only kindle it the more; they do not blow it out. He tells the story with a cheery spirit, that is truly refreshing, and the frank and fearless want of toadyism in the concluding chapters commends itself to the attention of every honest man.

On the whole, the Chinese Philosopher will probably inform the reverend Fum that the three books which have monopolized the sale of the season, are books for Americans and American literature to be proud of. Where are those foreign carpenters who demanded "Who reads an American book? Where are those domestic crows who ask "Where is American literature?" Granting that literature is at once an influence and a symptom, as we said, how pleasing the consideration that these are the books which are read with ardor—these, and the long list of novels whose moral is that wealth is naughtiness, and that a man can not be rich and good at the same time.

A NEW broom, says the adage, sweeps clean. But who supposed that there would ever be a broom new enough to sweep this city clean? Mr. Genin did admirably in Broadway a year ago. We all wanted to make Mr. Genin mayor, as if the sole duty of the mayor of New York was polishing the pavement so perfectly that our wives and daughters could cross to Stewart's without soiling the edges of those lovely robes for which we pay Stewart such lovely prices. The truth is, we were all ready to compromise for any one thing done well. Municipal order, in general, being a hope beyond the dreams of poets, if we could only secure order in a single detail, we were willing to shout *Io pœan!*

With the new year arrived Mayor Wood, and Mayor Wood's Message apprised us that something was to be done. It was an old story. Inaugurals are always promises. But let us record, with pleasure and astonishment, that things *have* been done. A man does not feel it necessary to make his will before going out to pass the evening. He does not part with his wife in the Sir Walter Raleigh style upon the eve of execution. The fact is now understood that there is a law and a law-officer. There is a city and a head of the city.

If we have any grievances we may call attention to them. So may we in any city? Yes; but here they will be attended to. Officers and relief will come when we do call for them; and it should be noticed, as a pleasant sign, that the public conscience is right, that the mayor is so cordially supported by the good-sense and co-operation of the intelligence and industry of the city.

We are glad to say to our country friends that they may come to town with more fearlessness. We are not, indeed, altogether perfect yet. Virtue is not an irresistible conspiracy, carrying every thing before it, as—let us hope—it soon will be. There are still some red flags at small shops down town, but they flutter very tremulously. It is reported that a glass or two of *eau de vie* is still taken

in some quarters—probably as medicine. Constables and watchmen are not altogether out of work, nor is the police in general quite yet an antiquated and unnecessary form. It is not entirely wise, as yet, to hang your purse on the button of your coat behind. It might catch in a door, you know, and be pulled off. Nor is it advisable to leave rolls of bank bills upon the hydrants until you return that way. The wind would be quite sure to blow them off, and you might not be able to put your hand upon them when you returned.

But these things will undoubtedly be. Perhaps they are so now, and you can easily try the experiment, and prove them for yourselves when you come down. We all "go in" for Mayor Wood here. We believe him to be the man who has been "coming" so long, and we are very glad that he has arrived. We had a desperate fight when he came in. It was the hardest possible work for every man to discover whom he wished to make mayor; but it was absolutely impossible for him to say why he wished it. There was a general scrabble, and Mayor Wood came out half a length ahead. As soon as we could recover from the bumps and bruises and open our eyes, we were all glad of it. For many years there has not been so popular a magistrate, nor one that better deserved popularity.

A new broom sweeps clean, says the adage, with an unkind emphasis upon the "new." But shall we spoil every thing by some skepticism? Do you refuse to eat dinner to-day because the beef was underdone yesterday? Perhaps even you and this old Easy Chair swept cleaner when we were newer. Perhaps we had better not scoff at a mayor until he gives us occasion.

DID you go to the Calico Party, gentle reader? What is a Calico Party, and, above all, why is a Calico Party? Was it supposed that the garment would take an excellence from the wearer? Was it to be charged with virtue, permeated with piety, so that the recipient might wear it as an enchanted robe, and be inevitably girt with goodness? Or is calico suddenly found to be becoming? We do not pretend to totter after the caprices of fashion, and would not foolishly theorize about it. But really, with all serious respect for good intentions every where, it seems hard that great distress should only stimulate fashion to new freaks, and that instead of quietly going and giving a certain quantity of calico to those who need it, the donors should cut it to fit themselves, then let it leak into the papers that they were doing so, and then give away the material of the masquerade, and cross their hands with an air of charity.

The Philosopher is right. If this is charity at all, it is the poorest kind. Are we such inveterate traders that we can not even do good without paying ourselves for it?

Of course have the Calico Party, and then give away the calico, if the alternative is no Calico Party, no charity. But why give it a false name? If you pay a shilling for a pie and eat it, that transaction is completed, and if the pie cost but sixpence, and the balance is given to the poor, you may call it charity if you choose.

Our young constituents tell us that there has been less gayety on the great scale than heretofore. The truth is, when Wall Street is touched, the Avenue shivers. But we do not hear that there has been less social intercourse, nor less general good-

feeling. The young people have danced, as it is natural and becoming for young people to do, and as good floors, good music, and good partners, are not very expensive, they have had their greatest pleasure and the hosts less cost. Society is so much a necessity, that it should not be made a luxury by foolish extravagance. Children and young nations are wasteful and prodigal. The young American in Paris orders three times as much dinner as he and his French guest can eat. The French gentleman invites his host in turn, and they dine with a hundred times more elegance and ten times less expense. In our picture of society we never make things keep their places. *Patés* and *Verzenay* should be subdued in the composition to beauty, grace, and wit. Life is an art, society is an art. Every thing is an art if we only choose to have it so. And as a matter of art it deals with truth and beauty. You can not make a Calico Party, in a time of public want, beautiful nor interesting because you give away the gowns afterward.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE over-ocean telescope, through which we now set ourselves to read the phases of foreign life, we have constructed in our own way with a great coil of journals; and by putting this paper tube to our eye, and directing it toward the dim light that flows in at our office window, we see—or seem to see—athwart the houses, and through the mists that hover over the long line of the East River, and through the storm-clouds of spring that sweep over Montauk and the Georgia shoals, and through the vexed air that swims in the ocean hollows, and through the Channel coast fogs, and through the dreary atmosphere of a Paris winter—the stalls, and stir, and strangenesses of a Paris Christmas.

We see a world of people threading the bituminous pavements, slimy with mud; we see a multitude of rough-board shops in the very centre of Paris, crowded with toys and Christmas knick-knacks; we see stout provincial men gadding here and there, with wife and daughter on their arms; we see smart blouses bargaining for pasteboard models of Sebastopol; we see errant sellers of pop-pistols very urgent to impress upon the passers-by that their guns are very loud, and (like those of the Allies) very innocent.

We see stout Englishwomen, very tall, very red in the face, very masculine of gait, very determined in speech, who overlook the crowd of low-statured French—whether soldiers or grisettes—and peer into the showy shop fronts, which, by their splendor, seem to mock at the cheap Christmas offerings upon the stalls. We see brocades jostled by ten-penny woolen stuffs, and velvet hats with ostrich plumes sidling against the towering, starched muslin chateaux which the nurses of Normandy wear on their heads. We see a giant of the New Guard of the Imperial household, in jaunty sky-blue coat, and sleek mulberry pantaloons, and snow-white buckskin gauntlets, befingering the hilt of his sword, and striding through the crowd, to the great wonderment of maids and children. We see the new police of Napoleon in their snug caps, and with their sword tips scarce showing below the skirt of their warm winter *cabans*, looking here and looking there, and passing—yet always looking. We see a squadron of cavalry in the heavy bear-skin caps of the new Civic Guard come dashing down the street, and a space rapidly clear amidst the car-

riages, and a momentary stare of the street throng follow their gallop, and again the bustle and the hum of the shops and the walk renew themselves.

We see a blind man, with only a little child to guide him, feeling his way cautiously through the midst of the great crowd upon the Boulevards, with outstretched hands, and with a dish suspended from his neck half full of copper pieces; and we see people sidling away to give him free space, and dropping *sous* into his pewter dish, and straightway forgetting their pity in the sight of some brilliant equipage.

We see a cumbrous carriage, with a powdered footman, stop against a shop door, and the crowd agape for a moment, while a brocaded lady traverses the pavement and enters, and then the tide goes flowing on as before. We remark upon the stalls an infinity of warlike instruments—adapted to children; there are wooden field batteries, representing all grades of artillery, from 18 to 32 pounders; there are red and white horses, much more plump and well-fed to the eye than those in the Crimea; there are muskets of Minié shape, and such swords as the *chasseurs* wear at the end of their guns; there are bastions in pasteboard of prodigious elevation, and trenches in pine plank from which deadly shots are supposed to be made; there are ammunition wagons, and commissariat wagons, such as would surprise and delight an infant Duke of Newcastle, or the grandson of a Crimea veteran of the staff; there are ambulance carts, on springs of cotton, with invalided soldiers within, who have wooden legs and wooden bodies—better cared for than the live ones after Inkermann; there are figures of Russian bears, worried—only worried—by French and English dogs.

Opposite to the stalls where such things meet our eye, we remark diamond jewelry in the shape of grenades and rockets; we see sleeve-buttons in the form of a pair of chain-shot; we see small enameled bombs made to do duty upon a lady's corsage; we see a small piece of artillery served with rubies, and mounted on pearls; we see a new casquet of the Imperial Guard diminished to a brooch of jet and emerald.

Changing our regard only the distance of a shop front, we see brilliant plans of Sebastopol, with little banners marking the stations of the outlying camps, and miniature ships in lithography lying far out upon a calm sea of lithographic ink; we see hospital marquees erect and strong and warm, where the soldiers are well cared for, and promptly healed—in lithography; we see great guns toiling up the barren heights, and men and horses in plump lithographic condition; we see, on looking closely, the walls of the outermost forts of Sebastopol sadly battered, and huge remnants of granite wall seeming to totter, and to invite a speedy lithographic assault.

We do not, however, see so frequent as once the lithographic portraits of Lord Raglan, or of Canrobert, or of the Duke of Cambridge, or of the Prince Imperial, who is lying sick of gout and war in a warm palace at Constantinople. We do not see any longer the Turkish scarfs, which were so favorite a matter of Parisian wear not long ago; we do not see many crimson caps with blue tassels; we do not see many *chibouques* figured among the Christmas toys; we do not see so many dolls in turbans; we do not see many people smelling attar of roses, or buying the Turkish bottles for presents. We see more of strong volatile salts; we see

evidences that the Turkish enthusiasm is not so strong as the Polish or the Hungarian; we see that people remember Balaklava, and the running of the red-caps; we see that Paris boys have no admiration for runaways, and that the Ottoman glory has passed away, like the smoke of an Eastern pipe—languidly, fragrantly, and utterly!

The French are quick appreciators of courage (and we lay down our paper telescope to make the observation), and they are very ready and determined foes to all show of cowardice, even among allies. The Turks will have to give very positive and very bloody proof of their daring, before their reputation gains any thing like a fair level upon the French Exchange. It would seem almost that they (the French people) were growing distrustful of Omer Pacha even; most of all, since hints have been bruited that he shows reluctance to put himself under the strategic orders of their General, Canrobert. What gives the worst complexion of all to the Turkish shortcomings, is their immovable stolidity and indifference to such charges as would crush or make the courage of a high-spirited man. They wear the reproaches of craven-heartedness as they wear their Bloomer petticoats—easily, slouchingly, and carelessly. The conviction is forced on people, nowadays, whatever Lord Redcliffe may say, that the barbarian people of the North, who wear bear-skin, and allow their priests to marry, have, after all, more of the vigor of manhood about them, and more of the promise of growth, than the clouted masters of the Byzantine harems, and the worshipers of Allah and the Prophet.

Putting again our telescope to the eye, and suffering it to bear as it bore before, we see the crowd growing greater around the stalls and the shops, as the short winter's day wears toward the setting. We see nursery-maids weighed down with children and woolly horses; we see rabbits and Chinese puppets shaking their heads (by machinery) with dismal solemnity; we see fat geese of Strasbourg put up as prizes over tables of roulette; we see lotteries of gingerbread and bonbons; we see hungry people gloating at the windows, where are displayed, with tempting profusion, turbot, and bananas, and boned capons, stuffed with truffles, and delicious, lithe-looking salmon, and potted pheasants, and patés of Strasbourg, and Spanish grapes, and luscious figs from Candia, and huge apples that have been bloated under glass, and crisp salads, and red pomegranates.

Presently we see a stir in the throng, and all eyes turned from the windows to the street, where a little corps of the Imperial Guides, in their green jackets, come dashing through the thicket of cabs and carriages; and after them we see the Imperial jockeys in their buckskin breeches, see-sawing upon the Imperial horses, that whirl up the Imperial coach to the shop-front of some great purveyor of Christmas toys; we see the people flock like flies around some sudden leak of sweetness, and the *cabaned* police, appearing as it were from the ground, and multiplying with the crowd, and pressing them back, and keeping an open passway from the coach to the shop-door; we see the Imperial footmen doff their hats, as the sallow-faced Louis Napoleon, in citizen's dress, descends, and assists in his turn (as if she wore no crown) the Imperial Eugénie; we see her flush of excitement at this near contact with the throng, and her smile of gratification as they (the crowd), one and all,

salute her with a warm Parisian greeting; we see the paleness in her face of an unsound body, and her step has none of the lightness in it which belonged to her three years gone by; we see what care has presided over her toilet, albeit she is wearing mourning-dress for some unknown German princess; we see that she bears herself toward the Imperial monarch as though there was more in the tie than the conventional bond of an Imperial marriage; we see the fondness of a woman's nature in her look; and yet we see, far off as we are, that the griefs and cares that belong to us all have written lines, even now, upon her face, which will deepen, as they deepen on the faces of all, as the Christmases wear out, and the play of life's shadows thicken and close!

Turning now the bearing of our glass by ever so slight a degree, we look upon the bustle and the stir of the Paris Christmas in the faubourgs, or along the narrow Rue Mouffetard. We see no equipages here; we see no shops of jewelry; yet we see as great a throng pressing around the rude stalls, where the Russian bears are rampant, and the wooden artillery is drawn up in order of battle. We see old women who have cheered their festal day with a new earthen pot, and an extra onion to their soup; we see fathers in blouses treating their be-bloused boys to a sight of paper griffins and tin guns, and perhaps lavishing on them half the earnings of a day in an earthen statue of the first Napoleon, or a vessel of war in pottery.

We see *chiffonniers*, the rag-pickers of the capital, hanging hopefully about the booths for some falling tid-bits of paper or sticks, and reckoning, at most, upon a Christmas gift of a quarter-loaf of white bread; we see them afterward making their way through foul streets to high, filthy houses; we see their homes reeking with the spoils they have gathered in foul places; we see disease and dirt, like those of the Crimean story, marking the home and the people; and we see the eyes of those used to this dimness and wretchedness beam only when they light up with the fever of crime, and a pale joyousness steal over their pinched faces only at thought of the comfort which friend Death may have in his keeping.

We see the Seine running high and full; the yellow tide, yellow as the Tiber, with its wintry rains, gurgles drearily under the arches; and from time to time we see floating on it, even in the Paris Christmas season, some victim of his own or of his fellow's crime. Beside the river, stretching a thousand yards, we see the glazed roof of a palace upon columns of stone, which they call but a temporary structure, but which has in it more materials of permanence than half of the buildings of our city.

We see, also, to the right, above the dried tree-tops, the sheen of the great crystal building, which is to cover, four months hence, so many of the tokens of industry as the war fever, the war anxieties, and the war afflictions shall have left in the hands of Europe. In the workshops scattered along the Rue St. Antoine, and across by the Vangirard, we see the artisans in their dim *ateliers* furnishing up the chairs of Henri II. and Louis Quatorze, dressing with stamped leather, which rivals the best days of Venice, carving fruit and flowers that would have honored Gibbons, and preparing for a medal with the Imperial face.

We see the American commissioners gathering for speeches and resolves (the Americans like

"meetings"); we see they count already, by official rolls, more in number than all the commissioners of Europe combined (the Americans like office); we see our earnest friend, M. Vattemare, in the midst of his books, and parchments, and medals, forgetful of his old stage triumphs, when he wore the name of Alexandre, and forgetful of every thing save his one purpose of building up his system of literary exchanges—contriving how the Great Exhibition may be made to count toward his design; and arraying, even now, a great collection of American books and papers in a hall of the Hôtel de Ville, where he may show to France that the young Western country is not wholly given over to trade, and to the hewing of wood.

We see the flowers budding in the gardens of Paris, even in the wet December, and roses fully bloomed when January has put its wintry foot into the circle of the Paris months; but the warmth and the wet together, we see, bode no good; and by the flying phaetons of the doctors we know that typhus is lying low for victims, and is brushing away old men and young men, with a dismal shaking of hearse plumes, to Père la Chaise and Mont Parnasse.

We see, upon a certain day (*Débats* for 19th December), a throng of people passing along the *Pont des Arts*, and urging their way into the Palace of the Institute of France; we see the galleries and balconies filling up with gayly-dressed ladies, and with foreign German faces, and hundreds of piebald men. We see the reserved chairs around the stage fill up with the representatives of French philosophy and science—weazen-faced, thin men, in fur-lined cloaks—gaunt, big-featured people, like old Dupin—plump, round-chinned philosophers, like Thiers—and all of them unnoticeable in feature or in carriage, if you had met them stealing around the street corners—yet under the dome of the Institute, growing great by association, and greater still by the conviction that forces itself upon you, that you are looking upon the chosen ones of a people which, however frequent their political somersets and tergiversations, have yet been always the pioneers in the realms of pure science, and have given growth, under the forcing-glass of this same Institute, to such men as Arago, and Cuvier, and Lacépède, and Leverrier, and Guizot.

We see—when the hall is full, and the minute-hand of the clock has pointed within a fraction of a second to the appointed hour—this same Guizot, in his black coat, brodered with a green garland of oak and olive leaves, take his place in the chair of the President; we see him, with a touch of the French vanity that belongs to the race, dress his scant hair with an ambling thrust of the fingers, and throw a little of his youth-time expression into an eye that is now dimmed with near seventy years, as he begins his address.

And we seem to see the earnest look of attention as he goes on to expose with *verve*, with wit, and in beautifully rounded periods, the aims and purposes of that branch of the Institute over which he has the honor to preside; we observe, too, the mirthful and satisfied expressions upon the faces of his fellows of the Academy as he paints, with a few satiric touches, the calm and quiet level which characterizes at this day the political philosophy of France. "Only in the regions of purely scientific inquiry does political liberty now reside."—(*Débats*, for 17th December, 1854.)

And when, at the close of his half-hour's address,

he rises into an eloquent assertion of the dignity of that manly pursuit of Truth which belongs to them as the scholars of science, and which no material force can divert or annul—which conducts them into regions above the conflicts of the day—regions of a high intellectual freedom, where no grasp of human tyranny can reach—where only Right is the standard, and only God the arbiter!—we see the hangings of the hall shake with one great storm of applause.

After this we see a stately man, in the flush of middle age—a handsome man withal, the historian Mignet—take his place at the reading-desk, and with an attention scarce less than that which has belonged to the hearing of Guizot, we see a crowded audience hold their places undisturbed through an address, from the historian of the Revolution, which covers two long pages of the *Débats*.

In contrast with this phase of the winter life in the Continental Capital, we divert our glass now to one of the theatres along the Boulevard—to the pretty, the graceful, the winning performances at the Gymnase.

Madame de Girardin, the wife of the half mad, half prophet Editor, has written a graceful comedy, at which all the Paris world are laughing as heartily as they cried heartily over the *Joie fait Peur*, which we detailed to you—our courteous readers—some four months ago. Thanks to the *feuilletonistes* (whose columns make up our tubular *lorgnon*), we can see this laughing humor of Madame de Girardin as well as we saw her pathos in the "Fear joy makes."

She calls the play "The Hat of the Clock-mender." We see the curtain rise upon a dining-room; we hear (for our telescope transmits sounds as well as sights) a crash; a Paris garçon rushes upon the stage from an adjoining salon, perfectly overcome with terror; he has broken his master's clock—his prized clock—an object of art; his place is gone; his character ruined; what is to be done?

The maid comes in, and seats herself at work upon one of her mistress's dresses; the garçon shrinks away to the salon, and in his vain efforts to repair the damage, puts the clock upon the strike. The maid counts, to know the hour. It strikes fourteen: her attention is aroused, and she presently hears a terrible whirl of wheels, and a sudden snap of the works. She rushes toward the salon, and discovers the accident which has so afflicted poor Maurice.

He is more disturbed than ever; determines to quit the house at once; but after several moments of self-crimination, and of tender adieus to the maid, she suggests that he should go for a clock-maker. He revives at the thought; reties his apron—when there is a ring at the door, and his master enters. The servant conceals, with most ludicrous effort, his anxiety; and his master withdraws, to his infinite relief, leaving word that he shall return at five.

He has now the day before him; he tries to tempt the maid to go for the horologist, but the maid refuses—she is expecting the orders of her mistress. In this dilemma, a porter arrives with letters for the household; poor Maurice bribes him to go for a clock-maker, and feels encouraged. The mistress (a newly-married wife, who had promised to wait her husband's return, but who finds the hours long) appears, in walking costume, and, after a chat with the maid, goes out for a visit to a neighbor.

The clock-maker comes, and, in a state of immense trepidation, Maurice conducts him to the salon. His groans are heard through the partition which skirts the stage. He is, however, reassured by the representations of the clock-maker, who engages to put her right in three or four days at the latest.

In his exhilaration of spirits Maurice ventures upon a quiet embrace of the maid, and a joyful dance about the dining-table. In the midst of this, and while the clock-maker is groping his way out of the salon cautiously, with the clock in his arms, there is a ring at the door.

The mirth of the poor servant is over in an instant. Who can it be? Not his mistress, for he knows her ring; not his master, for he was not to return until five. The ring is repeated violently. The servant is aghast; the poor clock-maker is trembling with his load, entreating that the door should be opened.

In despair, poor Maurice bethinks himself of his mistress's chamber; he opens it—thrusts in the clock-maker with his burden, and locking the door upon him, places the key in his pocket.

The ring is repeated with nervous frequency. What excuse can Maurice make for his delay? Only one—he was dressing. Thereupon he strips off his coat, vest, boots, cravat, and snatching them up stamps about the room, runs toward the door, and meets his master entering in a fury.

His condition explains itself. It was an awkward hour to be dressing, to be sure; but then, a servant must have his toilet as well as his master. He diverts attention by placing the letters, delivered by the porter, in the hands of his master. Among them, it appears, is an anonymous one, suggesting to the husband a close watch upon the conduct of his wife. He is naturally of a jealous disposition: he will observe her action and her bearing toward him more closely; like all jealous husbands, he has great confidence in his powers of penetration.

He goes toward her chamber and calls; but there is no answer.

The servant, meantime, has observed, with great distress, that the clock-maker has left his hat upon the table; he makes one or two vain attempts to cover it with his vest; he succeeds finally in placing himself between the hat and his master, and bears it off behind him. His master hands him his own, and poor Maurice, with a hat before and behind, dodges about the room with the most ludicrous expression of trouble imaginable.

When his master has called two or three times, vainly, at the chamber-door of his wife, the agony of the servant is indescribable. He believes Madame is trying on her dresses. The husband in a passion tries the latch—it does not yield; the door is locked upon him.

The servant bethinking himself, suddenly, of the escape of the clock-maker, dashes down the hats and runs around to a private door.

The husband, with the anonymous letter of the morning in his mind, is giving a very hasty growth to his jealous suspicions; he observes a strange hat upon the table; he rushes again to the door of his wife's chamber, braves all proprieties, and takes a peep through the key-hole; he sees dimly the figure of a man standing by the chimney-piece.

An instant after the chamber-door opens from within, and Maurice appears with a glow of satisfaction on his face, and assures his master, with the

blandest countenance in the world, that there was nobody within!

The husband, overcome with distress, points to the strange hat. The servant regards it with a strangely mingled look of anxiety and feigned curiosity, and stammers forth a very confused account of his ignorance. The suspicions of the husband run higher and wilder; he pushes the distressed servant away from him, and goes around to the private staircase to see if there are any traces of her flight.

Maurice, meantime, dashes the clock-maker's hat into a cupboard of the dining-room.

The husband returns utterly disheartened, and strides gloomily toward the salon. The poor Maurice is now in an agony of terror; his master will surely observe that his prized clock is missing.

The husband re-enters, exclaiming with an air of desolation—"Gone, gone!"

Poor Maurice throws himself on his knees. He imagines that the fatal discovery is made. His master's worst suspicions are kindled by the abject air of the servant; he seizes him by the collar, and demands in a voice of thunder—"Villain, where is she?"

The servant bows his head more abjectly than ever.

The grieved husband renews his question.

The servant stammers out—"Home; he's taken her home."

And frightened by his master's affliction, he says, by way of softening the grief, "He will keep her only three days—four days at farthest."

The husband can listen to no more; the abashed servant crawls away to his service.

A gentleman friend enters, and can not account for the disturbed state of his host. They sit down together to a *déjeuner*, served in the most awkward fashion by the disconcerted garçon.

The visitor plies his host with questions; and being an old family friend, learns his suspicions.

He endeavors to encourage him; but unfortunately by his very effort aggravates the suspicions of the husband. The friend represents that if his wife were really guilty, she would artfully show a most minute attention to his special tastes—would order such dishes as he had expressed a fondness for—would arrange his *déjeuners* with the most piquant art imaginable.

Alas, this is just what the poor woman has always done! The husband guards his grief in silence, and the friend retires in disgust.

The wife presently enters, gay, chirruping, with a bridal joyousness in her face; but she meets only cold looks. She had promised to wait his coming!

True, but she had gone across the way only to sit with her cousin.

(Very great gloom and doubt on the husband's face).

She approaches him more closely, and seeks to win him to a smile by a variety of affectionate attentions and caresses.

All in vain.

She gives up in despair, and goes toward her chamber with a mournful air, calling, as she enters, to the servant—"Maurice!"

The enraged husband throws himself in the man's way; he sees now that she has made a confidant of that idiot of a servant; the whole scheme flashes upon him. He forbids him to go near the chamber of his mistress; flings his wages for the month upon the floor, and orders him to be gone.

The trouble of the poor *garçon* now grows into a fearful kind of despair. He flings off the badges of his servitude, asserts his dignity and rights as a man, meets his master's abuse with abuse in return, and defies him!

In the excess of his indignation he runs to the cupboard, draws out the bruised hat of the clock-maker, avows that notwithstanding his denial he *did* know to whom it belonged, and that in spite of his master he would return it to its proper owner.

The husband's rage blazes anew; his worst thoughts are realized; but still he is cunning enough to divert the indignation of the servant to some purpose.

"Ah, villain! and so you will return it to the Count—"

Servant (with a very blank face). "Count!"

"And is not this a Count's hat?"

"Dam! it's a clock-maker's hat."

"A clock-maker!"

"*Oui, monsieur*; the clock-maker who came to carry her off to be mended, and who was in madame's room when you made such a devil of a fuss at the door."

In short, the aggrieved husband sees through his folly on the instant—learns the story of the clock—doubles the wages of his servant—kisses his wife into forgiveness, and the curtain drops upon a quiet household once more.

WE see again—in that same strange world of Paris—a huge hulk of building upon the outskirts, with a high stone wall closing it in, and skeleton trees hanging over it; we see a great gate in the wall, rarely ajar, and rarely stirring on its hinges; we see, beside the gate, a curious revolving cage of iron; we see women, with bundles under their arms, stealing thither at night, with a silent pace and cautious looks; we see them lift the bundle they carry to their faces often and often, as they approach the lumbering building, with its high wall, and its skeleton trees, and its gates so rarely ajar; we see their step grow faint—as if some secret grief were gnawing in the bundle, or in themselves—as they draw nearer to the wicket cage that swings in the wall; we see them stop when the gleam of a lantern shines on the road, or when the light of a star peers from the clouds, and look upon the bundle they carry, and press it to their hearts; we see them push on with swift, but unsteady pace after this, and lay the bundle within the basket of iron rods, and twirl the cage around upon its well-oiled pivot, and pull nervously the bell-wire that hangs at the gate; and we see the poor women go away in the night, having offered up a child to poverty or to pride.

We keep our eye upon the bundle within the cage, which is accessible now from within the walls; we see the bundle stir, as if life were in it; we see servitors, who wear the livery of the great house, go out to answer the bell that has sounded; we see them gather up the bundle from the cage of iron, without once setting ajar the gates; we see them unroll a packet of clothing by the light of the lamps within; we see them searching for some paper to give a name to the child they find; finally, we see the paper itself, which says, "I am Antonio by name, christened in the Church of St. Germain; a gold pin is in my blanket, which my mother will know when she comes to claim me, if she ever comes at all."—(*Galigiani, Jan. 1854.*)

AGAIN we see—shifting our glass—the mother of a family, boys and girls, living in a huge house of stone, with ramparts and bastions, more for show than use, upon the banks of a river; we see a wide but bare forest stretching around the house and the ramparts, and troops of deer browsing upon the twigs, or hiding under the scattered thickets of firs; we see great dignitaries of the British court and government coming and going through the gates of the great house, which is called Windsor Castle, and we see a disturbed look upon all their faces, and upon the face of the mother, who is Queen.

We see them conning dismal reports of a grand army, which, no long time ago, they sent into a stranger's country, with the hope of conquering the stranger's strongest fortress in a month, but which is stronger now than ever before; we see the calm Scotch face of Lord Aberdeen—so courteous to sovereigns, and so hopeful once of the Nicholas of Russia—taking on now a puzzled and an anxious look; we see the jaunty figure of a little old man—Lord John Russell—catching now for the first time a stoop of trouble and of apprehension; we see Englishmen along Piccadilly, and in the square before the Exchange, who looked so charmingly after Alma, growing blue and petulant; we see ladies in black in a hundred country churches, that are dressed with mistletoe and holly, but bringing very little cheer to their hearts; we see, here and there, at a country dinner, some disabled officer, very pale and forlorn in aspect, who tells sad stories of the camp life in the Crimea, and of the Russian balls, which he has seen and felt.

And if we look still farther eastward, we see them, in their outlying posts and tents, upon the heights before Sebastopol; the horses dragged with mud, the sod of the pasturage lands trampled into mire, the brush-wood burnt, the stone fences turned into bastions, the balls lying thick in every gully, the pipe-clay of Gallipoli gone, the potted pheasants of the staff consumed, the curries and sauces of less worth than a loaf of fresh bread, the Duke of Cambridge half-crazed and away, Cathcart, the hero of the Caffir war, cut down—and to add to all, the conviction forcing itself on the proud British army, as well as on every observer, that their whole army system of supply and of organization is utterly worthless.

In contrast with this, we see all the French Zouaves lounging in the trenches, and smoking the cigars which the Emperor has given them in memory of Christmas; we see their stout army horses—not over-delicate with grooming at home—still sleek and full; we see warm sheep-skins upon the shoulders of the night sentries; we see the chasseurs carousing in the tents, which are warmed with Paris stoves, and polishing their bayonets and rifles with the same mud which sticks so fearfully to the British camp and clothes; we see even their fleet, in Kamiesch bay, lying in the same order which belongs to the convoys in the harbor of Toulon; we see no clashing of orders—no misinterpretation of command—no offended pride of *caste*, no shirking of unpalatable duty, but every where that thorough and complete system which makes the French as easy, and as apt, in the camp of the Crimea, as they ever were in the caserne at Vincennes.

In another month, if we turn our telescope that way, we shall have more to see.

Editor's Drawer.

OBSERVE one thing, reader, if you please. We have entered upon what is usually termed the "wild and tempestuous month of March;" but, to our poor conception, there is not a month in the year in which pleasant days are so pleasant as in this much-abused month. Winter may not be "over and gone," nor hath the "time of the singing of the birds come," nor is there the voice of a single turtle heard in the land; and yet, what a glorious sunshine is the sunshine of a warm day in March! What an *avant-courier* of the mature spring-time! In the country, the blue smoke from "sap-bush" and "sugar-works" coils up through the tops of the reddening maples; the overture to the frog-opera begins with scattered instruments; some early flowers, frail children, peep from beneath the dead leaves, in close proximity to heaps of half-melted snow; white and red toad-stools appear; the winds are bland, and the sky is like molten, burnished silver. How far you can see!—how the blue landscape stretches away to the far horizon!

Well has our own poet sung:

"The stormy March has come again,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the sunny valley flies.

"Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me!

"For thou to Northern lands again
The glad and joyous SUN doth bring;
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of SPRING.

"And in thy reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

"Then sing aloud the gushing rills—
From Winter's durance just set free;
And brightly leaping down the hills,
Begin their journey to the sea.

"The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet."

THE late Dr. Chapman, of Philadelphia, mourned of many who will laugh at his wit no more, has left behind him a memory that will be transmitted through successive generations. His wit was equal to his skill. It was hard to say which did his patients the most good, and as he always gave his best of both at the same time, they probably helped each other. Just as it happened when one of his patients revolted at a monstrous dose of physic, and said:

"Why, Doctor, you don't mean such a dose as this for gentlemen?"

"Oh, no," said the Doctor, "it's for *working men!*"

And a good laugh is often as good as a medicine. With him the pleasantry was as certain as the opportunity. Even in *extremis* it would come out of him. He was walking in the streets, and a baker's cart, driven furiously, was about to run him down. The baker reined up suddenly, and just in time to spare the Doctor, who instantly took off his hat, and bowing politely, exclaimed, "You are the best bred man in town."

At the great gathering in Philadelphia of the Medical Society of the United States, our literary and distinguished Dr. Francis and Dr. Chapman met, as they had done a thousand times before, having been friends for half a century. At a large dinner party a pompous little Dr. Mann, presuming that these gentlemen were strangers, said to Dr. Francis, "Let me introduce you to Dr. Chapman, the head of our profession in Philadelphia." It was too much for Dr. Chapman, who retorted, "Dr. Francis, let me introduce you to Dr. Mann, the tail of our profession in Philadelphia." Little Mann let the lions alone after that.

Very much against his will the Doctor was made a vestryman in his parish church, and one of his duties was to pass the plate for the contribution at the morning service. He presented it with great politeness and becoming gravity to the gentleman at the head of the pew nearest the chancel, who was not disposed to contribute. The faithful collector, nothing daunted, held the plate before him, and bowed, as if he would urge him to think the matter over and give *something*, a little something, and refused to go on till he had seen his silver on the plate. In this way he proceeded down the aisle, victimizing every man till he came to the pew nearest the door, where sat an aged colored woman. To his surprise she laid down a piece of gold. "Dear me!" said the astonished Doctor, "you must be a *Guinea nigger*." They never troubled the Doctor to go around with the plate after that.

But we are telling too many of the good things of this good physician. A volume might be made, and a racy one it would be, by any one who would take the trouble to gather up the trifles the Doctor let fall in his public and private walks. One more, and we will leave him.

Dr. Chapman was a delegate to the convention of the church, which was to hold its annual session at Pittsburgh. Party-spirit ran high, and the members, both clerical and lay, being men of like passions with other men, became more excited and violent in word and tone than was becoming so reverend and grave a body. When things had gone on at this rate for two days, and were nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, one of the most venerable members arose and said, that he thought these scenes were highly indecorous, especially as they were enacted in the presence of God, whose servants we all profess to be. Dr. Chapman for the first time now stood up, and with a peculiar twisting of his words, and the profound attention of the whole convention, remarked: "Mr. President, I think so too. It is too bad. The members ought not to go on so. But I do not feel the force of that last remark. The gentleman says 'we ought not to conduct in this manner in the presence of God;' now, Sir, to my certain knowledge He has not been in this place since we came together."

The rebuke was so just, so pertinent, that priest and people felt it alike, and the business of the convention was conducted with decorum to its close.

The better half of Dr. Chapman's happy hits were made in the social circles of which he was the life and soul, and they can not be retailed without trenching on the confines of good fellowship, which ought to be sacred against intrusion. Perhaps we have erred on the wrong side in relating some of these. But they are good nevertheless.

THE great Dr. Mason, in his day the most eloquent of preachers in the city of New York, was in the habit of walking every morning down the street to Washington Market. A certain lawyer, of no less celebrity in his line, was wont to take the same walk, but being earlier than the Doctor, usually came up the street as the parson went down. One morning a deep snow was on the ground, and a single path only was beaten by the few who had been out before them. The two gentlemen had often met in their walks, but never in private, and had not even a speaking acquaintance. Now they met face to face, and the morning being cold, and neither of them in good humor, they stood waiting the one for the other to give way by stepping out into the snow. Presently the stalwart divine moved a step toward the wall; the lawyer came up to pass; the Doctor returned too suddenly, and bringing his shoulder into contact with the lawyer's, tipped him into the gutter. The discomfited lawyer picked himself up, and as he brushed off the snow, very coldly remarked,

"You belong to the Church *militant*, I should think."

"Ay," said the Doctor, as he strode onward, "and to the Church *TRIUMPHANT* too."

This was not very amiable in the reverend gentleman certainly, and he was not so well reputed for the softer graces as for pulpit eloquence, in which he was without a peer. One of his members left his church and became attached to one of the other congregations in this city. He had been absent more than a year, when he chanced to meet the Doctor in the street and attempted to make an apology for having left. Said he,

"I suppose you have missed me from your church the year past?"

"No, I have not," replied the Doctor, very gruffly.

"Yes, I have found an easier road to heaven than the one you preach."

"Easier road, is it? but you'll have a hell of a toll to pay," said the Doctor, as he pushed by and left his quondam parishioner to digest the answer.

HOGARTH refused, after much experience, to paint portraits, as men and women were never satisfied with a picture that painted them truthfully, and he declared that whoever would succeed in this branch, must adopt the mode recommended in one of Gay's fables, and make divinities of all who sit to him.

"I was preaching one evening," writes a clerical friend, who relishes a good thing richly, "from the passage in the history of Moses where he, with his two friends Aaron and Hur, was standing on a hill and beholding the battle between Israel and Amalek. My text was 'Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands;' and I argued the duty of the people to hold up the hands of their minister, from the example of these good men of old who thus supported Moses. On my way homeward from the church one of the leading men of my parish joined me, and after expressing his great satisfaction in my discourse, begged leave to suggest one point that I had overlooked.

"Ah," said I, "and what can that be?"

"I mean," he answered, "the powerful argument which that history furnishes in favor of female influence."

"I confess I do not perceive that the subject is hinted at—how do you discover it, my dear Sir?"

"Why, does it not read," he said, with some surprise, "that Aaron and *her* held up his hands? I suppose the woman helped as much as the man."

"He was obliged to explain it once or twice over, before I understood that the vulgar error of using *her* for *she* had led him to think that Aaron was assisted by a lady in his kind attentions to Moses."

THE anecdote is well known of the young men in Boston whom Dr. Bethune overtook as he was walking to the Hall, where he was to lecture on "The Age of Pericles." One of them said to the other, "Where are you going to-night?"

"To the Hall, to hear Dr. Bethune on the Age of Pericles."

"Oh hang it, who cares how old Pericles is? let's go to the theatre!"

But a better one than that was told the next day of Smith in Washington Street, who said to Johnson, confidentially, "I say, Johnson, I say, do you know what *perikels* is? My wife asked me, and I said, 'Pshaw, don't you know?' The fact is, I don't. Tell a fellow, if you do."

IN a rural parish steady and stirring, in the northern part of the State of New York, some forty years ago, there lived an elderly woman, who had unfortunately been shattered in her intellects. She was a great church-goer, a good mother and neighbor, but ready to fly off the handle whenever she was excited, and this was likely to occur under circumstances when no one supposed that her paroxysms were at hand. Deacon Williams sat in the same pew with her—the old-fashioned square pew—with his back to the preacher, and his face to Aunt Tabby. He had a habit of taking a nap that lasted through the sermon; so that he was called not only one of the *pillars*, but one of the *sleepers* of the church. It was a warm summer Sunday afternoon, when the preacher was describing, with graphic power, the famine scenes in the city of Jerusalem, sacked by the Roman armies. Aunt Tabby listened with attentive ears, and was thrilled with tales of horror that made her tremble. "Women were driven to that extremity of distress," said the speaker, "that they cooked and ate their own children. A soldier rushing into a house, and smelling the meat, demanded it, and the terrified mother was compelled to bring out the remains of her own child, and set it before him." Aunt Tabby had been more and more excited as the narrative went on, till the baked baby came out, and she started from her seat, and pouncing upon Deacon Williams, fast asleep, with his reverend head upon his breast, she struck her fingers like talons into his hair, and cried out, with a shrill, clear voice, that rang through the house, "Where's the man that killed my child?" The people were electrified. The preacher paused in his discourse. Two of the elders, seeing the occurrence and understanding Aunt Tabby's weakness, stepped over, untangled her claws from the Deacon's head, and gently led her to the door.

SPEAKING of *retorts*, the chemists make great use of them, and they are very handy for public speakers, often answering a better purpose than an argument, be it ever so able. We have heard

of one or two that, to our knowledge, have never slipped into print:

The late Roger M. Sherman, of Connecticut, one of the ablest men ever raised in that man-raising State, was often pitted at the bar against Mr. Daggett, who was afterward Chief Justice, and who was a fair match for Sherman. It happened, on one occasion, that Daggett was a long time in hunting up a reference in a law-book, and to increase his embarrassment—for he was on his legs, in the midst of his speech, and the Court impatient for him to proceed—Sherman said to him,

"Brother Daggett, will you have my spectacles?"

"No, I thank you," said Daggett, quietly; "there was no truth ever seen through your spectacles."

In a great ecclesiastical battle in Philadelphia, Dr. Krebs, of this city, was pressing his antagonist, Dr. Breckenridge, hard up with his authorities, and at last he came down on him with this—"And now I will proceed to quote Breckenridge against Breckenridge."

Instantly, without rising from his seat, Dr. B. exclaimed, "And you could not possibly cite an authority that would have less weight with me."

The readiest and severest retort we ever heard of heard of, was made in the Senate of the United States, by John C. Calhoun. Of its justice we say nothing; every man may have his own opinion. Calhoun had recently lent his support to the Van Buren administration, and Henry Clay was denouncing him for apostasy. With his eagle eye darting fire across the Chamber, Clay cried out, "The gentleman has gone over to the enemy, and time alone can disclose the motive."

"The gentleman," said Calhoun, "went over to the enemy, and did not leave it for time to disclose the motive."

EVERY body in Alleghany county knows old Lawyer Martin. He had the coolest way in the world of transferring money from the pockets of his clients to his own. Old Ben Brooks, a rich but close-fisted farmer in the neighborhood, was one of his clients, and in their conferences there was always a pretty sharp contest as to who should outwit the other, the lawyer, in the end, generally getting the upper hand. One day they had been sitting for an hour or two, trying their wits to get the advantage of each other, when the farmer got excited, and suddenly turning to the lawyer, said,

"Martin, I had a remarkable dream last night."

"Ah! had you," said Martin; "what was it?"

"It was a terrible one," said Brooks, looking very solemn—"an awful one. I haven't fairly got over the effects of it yet. I can't keep it out of my mind for a minute."

"Well, tell it," said Martin, evidently struck with the farmer's manner.

"I dreamed," said the other, "that I was in hell, and the devil sat in his big chair, pointing out their places to his new subjects as they entered, one after another. I was surprised to see so many of my old neighbors come in. At length the door opened, and looking around I saw you enter. The devil told one to take this seat and another that; but when he saw you come in he rose up, and pointing to his own chair, he said,

"Here, Lawyer Martin, you can take my seat—you can fill it a great deal better than I can."

EMIGRATION to the State of Michigan was so great during the years 1835-6 that every house was filled every night with travelers wanting lodging. Every traveler there at that time will remember the difficulty of obtaining a bed in the hotels, even if he had two or three "strange bedfellows."

The Rev. Hosea Brown, an eccentric Methodist minister, stopped one night at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor and inquired if he could have a room and bed to himself. The bar-keeper told him he could, unless they should be so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him. At an early hour the reverend gentleman went to his room, locked the door, and soon retired to his bed, and sunk into a comfortable sleep. Along toward midnight he was roused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

"Hallo! you there," he exclaimed, "what do you want now?"—particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger, Sir, with you," said the voice of the landlord.

"What! another yet?"

"Why, yes—there is only one in here, is there?"

"One! why here is Mr. Brown, and a Methodist preacher, and myself, already, and I should think that enough for one bed even in Michigan."

The landlord seemed to think so too, and left the trio to their repose.

A GOOD story was told some years ago of old Bunce, who prided himself upon never being mistaken in his judgment of a person's character from his phiz.

He was in Washington Market one day, to get a goose for dinner. In looking about, he saw a lot before a young woman with a peculiarly fine open countenance.

"She's honest," said Bunce to himself; and at once asked her if she had a young goose.

"Yes," said she; "here's as fine a one as you will find in the market;" and she looked up in his face with a perfect sincerity that would have taken his heart, if he had not already made up his mind as to her character.

"You're sure it's young?"

"To be sure it is;" and Bunce took it home.

All efforts to eat it were fruitless, it was so tough; and the next day he hastened down to the market, angry with himself, and more so with the honest-faced girl who had cheated him.

"Didn't you tell me that goose was young yesterday?" he exclaimed, striding up to the girl wrathfully.

"To be sure I did."

"You cheated me," said Bunce; "it was a tough old gander."

"You don't call *me* old, do you?" she asked.

"No—I should think not," he replied.

"No—I should think not, too. I am only twenty, and mother told me the goose was hatched just six months after I was born."

Bunce had forgotten that a goose lives a hundred years.

AMONG the contents of the "*Knickerbocker Gallery*," the "Testimonial" to the Editor of our contemporary, the "*Knickerbocker*" Magazine, a notice of which had the "place of honor" in our Literary Review department for January, is the following exquisite poem by BRYANT. Aside from its character as a beautiful painting from Nature, the similitude which it bears to the progress and

end of "this mortal life," will commend it to the heart of every reader:

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

Stand here by my side, and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begin to flow:

Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come,
From the chambers beyond that misty veil:
Some hover a while in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet and are still in the depth below:

Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars out of the cloud
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the miky way:
There broader and burlier masses fall—
The sullen water buries them all:

Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and side by side,

Come clinging along their unsteady way:
As friend with friend, or husband with wife,
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake

Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white;

As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;

Flake after flake
To lie in the dark and silent lake.

I saw in thy gentle eyes a tear—

They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not:
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
That glisten a moment and then are lost,

Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;

A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away on the mountain side
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies;
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water no more is seen:

Flake after flake,
All met in the dark and silent lake!

WE are indebted to a correspondent for the following "*Inscription on the Window of a Public House in Germany, in four languages:*"

"In questa casa trovarete,
Toutes les choses que vous souhaitez;
Vinum bonum, costes, carnes,
Neat post-chaise, and horse and harness."

A SOUTHERN correspondent has transmitted us several authentic anecdotes for a place in the "Drawer." We select two or three. The first embodies a trenchant juvenile "cut" at Commodore Barron, which must have been all the more cutting that it was not without foundation:

"Many years ago, before the Philadelphia navy-yard was inclosed by a brick wall, the children of poor families in the neighborhood were in the habit

of procuring chips, etc., from the work-shops, for fuel. This gave opportunity for thefts of copper sheathing, bolts, and other valuables; which determined the commandant, Commodore James Barron, to issue orders against the practice. Some days after the promulgation of this order, sauntering down the yard one morning, his eye fell on an urchin whose basket was well filled with the interdicted chips; and the little rebel, in conscious guilt, skulked behind a large stack of timber, hoping he had thus escaped official vigilance. But the Commodore detected the 'dodge,' dragged the culprit from his concealment, overturned the basket, and, tweaking the nose of his captive, ordered him to beat a speedy retreat, and never again to be guilty of a similar trespass. Taking himself off to a safe distance, the little fellow hailed his captor with:

"*'I say, Commodore, I guess that's the first prize you ever took!'*"

"IN C——, South Carolina, was lately located a preacher whose modesty never deterred him from urging upon his congregation liberal subscriptions of money for all church and benevolent purposes. In his private solicitations he one day met a good, but eccentric member, who for a long time steadfastly refused his aid to an object the preacher was solicitous to secure. At last importunity triumphed, conditionally. He agreed to contribute on condition of being allowed to choose the text from which the preacher's funeral sermon should be preached. The matter being thus settled, the minister wanted to know what the text was. His friend answered: '*And the beggar died!*'"

"IN an interior town of Pennsylvania, not long ago, attached to the Presbyterian Church, was a distinguished clergyman, whose nervousness revolted at monotonous interruptions during service. On several successive Sabbaths his attention had been attracted to a young man, in the fullness of pride at the possession of a showy gold watch establishment, deliberately drawing it forth, in ostentatious prominence, to ascertain the hour. This display nettled the divine, who determined to end it. On the last day of its exposure, the preacher was dilating to a rapt audience on the great theme of *eternity*, and his own feelings and imagination were lending unusual eloquence to a gifted tongue, when, to the horror of the preacher, out came the glittering bauble. Fired to abrupt reproof at this stolidity and disrespect, without a pause long enough to attract general attention to the digression, he exclaimed, looking full at the offender:

"*'Put up your watch, young man; we are speaking of eternity—not of time!'*"

A "UNION of forces" is well exemplified in the following:

"A Turk wears so many fleas in his shirt, that a mathematician has recently demonstrated that if they should all *jump at once*, they would carry him across the Bosphorus!"

WHEN the following passage from a political speech of Colonel Thomas H. Benton was placed in the "Drawer" for future use, it struck us as embodying not a little true pathos. It impresses us so still:

"What is a seat in Congress to me? I have sat thirty years in the highest branch in Congress; have made a name to which I can add nothing, and

I should only be anxious to save what has been gained. I have domestic relations sorely lacerated in these times; a wife whom I never neglected, and who needs my attention now more than ever; children, some separated from me by the expanse of oceans and continents, and others by the slender bounds which separate time from eternity. I touch the age which the Psalmist assigns as the limit of manly life, and must be thoughtless indeed if I do not think of something beyond the flitting and shadowy pursuits of this life, of all of which I have seen the vanity.

"What of my occupation? Ask the undertaker, that good Mr. Lynch, whose face, present on so many mournful occasions, has become pleasant to me. *He* knows what occupies my thoughts and my cares: gathering the bones of the dead—a mother, a sister, two sons, a grandchild; planting the cypress over assembled graves, and marking the spot where I and those who are most dear to me are soon to be laid!"

SOME country journalist thus discourseth concerning taking opium, and its effects in his own case:

"We never could understand how people can get a taste for opium fastened upon them. We tried a small quantity of it the other day, for 'a pain internally.' We were ordered to take two pills a day for four days. The first dose was really delicious. It gave us a pink-tinged sleep, filled to the brim with girls made of rose-leaves. We indulged in dreams of the most Oriental character. In one of them we had a mother-of-pearl hand-sled, with golden runners. With this we glided down a rainbow made of ice-cream, and brought up on a terrace the supports of which were great spars of emerald.

"The second night things began to change. About the supports of the terrace anacondas began to appear; while, in the distance, a lot of green monkeys, with their tails burned off, were quarreling about the propriety of making a pin-cushion of us!

"The third evening matters grew appalling. The terrace had gone, and so had the rainbow and the girls made of rose-leaves; and in their stead we had a bed filled with rattlesnakes, and on the head-board four grizzly bears pulling at a hawser, one end of which was fastened to our neck and the other to an iceberg!"

There must have been a "tendency of blood to the head" in *that* vision!

THIS is a very striking remark of De Quincey, in one of his essays:

"Russia, a mighty empire as respects the simple grandeur of magnitude, builds her power upon sterility. She has it in her power to seduce an invading foe into *vast circles of starvation*, of which the radii measure a thousand leagues!"

PERHAPS there is not a more offensive feature of dandyism than over-scenting with high-flavored sweets. As the Scotch proverb has it, it is "ower sweet to be wholesome." An amusing rebuke of this vulgar habit was given at Niagara last summer, which is worthy of preservation:

Sitting on the piazza of the "Cataract House," was a young, foppish-looking gentleman, his garments very highly-scented with a mingled odor of bad cologne and very powerful musk. A solemn-

faced, odd-looking man, after passing the dandy several times, with a look of aversion which drew general notice, suddenly stopped, and in a confidential tone said:

"Stranger, I can tell you what will take that scent out of your clothes. You take—"

"What!—what do you mean, Sir!" said the exquisite, filled with indignation, and starting from his chair.

"Oh! get mad, now—swear—pitch round—fight; just because a man wants to do you a kindness!" coolly replied the stranger. "But I tell you I *do* know what'll take out that smell—phew! You just *bury your clothes—bury 'em!* only for a day or two. I had an uncle who once got foul of a sk—"

At this instant there went up from the crowd a simultaneous roar of merriment; and the dandy very sensibly "cleared the coop," and vanished upstairs.

The fact is, there is no parrying such good-natured satire when well founded.

"TIGHT TIMES," a good deal "about" as we write, is well personified in the following:

"This chap has come around again. He may be seen on 'Change every day. He bores our merchants, and seats himself cozily in lawyer's offices. He is every where.

"A great disturber of the public quiet, a pestilent fellow, is this same 'Tight Times.' Every body talks about him; every body looks out for him; every body hates him; and a great many hard words and not a few profane epithets are bestowed upon him. Every body would avoid him, if they could; every body would hiss him from 'Change, hustle him out of Broadway, kick him from the banks, throw him out of the stores, out of the hotels—but they *can't*. 'Tight Times' is a bore—he will stick like a brier.

"An impudent fellow is 'Tight Times.' Ask for a discount, and he looks over your shoulder, winks at the cashier, and your note is thrown out. Ask a loan of the usurers at one per cent. a month, he looks over your securities, and marks two and a half. Present a bill to your debtor, 'Tight Times' shrugs his shoulders, rolls up his eyes, and you must 'call again.' A wife asks for a fashionable brocade and a daughter for a new bonnet, 'Tight Times' puts in his *caveat*, and the brocade and bonnet are postponed.

"A great depreciator of stocks is 'Tight Times.' He steps in among the brokers, and down go the 'favorites of the market.' He goes along the railroads in process of construction, and the Irishmen throw down their shovels and walk away.

"A great exploder of bubbles is Mr. 'Tight Times.' He looks into the affairs of gold companies, and they fly to pieces; into 'kiting' banks, and they stop payment. He walks around 'corner-lots,' draws a line across lithographic cities, and they disappear. He leaves his footprints among mines, and the rich metal becomes dross. He breathes upon the cunningest schemes of speculators, and they burst like torpedos.

"A hard master for the poor is 'Tight Times'—a cruel enemy to the laboring classes. He takes the mechanic from his bench, the laborer from his work, the hod-carrier from his ladder. He runs up the prices of provisions, and he runs down the wages of labor. He runs up the prices of food, and he runs down the ability to purchase it at any price.

He makes little children hungry, and cry for food; cold, and cry for fire and clothing. He makes poor women sad, makes mothers weep, discourages the hearts of fathers, carries care and anxiety into families, and sits, a crouching desolation, in the corners and on the hearth-stones of the poor. A hard master to the poor is 'Tight Times.'

"He is a wanderer, too. Where he comes from, nobody knows; and where he goes, nobody knows. He flashes along the telegraph wires—he takes a free passage in the cars—he seats himself in the stage-coach, or goes along the turnpike on foot. He is in every great city—every rural district—every where.

"There is one way to avoid being bored by this troublesome fellow. It is the only way for a country, a city, or town, as well as individual men, to keep out of his presence always. Let the country that would banish him beware of extravagance, of speculation, of over-trading, of embarking in visionary schemes of aggrandizement. Let the city that would exclude him be economical in its expenditures, going right along, taking care of its own interests, and husbanding its own resources. Let the individual man who would exclude him from his domestic circle be industrious, frugal, keeping out of the whirlpool of politics—laying by something when the sun shines to make up for the dark days, for

'Some days *must* be dark and dreary;' working on always in the cheerful hope of 'a good time coming.'

WE have heard of a child "taking after his father," but not exactly in the way recorded by a contemporary journal:

"We once knew an eccentric old man in the 'Nutmeg State,' in its northern part, who went by the familiar title of 'Uncle Aaron.' The old man had raised a large family of boys, the youngest of whom—a wild, roystering blade—was named after himself. In speaking of his family, the old man said, with a very long face:

"Among all my boys, I never had but one who took after his father, and that was my Aaron; *he* took after me—with a club!"

PERHAPS few readers of the "Drawer" have ever encountered the *Written Language of the Indians*. Those who have not, will regard the subjoined as somewhat of a literary curiosity. The extract contains two verses from a chapter in the New Testament, copied from the "Mohawk Testament." Any thing more "jaw breaking" than some of the longest words it has never been *our* good fortune to meet:

"Nonwa ne o-nenh ne rajihhenghstowanen neoni ne ratssteristha ne Ononghsadokenghdikeh neoni ne thadiyadakwe-niyu ne radijihhenghstajyh ro-nathonde jineken nikarihhodense, waghshakodinowenghde hanaondawe ne ken-ikenh ne aondeghyaron.

"Ethone shayadat eghwarawe neoni waghshakoghrory, wahhenron, Jatkagthoh, ne ronnonkweh ne ne yetshinhodonghkwe eghyehhadikenn-yade Ononghsadokenghdikeh, ony shakodirihhonyenny ne Onkwehhokon."

THE following advice deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and *treasured* up, if not printed and *hung* up:

"That you have had just subjects of indignation

and anger often, I do not doubt. Who can live in the world without some trials of his patience? But believe me, the army with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, are moderation and gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves; which are *not* qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues, of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. We must be at peace with our species; if not for *their* sakes, yet very much for *our own*."

"THE following (writes 'G. C. B.,' of New Orleans) is an actual occurrence, and that only a few days since:

"I had directed my man, a rather 'clever' Irishman, to bore a large hole in the side of my cistern, near the top, and had given him a 'brace and bit' with which to do it. After a short time he came to ask me for a gimlet, which I gave him; and being somewhat curious to know what he wanted of it, I soon followed him to the yard.

"He was at the top of the ladder, boring into the cistern a small hole alongside of the partly-bored large one.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Why, you see, Sir, if I bore the *big* hole through, the wather 'll come all *over* me, intirely, because the cistern's *full*; so you see I'm after boring the *little* hole, to draw off the wather, and thin afterward I'll plug it up!"

"But," said I, "why don't you open the faucet, and *let off* the water?"

"Why," said he, "it's from the *top* I want the wather, Sir!"

"I had always supposed, until then, that the story, in the old Greek school-book, of the wine that was wanting from the top, and not the bottom, of the foolish fellow's cask was an invention; but Paddy taught me more respect for that friend of my early days."

SOME idea of what a Western citizen can "turn his hand to," in the way of business, may be gathered from the following extract from a work by Mr. SOLOMON SMITH, a retired actor, and now a distinguished lawyer in St. Louis, where he has resided for some twenty years:

"The citizen of whom we rented the log building for a theatre, which we temporarily converted into a temple of Thespis, was named CLOUD: 'Caleb Quotem' would have been a more appropriate appellation, for his occupations were as various as those of the individual so named, if not 'more so.'

"He was town-clerk, constable, clerk of the market, auctioneer, nuisance-master, painter (sign and ornamental), carpenter, joiner, negro-whipper, tyler of a masonic lodge, sexton, hair-cutter, shaver (both of bank notes and *chins*), grocer, white-washer, proprietor of the theatre, guager of spirituous liquors, baker, and—deputy-sheriff!"

A near neighbor was not much behind him in the number and variety of his "callings:"

"He was a dealer in dry goods and groceries, saddle-and-harness maker (all at different stores), tanner and currier, trunk-manufacturer, tinner.

butcher, carpenter, justice of the peace, member of the town council, and—*had a monkey to show!*!"

HERE is a little picture of the "*Home Grandmother*," which we find in the "*Drawer*," with the printed credit of "*Exchange Paper*" (slightly *vague* that!), which would have made a good subject for the pencil of Wilkie the Burns of the Scottish pencil:

"She sits by the fire—dear old lady!—with nicely crimped and plaited cap-border, and the old-fashioned spectacles; as pleasant a picture of the Home Grandmother as any living heart could wish to see. She is the oracle of the family; the record of births, deaths, and marriages; the narrator of old revolutionary stories, that keep bright young eyes big and wide awake till the evening log falls to ashes. What should we do *without* the Home Grandmother? How many little faults she hides! What a delightful 'special pleader' she is, when the switch trembles over the little erring favorite's head!

"Are you punished often?" inquired a flaxen-haired youngster of his curly-headed playmate.

"No!" was the prompt and half-indignant answer: "*no!* I've got a grandmother!"

"Love that good woman. Sit at her feet, and learn of her patient lessons from the past. Although she knows no grammar—perhaps can not tell the boundaries of distant states, or the history of nations—she has that, perhaps, which excels all learned lore. She has *life's wisdom*. She has fought life's battle, and has conquered. She has laid her treasures away, and grown purer, stronger, through tears, and sorrow, and suffering!

"Never let her feel the sting of ingratitude. Sit at her feet. She will teach you all the dangers of life's journey, and tell you how to go cheerfully and smilingly to the gate of death, trusting, like her, in a blissful hereafter."

Every reader of the "*Drawer*," who is so fortunate as to count among his *children's* "household gods" a *good grandmother*, will see, in this graphic little sketch a reflection of an influence which is only second to that of the mother of his offspring.

IN that diversified book of Southey's, "*The Doctor*," he describes the tranquil pleasures of a bereaved husband. They were to keep every thing in the same state as when the wife was living. Nothing was to be neglected that she used to do, or that she would have done. The flowers were tended as carefully as if she were still to enjoy their fragrance and their beauty; and the birds who came in winter for crumbs were fed as duly for her sake as they formerly were by her hands. This calm communion of the present with the absent becomes religion; hope, fidelity; enduring tenderness, beyond the stern rigidity of time. And well may each one of that retrospective brotherhood, large always in the world, who have loved and lost the lovely and the good, and have, with theirs, to meet the world's encounters, thus greet adoptedly the dear departed:

"The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow;
And, what were worse, thou can'st not see
The wrongs that fall on thine or me."

"For me," says the eloquent Sir Thomas Browne, "I count this world, not as an inn, but an hospital; where our fathers find their graves in our short

memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." How comfortable a thing is it, then, to remember the dead, knowing that it is but for a season, and then *union* will come! Thus, with him who mourns the absence of a beloved consort or sister,

"The memory of her shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come appareled in more precious habit;
More moving delicate, and full of life,
Than when she lived indeed."

A VERY laughable instance of a *Lunatic's Cunning* is given in a late English provincial paper. A parish officer, with the proper order, was taking him to the Asylum at Lancaster, but they passed one night on the way at an inn. Very early in the morning the lunatic got up and searched the pockets of the officer, where he found the magistrate's order for his own detention, which, of course, let him completely into the secret.

"With that cunning which madmen not unfrequently display, he made the best of his way to the asylum, saw one of the keepers, and told him that he had got a mad fellow down at Lancaster, whom he would bring up in the course of the day, adding: 'He is a queer fellow, and has got very odd ways. For instance, I shouldn't wonder if he was to say *I* was the madman, and that he was bringing *me*! But you must take good care of him, and don't believe a word he says.'

"The keeper promised compliance, and the lunatic walked back to the inn, where he found the officer still fast asleep. He awoke him, and they sat down to breakfast together.

"'You are a lazy fellow, to be sleeping all day; I have had a long walk this morning,' said the lunatic.

"'Indeed!' said the officer; 'I should like to take a walk myself, after breakfast; perhaps you will go with me?'

"The lunatic assented; and after breakfast they set out, the officer leading the way toward the asylum, intending to deliver his charge; but it never occurred to him to see whether his order was safe.

"When they got within sight of the asylum, the lunatic exclaimed:

"'What a fine house that is!'

"'Yes,' said the officer; 'I should like to see the inside of it.'

"'So should I!' replied the lunatic.

"'Well, I daresay they will let us go through it: I will ask,' was the response.

"They went to the door; the officer rang the bell, and the keeper whom the lunatic had previously seen made his appearance, with two or three assistants. The officer then began to fumble in his pockets for the order, when the lunatic produced it, and gave it to the keeper, saying:

"'This is the man I spoke to you about. You will take care of him; shave his head, and put a strait-waistcoat on him!'

"The men immediately laid hands on the poor officer, who vociferated loudly that the *other* was the madman, and *he* the officer; but as this only confirmed the story previously told by the lunatic, it did not at all tend to procure his liberation. He was taken away, and became so indignantly furious that the strait-waistcoat was speedily put upon him, and his head was shaved *secundem artem*.

"Meanwhile the lunatic walked deliberately

back to the inn, paid the reckoning, and set out on his journey homeward. The good people in the country were of course surprised on seeing the wrong man return. They were afraid that the lunatic, in a fit of frenzy, had murdered the officer; and they asked him, with much trepidation, what he had done with Mr. Stevenson, which was the officer's name.

"Done with him!" said the lunatic, 'why, I left him at the asylum, as mad as a March hare!'

"And this was not far from the truth; for the wits of the officer were well-nigh upset, by his unexpected detention and subsequent treatment.

"Further inquiry was forthwith made by his neighbors, and it was ascertained that the man was actually in the asylum. A magistrate's order was produced for his liberation, and he returned home with a handkerchief tied round his head, instead of the covering which nature had bestowed upon it. The unfortunate officer has been the standing joke of the neighborhood ever since."

AMIDST the many sad things that one must see and feel as he journeys through what good old John Bunyan calls this "wilderness world," it is good, now and then, to laugh. "Laughter," says poor Hood—(and who had more cause, at times, to be sad than he?)—"is a divine faculty. It is one of the few, nay, the *only* redeeming grace in that thundering old profligate, Jupiter, that he 'sometimes laughs.' He is saved from the condemnation of all respectable people by the amenity of an occasional broad grin."

"I love a hearty laugh," says a pleasant American magazinist. "I love to *hear* a hearty laugh, above all other sounds. It is the music of the heart; the thrills of those chords which vibrate from no bad touch; the language Heaven has given us to carry on the exchange of sincere and disinterested sympathies." Herein we differ from the brutes. *Animals don't laugh.*

WE don't know when we have met with a more amusing *series* of *Little Annoyances* (which are oftentimes more vexatious, and almost harder to bear than greater troubles), than in the following sketch:

"I went into my barber's this morning with my temper soured by letters from the attorneys of five different bankrupt creditors at the Southwest—postage unpaid, of course—oh, yes; bankrupts don't pay postage on letters to their dupes—oh, no! I was vexed, too, at a painter who had been paid in advance to paint me a new sign; but he must go a-sailing in the Bay on Sunday and get drowned—just as like as not on *my* money; any how, he *died*, and made no sign.

"I was in an awful hurry, for I had to raise money to take up a note, and was 'short' full one-half. There was a young sprig in the barber's chair, who had passed me, and got into the shop about half a yard before me, by acting as if he wanted to speak to a man who was ahead of me—a contemptible trick!

"Well, Sir, there he *sat*, feeling of his chin after every round of the razor, and 'asking for more,' till his sparse beard was close-reaped into the middle of the next week; reading the whole time the only paper that I ever *do* read, which he *continued* to do all the while the man was curling his hair and whiskers, evidently just to spite me! It was an hour before I got away from the barber's; and

then the friend who would have loaned me five hundred dollars in my strait, had taken the morning cars for Newark.

"After attending to some necessary business at the store, I sallied out for a '*shin*'-dy in Wall Street, for the times were very hard. It was not far from three o'clock, and the day was of the 'nastiest' August kind—hot as melted lead—muggy and *sticky*. Every body was '*short to-day*,' although each one 'could have done it *yesterday*,' if I had called,' which struck me as very curious. I had on a pair of new boots, which my boot-maker, for the first time in fifteen years, had made too small. How they *did* bite at the heels, blistered as they were from slipping up and down in them! My neck-stock was constantly twitching around 'hind-side before,' and I couldn't keep my shirt down behind. It kept crawling up, and finally rolled into an inaccessible lump, saturated with perspiration, and rested in the small of my back. This annoyed me *almost* as much as a flea—the first I had felt this summer—that was nipping me at his leisure, in a secure position which he had taken up between my shoulders.

"At this interesting juncture I was seized by the button by perhaps the most perfect specimen of a *bore* to be found in the city, large as it is, and plenty as *they* are; not one of your big pod-auger sort, but a fellow that twists a gimlet into you with his right hand, while he detains you by the button with his left, taking it out now and then, when he thinks it is going rather hard, and forthwith inserting it in another place. He was telling me, in a loud voice, of a shabby trick that had lately been served him by a man who had just passed us, and what he had that morning said to him:

"Sir!" (said I) 'you are a liar and a scoundrel!'

"I could see, as passers-by turned round to look at us, that they thought he was addressing this complimentary remark to *me*! I don't wonder, either, that they *should* have thought so, for my face must have been a good deal inflamed with impatient endurance.

"Well, when I could stand it no longer, I broke away, to drop in upon the only friend whom I thought could and would 'help me out;' and—what do you think?—he had just 'lent every dollar he had to Mr. — (the very man whom my button-holder had been serving up to me in parcels),—his 'particular friend!'

"As I came out of his office, the clock struck three! I went home, more annoyed, more vexed, than I remember ever to have been before in my life.

"I was now wrought up to the highest pitch. I went straight to my bedroom, and after a long search, I found the little black rascal that had covered my back and shoulders with thick oblong welts of blotches; and was glancing at the demoniacal revenge depicted in my countenance when I passed by the looking-glass, rolling my prisoner as 'a sweet morsel' of revenge between my thumb and finger, when the door-bell rang, and the girl came to say that 'a gentleman wanted to see me.'

"I stepped below, with something of exultation in my manner, and in the hall found the bank notary. He handed me a protest and walked out, and when he *had gone*, I said to him: 'You and your bank may go to thunder! I'd rather have the pleasure of torturing this little torment to death, than to have my paid note in my pocket!'

"After manipulating my victim with due economy of enjoyment, I thought I'd see how he bore it. Now, would you believe it? it *wasn't* the flea after all! It was only a little bit of *black lint* that had worn off from the lower side of my stock!"

This, to the complainant, was "the last hair that broke the camel's back!"

THE subjoined beautiful domestic picture is from the pen of Mr. William Gilmore Simms, the distinguished Southern poet and novelist:

"My little girl sleeps on my arm all night,
And seldom stirs, save when with playful wile
I bid her rise and press her lips to mine,
Which in her sleep she does. And sometimes then,
Half muttered in her slumbers, she affirms
Her love for me is boundless. And I take
The little bud and close her in my arms;
Assure her by my action—for my lips
Yield me no utterance then—that in my heart
She is the treasured jewel. Tenderly,
Hour after hour, without desire of sleep,
I watch above that large amount of hope,
Until the stars wane, and the yellow moon
Walks forth into the night."

A NEGRO preacher recently, in Virginia, referring, in a desultory and characteristic discourse, to the day of judgment, said, with great earnestness and fervor:

"Bredren and sistern!—in *dat* day de LORD shall diwide de sheep from de goats; and bress de LORD, he knows which wears de wool!"

It is seldom that one sees a more forcible instance of the "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," than is recorded in the following sketch of a verdant Connecticut youth's first voyage in a steamboat:

"His curiosity was unbounded. He examined here, and he scrutinized there; he wormed from the engineer a compulsory lecture on the steam-engine, and mechanics in general; and from the fireman an essay on the power of 'white heat,' and the average consumption of pine cord-wood, etc.

"At length his 'inquiring mind' was checked in its investigations. He had mounted to the wheel-house, and was asking the pilot,

"'What you doin' *that* for, Mister?—what good does it do?"

"He was here observed by the captain, who said, in a gruff voice:

"'Go away from there! Don't you see the sign—'No talking to the man at the hellum?' Go 'way!"

"'Oh, certing—ye-es; but I ondly wanted to know—'

"'Well, you *do* know now that you can't talk to him—so just go away!"

"With unwitting willingness the verdant youth came down; and as it was soon dark, he presently went below; but four or five times before he 'turned in,' he was on deck and near the wheel-house, eying it with a thoughtful curiosity; but, with the captain's rebuff still in his ears, venturing to ask no question.

"In the first gray of the morning he was up and out on deck; and after some hesitation, perceiving nobody near save the pilot, who was turning the wheel as when he had last seen him, he asked his suppressed question in an *oblique* style, somewhat characteristic of his region:

"'Wal—goin' it *yet*, ha? Been at it all night, ha? A-screwin' on her up, ha?"

What vague ideas of "screwin' up" a boat to make her "go ahead," must have bothered the poor fellow's brain during the night!

DEACON JOHNSON was very much given to finding fault with his minister. The Deacon said it was a very easy thing to preach a sermon, and he should like very well to show the people how well he could perform that service, though he had no book learning, and had never preached in his life. One Sunday morning the minister was taken suddenly ill, and sending for Mr. Johnson, requested him, as a special favor, to conduct the public services of the day. Delighted that the time had at last arrived for him to exercise his gifts, he hastened home to make what little preparation he could for the grand display. He was at the church, and in the desk, when the cold chills began to come over him; it was too late, however, to retreat. He rose to give out a hymn, and commenced by saying, "Our pastor is detained by sickness, *let us sing to his praise* the nineteenth Psalm." The evident amusement of the people increased his agitation, and he finished reading the Psalm, saying, "Please to sing five verses, omitting the last line of each verse!" At length he came to the sermon: he announced his text; he read it once; he read it again; but the more he sought for something to say, the less could he find. He looked down at the people, and the people looked up at him. Matters were growing desperate; something must be done. Mortified and humbled by the result of his experiment, he at length cried out, "Brethren, if any of you think it is an easy thing to preach, all I have to say is, just come up here and try."

The "meeting" was soon dismissed, and the minister had no warmer friend and greater admirer, after that time, than Deacon Johnson.

But greater men than this rustic deacon have been the victims of embarrassment, and their first essays at eloquence suddenly blasted at the very moment of their promised development. Many a verdant Congressman, fresh from his constituents, has found the floor of the national bear-garden quite a different theatre for the display of his abilities from the tavern or the store up-country, where he has been wont to hold forth to his admiring friends. Mr. Collier, who became one of the leaders in the Lower House, was taken all aback when he was first on his legs in that hall. He rose and said, "Mr. Speaker."

"The gentleman from New York," said the Speaker.

It began to grow dark in front of the rising member, but he managed to exclaim again, "Mr. Speaker."

"The gentleman from New York," said the Speaker.

By this time attention was arrested, and the sudden silence was even more confounding than the uproar in which he had risen. Once more he cried out, and now on the verge of despair, "Mr. Speaker."

"The gentleman from New York," said the Speaker, with the faintest smile of compassion on his face.

But no words came to bear the thoughts of the embarrassed member, and turning to a friend sitting next to him, he burst forth,

"I say, Ellsworth, do you know where I can charter a knot-hole for a fortnight?"

That was his maiden speech. His next was a decided hit, and he speedily rose to the front rank of speakers in the House.

HERE is a song that is vastly popular in Old England. The ideas in verses seventh and eighth are also in the "Persones Tale" of Chaucer, and in the Commentary on the Holy Bible by Matthew Henry. The sentiment is as good as the melody:

"YE SEXES GIVE EAR TO MY FANCY.

Ye sexes give ear to my fancy;
In the praise of good women I sing:
It is not of Doll, Kate, nor Nancy,
The mate of a clown, nor a king.

"Old Adam, when he was created,
Was lord of the universe round;
But his happiness was not completed,
Until that a help-mate was found.

"He had all things for food that was wanting,
Which give us content in this life;
He had horses and foxes for hunting,
Which many love more than a wife.

"He'd a garden so planted by Nature,
As man can't produce in this life;
But yet the all-wise, great Creator
Saw still that he wanted a wife.

"Old Adam was laid in a slumber,
And there he lost part of his side:
And when he awoke, in great wonder,
He beheld his most beautiful bride.

"With transport he gazed all on her:
His happiness then was complete,
And he blessed the bountiful Donor,
Who on him bestowed a mate.

"She was not took out of his head,
To reign or triumph o'er man;
She was not took out of his feet,
By man to be trampled upon.

"But she was took out of his side,
His equal and partner to be:
Though they are united in one,
Still the man is the top of the tree.

"Then let not the fair be despised
By man, as she's part of himself;
For a woman by Adam was prized
More than the whole world with its self.

"Then man without woman's a beggar,
Though of the whole world he's possess'd;
And a beggar that has a good woman,
With more than the world he is bless'd."

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us that the case of sharp practice related in the February number is not sharper than one recorded as long ago as 1781, in the *London Chronicle*:

"An attorney in Dublin, having dined by invitation with his client several days, pending a suit, charged 6s. 8d. for each attendance, which was allowed by the Master on taxing costs. In return for this, the client furnished the master-at-law with a bill for his eating and drinking; which the attorney refusing to pay, the client brought his action and recovered the amount of his charge. But he did not long exult in his victory; for, in a few days after, the attorney lodged an information against him before Commissioners of Excise, for retailing wine without a license; and not being able to controvert the fact, to avoid an increase of costs he submitted, by advice of counsel, to pay the penalty, a great part of which went to the attorney as informer."

THE importance of one vote is illustrated in every closely-contested election, but the value of

one letter every man is made to feel who writes for the press. From the discovery of the art of printing down to this present, when there is so much of it that one sometimes wishes the good old times were back again when there were no books, the blunders of the types have been the most provoking experiences to the author, and perplexing or amusing to the reader. No book in the world has been so often printed, none has suffered so much in printing, as the Bible. "The *vinegar* Bible" is so called from the misprint of the title to the twentieth chapter of Luke; "the Parable of the Vineyard" was printed "the Parable of the Vinegar." It was printed in 1717, in England. The Stationer's Company, having a monopoly of the Bible printing business, were mulcted in a ruinous fine for issuing an edition in which the *not* was left out of the seventh commandment!

But even worse than that, was the fate of a poor woman. She was the wife of a printer, and had knowledge of the business enough, and mischief too, to enter his office after the types were all ready to print an edition of the Bible, and taking out the word *Lord* from Genesis iii. 16, and putting in its place the word *fool*, she destroyed the sentence of subjection to her husband pronounced upon Eve, so that instead of reading "he shall be thy lord," the passage appeared "he shall be thy fool." The poor woman actually paid for her folly by the forfeit of her life. But some copies of that edition have been bought by collectors at a very high price.

One of our own Bible societies committed the most amusing of all Scriptural blunders in printing an edition in which the 27th verse of Galatians fourth is murdered. The Apostle says, "For the desolate hath many more children than she which hath an *husband*;" which the printers made to read, "than she which hath an *hundred*." Some copies of that edition are abroad, but great pains were taken to get them all in.

We sympathize with the author who received the last sheet of his elegantly printed book, and was shocked to find that where he had written Pope Gregory, the types had made him say Tom Gregory! But it was not too late. He was just in time to correct it, and carefully putting the Pope in the margin, that the printers might be sure to get it right, he thought no more of it till the bound volume was in hand, with the error rectified from Tom Gregory into Pope Tom Gregory.

THAT truth is always better than falsehood has an illustration in the counsel given by Sir Henry Wotton, to a friend who asked his advice on going abroad as an ambassador. Sir Henry said, "To be in safety yourself and serviceable to your country, ever speak the truth; for you shall never be believed, and your adversaries will always be on the wrong track."

THE well-known lines on "tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee" are quoted in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and are said to have been written by Swift. They were suggested by a feud among the friends of two rival musicians, and in their connection read:

"Some say, that Signior Bononcini
Compared to Handel's a mere ninny;
Others aver, that to him Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle:
Strange! all this difference should be,
'TwiXt Tweedle-DUM and Tweedle-DEE!"

Literary Notices.

The World a Work-shop; or the Physical Relationship of Man to the Earth, by THOMAS EWBANK. (Published by Appleton and Co.) In proposing an exclusive theory of man's destiny, the author of this volume has met with no better success than the troops of metaphysicians who have attempted to solve an infinite problem by finite means, and have "found no end, in wandering mazes lost." Mr. Ewbank's method, however, is precisely the reverse of theirs. Instead of speculating on the spiritual capacities and functions of human nature—striving to penetrate the depths of the "inner consciousness"—and reasoning from the endowments and aspirations of the soul to the character of its destiny, he plants himself in the bosom of the material universe, considers its wonderful adaptation to the bones and muscles of the human frame, and thence derives his conclusions as to the purpose of the Almighty in the creation of man. As the result of his inquiries, he announces that physical industry is the true destiny of the race. The living swarms that people the earth are all workers in matter. Our planet is arranged with express reference to this purpose. The earth was intended for a manufactory, and its inhabitants for manufacturers. This is shown, according to the author, by the materials of the earth being made amenable to human power. Its interior fires and forces, which have usually been regarded with such superstitious dread, supply him with minerals essential to his use. The same design is indicated by the alternation of strata in the structure of the earth. In fact, the whole constitution of the universe is to the writer but one grand argument in support of his theory. It exhibits nothing to encourage the absorption of life in spiritual thought. The mind is to exercise its activity, not on itself, but on material objects. It is not the mission of man to become a spectral recluse, dozing away his life over legends and relics—limiting his views of the world, like an oyster, to his cell—leaving the earth to grow up a jungle, and his thews and sinews to wither for want of employment. He is to be no dreamer within doors, but an active and vigorous worker without, devoting the energies of his nature to the manipulation of matter. Such is a brief outline of Mr. Ewbank's view of the destiny of man. It shows the enthusiasm of the mechanic, wishing to absorb the comprehensive endowments of the human microcosm in his own limited sphere. But it is not to be concealed, that man is born for contemplation and emotion no less than for action. This our author fails to perceive. Regarding the capacities of the race merely on the practical side, he ignores the infinite realms of poetry, religion, science, ideal beauty, and goodness, for which man is no less adapted by the organization of his nature, than he is to subdue and cultivate the earth. This is the radical defect of Mr. Ewbank's book; and, on this account, it will produce a less favorable impression on intelligent readers than if it had been less exclusive in its pretensions. Considered merely as a panegyric on mechanical industry, it may be perused with no small profit and pleasure. It abounds in ingenious and striking views, illustrative of the adaptation of the universe to human powers, and of the vast resources in the bosom of nature for the employment and

reward of her favorite offspring. As a tribute to the dignity of labor, it is surpassed by few, if any, recent works, and can scarcely be read without fresh admiration of the beneficence of the Creator in the constitution of the world.

A new story by the highly-gifted authoress of "Mary Barton," entitled *North and South*, is reprinted by Harper and Brothers. It is equally remarkable with that admirable fiction for its keen penetration of character and motives, its fine touches of humanity, its comprehensive and genial sympathies, and the combined terseness and grace of its style. The incidents are drawn from the common social life of England, and are described with such exquisite naturalness as to produce an ineffaceable impression of reality. A great diversity of character is introduced in the progress of the story, forming effective contrasts in the picture, and sustaining an intensity of interest until the final crisis. Such a succession of vivid home-like scenes as form the substance of this volume, is rarely enjoyed in works of fiction, and they derive an additional charm from the unaffected and expressive diction in which the narrative is clothed. English literature can boast of no living female prose writer who commands a style of such blended sweetness and strength as the author of "Mary Barton."

A Journey through Kansas, with Sketches of Nebraska, by C. B. BOYNTON and T. B. MASON. (Published by Moore and Co., Cincinnati.) A graphic record is here given of a tour made in the autumn of 1854, with a view to exploring the resources of the vast territories beyond the Missouri. The region visited by the travelers has been but imperfectly described, and their volume accordingly contains a mass of details which had not before been spread before the public. Many amusing incidents are related of prairie life, showing the enterprise and zeal of the pioneers, and the whimsical methods to which they are often obliged to resort for the support of their daily existence. The description of Indian manners and habits with which the volume abounds are not only fresh and lively, but are valuable as the testimony of credible eyewitnesses to aboriginal character. The authors write with admiration of the capabilities of the new territories, and with wise hopefulness in regard to their future development.

Poems by WILLIAM WINTER. (Published by George W. Briggs and Co.) This volume is the first venture of a juvenile poet, and therefore may claim protection from rough critical handling. It indicates a maturity of thought beyond the years of the writer, and in many passages a considerable mastery of poetical language and imagery. The faults of inexperience are sufficiently frequent to betray the origin of the poems, but not so glaring as to forbid the promise of future excellence.

Literary Fables of Yriarte, translated from the Spanish by GEORGE H. DEVEREAUX. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) Yriarte is indebted for his position in Spanish literature almost exclusively to his fables. His dramatic productions, though popular in their day, present no features of permanent interest. The fables, however, which are here translated by an accomplished amateur scholar of Massachusetts, have the merit of originality, terseness of expression, and admirable moral purpose. They aim at the correction of the

faults and follies of men of learning—a novel application of the fable—and a design, certainly, of which the execution can not be regarded as a sinecure. The translator has performed his task with a degree of success that could scarcely have been anticipated, considering its intrinsic difficulties. He has followed, to a great extent, the peculiar measures of the original, which presents an endless variety of style and construction, reproducing them in nervous, elegant, and expressive English. His volume is well entitled to a place at the side of the favorite inventions of Æsop and Lafontaine.

An original novel, entitled *Inez: a Tale of the Alamo*, is published by Harper and Brothers, embodying the incidents of a romantic life in Texas, and illustrating the influence of the Catholic priesthood on the social and domestic relations. It is a story of deep passion, and written in a style of uncommon vividness and beauty, though not without an occasional careless expression. Harper and Brothers have issued an edition of *Avillion and other Tales*, by the popular author of "Olive," "The Head of the Family," and other admirable works of fiction. The principal story in this volume is a weird, imaginative creation of singular power, which Poe might have written in his most lucid intervals, showing equal intensity of conception and mastery of language. The remainder of the volume consists of a great variety of attractive tales, forming the most fascinating miscellaneous collection of fictitious composition that has been given to the public for a long time.

Ups and Downs; or Silver Lake Sketches, by COUSIN CICILY. (Published by J. C. Derby.) The anonymous writer of these stories has acquired an enviable reputation by her previous publications of a similar class. They are remarkable for the ease and truthfulness of their descriptions, their acute discrimination of character, and their high moral aims. The grace and animation of the diction is in admirable keeping with the pure and noble sentiments which the volume inculcates.

Sermons, chiefly Practical, by THE SENIOR MINISTER of the West Church in Boston. (Ticknor and Fields.) In these discourses we have an example of how much may be effected in the department of pulpit instruction by simple earnestness of conviction, devout energy of feeling, and affectionate tenderness of appeal, without the aid of artificial rhetoric, profound reasoning, or brilliant illustration. They are the sincere expression of a pure and pious mind. They bring us into the presence of a good man rather than of an accomplished orator. Filled with persuasive exhortations to duty, they exhibit no trace of the formality of the schools, but echo with the natural eloquence which flows from glowing sympathies and a high religious purpose. Free from dogmatical subtleties, they breathe the spirit of Christian devotion, with no admixture of sectarian zeal. Although the name of the author is only officially designated on the title-page, few readers will need to be informed that he is the Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell, the venerated father of the distinguished American poet.

Chemical Atlas, by EDWARD L. YOUNG (published by Appleton and Co.), is an ingenious and convenient apparatus for presenting the first principles of chemistry to ocular inspection. The author was led to its construction by noticing the defects of the abstract method by which the sci-

ence is usually taught in books. Laboring under partial blindness, while pursuing his own studies, he became deeply impressed with the importance of visual demonstration, in obtaining a knowledge of physical phenomena. He has, accordingly, invented a system of colored diagrams, representing the properties and relations of chemical agents, by which, once understood, they are almost indelibly imprinted on the memory. These diagrams are accompanied by lucid explanatory remarks, clothed in a style of simple elegance, and every way adapted to furnish the student with clear and accurate information. We do not hesitate to say that no method has come under our notice by which the beginner in chemistry can be so effectually and so agreeably initiated into the rudiments of the science as by the process made use of in this volume.

A new volume of *Harper's Story Books*, by JACOB ABBOTT, entitled *Willie*, describes the history of a young country lad, whose sterling honesty, kindness, and common sense made him the means of rescuing his parents from ruin, to the verge of which they had been brought by the intemperance and consequent thriftlessness of the father. Willie, the little hero of the story, is thrown upon his own resources at an early age; he always has his wits about him; does the right thing at the right time; shows a discretion uncommon at his years, though he does not cease to be a boy; and at length becomes the sole reliance of the family when destruction stares them in the face. The tale is one of great interest throughout, both to old and young, graphically describing familiar scenes in village life, and presenting an impressive and not overcharged picture of the disastrous influence of "liquor-stores" on a rural population.

Lilies and Violets, by ROSALIE BELL (published by J. C. Derby), is a collection of thoughts, in prose and verse, on the "true graces of maidenhood," compiled from a variety of eminent writers, with introductory notices by the editress. A judicious taste is shown in the selections—more so than in the original portions—which are written in a style of too gaudy splendor for everyday earthly uses. The work is brought out with the adornments of dainty typography, and, as a volume of "elegant extracts," may be recommended to those who have a passion for choice-culled bouquets of literature.

Manual of Sacred History, by JOHN HENRY KURTZ, translated from the German by CHARLES F. SCHAEFFER. (Published by Lindsay and Blakiston.) The author of this volume is an eminent theologian of the school of Tholuck, a native of Germany, and now a professor in a Russian university in Livonia. It aims to unfold the essential idea of the relations between God and man, in connection with the incidents recorded in the Biblical narratives. Following the chronological order of the Old and New Testaments, it presents an instructive comment on the facts of sacred history. Profound in thought, vigorous in style, and thoroughly Christian in spirit, the student of theology will find it a suggestive and valuable guide, although he can not be expected in every case to accord with its conclusions. The translation has evidently been made with conscientious accuracy, and has succeeded to a remarkable degree in reproducing the spirit of the original. We regard it as an important and seasonable aid to the understanding of the Holy Scriptures.

THACKERAY'S "*Newcomes*" furnishes a text for some of the most genial and appreciative criticism of the day. The *Edinburgh Review* greets the good Colonel with unwonted cordiality. "We could almost fancy," says the reviewer, "that in the scorn of genius for that accusation that pronounced him unable to manage the ideal, Mr. Thackeray has showered a glory of manliness upon the inhabitants of this lower world. There has never been a nobler sketch than that of the Colonel. The innocent heart and simple honor of this old man, and his horror of all falsehood and impurity, are enough to cover a multitude of Mr. Thackeray's sins. We can understand how every individual in the story or out of it rejoices to gain the acquaintance of Thomas Newcome. The keynote of the story is struck high and sweet in his character, which is at once so lofty and so child-like. We think the great mass of his readers will bear us out in our opinion, that the *Newcomes* is not only the most agreeable story but the cleverest book which Mr. Thackeray has yet contributed for the amusement and edification of the admiring public." The clever critic of the *London Leader* thus discourses of the work, in phrases as dainty as those of the author himself, which we commend to the consideration of those who perversely refuse to read the story as it appears, and persist in waiting for its completion so that they can swallow it whole: "Let us say a word about the *Newcomes*. The story lingers, and loses itself willingly in those by-paths of humor and sentiment which are worth all the beaten tracks of all the most exciting novels in the world. To enjoy Thackeray demands the palate of a *dégustateur*, not the gross appetite of a novel reader, ravenous for plot and incident. To drain a number of the *Newcomes* at a draught is to drink Lafitte or Clos-Vougeot in pewter, and to insult your host by swallowing what you are expected to sip, and pouring down your mouth what you should first taste with the breath of your nostrils. Thackeray's stories, we say, are to be sipped like the finest and rarest wine; and it is neither to his praise nor to his shame, but simply to his liking, to invite none but the epicures of life's various feast of joys and sorrows to his select table. Only those who have shed their illusions and passed through a premature cynicism into a larger and more complete philosophy of life—less bitter and more compassionate, less trustful and more sympathetic, saddened rather than sad, and smiling genially through unshed tears at human weakness and human vanity—only those can feel the subtle charm of a humorist like Thackeray."

The new volume of Miss STRICKLAND'S *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots*, meets with the same cordial reception that has been accorded to the previous volumes. We hazard nothing in predicting that this work will set at rest the vexed question as to the character of the unfortunate Mary.—Two lively volumes by Mr. HUC, descriptive of China and the Chinese, form a welcome addition to our accumulating stores of information respecting the Flowery Land and its inhabitants.—Professor CREASY'S *History of the Ottoman Empire* is opportune. It is not a little remarkable that our language has been destitute of even a respectable history of the rise and fall of the Turkish State. This is the more to be wondered at, because Von Hammer's able and elaborate work furnishes an abundant collection of material, drawn with true Teutonic labor from the abundant sources furnished

by the Oriental writers. For the history of the Ottomans down to the treaty of Kainardji, in 1774, nothing was required beyond an artistic elaboration of these material. The subsequent history is so connected with that of Europe, that he who should undertake to write it need be at no loss for his authorities. Mr. Creasy's work loses nothing of its value from its large indebtedness to Von Hammer.

The war has given occasion to books upon Russia almost without number. For the most part they are mere party pamphlets, through which one may grope his way without gaining a particle of new information. The truth is, we know nothing, or next to nothing, about Russia or the Russians. No traveler who has visited the country has possessed the first requisite to understanding a people, an acquaintance with their language. Kohl has indeed furnished a brilliant picture of St. Petersburg; and Schnitzler gives a laborious detail of such portions of the statistics of the country as are accessible. Custine is more intent upon displaying his own epigrammatic talent than upon delineating the phases of Slavonic character. We know something of the Russian court, a little more of the worst side of the police, and a little less of the army; but of the modes of life and thought of the great masses of the population we are as ignorant as of the inhabitants of the moons of Jupiter. The Russians do not themselves describe them, and nobody else can. In such a dearth of Russian pictures of the Russians, let us make much of a very clever book by TOURGHENIEFF, entitled *Zapiski Okhotnika*, that is, "A Hunter's Journal." We know it only in the French version of M. Charrière. It would be too much to hope that we may have a translation directly from the original; but we would commend the French version to the attention of some of our translators who are casting about for a subject.

BARNUM'S *Autobiography* furnishes a subject for some sharp paragraphs in the London journals. The *Literary Gazette* is very mild in its strictures. It delicately hints that the "business adventures" of the renowned showman seem "repulsive to fastidious tastes and scrupulous consciences;" adding the comforting assurance that the "Prince of Humbugs" deserves the success which he has obtained, though many would scruple to use the means employed by him. We can hardly take for a compliment the astute discovery that the book gives an "insight into American life and character." The *Critic*, a journal of amazing pretensions and slight merits, moralizes in an edifying strain. It makes the sapient discovery that the great aim of Barnum was to make money, and that "truth was as nothing in his calculations;" but consoles itself by the belief that it will "do something toward preventing other men from following his example." This good has been accomplished by disclosing the secrets of the trade, and thus "rendering the business of the charlatan not so very easy to its future professors." The grave *Examiner* pours out good hearty indignation upon the devoted head of the luckless showman. "If one word would express our full contempt," it says, "for this disreputable book, one word would be sufficient notice of it. Its dullness, its conceited coarseness, and the disgusting way in which it puts cant about the Bible face to face with a glorying in shameless frauds upon the public, have astonished us." We shall await with some impatience the reception which will be given across the water to that other disgusting book of personal confessions by the companion of Fanny Ellsler.

The New York Police,

AS THEY WERE, WITH A GLANCE AT THEM AS THEY ARE TO BE.

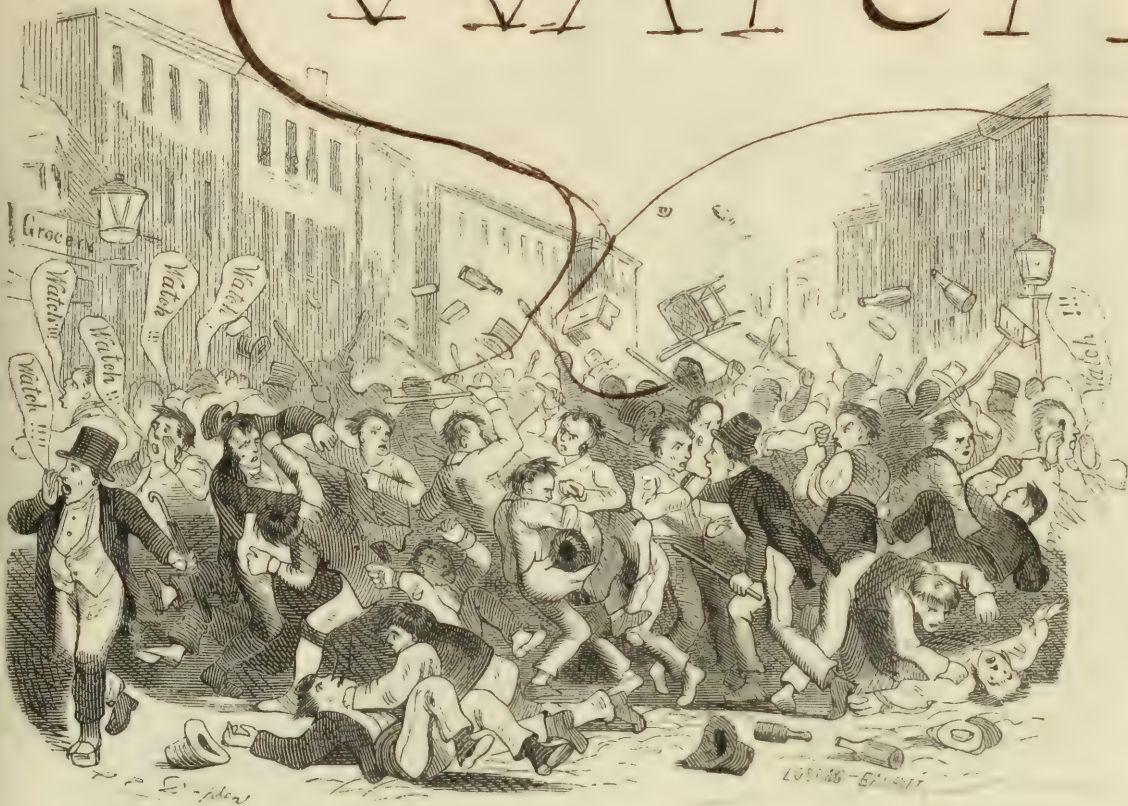


THE OLD POLICE AND THE BUTCHER CARTS.



HOW THE POLICE USED TO PREVENT A FIGHT.

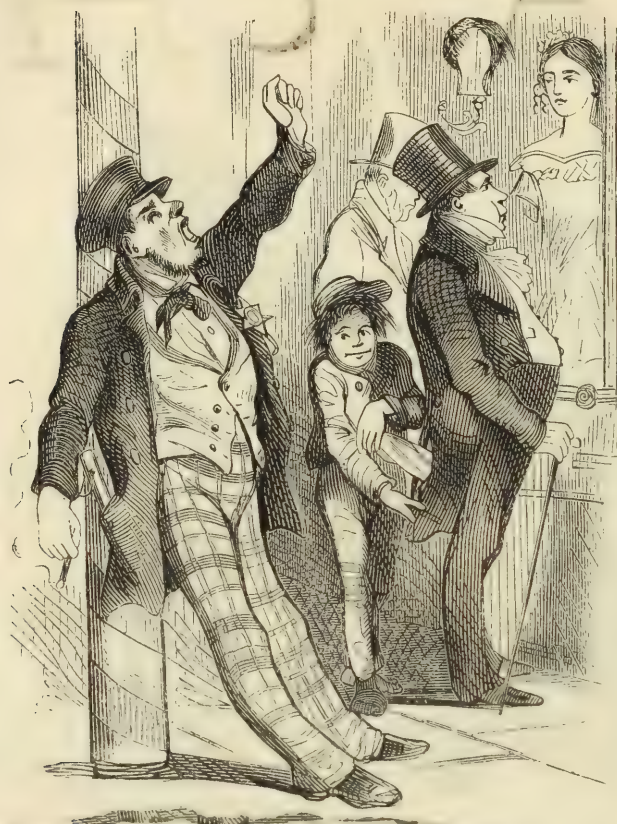
WATCH.



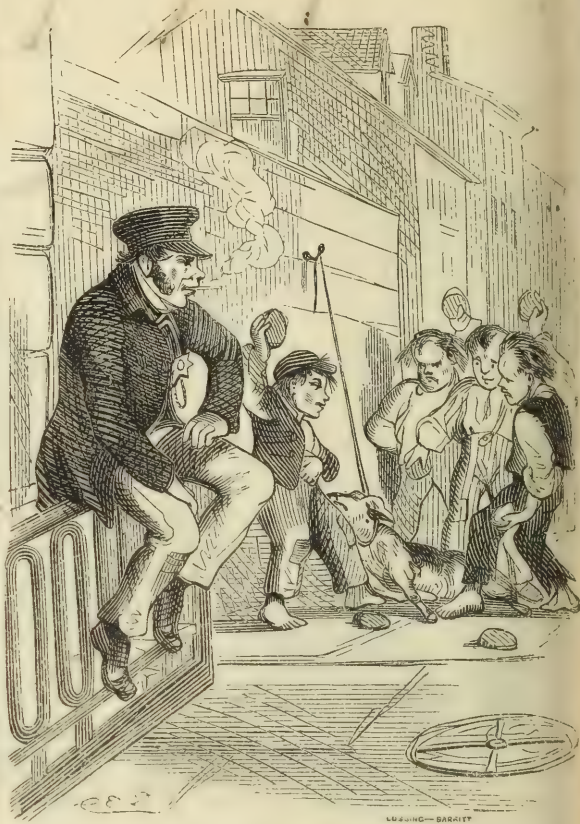
A ROW IN THE SIXTH WARD.



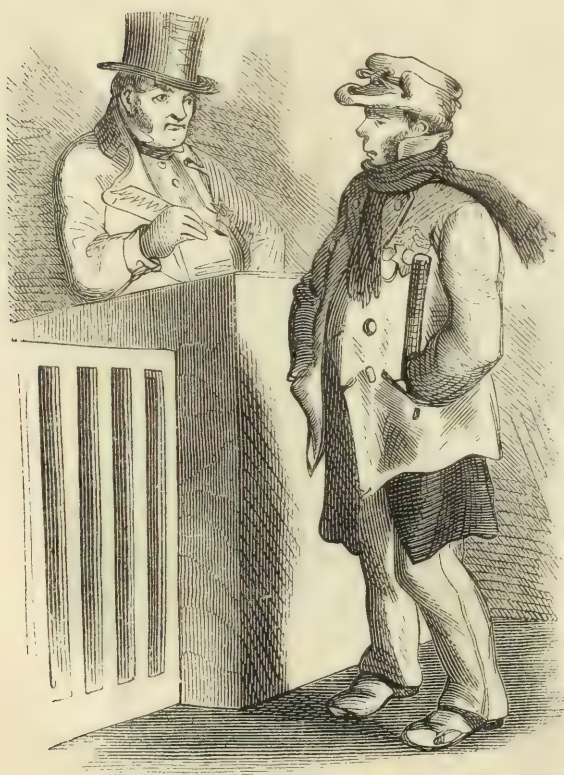
THE POLICE ON THE GROUND WHEN THE FIGHTING WAS ALL OVER.
VOL. X.—No. 58.—N N*



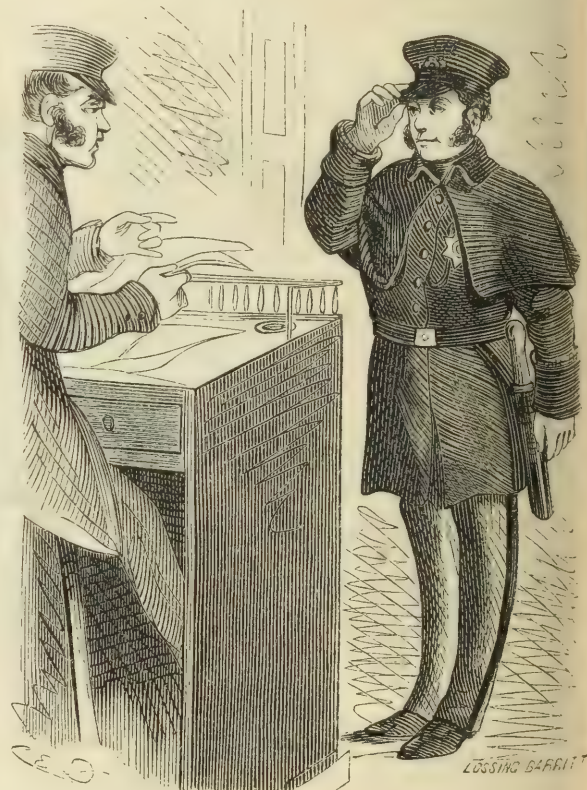
THE OLD POLICEMAN ON DUTY.



THE OLD POLICEMAN ENJOYING HIMSELF.



THE OLD POLICEMAN GIVING HIS REPORT.



THE NEW POLICEMAN GIVING HIS REPORT.

Fashions for March.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal-street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—PROMENADE COSTUME AND CHILD'S DRESS.

BELIEVING that we could not offer a report more acceptable, we designedly forestall the season somewhat, presenting to our readers a style of over garments which properly befits a period of the year a little later than the wild and stormy month of March. It is a style which awaits only the incoming of the milder portion of the spring to be received with the favor which its elegance de-

mands. The TALMA, which we select for illustration, from many others almost equally worthy of presentation, may be fashioned of taffeta of any desirable shade. Every lady of taste will, of course, in selecting the color, have special reference to that which accords best with her complexion. The upper portion of the Talma, it will be observed, adjusts itself closely to the figure. From the shoulder to within a fourth of its depth to the elbow it is slashed and cross-laced, with a silk cord terminating in tassels. From about the level of the bend of the arm, a frill gathered into box-plaits of ample fullness sweeps gracefully around the figure, just covering the upper extremity of another frill similar in all respects, only that it is about one-third deeper than the one above it. These two frills are gracefully looped up at the inner bend of the arm. Besides the larger freedom thus allowed for the wrist, this adds greatly to the gracefulness of the outline of the garment. This Talma is ornamented with embroidery.



FIGURE 3.—BONNET.

The styles of Dresses generally appear to have undergone no especial change. We are, indeed, gratified to observe the rapid emancipation from the tyrannous rule of Parisian fashions, from which formerly no appeal was permitted, so long as a lady now regards the prevailing mode with some degree of respect: the details, to a large extent, are entirely optional; and she is perfectly at liberty to display her taste and judgment in the selection of color, material, and the *almost* entire mode and adornment of her toilet. This freedom from constraint, however, entails with it the necessity of every lady exerting her taste, and not supinely receiving the dicta of the Dressmaker.

We remark, then, that flounces are as highly in favor as heretofore, and may be of any depth or number that the wearer may fancy. Sleeves are almost as varied in construction as there are various tastes in the makers. We notice one that is with many a favorite. It consists of two deep frills, one overlapping the top of the other. The first is set on about 4 inches from the apex of the shoulder; above which the sleeve is ornamented with a band similar to the trimming round the lower edge of the frill. This frill reaches to the elbow, just covering the top of another which is somewhat deeper, and is similarly trimmed. The under-sleeves are perhaps in better taste when closed at the wrist, for this season of the year, although flowing ones are as much the *ton*.

Basques are much in vogue; those that are made

of black velvet are generally trimmed with guipure laces. We saw one fashioned of taffeta, the construction of which much pleased us, as it adjusted itself so well to the fullness of the skirts. The back seams were continued, from the waist in the basque, by a *fold* of the material, very similar to the style of a gentleman's coat-skirt—a button being placed at the head of the fold. This simple arrangement, by permitting the basque to expand with the fullness of the underskirt, prevented the unpleasant rising up, or the too loose drooping of this portion of dress, which we too often have noticed in ill-adjusted basques—when the underdress was not adapted to the fullness of the upper portion of apparel.

THE CHILD'S DRESS is made of maroon silk velvet. The sleeves cut in lozenge-shaped openings, which permit the delicately-wrought under-sleeves to appear through the interstices. At the juncture of the points which form these diamond-spaces are set highly-ornamented buttons. The breast is open, and arranged so that the needle-worked linen falls over the *revers* of the jacket. The belt and pantaloons are likewise of velvet, all embroidered to match.

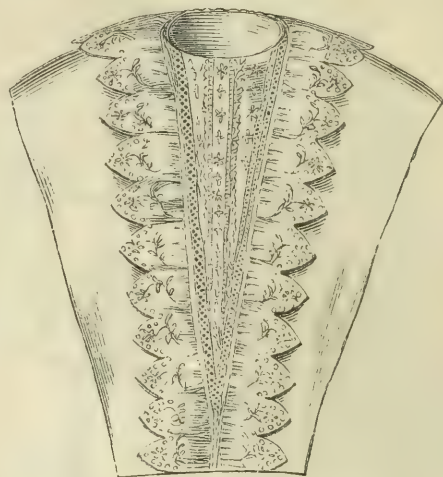


FIGURE 4.—CHEMISSETTE.

We present the laces for this dress *en suite* upon a larger scale; they are of needle-wrought embroidered linen. The under-sleeves are arranged to permit the transverse embroidery to occupy the centre of each opening upon the sleeve.

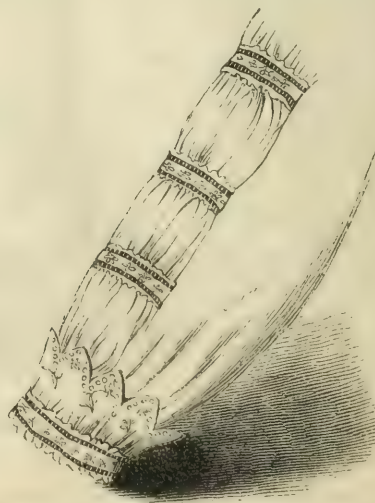


FIGURE 5.—UNDER-SLEEVES.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LIX.—APRIL, 1855.—VOL. X.



ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETERY OF ST. PRISCILLA.

VISITS TO THE DEAD IN THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

BY PROFESSOR G. W. GREENE,
FOR MANY YEARS UNITED STATES CONSUL AT ROME.

“La terre avait gémi sous le fer des tyrans;
Elle cachait encore des martyrs expirans,
Qui dans les noirs détours des grottes reculées
Dérobaient aux bourreaux leurs têtes mutilées.”

BERNIS—*Poème de la Religion Vengée*, ch. viii.

A VISIT to the Catacombs usually comes in as a part of the prescribed round of rights which fill up the traveler's ten days at Rome. You ride out to St. Sebastian: a Cistercian monk leads you through the church, from chapel to chapel, and altar to altar, points out the spot where the holy relics are kept, the head of St. Calixtus, an arm of St. Andrew, the oratory where the primitive popes gathered their little flocks around them to say mass over the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the very chair in which they used to sit, and where one of them, St. Stephen, received the crown of martyrdom. It is an old story for him; he has told it half a dozen times to-day before you came, and now goes through it again with the self-same words and genuflections, and in that monotonous showman's tone which would disgust you with the Vatican itself. Then lightning a taper, and giving you another for yourself, he leads you down a narrow staircase, through winding galleries, chilly and damp, which cross and interweave with each other in inextricable labyrinths, and after going a few turns, tells you that it is unsafe to go any further, and that many a rash explorer venturing merely a step

or two out of the common track, has been led no one knew whither, and was never heard of again. You follow him back, picking your way by the dim light of your taper, asking yourself, as you look into the darkness of the forbidden galleries, if this is all; pay your fee at the head of the stairway; and drive home just in time for dinner and your torch-light excursion to the Vatican.

Next morning you talk the matter over at breakfast, and come to the conclusion that the interest of the catacombs is, after all, merely a question of the imagination.

And you are right. All of these things depend upon the imagination. The pleasure of living at Rome is in a great degree a pleasure of the imagination. The Coliseum is merely a vast pile of stones for nine-tenths of the travelers who work themselves up into raptures over its crumbling arches. I once went through the Vatican by torch-light with a very respectable gentleman from Wall Street, who entertained me all the way by a disquisition upon the probable cost of such a building in the United States. If you wish to enter into the spirit of such scenes, and enjoy them as they ought to be enjoyed, you must not be in a hurry. They belong to a part of our nature which is too far removed from the common questions of life to be merely the slave of the will. The power of bringing ourselves into communion with those who have lived before us, and for us, was given to us as a means of refining and purifying the soul, in order to strengthen ourselves for the sacrifices which we, in our turn, must make for those who are to come after us. There is something in it

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which elevates and expands; and the man who can thus enlarge his conception of his relations with the universe, has brought himself nearer to that Being for whom all events and all time are but a single perception, calling forth the same feelings of compassion and love.

I had been to the catacombs myself, just as every body else does on a first visit to Rome; carrying away with me no definite impression, and soon mingling them up in my memory with twenty other objects equally indistinct, because they had all been run over in equal haste. It is wonderful how soon sight-seeing may become a bore, particularly with a regular cicerone. I was glad when I was through with it, and could enjoy myself in my own way.

At last St. Peter's day came; the first that I had passed in Rome. The church was to be illuminated in the evening, and there were to be fire-works at the castle of St. Angelo. In the morning I went to see the procession, and hear the pope say mass in St. Peter's. It was in the last year of Leo XII., and the last time, if I remember right, that he ever appeared in public. Even then he looked so faint and feeble as he knelt before the host, that the contrast between his pallid features and the gorgeous pageantry around him, reminded you of the corpse of St. Charles Borromeo at Milan, glaring out livid and ghastly from under its robes of state. Still, it was a magnificent spectacle; friars, monks, priests, bishops, and cardinals, moving round that vast square in solemn procession, and slowly passing into the church amidst strains of thrilling music: it is only at Rome that such things are to be seen; and when you have once seen them there, every where else they look like childish imitations.

In the afternoon I strolled over to the Capitol. Near the foot of the hill, on the side toward the Forum, and nearly opposite to the remains of the Temple of Concord, there is a little church consecrated to St. Joseph and St. Peter. I had passed it a hundred times, but some how or other had never been in it before. But that afternoon there was a crowd about it, and a constant moving in and out, as if there were something more than usual to be seen. I joined the in-goers, and in a few moments found myself in the midst of a throng of men and women, chiefly peasants and people of the lower classes, who were kneeling before the altar. I was decidedly out of place, and was upon the point of stealing quietly out again, when I saw some of them rise, and crossing themselves, go down a stairway at the side. I followed them. A few steps brought us into a square chapel, with an altar richly decked and illuminated with immense wax tapers. Here, too, there were other worshippers praying, and some on the outside looking through a doorway that led directly into the Forum. I now remembered that there were two churches here, and that this was St. Peter's, built, as tradition said, directly over the prison where St. Peter and Paul had been confined just before their martyrdom.

I was now determined to see it all. Through the open door I could see the first shadows of evening sinking gently upon the Forum. The music from the chapel above came down upon me in mellow strains, mingling with the whispered prayer of the suppliants at the altar. There was devotion in the atmosphere. I had merely come out for a quiet evening walk, and now found myself yielding for the first time to the Christian associations of Rome.

Another flight of steps brought me to the first prison, a square room, built of large blocks of tufa, vaulted, cold, and grave-like, as a Roman prison should be. On one side were the remains of a doorway that led to the "Steps of Groans," where the bodies of criminals used to be thrown after execution. In the middle of the floor was an opening just large enough for a body to pass through it. Through this prisoners were lowered down to the executioner, who stood ready to seize and strangle them in the dungeon beneath. I shuddered as I looked down into the darkness. Modern piety has cut through the floor, and made a narrow stairway to the lower prison. It is but a few steps and you stand in the chamber of death; a low vaulted room, square, and of the same massive blocks of tufa with the prison above, but smaller, colder, and with darkness and the silence of the grave on its walls. It was built by Servius Tullius, and is often mentioned in the annals of Rome.

Here Jugurtha was thrown. The fiery monarch knew his victors too well to hope for mercy. "How cold are thy baths, Apollo!" he was heard to exclaim as the chill air of the dungeon struck upon his frame still glowing with the fiery sun of Africa, and he was left in darkness and alone to the slow torture of starvation.

Others followed, but who or why we know not, till one day the consul, Cicero himself, brought a band of criminals to the prison door. The executioner descended into the lower prison, all ready for his fatal office; and one by one Roman nobles, men of ancient descent and illustrious names, but whose dark minds had nourished horrid hopes of devastation and slaughter, were lowered through that narrow opening. Did they shrink from the deadly grasp, and writhe and struggle against their fate? or did they yield themselves calmly up, and die with Roman fortitude? It is hard to die in open day, with earth and heaven smiling around you, and life looking freshly upon you from hundreds of human eyes; but how easy must even that seem when compared with the silence and solitude of a death like this!

And after many years the gloomy door was opened for two other prisoners, who were lowered through this same narrow opening, not indeed to die, but to wait for death. When the jailer had performed his task, and turned to go away, he heard their voices mingling in tones unlike any that he had ever heard from that place till then. Threats and execrations he had been used to; but there was something in the tender and earnest fervor of these men which

moved him strangely. At noon he returned with food, and was thanked for this simple performance of a daily duty. At evening the same voices were heard—first in the sweet notes of a hymn of praise, and then in the fervent outpourings of an imprisoned Christian's prayer. Through the night he could hear them still; the strain lingered in his ears, stealing into his soul with a calm and soothing freshness, and awakening thoughts and hopes that he had never known before.

At last he descended into the dungeon, for an irresistible impulse seemed to draw him toward these strange beings, who could speak and sing so cheerfully in a place that filled every other soul with horror. And when they saw him they made haste to meet him, greeting him with the Christian's salutation—"Peace be with you." The Lord has chosen you to be a witness with us of the marvels of his grace. Hasten, then, and bring your fellow keeper, that we may expound to you the doctrines of salvation." And when the two were seated together at the apostles' feet, they were told how Christ had come to redeem the world, and build up a kingdom more glorious than Rome or Babylon. And as they listened their eyes were opened, and they believed, and prayed that they might be baptized. Then Peter touched the floor with his right hand, and behold a fountain rose up from the rock, filling the dungeon with the light and music of its waters. And they knelt down and were baptized there; and when the day came in which their teachers were to die, they too acknowledged that they were Christians, and received, like them, the crown of martyrdom.

That fountain is still there, its waters welling forth as pure and limpid as if no taint of earth had ever mingled with their current. Their birth-place in the dark recesses of the hill is not darker than the spot in which they came out on their errand of mercy. The sun and moon have never shone upon them. They have never reflected the soft light of the stars, or felt the breath of the airs of heaven. Rising and flowing in mystery, they still keep their course unchanged, ever filling their fountain without overflowing it, and passing away again to depths as mysterious as those from whence they came.

As I turned to go away, the light of my taper fell upon an opening in the wall, which in any other place I should have taken for a window—but what had a window to do there? It was closed tight too, by a board, secured by a bolt, neither of which appeared, by the mould and rust that had gathered upon them, to have been touched for many years. It was evidently no part of the original prison. "Where does this lead?" I asked the priest who had accompanied me. "To the catacombs." "To the catacombs, from the very heart of the city!" "Yes; they are around and beneath you, every where; and no one knows where they begin or end."

I would have given any thing to have drawn back that bolt and looked down into the dark-

ness. Who could tell what awful secrets lay hidden there; what forms had mingled with that damp and polluted soil; what groans and supplications had been poured forth unheeded in that rayless atmosphere; what unrecorded heroism had bowed there serenely to the fatal decree, and met death with the calm smile of submissive hope! I never walked the streets of Rome again without feeling that with every footfall I was awakening an echo in the caverns of death.



THE CEMETERY OF ST. PRISCILLA.

Still many years passed before I returned to the catacombs. I could not forget the old Cistercian monk, with his taper and his monotonous sing-song. Whenever the wish to see them came over me, I would go back to the Mamertine prison, and look in imagination through that bolted window. At last a learned archæologist, of the order of Jesuits, was directed by government to make accurate researches in the catacombs of St. Agnes. He set himself to his task with all the patience of an antiquary, pushing his researches cautiously from passage to passage, and carefully studying every object that he met. The chapels were cleaned, the corridors freed from the dirt that had blocked them up; many of the tombs opened, the inscriptions deciphered and copied; and to give a more lasting character to his studies, the Pontifical corps of engineers was employed for months in tracing out accurate plans of this subterranean labyrinth. Day after day, and month after month he spent in his task, with an enthusiasm that never flag-

ged, and a patience that never grew weary in the minutest details. I have often met him at nightfall, on his way back to the city, with a triumphant glow upon his face, and the quick tread of a man who feels that the day has left a lasting record behind it.

It was some time before I could prevail upon him to let me go with him. He seemed to feel an instinctive aversion to opening the doors of this sanctuary to a heretic, and always found the way of putting me off for the moment with some plausible excuse, without actually refusing me. At last, by the intercession of a common friend, he was prevailed upon to name a day, and allow me to take a small party with me. We were five in all—the Padre, two Romans, Cole, and myself.

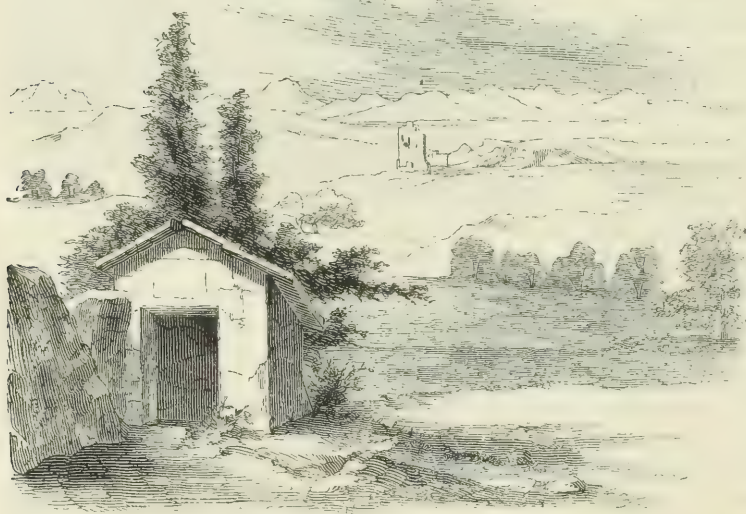
It was a beautiful morning in February—a Roman February, with its cloudless sky and balmy atmosphere. As we rode along toward Porta Pia, we could not but pause a moment in our conversation, to look over into the vineyard where vestals who had broken their vow were buried, still living, in a narrow cell underground, to die there when their loaf was eaten and their cruse exhausted. Their grave may have become a part of the catacombs; and the bones that had lain for centuries unwept, been covered by Christian hands. Passing through the gate, we left the Prætorian camp on our right. How often had the fierce soldiery set forth from their stronghold to search for victims in the very spot that we were about to visit as a shrine! Our

onward to the foot of the mountains, with that undulating surface, that death-like silence, and that intermingling of ruined aqueducts, temples, and tombs, which give the Campagna, in despite of its luxuriant vegetation, the aspect of solitude and desolation.

The entrance to the catacombs was in a vineyard on the left. A small hut had been built over it, and before we entered we paused a moment to look on the mountains. There was Soracte, far to the north; there were the Sabine mountains, girding the horizon with their stern and craggy wall; there were Tiber and Præneste; there, too, were the Alban hills, with their silent volcanoes and soft outline; there was Rome, with its gray walls and towers; and around us, on every side, the solemn expanse of the Campagna. The sun shone brightly on them all, as it had shone upon them still through all their changes, and the sky seemed to lay its hand gently upon the mountain tops with a touch of love. We gazed for a few moments in silence, and then turned to descend into the city of the dead.

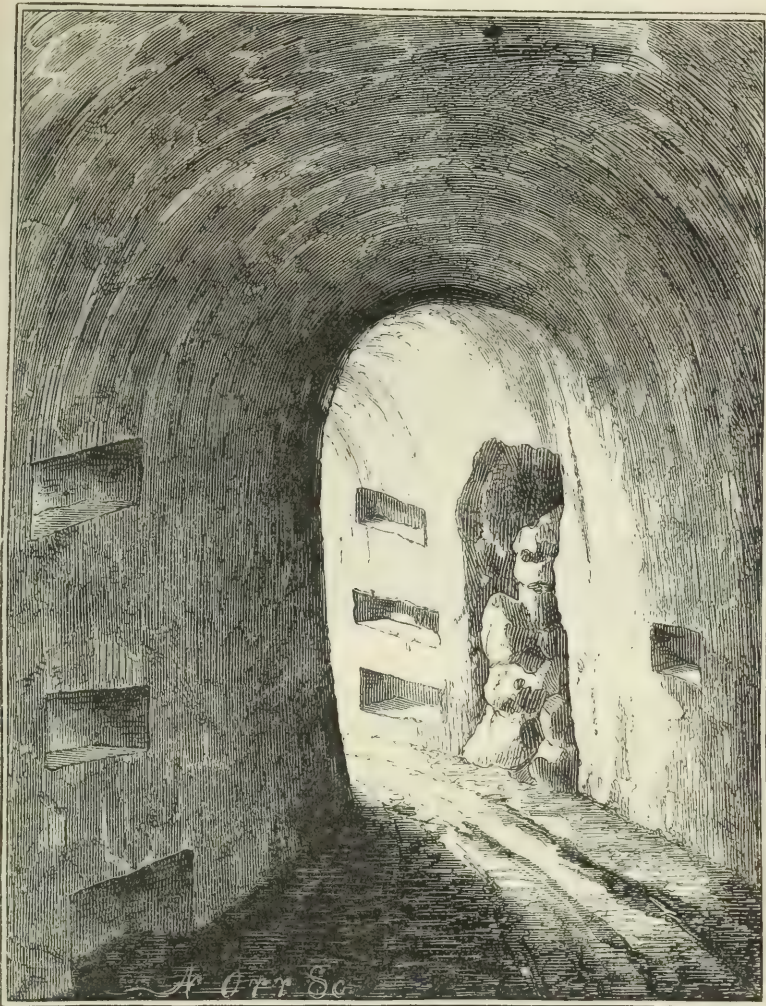
The steps were the old ones with a few repairs. Each of us had a lighted taper in his hand, and Padre M—— was so familiar with the path that we had no fear of losing ourselves. A short descent brought us into a vaulted corridor, about six feet wide and eight or nine high. It was cut out in the bed of tufa which extends in every direction around Rome, and in many places the marks of the pick and spade could still be distinctly traced on the walls. As we advanced we found that it varied in width and height, sometimes rising to twelve feet or more, and then again shrinking to five. Here and there you could see that the arch had given way, and masses of earth fallen into the passage. On each side were tiers of shelves rising one above the other, like the berths in a steam-boat. Some of them were carefully closed up with plaster; with occasionally an olive branch, or a dove, or some other symbol upon them, as distinct as when they were first traced there by hands that mouldered hundreds of years ago. Many of them had been broken open, and the

bones removed for relics. In others we saw the skeleton lying just as it had been placed after death, with a few handfuls of dust gathered closely around it—dust that had once clothed it with loveliness or with strength. Here and there a small opening had been made into the funereal cell, and by thrusting in a torch it would light up for you with a ghastly glare that fell fearfully upon the fleshless bones. It was, indeed, a solemn sight; like standing face to face with death itself, stripped of all his concealments: no sculptured monument to admire, no green



ENTRANCE TO THE CATACOMBS OF ST. AGNES.

road led us for a couple of miles between villas and vineyards. The grass was already green. The almond buds were swelling with the blossoms of the new year; men and women were singing merrily at their work; and every thing looked as bright and full of life as if war and famine and pestilence, and all the scourges of humanity, had never descended upon this lovely spot. But as soon as you pass the villas you leave every trace of cultivation behind you. The ground sinks down to the bed of the Arno, to rise again into precipitous banks, and spread



INTERIOR OF CORRIDOR.

mound to remind you, by its springing grass and fragrant flowers, that the manifold forms of life are full of sweet and soothing exhortations even on the border of the grave. But a narrow cell in the cold, damp earth; and for the decent limbs that the hand of reverence or affection had composed there with pious care, a skeleton, grim, repulsive, and fearfully distinct.

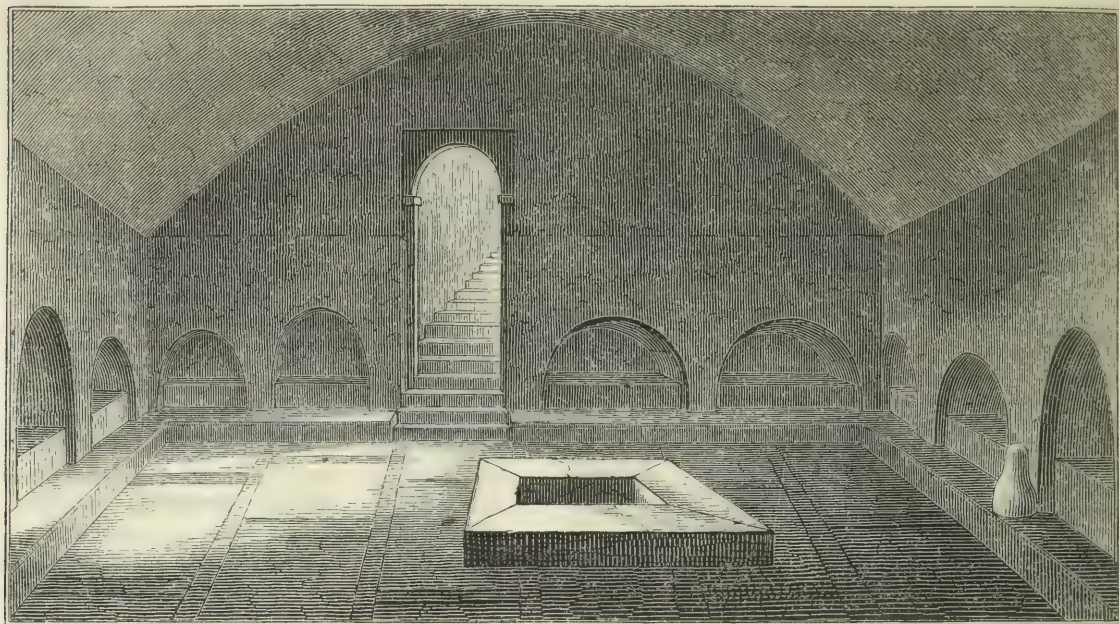
While our companions were busy with the inscriptions and symbols, Cole and myself lingered about these open and half open sepulchres. For us, whose home was in a land unknown when these skeletons were living beings, there was a peculiar feeling about them which we knew not how to analyze. They were like voices from some unknown land, such as may sometimes reach the ear of the mariner on a midnight sea, with revelations full of mysterious warning. We could not but ask ourselves whose hands had laid these bodies in their silent cells; whose tears—a father's, mother's, sister's, or friend's—had bathed them before they shrunk into the shapeless dust and grinning skeleton? Once I put my hand in and touched the hand of the skeleton, and it sent a thrill through my veins. It was some time before we could command our feelings enough to observe the other objects that were becoming more and more interesting with every step.

In a short time we came to another descent,

leading to a second corridor, eight or ten feet below the first. Here, too, the sides were lined with funereal cells, from which the dead grinned horribly upon us as we passed. The arch was cut out in the same way as in that above, and you could still see by the marks on it what kind of tools it had been made with. Below this was still another line of passages, making three stories in all. But one of them—the widest and highest—had no tombs in it, and had evidently been cut out for the tufa and puzzolana above. Padre M— stopped as we reached the lower corridor. “You see now,” said he “the history of the catacombs. It is written on the walls plainer and more impressively than I can tell it. In the vast edifices which were built for the pride or wants of old Rome extensive materials were required. They brought stone from Albano and Tivoli, marble and ornaments from every part of their dominions; but *puzzolana*, the most important ingredient in that admirable cement which has stood

the changes of more than two thousand years, was found at home in their vineyards, under their streets, every where around them. They dug it out, just as you see them dig it now in the Campagna; and if you will take the trouble to compare the modern quarries with the old ones, you will find them running into the hill-side in arches and winding galleries just like those we are standing in. The only difference is in the extent.

“This was the origin of the catacombs; and you have only to remember how early they began, and how many thousands of private and public edifices were built from them during the thousand years of Rome's infancy, youth, and manhood, to see how naturally they would spread their net-work in every direction. As one was exhausted, or carried too far to be used readily, another would be opened; and then again, as the new ones began to fail, or the demand for puzzolana was raised by any sudden emergency, the old ones would be opened and worked again, till, in the course of time, half the city was undermined, and the very material that was to be used in building the walls, and temples, and palaces that we still admire in their ruins, were drawn from under the very spots on which they were to stand. And—stern lesson to human pride—the humble quarry remains unchanged, while the pompous structures it helped to furnish



CHAPEL IN THE CATACOMBS.

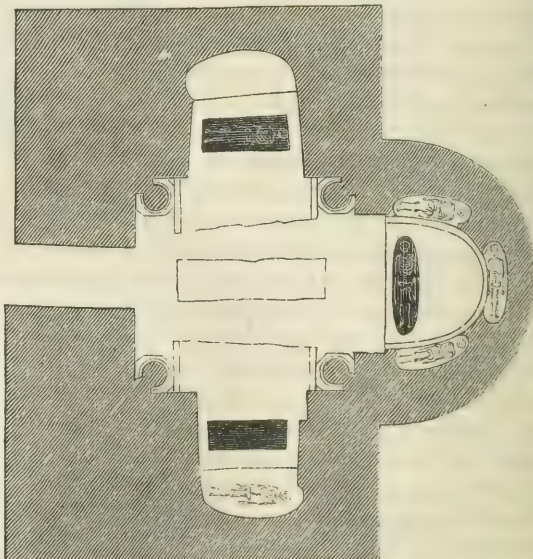
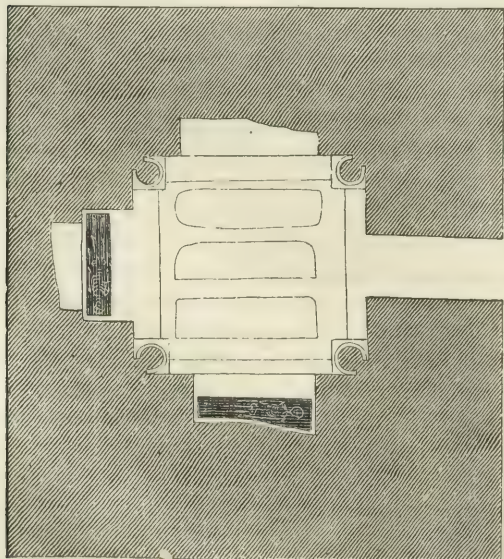
forth have long since crumbled away. So much for the beginning of the catacombs. Let us go a little further before we take up the second epoch in their history."

By this time we were somewhat familiarized with this new aspect of death, and could walk between the graves without shuddering. Still we had no disposition to converse, but asked our questions in a whisper, or pointed with a mute gesture to the objects we wished to call attention to. Even the whisper seemed to have a strange sound, and our footsteps, as we passed slowly and cautiously along, awoke from time to time a hollow reverberation amidst the arches, that filled them for a moment, and, growing fainter and fainter, gradually died away in recesses far beyond the light of our tapers.

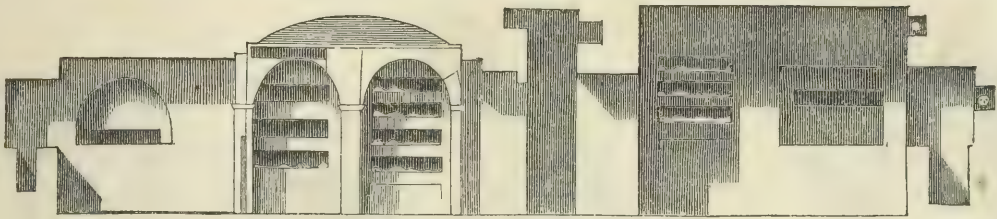
At first we had been so absorbed by the solemn aspect of every thing around us, that we had scarcely observed the new galleries that branched off in every direction from that which we were following. Every few steps there was

a new opening, with the same style of vaulted ceiling, the same countless rows of skeletons, each in his narrow cell, and connected in the same way with other passages that ran out in the same inextricable labyrinths. Here and there, too, there was a passage that had been blocked up, either by design or by the casual falling in of the earth. I stopped from time to time to look in at the open ones, and once ventured a few steps forward to the opening of a third branch. It was easy to see how one might lose himself in them, and easy too to conceive what a horrid thing it must be to wander about without clew or light in that awful darkness, and sit down at last to die in the midst of the dead. As I held up my taper, the light fell faintly for a few feet upon the arches and graves, giving a deeper and livid hue to the darkness beyond. I hurried back to my companions, glad enough to reach the gallery in time to see their tapers like dim stars, and catch the sound of their footsteps.

My companions, two of whom were zealous



PLAN OF DOUBLE CHAPEL.



SECTION OF GALLERY AND CHAPELS.

antiquarians, were immediately engaged in deciphering inscriptions and interpreting symbols. But it was some time before Cole and myself could bring our thoughts into a fit state for a calm examination of any thing. We could only feel that we were among the dead of nearly two thousand years ago; that the bones around us had once been the earthly tenement of men who had borne the religion in which we believed through the fierce persecutions of paganism; some of them, perhaps, had seen Christ himself; many of them had received their baptism from the hands of the Apostles; and above, far above the dark arches that covered us and them, the vineyards and green fields were still smiling in the sweet sunlight and balmy air. At last, though without losing this pervading consciousness of the hallowed influences around us, we began to take our part in the peculiar archæological characteristics of the place.

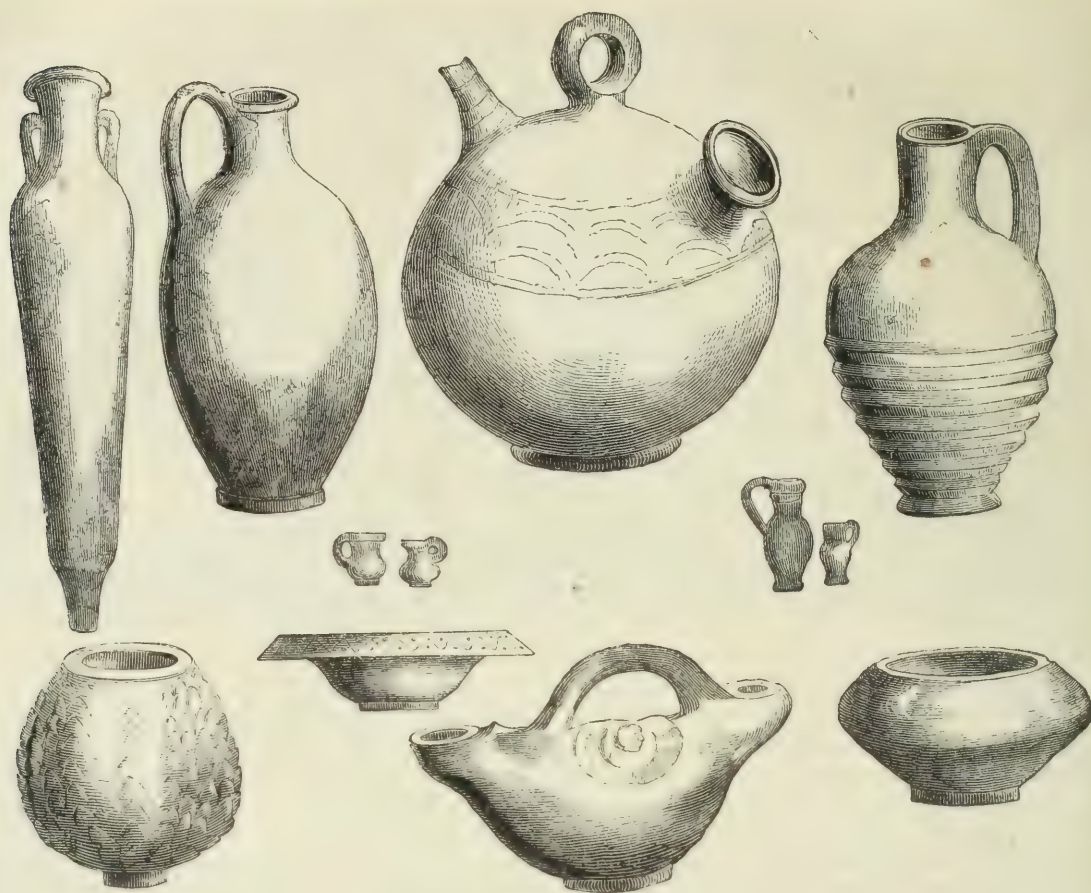
It was evident that the catacombs had been carefully examined long before our day. The greater part of the inscriptions had been removed to the Vatican, where they form that long gallery so full of materials for Christian

history, but which travelers often pass through with a hasty glance. Enough, however, remained to show us how the graves must have looked when they were all there.

The rows of cells were often as many as six, one above the other; and whatever the origin of the gallery may have been, they had evidently been cut out for graves. The bottom, on which the body lay, was solid tufa, with an opening in front large enough to put the body in without discomposing it. The opening had then been filled up with tiles and plaster, forming in some places a sort of panel-work, in others a smooth surface of masonry, and then again with a place for the slab that bore the inscription. These slabs were mostly of marble, of various lengths, from one foot to three, more or less polished and ornamented according to the rank of the dead or the wealth of his relatives. Those of the earlier ages, the ages of persecution, were by far the rudest, for they belonged to a time when Christians had seldom the means or the opportunity of adorning their graves, however dear the relics which they contained. But at a later period, when their num-



GROUND PLAN.



POTTERY FROM THE CATACOMBS.

her comprised men of all classes, and still more when Christianity became the religion of the State, money and skill were both directed to this object, and many works of unquestionable merit have been drawn from the catacombs to decorate the museums of the curious and the learned.

The inscriptions were cut in the stone, and then colored with some kind of pigment very similar to Venetian red. It is by no means

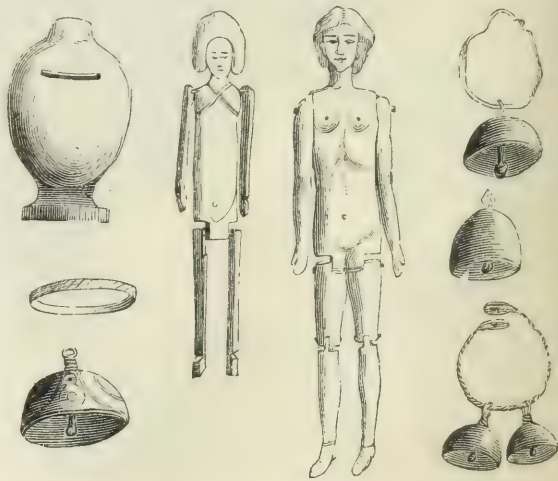
sure, however, that the custom of coloring them was universal, for many are found without any traces of color; so much so, indeed, that it is hard to believe it could have been so completely effaced. The letters are from half an inch to four inches high, some very rudely cut, and just the kind that an antiquary loves to pore over. Others neat, and in the most approved style of lapidarian art.

The symbols were usually traced with a sharp instrument, sometimes a chisel. The more elaborate apart by themselves, the others interwoven with the inscription.

"But wait a few moments," said Padre M—, "in answer to our demands for explanation: a

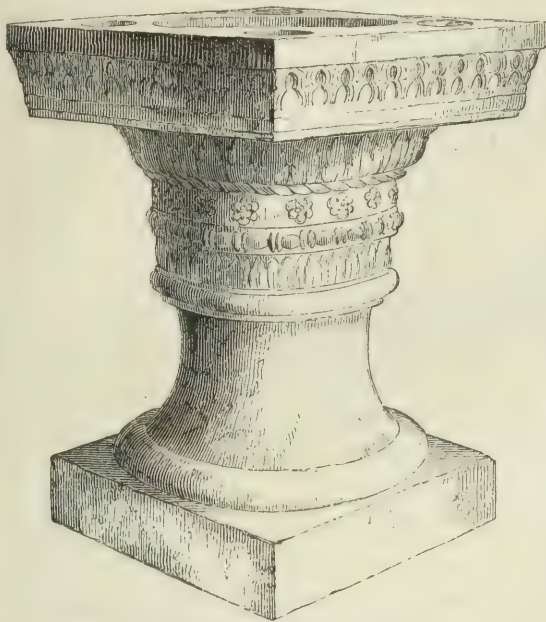


COPPER VASES FROM THE CATACOMBS.



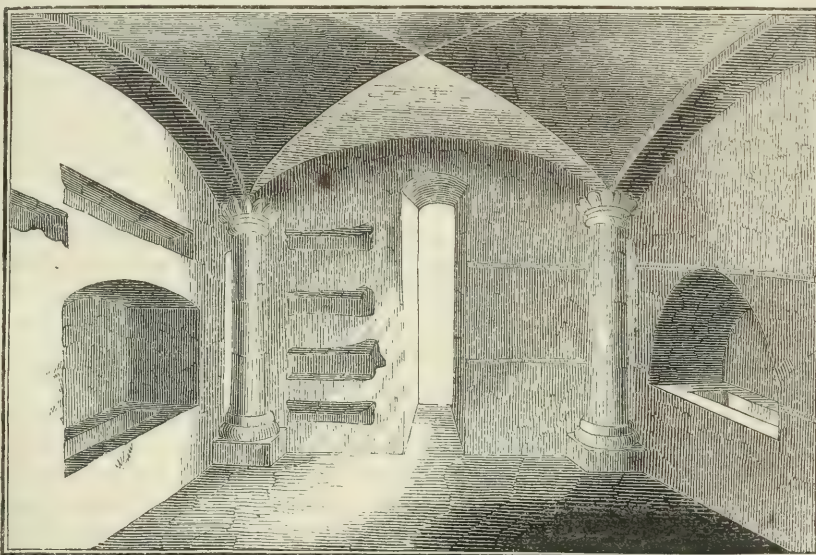
OBJECTS FOUND IN THE CATACOMBS.

little further on there is a chapel in which we can sit down and talk more at leisure."



FONT FROM THE CATACOMBS.

The chapel was one of those enlargements made by the Christians when they came to look upon the catacombs as places of asylum or worship. It was cut out in the tufa on each side of the corridor, in a style of architecture which will be more readily understood by the annexed engraving of a similar one in another catacomb than by any description of it that I can give. The graves were empty, and every thing that



CHAPEL IN THE CATACOMBS.

was thought worthy of a place in the Vatican removed. Over the altar there was a head of the Virgin, which the Padre pointed to with an eloquent gesture that was intended to silence our Protestant scruples forever. Cole examined it very carefully, and whispered in my ear that it was later by several hundred years than any thing else that he had seen there. "Ask him to let me sketch it," said he; but the Padre answered "No."

"And now," said he, "I will go on with my

history of the catacombs. They were first opened, as I have already told you, for the sake of the puzzolana. Cicero speaks of them in his oration for Cluentius, as *arenarias quasdam extra Portam Esquilinam*. Now the Esquiline Hill was so notorious a place, both on account of the bad air and the robbers that infested it, that it was at last entirely abandoned by the better classes, and came in time to be used only as a burial-place for the poor. Horace speaks of it as a place to which slaves brought the corpses of their fellow-slaves in miserable coffins; the common sepulchre of the wretched *plebs*.* And I remind you of Cicero and Horace because some writers have supposed that when the catacombs came to be used for burial-places, Christians and pagans were both interred in the same spot. This we know by positive testimony to be incorrect. The *arenarias* used by the heathen were those of the Esquiline, which were closed up when Mæcenas built his gardens there, many years before the introduction of Christianity; and another spot, three miles from the city, was set apart for burning the bodies of the poor.

"Under Augustus the work of building and embellishing was continued upon the largest scale. You remember his boast, that 'he had found a Rome of brick, and left one of marble.' And for brick-work and marble-work both, the *arenarias* or *sand-pits* were in constant requisition. The workmen employed in them were naturally men of the lowest class, who, devoting themselves especially to this kind of labor, passed all of their days under ground, and be-

came perfectly familiar with all the passages of the subterranean city they had built. Their only guide was in the veins of puzzolana;† and when these failed, they stopped or turned off in another quarter. In this way quarries were opened in every direction around the city, and sometimes in the city itself. You can easily conceive what many hundred men could do, constantly working to supply the wants of a city like Rome.‡ Bosio tells us, as the result of his own observations, that every where between the Pincian and

Salarian gates the ground is undermined. He

* "Huc prius angustis ejecta cadavera cellis,
Conservus vili portanda locabat in arca.
Hoc miserae plebi stabat commune sepulcrum."

Serm. Lib. i. Sat. viii.

† Such is the opinion of D'Agincourt, which has been disputed by other writers.

‡ At a later period puzzolana from Pozzuoli, or perhaps from Rome also, was sent to Constantinople to be used in the building of the new city. *Diarchæe translatur pulvis arenæ*, says Sidonius Apollinaris, using the old name of Pozzuoli.—Vid. Carm. xi. 99.

found entrances in almost every vineyard, some of them more or less blocked up, but still with a sufficient opening to allow him to make his way into them.* Many villas and houses that had been built above them have fallen and been abandoned; for often, when the foundations had been carried down to the first gallery, a second, and even a third and fourth, were found still deeper down into the heart of the soil.† Occasionally,

when they had run their vein very far, they would open an air-hole into the vineyard or field above, through which a faint ray and warmer atmosphere would steal in to cheer them. These were the *luminaria*, which are occasionally mentioned by old writers, and which you must have seen more than once in your rambles over the Campagna. Many a traveler has found them in his path when he least suspected it.



SECTION OF CEMETERY WITH LUMINARIA.

“Now we must remember that the early converts to Christianity were chiefly of the lower class; men and women to whom paganism held out no certain promises of future happiness as a compensation for their actual suffering. They were degraded, abject, oppressed beings whom the new doctrines raised at once to the consciousness of moral dignity. Some, too, were of the better classes, with wealth and power at their command, but whose minds were too earnest and their hearts too warm to allow them to hesitate between Christ and Jupiter. The two classes now met for the first time, drawn together by common hopes and dangers, and many a proud Roman learned to embrace as a brother the being whom, but a little before, he would hardly have deigned to recognize as a man.

“When persecution came, it naturally fell first upon the wealthier and more prominent members of the new society, leaving their humbler brethren for a while under the shelter of their social insignificance. Here the poor sand-diggers could become the protectors of their fellow-Christians, secreting them in the grottoes and caverns which nobody else could venture into with safety. While the persecution lasted they would naturally watch around the entrances to keep dangerous feet aloof, now and then, perhaps, open a new passage for greater convenience or security, and choose the safest hours for conveying food and clothing to their guests. If the storm increased, they, too, found themselves obliged to seek shelter there, and call upon other friends for means of sustenance. When the persecution was over they would all come out again to the light of day, the rich to return to their houses, the *arenarii* to divide their time once more between their sand-pits below ground and their houses above.

“Yet when they met again in their *agapite*

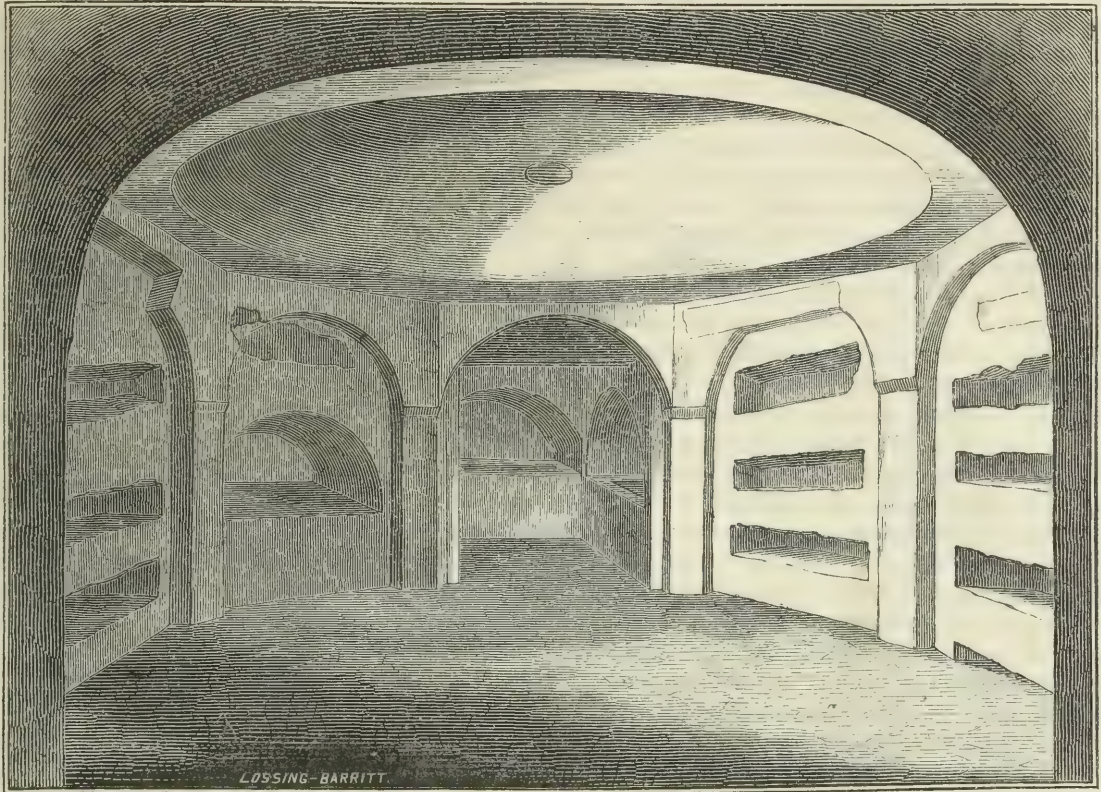
or for worship, they would find many places empty that had been filled till then by the holiest and best beloved of their order; and when they went out into the world and mingled once more with their fellow-citizens, they would be told how this one or that whom they loved had died by the hand of the executioner or in the combats of the arena. How gratefully would they then look back to their own escape, and the place which had given them refuge! and how naturally would they begin to feel as if they could see the hand of Providence in this following out of their subterranean asylums!

“And soon they would wish to find an asylum for their dead also, where their bones could be laid in peace, secure against the insult to which they were exposed in common sepulchres, and, what they had equally at heart, secure that no pagan corpse would contaminate the ashes of those who had died in Christ. I could give you more than one passage in confirmation of this, if the feeling were not too natural a one to admit of a doubt. To make a place for the corpse these little cells were opened which still line the corridors: a circumstance which gives us the means of deciding what parts of the catacombs were mere sand-pits, and which the asylum and burial-place of the early Christians.

“Thus they soon found themselves bound to these places by a double feeling: a grateful recollection of their own escape, and that veneration which we naturally feel for the burial-place of our kindred and friends. In the intervals of persecution they would come back to them, from time to time, to converse more freely with the companions of their peril, the poor sand-diggers. Whenever a new body had been laid there, they would feel that the spot which held it had acquired a new claim upon their affections. Whenever their hearts faltered or grew faint, they might come here, too, to seek strength in prayer at the side of the graves of those who had died for the faith. And may we not safely say that oftentimes the veteran Christian would bring some new convert with him, to show him what he must be prepared to do, if he would

* I have seen some of them myself in the vineyard of a friend about a mile from Porta Salaria. The peasants use them for a rod or two in, to keep wine, etc.; and though they never venture far, they often find curious fragments of antiquity in them.

† Vid. Bosio, *Roma Sotterranea*, Lib. iii. Cap. lxi.



VAULTED CHAPEL IN CATACOMBS.

hold fast to his profession? Have they not often paced these galleries together?—a wife, perhaps, with a newly-converted husband; a father with his son, or a friend, holding in the warmest grasp of love the hand of the friend whom he had won over by prayers and entreaties—pausing, now and then, to point out the grave of some martyr, from whose holy life, and holier death, he had drawn his most touching appeals, and exciting each other by sweet communion to stronger faith and more fervent love! How sweet must it have been to talk of heaven in these sunless depths of earth! How must their imaginations have been exalted by the objects that surrounded them; and with what an increase of boldness and vigor must they have gone forth again to preach, to reason, and perhaps to die!

“New persecutions brought them or their successors back again to the catacombs; where at first they lived, as they had done before, dependent upon their friends for the means of sustenance. However, as the number of Christians went on increasing, it would become more and more difficult for them to live here in safety without some surer supply of food than what they could thus receive, day by day, from above. Water they found in abundance in the wells and springs, so many of which still remain scattered here and there through the grottoes. But bread could only be obtained in safety and abundance by laying in supplies before the danger came.

“There can be but little doubt that the danger of their position made them peculiarly attentive to all the signs of the times. Every circumstance would be carefully noted, and

every new indication of peril instantly perceived. They would become clear-sighted; but firm, vigorous, and ever watchful—like men whose path leads them along the brink of a precipice. It would soon be natural for them to look forward to persecution as a danger for which they must always be prepared, and to the catacombs as a place which might at any hour become their asylum or their grave. I will not say that it was so; but I think we have every reason to suppose that there were careful men among them, who kept supplies of grain where they could convey them at a moment's warning to some one of the numerous entrances to the catacombs.

“And for the same reasons the catacombs themselves were enlarged, and new passages pushed forward, till they all became united into a vast net-work that undermined the whole city.* Thus escape became easy and pursuit difficult. The Christian would readily plunge into those dark recesses wherever he found an entrance, for he knew that he could not wander far without meeting a friend. But his pursuer would pause, and weigh the danger well before he ventured to follow him into a labyrinth to which he had no clew, and where every step might bring him unawares into the midst of men whom he believed capable of the most revolting crimes. For, if we would form a just conception of the position of the Christian among pagans, we must remember that he was looked upon as a fierce, morose, and hateful being, who united himself with men equally de-

* “*Ipsamet urbs obstupuit,*” says Baronius, “*cum abditas in suis suburbiis se novit habere civitatis Christianorum colonias.*”—*Ann. Eccl. ann. 130.*

testable, to eat the flesh of human victims, and partake of rites too horrible to be described. And it may well be supposed, that when they were known to have chosen their asylum in these dark vaults under the gardens and vineyards of the city, where the sun had never penetrated, and whose recesses were known to themselves alone, their choice would be employed as a new argument against them, if not an open confession of guilt.

"The first catacombs that we positively know to have been used for this purpose were the catacombs of St. Sebastian, though we have no authentic account of their opening. Puzzolana, as you well know, is very abundant in all that region, and it is not improbable that the first excavations were begun at a very early period. However this may be, our earliest records of persecution speak of them as the asylum of the Christians; and they continue to be expressly mentioned long after the number of converts had become so great as to compel them to seek for safety in others. It was in these that St. Stephen was put to death. The soldiers came upon him as he was in the act of saying mass; and whether from a momentary feeling of compassion, or a desire to see with their own eyes one of those ceremonies of which they had heard such horrible descriptions, allowed him to go on and accomplish his holy task in peace. But the moment that it was done they thrust him back upon his chair—the very chair which you have seen in the relic-chamber of the church—and cut off his head. Well might the recollection of the atrocious deed sink deep into the memory of his horror-stricken brethren; and the ground that had drunk his blood become sacred to all succeeding generations.

"You must remember that all this while the work of building still went on, and new excavations were constantly making to meet the demand for materials. There was the golden house of Nero, stretching from the Palatine over the Esquiline, where he died; there were the baths and the Coliseum, which Titus built upon the site of that vast and odious edifice, and forums, and temples, and theatres, and mausoleums, and the baths of Caracalla, and the baths of Diocletian; all built while the Christian was still an odious and dreaded member of the great empire. Sometimes he was condemned to work, as a punishment, in these caverns, which might soon serve him for an asylum, and which he alone was known to look upon with affection. And thus various and often opposite causes seemed to concur in preparing for him a home in the hour of danger; and showing how easily God converts the designs of his enemies into means of protection for his own children.

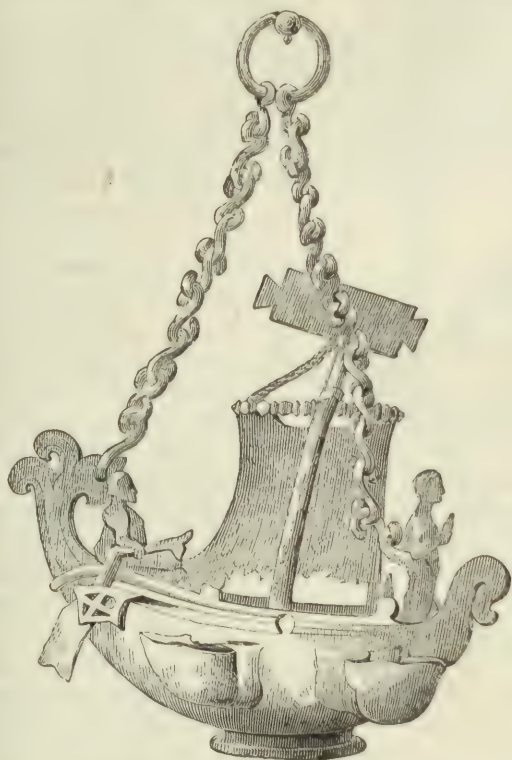
"We have no authentic description of the beginning of a persecution; but it is a scene which the imagination easily draws in a place like this. I have often sketched it to myself in my daily walks hither. It would seldom come wholly unawares upon men so well read in the signs of dan-

ger. Here and there a significant cloud would be seen by them, however pure the horizon might seem to an untrained eye. Some friend in the palace—anxious, though not a Christian himself, for the safety of a Christian relative or friend—would secretly convey the warning that a new edict was preparing, and the names of prominent victims already marked. Then the infirm and weak, women and children, and all those who might become incumbrances in a sudden flight, would repair secretly to their places of refuge, with provisions and all the appliances of comfort which they could carry with them. Daylight would find many an empty dwelling where evening had closed upon a crowded home.

"Then the edict would issue forth, and soldiers, guided by spies and informers, set out upon the search of victims. Some they would always find either willing martyrs or men whom the hope of a day's respite had prevented from flying in time. These they would hurry off to prison and trial. When night returned, there would be a great stir among the Christians, and hasty preparations for flight. They would scarcely dare to go in large bodies, for fear of attracting attention, but steal away one by one, or at the utmost two or three together of those whom no peril could separate. The soldiers, too, would be on the alert, watching the gates and the principal entrances to the catacombs. Often the flight must have been a perilous one, over vineyards and fields, through by-ways and lanes, finding the path already occupied by their enemy, or hearing their footsteps and seeing the gleam of their torches as they came on in full pursuit. But there were many entrances unknown to any but the Christians themselves, and sometimes perhaps a band of soldiers, in full sight of their victims, may have paused in amazement well-nigh bordering upon terror, at seeing them suddenly disappear when their hands were already almost upon them. Then they would recall all the horrible things that they had heard about these worshipers of unknown gods, and hasten back with strange tales of magic and enchantment. Sometimes, too, they must have met face to face, and here, all that we know of these fathers of our faith assures us that they yielded themselves up, like their Saviour, unresisting victims. Sometimes, too, they would meet together at the mouth of a catacomb, and then the Christian would plunge boldly into the darkness; and though it is known that the soldier would sometimes follow them a little way, they seldom ventured far. It was on these occasions that some of the passages which are still blocked up were closed; and while the pursuer was cautiously advancing by the broader gallery, the fugitive would already be far on his way, by other paths, toward the deep recesses of his asylum.

"We know more positively what kind of lives they led here. Their first impulse on finding themselves in a place of safety was to unite together in thanksgiving and prayer. Then here, as in the city above, the different offices of so-

cial and religious life would be assigned to different persons: some to watch over the sick; some to preside over the distribution of food; some to allot appropriate places to different ages and sexes; some to watch the entrances, and keep up some kind of communication with their friends in the city. The community of feeling and interests which bound them together in the world would become a yet stronger tie in these homes of common peril and privation; and few would think of preserving here those distinctions of rank and power which might so soon be confounded in a common death. For light, they used those little lamps of which you see so many



SYMBOLIC LAMP FROM THE CATACOMBS.

in every museum: the larger were suspended from the ceiling in the chapels and main galleries, and they would carry about the smaller ones in their hands whenever they wished to go from one place to another. Some of the wells from which they drew their water may have been dug expressly for that purpose; but others were evidently found in the natural progress of excavation. Some, too, seem to have been used as drains. Their supply of food must, even on the supposition of long preparation, have been a precarious one whenever the persecution lasted more than three or four months. In the cases of individuals, we know that they depended entirely upon their friends above. St. Chrysostom finds materials for an eloquent reproof to the Christians of his own day in the picture of a noble lady awaiting in fear and trembling the return of her maid with her daily supply of food. There is that beautiful story of Hippolytus, too, who lived for a long while in the catacombs of St. Sebastian at the very time when St. Stephen was secreted there. He was apparently the only Christian of his family, and when he took refuge in the catacombs he was still obliged to look to

his relations for the means of sustenance. They sent it to him by his nephew and niece, children of ten and thirteen, whose daily visits in this hour of trial made the poor Christian feel how dear he still was to his friends. And as he thought of them, and mourned over their idolatry, he felt his heart bleed and yearn for them, and could not still its longings till he had found out some way for bringing them also to the knowledge of Christ. Then he went to St. Stephen and told him of his sorrows; and the holy pontiff bade him keep the children by him the next time that they came; 'For their parents,' said he, 'will become alarmed when they see that they do not return at the accustomed hour, and will come to seek them themselves.' And when the children came he kept them; and their parents, seeing that the hour was past and they had not returned, went to seek them in the place where they knew that their brother was hidden. And when they had reached it, they found their children there, and Hippolytus and the holy bishop with them. But they turned a deaf ear to the prayers and entreaties of their brother, and refused to hearken to the words in which St. Stephen would have reasoned with them. Yet, although they knew it not, their hearts were touched, and the words had sunk into them, and in God's chosen time ripened into repentance, and they too became Christians and martyrs.

"Still it was only in individual cases that a large number could have been fed by daily supplies. The very sight of so many persons going regularly to the same places would have excited suspicions in those suspicious times, and led to effectual measures for cutting off the communication. No large body of men could ever have been fed by means like these, and the inhabitants of the catacombs must often have been exposed to great want.

"But while they remained there they passed the greater part of their time in religious conferences, in attending the holy ceremonies, and in prayer. There was no sun to tell them of the passage from day to night. The light that faintly stole in through the luminaria reached at the utmost but a few feet in the upper corridors; and the luminaria themselves were found only at great intervals. All the rest was lighted by lamps, which shed a soft twilight around them, fainter even than this of our tapers, and many a passage was left in unbroken darkness. When I first came here I could not look into that darkness without a strange feeling. You see how the light falls there, struggling for a little way through the thickening shadows till its redness fades to a sickly white, resembling that *fioco lume*, that pale light which Dante saw the spirits by on the shores of Acheron.* And then, too, how dark is the darkness beyond. The eye shrinks from it, and turns for relief to that pale ray again which seems to fall blunted and powerless from the ebon mass. How truly does that other epithet of Dante apply here too—*loco*

* *Com'io discerno per lo fioco lume.—Inferno, iii. 75.*

d'ogni luce muto—a spot mute of all light—for nowhere do darkness and silence seem to walk hand in hand as they do here. I have repeated it a hundred times.

"We have no means of ascertaining how many," replied the Father; "but without some miraculous suspension of the ordinary laws of nature, there must have been the usual propor-

tion both of births and deaths. Whole families were living here together, and often for many months, and doubtless some came who were never to look upon the sun again. Death must have been very solemn in a place like this. But it was one from which the Christian's soul would take its flight with exultation. And I doubt whether, amidst all their vicissitudes, these asylums of holy men have ever witnessed such touching scenes as when a dying saint has breathed his last farewell to kindred and friends, and calmly closed his eyes amidst the prayers and con-



DECORATED CHAPEL.

"By degrees, however, I became accustomed to it, and so it must have been with the Christians who made their homes here. Some of them found employment, too, in enlarging the passages into chapels and forums where they could assemble in larger numbers for conference and worship. It was then, probably, that the rough shell of the chapels was made, though the ornament and finish must have been the work of a calmer and happier period. Sometimes, it is related, the soldiery came upon them while they were engaged in prayer, led thither, perhaps, by spies. Few only could have been taken in these rare inroads, for there were too many avenues of escape to admit of a general arrest. Sometimes, too, their relentless persecutors would attempt to distress them by throwing in stones and dirt through the luminaria, and shutting out their scanty share of daylight. But none of these things could have broken their general feeling of security in such hiding-places as these.

"The air, as you can tell by your own feelings, was temperately cool, though in some places I have found the dampness unpleasant. Had these grottoes been less extensive, the crowds that were sometimes collected here, and the numerous lamps that were always burning would have made the air unpleasant with such imperfect means of ventilation as the luminaria afford. But these numberless passages running off in every direction would give it a circulation that the lungs would play in as freely as on a mountain side."

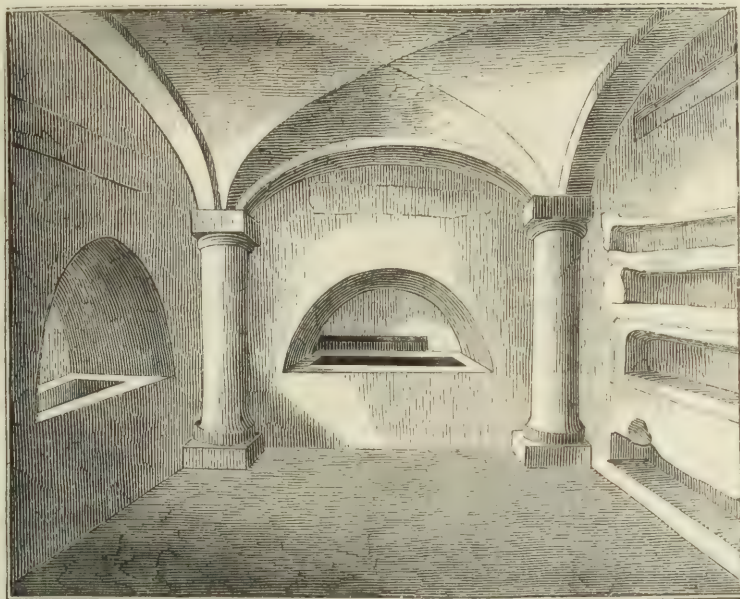
"Do you suppose," asked Cole, "that many died here?"

gratulations of those who longed to follow him. You would almost fancy the spirit hovering for a moment above them with the last yearnings of human love, and blending, as it were, the purest feelings of earth with its first fruition of heaven.

"The funeral rites were simple. The corpse was bathed, anointed, and wrapped in its grave-clothes, and then placed on a bier in the chapel, where it remained till a sufficient time had elapsed to guard against its premature burial. Meanwhile, relatives and friends would gather round it to watch and to pray: and when the hour came, they would take it up in their arms and bear it to the grave that had been opened for it, laying it decently in its narrow dwelling, with its arms stretched by its sides and its face upward. Then there would be a last farewell, a parting glance; and when all had joined once more in prayer, the mason would come with his tiles and mortar and shut it out from their sight forever. I have never opened a grave without asking myself, where were the hands that closed it hundreds of years ago? Often in opening them you perceive an odor of incense, as if precious gums and spices had been used in preparing the body for its last resting-place."

"And were the remains generally found in the state which we see them in?"

"Frequently, but not always. You have seen that many of the cells were empty. Now you must not always take this for a proof that the bones have been carried away. The nature of the ground, the age of the dead, and various other causes have acted after death, producing a great diversity in the state of the bones. The



VAULTED CELL.

bones of children decay rapidly, and in their graves we never find any thing but dust. Where the puzzolana is dry the bones become white and soft, falling away like ashes beneath your touch. Where it is damp you often find the skeleton well preserved, and always more or less perfect. And if it has been reached by the water, an incrustation forms upon it, giving it the color and hardness of stone.* Sometimes a striking change takes place the moment that the air penetrates, and I have seen parts crumble away and sink into dust before I had well caught the outline. You remember what happened to Campana? He was carrying on his excavations in his vineyard at Porta Latina, and had just opened a columbarium. All the upper part was arranged just as the columbaria always are, with the urns in their niches and each with its inscription beside it. But on reaching the bottom and clearing away the dust and rubbish from the floor, they came unexpectedly upon a stone coffin a little more than five feet long and perfectly closed. By good fortune, Campana himself was there, and with the proper instruments for raising the lid without breaking it. And what should he see there but a body stretched at full length in the coffin, as if it had never been disturbed since the day when it was first placed there: the funeral robe, the hands, the limbs in perfect preservation, and the face that of a girl who had died in her freshness and bloom two thousand years ago. But as he was gazing upon it, it suddenly began to dissolve and fade, and in an instant all that was left was the outline of a human form traced in dust upon the bottom of a coffin."

"The same thing occurred in an excavation at Cere," says Gennarelli, "and I mean to make the most of it in my dissertation. The figure was that of a man, and some of the gold ornaments of his robe resisted the action of the air,

though all the rest and the bones crumbled away immediately."

"Do you believe," asked Cole, "that the emblems and inscriptions were placed upon the grave at the time of burial?"

"Many of them undoubtedly were. The simpler emblems and ruder inscriptions may have been easily traced by the common workmen. Some of them evidently were made with the point of the trowel."

"What is the meaning of the palm leaf?"

"The Christian's triumph—victory over sin and death. Many writers have supposed it to have been a sign of martyrdom. But the only unquestionable proofs of martyrdom are the little vase of blood which you have seen inserted in the cement that closes

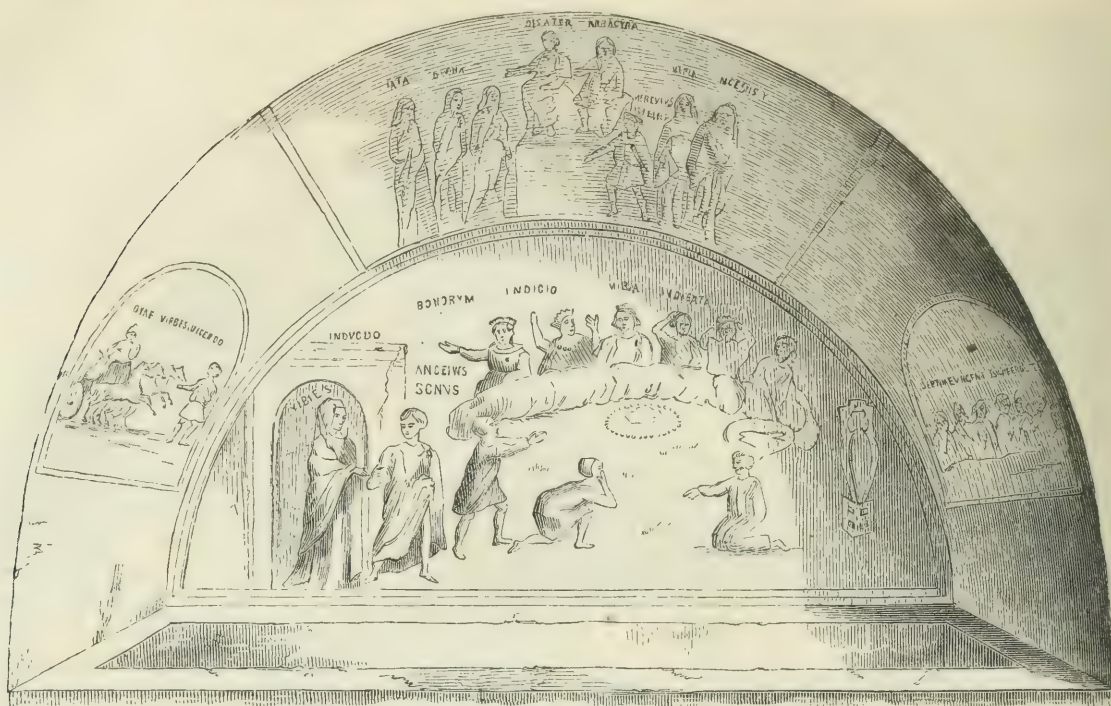
the grave, and the instruments of martyrdom which are sometimes found in the grave itself."

"I have been told that these were indications of the buried man's trade."



PAINTED CELL.

* Agincourt, *Histoire de l'Art par les Monumens*, i. 20.



PAINTED VAULT.

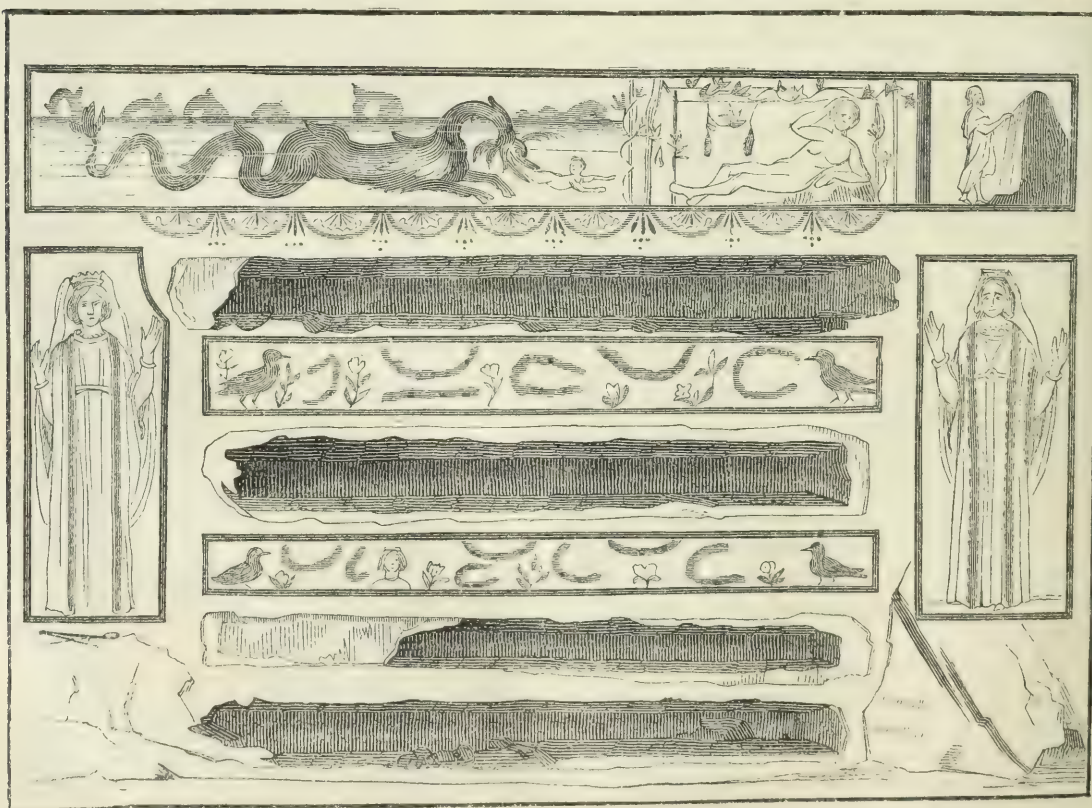
"Yes, when you find them cut or painted on the outside, of which we have many curious instances. I remember a slab which once stood upon the grave of a wool-comber. The inscription gives nothing but the name with the common addition of—in peace:

VENERIE IN PACE;

but there, in the same rude style of carving, are the shears, the comb, the speculum, and a plate with a rounded handle, all implements of his trade. It was a symbolical language, intelli-

gible even to the unlettered. The man who would have been forced to turn away unsatisfied from an inscription, would recognize at once the familiar indications of a trade.

"Men, too, situated as the Christians were, would naturally resort to symbols for the expression of ideas which none but they could appreciate. Their thoughts and hopes were not those of the heathen who adorned their sarcophagi with choice sculptures and exquisite embodiments of mythology. They did not care



SEPULCHRAL DECORATIONS.

to employ in commemoration of their dead the forms which had been defiled by a corrupt superstition. They were in the warmth and fervor of a new hope, which they took every opportunity of expressing in language perfectly intelligible to all who shared it with them. You can not take ten steps in the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican without feeling that you are standing between two worlds. On one side are the inscriptions of paganism, whose dead, sinking into their graves without a hope, seem to cast back longing glances upon the pleasures they have left behind. The mourner has nothing to console him, the dying man nothing to cling to; but when the name has once issued from the fatal urn, he leaves forever his woods, his villas, and his home for the bark that is to bear him to an eternal exile. (I have ventured to borrow from one of the saddest yet most beautiful of Horace's odes—the third of the second book—to Dellium.) Then from his tomb comes a cold voice that chills you by its heartlessness; an idle enumeration of idle pleasures, or a spiteful warning that yours too will soon be ended.

D · M ·
TI · CLAUDI · SECUNDI
HIC · SECUM · HABET · OMNIA
BALNEA · VINUM · VENUS
CORRUMPUNT · CORPORA
NOSTRA · SED · VITAM · FACIUNT
B · V · V ·

*To the Divine Manes of Titus Claudius Secundus.
Here (in this world) he enjoys every thing.
Baths, wine, and love, ruin our constitutions, but they
make life what it is. Farewell, farewell.*

“What language for the grave! You remember the dying question of Augustus to his friends: ‘Have I played my part well? Then applaud.’ Shocking as this is to our conceptions, even from such a wretch as Augustus, the following inscription is still more so:

VIXI · DUM · VIXI · BENE · JAM · MEA
PERACTA · MOX · VESTRA · AGATUR
FABULA · VALETE · ET · PLAUDITE.
V · A · N · LVIII.

*While I lived, I lived well.
My play is now ended, soon yours will be.
Farewell and applaud me.*

“But the Christian, for whom death was a passage not to exile but to the home of all his hopes and aspirations, writes nothing upon his grave but the simple expression of his faith:

FLORENTI IN PACE.
Florentius in peace.
VALERIA DORMIT IN PACE.
Valeria sleeps in peace.
DORMITIO ELPIDIS.
The sleeping place of Elpidis.

“Often too, the expression is fuller and more distinct, referring this peaceful slumber to the Lord who gives it; as in the following form which is found at the close of many inscriptions:

IN PACE DOMINI DORMIT.
He sleeps in the peace of the Lord.

“In the epitaph of Albania, by her husband Placus, the idea of repose is expressly limited:

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the resurrection of the body, an idea that, to a pagan, would have seemed still stranger than the more common assurance of peace, being held up as the end of this temporary slumber.

RELICTIS TUIS IACES IN PACE SOPORE
MERITA RESURGIS TEMPORALIS TIBI DATA
REQUIETIO.

*Thou well-deserving one, having left thy [relations],
lie in peace—in sleep.*

Thou wilt arise: a temporary rest is granted thee.

“Indeed, it is to this belief in the resurrection of the body that we are indebted for the preservation of these precious remains. Natural as it is to honor the dead—and your favorite Vico makes funeral rites one of the first elements of civil union—the Christian, living in the midst of a hostile community, and often dying the most degrading or revolting death, would frequently have been tempted to cast aside, with comparative indifference, the mutilated remains of the friend whose spirit he knew to be far beyond the reach of human decay. But when he saw in them, all disfigured as they were, the substance which was to rise again refulgent with the immortality of Paradise, he gathered them together with a pious care, washed and anointed them, and filling the wounds with spices and precious ointments, laid them reverently in the sepulchre. Prudentius tells of a martyr who, on his way to death, begs not for life, but burial. Sometimes they chose their burial-place during life. There is an inscription in the Lapidarian Gallery, one of the rudest both in the style of writing and its almost unintelligible Latinity, which records the name of an old man of ninety, by the name of Martyrius, who had done so:

ELEXIT DOMUM VIVUS.

“Then too, we find epitaphs denouncing a wretched death to any one who should dare to violate the sanctity of the sepulchre:

MALE PEREAT INSEPULTUS
JACEAT NON RESURGAT
CUM JUDA PARTEM HABEAT
SI QUIS SEPULCHRUM HUNC
VIOLAVERIT.

*If any one shall violate this sepulchre
Let him perish miserably, and remain unburied;
Let him lie down, and not rise again;
Let his portion be with Judas.”*

“Strange,” said Cole. “Why, it is the very sentiment that we find in the epitaph of our great poet, Shakspeare, though much more definite in its imprecation:

‘Good friend, for Jesu’s sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones;
And cursed be he that moves my bones.’”

“Yes, it is man’s natural feeling. Even the pagans felt it as keenly as we do. Archytas begs for a little sand, in the sweetest notes of the lyre of Horace:

‘At tu, nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus et capiti inhumato
Particulam dare.’

And the imprecation, though less minute, is as strong as that of our inscription:

‘..... precibus non linquar inultis:
Teque piacula nulla resolvent.’

But the heathen dreaded the sad wanderings on the banks of Styx. Palinurus cries to Æneas:

'Eripe me his, invicte malis; aut tu mihi terram
Injice, manu potes.'

Funeral rites carried a privilege with them, but the body itself had done its part and could never be reunited with the spirit. A decent grave or even a little dust "thrice sprinkled" would secure the soul a passage in Charon's bark, and then all the rest might be left to slumber undisturbed. How different from the feeling with which the Christian laid his brother in the grave, firmly trusting that every particle which had entered into the composition of that lifeless form would be gathered together and united again in the day of his reward.

"Another trait which strikes you in these inscriptions is their simplicity; not merely the simplicity of good taste, but the meekness and resignation of men who looked upward, receiving all things as expressions of God's will, and claiming nothing for themselves but the privilege of submission. The epithets are terms of endearment or respect; sometimes the manner of death is mentioned, but without any tokens of exultation or any complaints of persecution. They sleep in peace, in the peace of the Lord, in the hope of resurrection, and thus their story is told.

"The names too, you must have observed, are merely the name of baptism. The Roman distinction of personal, family, and surname is dropped. They have renounced the pride of birth and place, and care nothing for the pompous titles of worldly power. Many of them were poor laborers who were known only by their trade; the weaver, the wool-comber, or any other of the humbler arts that minister to the wants of life. But they all had been baptized by some distinctive appellation, and this they gloried in. It was the token of their regeneration, the mark by which they were known among their brethren, a record of the day in which they began to live anew, casting their errors and unholy affections behind them."

"Here then," said Gennarelli, "we have the explanation of the loss of family and surnames in the middle ages, which was followed by such a confusion of persons that the genealogist is completely at fault, till the crusades come to his aid, with their armorial bearings and new distinctions."

"Undoubtedly; and hence the futility of attempting to trace any of our modern families up to the Romans of old. And thus, too, you see another reason for the natural growth of a new symbolical language. These men, who wished to separate themselves both in life and

death from their pagan neighbors, would naturally inscribe the distinction on their graves in some simple and definite manner. One of the simplest was the monogram of the Greek name of Christ, a X and P crossed in various ways, which appears in a very large number of inscriptions, sometimes alone, sometimes adorned with palm branches, or other emblems of the same expressive character. In one inscription, that of a child of four, only a part of one of the legs of the X appears, and that is wrought into the P in such a manner as to produce a cross. Then two other letters were added, expressive of the attribute of eternal existence as applied to God— α and ω —one on the right, the other on the left of the cross, and either higher or lower, as best suited the engraver.

"Another emblem, and which I believe to be a probable, if not a certain, indication of martyrdom, is the furnace which we often find, and in various shapes. It alludes to death by fire, or by boiling oil, both of them common forms of martyrdom.



THE THREE CHILDREN IN THE FIERY FURNACE.

"This symbolism was not confined to tombstones. We find it on gems, on lamps, and in pictures. The 'Christian Museum' contains many curious and instructive specimens of it. There is a signet-ring from the catacombs with the monogram of XP interwrought and supported by what would seem to have been intended for doves. A full A is cut on the right of the P, and a little higher, on the opposite side, a very small ω .

"Another common symbol is a fish, which we find both on slabs and on lamps. Here the idea is a little more difficult to seize, and gave free scope to a play of fancy better suited to an Eastern than a Western mind. You will see the direct meaning by remembering that the Greek word for fish is *ἰχθύς* each of whose letters is the initial of one of the words in the inscription:

Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ υἱὸς Σωτήρ.

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour.

"This symbol was regarded with singular



REPRESENTATIONS OF MARTYRDOM.

favor by some of the Fathers, and is especially recommended by St. Clement of Alexandria and Tertullian, as suggestive of the holy rite by which Christians were received into the bosom of the church.

"But a more pleasing and less fanciful symbol is that of the anchor; the soothing monitor on life's troubled sea that there is still a haven and rest for the tempest-tost and weary. It was a thought full of a consolation which none but the Christian knew; and when he traced the symbol on the grave of one whom he loved, and called to mind the perils they had encountered together, 'Rest,' he would say, 'sweet spirit, rest in thy Lord. Thy cares and trials are over, and now thou canst hold strongly to the haven thou hast won.'

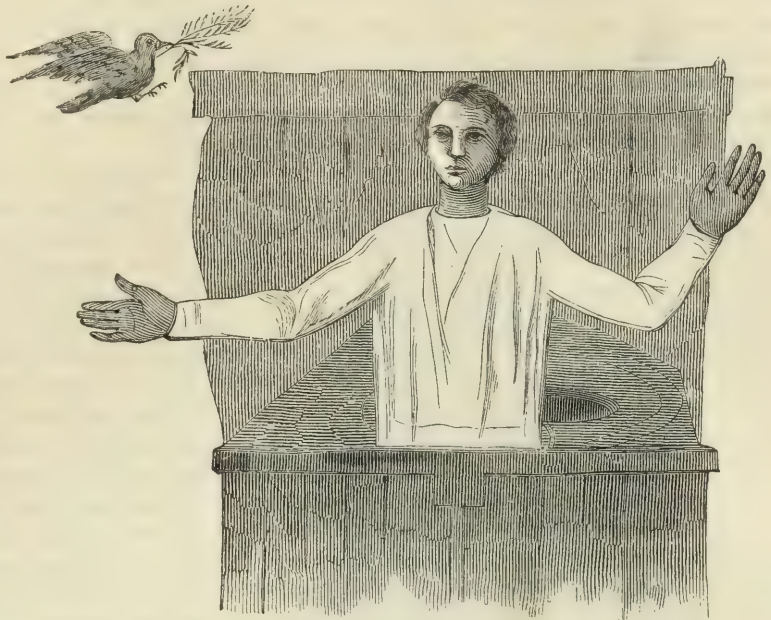
'..... fortitur occupa
Portum.'

"The ship belongs to the same class, and is still the symbol of the church. *La navicella di San Pietro*—The bark of St. Peter—is one of our current expressions, and the rudest peasant will interpret this symbol for you as easily as the profoundest antiquarian. We find it on tablets and rings. Clement, of Alexandria, speaks of certain signet rings with 'a heaven-bound ship' upon them—*ναῦς οὐρανοδοραμούσα*. In some of them the symbols are very complicated, but generally it is perfectly simple; a ship more or less accurately drawn, and with a cross for its mast."

"Does not this symbolism extend to painting and sculpture?" asks Cole.

"Yes; as, for example, in the painting from the catacombs of St. Calixtus, in which our Saviour is represented as a lamb standing upon a rock, or perhaps a mountain. From the base of the rock four streams issue like four cataracts, and within a circle that surrounds the lamb's head are the monogram of the XP, with an *a* and *ω*. The rock is supposed to be the rock of paradise, and the four streams the four evangelists.

"But what strikes you most in the art of the catacombs, is the general absence of painful elements. The subjects are drawn chiefly from the Old and New Testament, and more especially from the life of Christ. The sacrifice of Abraham is a favorite subject, which reappears in different places, but mostly with the same types. Noah, too, supplies the pious artist with the means of adorning a great many chapels, but almost always in the same way—a man in a sort of open tub, and a dove with an olive branch. The trial of the fiery furnace, Jonah and the whale, Moses striking the rock, Daniel



NOAH IN THE ARK.

and the lions, and various other passages of sacred history are repeated again and again, but always in a way that does more credit to the artist's piety than to his skill.

"Some of the most singular, if not the most pleasing of these pictures, represent the miracles or other passages in the life of Christ. The raising of Lazarus is one, the miracle of the loaves and fishes another; neither of them very successful in invention, for in the miracle of the loaves and fishes the artist not knowing how to bring in Christ and the Apostles, has contented himself with a group of men kneeling, as if the miraculous supply had just been consumed, while the fragments are piled up in seven baskets in the foreground. The most common emblem under which Christ appears, is that of the 'Good Shepherd.'

He is generally represented by the figure of a youth in shepherd's clothing, standing in the midst of his sheep, with one of them upon his shoulder. In some of these, though we find the same monotony and poverty of invention to complain of, the general effect is very pleasing, and the figure of Christ often happily conceived.

"But we must remember that though art was sometimes resort-



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

ed to by the Christians as a means of embellishment, they never looked to it for their chief pleasures as the pagans did. Indeed, they were necessarily cut off from the great school of Greece, whose mythological subjects were loathsome and revolting to them.* It



HEAD OF THE SAVIOUR.

was not till after the days of persecution were past that they could openly address themselves

to the task of adorning their sanctuaries with choice sculptures and paintings; and then, alas, the progress of decay had been too great to afford the Christian school any chance of competing with the bright ages that were gone.

"One thing, however, to which all writers, and the works themselves bear witness, is the gentle and soothing spirit which pervades it. It is eminently the school of love, the school of pure thoughts, ennobling suggestions, and elevating impulses. The atmosphere that you breathe there has a freshness and purity in it which it would be in vain to seek in the palmiest days of pagan art. Artistically you may be dissatisfied, and even annoyed; but still, if you have any of the Christian's spirit within you, you will go back and look, and look again, till your fancy pictures to you the unlettered believer struggling with his conceptions, and striving to convey to the stone or roughly plastered wall, some part of that love and devotion that glow in his heart. And then you will feel with him, and these rude lines will swell out into soft and graceful proportions, and the half-formed features will beam with the light of the soul, and you will learn to number among your happiest days the day in which your eyes were first opened to the real characteristics of Christian art."



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The Padre paused as though his story were ended, but we all called earnestly for the sequel to the history of the catacombs.

"It is not a very long one," said he. "The catacombs had gradually become the exclusive property of the Christians; if not formally, yet for all purposes but the mere quarrying of sand, for which the demand necessarily diminished when the troubles of the empire began. After they had become accustomed to them as places of burial and refuge, they began to resort to them for worship also, and those *agapitæ*, or

feasts of love, which were so incomprehensible to the pagans. Soon we find in the edicts special clauses expressly forbidding them to collect together in their 'cemeteries,' or even to visit them. And here we may remark that the name of *arenarii* was rapidly changing into that of cemeteries, though we do not meet with that of catacombs till many years later; and as cemeteries they were regarded as belonging solely to the Christians. The wealthy Romans still loved the costly monuments of the Appian Way, and the emperors built themselves mausoleums, that their ashes might lie, like those of Egyptian kings, in piles that would defy the tooth of time. But the costliest monuments of

* Prudentius, *Περὶ στρεφάνων*, Hymn. x. v. 293, calls Mentor and Phidias,

"Fabri deorum, vel parentes numinum."

the Appian were destroyed centuries ago; rope-dancers and mountebanks play their antics over the ashes of Augustus, and the frescoed cell of Hadrian re-echoes with the wailings of guilt and despair. While here, around the bones of the humble and persecuted Christian, the children of a land unknown to Rome, come, as you have done to-day, to unite with the children of the soil in tributes of gratitude and veneration.

"At last the persecutions ceased. Constantine came with privileges and favors, and the great offices of the empire passed into the hands of the Christians. They could now build their churches above ground, and celebrate the ceremonies of religion openly. The foundations of great edifices, consecrated to the service of the true God, were laid; and the whole city began gradually to assume a new aspect. Not that the inhabitants willingly renounced their idols, or abstained from the pollution of pagan rites. Long and obstinately did many still cling to their national and household gods, vainly trusting that the day of their dominion would again return. History, and what they called religion, had become so strangely blended in their minds, that they scarcely knew how to tear Romulus from his shrine without blotting the name of their founder from their annals. They loved, too, the bloody arena, with its combats of men and wild beasts, and the brilliant festivals which brought a grateful release from labor, or interwove a pleasing variety into the dull monotony of common life.

"Thus while the empire accepted Christianity, and the followers of Christ were free to profess their faith openly, they were still surrounded by secret or avowed enemies, who would willingly have renewed the persecution if they could have found an emperor of their own. The immediate bearing of this upon the catacombs you can easily conceive. They were no longer resorted to as the only places which Christians could worship in with safety, but held rather as sacred spots, which helped to keep alive the pure spirit of devotion. It was still good to meet together in them on the anniversaries of the martyrs whose bones they held, and renew at these graves the vows of penitence and renunciation with which they had turned away from the world. These graves gradually became like shrines, which they adorned with marbles and paintings and rich offerings. Then it was that the decorations of the catacombs assumed that form which has supplied such abundant materials for our museums and galleries. The chapels were enlarged and painted, and furnished with every thing that was necessary for celebrating the sacred rites worthily. The tombs were carefully watched, to preserve them from injury, and many of them decked with inscriptions and sculptures which the original makers must have been either too poor or too much in danger to have placed there. Churches were built over the entrances, giving convenient access to them for the devout: a circumstance which has led to the subsequent distinction of names. Thus,

those beyond the gate of St. Sebastian took their name from the church; and those in which we are, from the neighboring church of St. Agnes.

"As burial-places they were held in singular devotion. The Christian might now lay the bones of his brother in any tomb with equal safety. But he loved best these quiet resting-places, where his fathers had found refuge in the hour of danger. There was a calm and a peace here unlike the ostentatious grief of the Appian. The ashes of holy men had made the place holy, and the dim galleries, with their countless rows of dead—many of whom he or his father had known in life—were full of eloquent exhortations. He would bring hither the precious remains, and help with his own hands to compose them in their cell, and then perhaps mark out the spot where, when his pilgrimage was ended, he wished to be laid at their side.

"At a still later period a stronger feeling became blended with this, and men came to look upon burial among the saints and holy men of the day of trial, as a privilege which might extend its influence beyond the grave. It was natural for the Popes to choose it for their graves. Leo IX. was buried here, as late as the middle of the eleventh century. Honorius and Valentinian lie here; and when a new empire of the West had arisen, an emperor from beyond the Alps, the second of the Othos, came to lay his bones in the consecrated soil. Here are the graves of kings of Saxon England, and empresses, and queens, and, greatest perhaps in the long list of sovereigns, the great Countess Matilda, the friend of Hildebrand and chief benefactress of the Church.

"But the day was at hand when Rome herself was to become the scene of the infinite sufferings she had so long inflicted upon others. It is difficult to ascertain what was done with the catacombs in the different sacks of the imperial city. When Alaric took it, there was too much booty in the palaces and houses of the wealthy to leave the barbarians any pretext for disturbing the ashes of the dead. And when, forty-five years later, it fell into the hands of a ruder and fiercer conqueror, there was still enough left to load his ships with silver and gold, and statues and vases of precious workmanship. But the records of these great events are imperfect and contradictory. The chronology itself is not always to be relied upon; and when we look for the details that would interest us most, we find but scanty materials for a clear and authentic history.

"The country around the city was in the hands of the enemy, who pushed their advanced posts up to the gates. They held thus the principal entrances to the catacombs during a greater part of the siege; and Alaric, you remember, besieged Rome three different times before he finally took and sacked it. Genseric came from Ostia; but during the Gothic wars the environs were again in possession of the enemy, and when Totila retook the city, he threw down the walls, and carried the inhabitants into captiv-

ity.* We know that the monuments of the catacombs suffered more or less at different periods, but what part of the violation must be attributed to the Goths, and what to the Vandals, and what, alas! to Romans themselves, we have no means of deciding.

"It does not appear that in either siege the inhabitants took refuge here, though it would be natural to suppose that, with so many means of entering them from within the city, and with such certainty of finding in them a sure asylum, they would have fixed upon them as one of the first rallying points in their flight from the conqueror. My own conclusion from this would be that, during the preceding century, the Christians, ceasing to frequent them as they had done in earlier times, had gradually lost their knowledge of the more intricate passages, although certain parts were still used for burial and religious festivals. We know that as late as 352, Pope Liberius took refuge in these very catacombs of St. Agnes during the Arian persecution. But the interior recesses, which had been regarded as the surest asylum when the knowledge of their intricacies were still fresh in the minds of hundreds who had worked and lived in them, would soon become as inaccessible, or rather as difficult of access, to a new generation as they are to us.

"A long period follows, during which our knowledge of all historical events is so imperfect that we can not wonder at finding ourselves very ignorant of the history of the catacombs. Chroniclers who dispatch entire reigns in a sentence, and compress the history of a siege into *capta est urbs*, can hardly be blamed for passing over a great many things which a more curious age would gladly know in detail. There are blanks of many years in the authentic history of Italy herself.

"Then comes the period of storm again—that turbulent and destructive age which converted the Coliseum into a fortress, and set battlements upon the beautiful masonry of the tomb of Cæcilia Metella; when Virgil was spoken of as a great magician, and the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, attributed sometimes to Constantine, and sometimes to a mysterious soldier, of gigantic frame, who had freed Rome from the hand of the barbarians by the help of an owl.

"In the wars of the Roman nobles the catacombs were often used as hiding-places in danger, and safe spots for conspirators to meet in, and plot their inroads and surprises. Sometimes opposite factions met unexpectedly in those labyrinths, and the fierce war-cry rang wildly through the arches, startling, you would almost say, the very bones of the dead. But no general conflict could ever have taken place where the falling of a lamp might plunge both parties in total darkness. It is natural to suppose that the chapels, and even the more orna-

mented tombs, suffered more or less at the hands of these rude men. The slabs that are found in different parts of the city, and which evidently once belonged to the catacombs, show that veneration for the dead was an insufficient protection against cupidity and violence. But here again we are at a loss for authentic details, and the general history is evident enough to every one who has ever walked around the walls of Rome, or carefully observed the buildings of the middle ages.

"During all this time the catacombs were visited by pilgrims, and occasionally used, as I have already said, for burial. The pilgrims to Rome (Romei—Romipeti) were the most numerous of all that numerous class. They came from all parts of Christendom, some as a voluntary act of devotion, some as an atonement for great crimes, and some perhaps, led hither by a roving and restless spirit. Occasionally they were attacked by robbers, and sometimes even murdered. But the feeling that moved them was too strong a one to be checked by personal danger, and they continued to flock hither in considerable numbers throughout the whole course of the middle ages. It was for their use that the 'Mirabilia' and other guide-books were written, which, with all their imperfections, are invaluable to the topographical archæologist.

"Most of them visited some parts of the catacombs to pray or carry an offering to the tomb of some particular saint; but their devotion would seldom lead them far into the depths of the labyrinth. Some of them even wrote their names on the walls as a record of their visit, and if you are curious about these things, you will find the list in Agincourt. The period of study and research began with Bosio, who devoted thirty years to the subject, or rather passed thirty years of his life under ground, and died at last, before he could enjoy the satisfaction of giving the fruit of his labors to the world. You know the volume, that compact and solid quarto, with its drawings and inscriptions, and a typography that would have driven Bodoni mad. He must have been a rare lover of curious details that Bosio, and a most persevering fellow too. Some of his explorations, lamp in hand, crawling along on his knees through passages blocked up with dirt and mortar, and leading he knew not whither, are as adventurous as a search for the northwest passage. And then, if he came out at last upon a new inscription, or found wherewith to confirm some previous conjecture, he felt himself richly repaid for his toil and danger. His *Roma Sotterranea*, and the translation and enlargement of it by Arringhi, will always be the starting-point for a thorough study of the catacombs."

"And how far may we rely," I asked, "on the stories that are told of men being lost in their attempts to explore them."

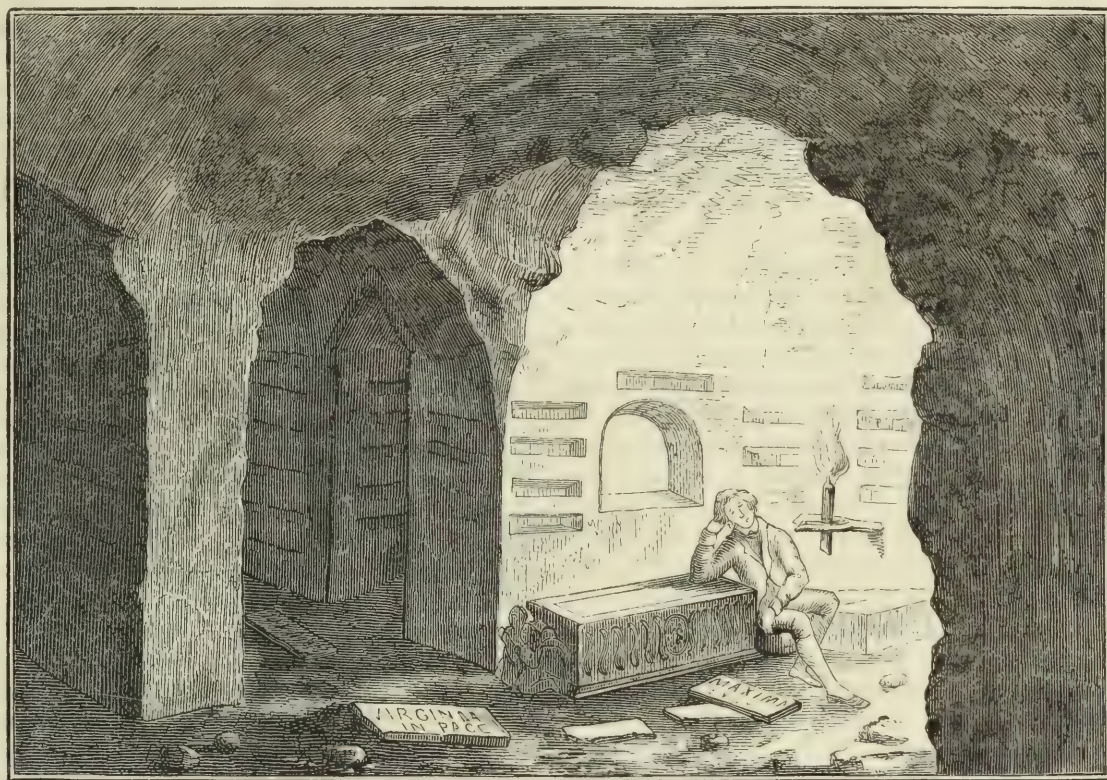
"Many of them are true," said he. "Delille has wrought up that of the French artist into a thrilling description."

"I have never seen it," said Cole.

* "Post quam devastationem," says the chronicler of these sad events; "xl. aut amplius dies, Roma fuit ita desolata, ut nemo ibi hominum, nisi bestie morarentur." —MARCELLIN. in *Chron.*, p. 54.

"I can not pretend to give you Delille's words," replied the Father, "but in simple prose the story runs thus: Sometime in the last century a young artist, inspired by the enthusiasm of his profession and his age, undertook to explore the catacombs from one of the entrances in the Campagna, with nothing but a torch and a thread for his guide. As he wandered on through gallery and passage, pausing from time to time to decipher an inscription or sketch a monument, he gradually became so absorbed in

his study that the thread slipped from his hand, and he had already gone some distance before he perceived his loss. Immediately he turned back and tried to retrace his steps. But how should he distinguish amidst the passages that opened on every side the one which had brought him there. He had gone but a few steps when his taper began to fade, and in a few minutes went out. He was standing before an open grave, and the last object that met his eye was the outstretched skeleton. All was darkness



THE ARTIST IN THE CATACOMBS.

and silence. Advance he dared not, for there were pits and openings in the path like those we have seen so many of this morning. And then what had he to gain by plunging deeper into the hopeless labyrinth? He thought he heard a sound, and listened. But all was still. He shouted, and his voice rang through the vaults with a lugubrious knell that chilled his soul. Should he lie down by these bones and die? Should he rush blindly forward and meet a quicker death? Oh, for a ray of the sunlight that was shining so brightly above; only a few feet, perhaps ten or twelve feet, and there were the green grass, and the pure heavens, and the sweet light! And now all his life came back to him, as they say it does to drowning men; all, all, with its evil deeds, and its vain thoughts, and its idle hours, and talent misapplied, and fond hearts wantonly wounded; all, all came back fearfully magnified, knocking awfully at his soul as he stood alone where none but God could see him. And so young, and with such hopes, to die this lingering death! But a few hours ago he had set forth so cheerfully to his day's work, and now—He could bear it no longer. His brain whirled, his breath came

thick and painfully, his limbs trembled, and he sank hopeless upon the ground. But as he sank, his hands touched something there unlike the cold earth. Can he believe it? He draws it cautiously toward him, raises it from the ground—it is his thread! Slowly now and watchfully, step by step, clinging fast to the precious ball, feeling his way with hands and feet, lest a mistep should precipitate him into some helpless pit, he winds his course back toward the entrance; and oh, how kindly did the stars look upon him—for day was long past—and how sweet was the air that came laden with the scents and sounds of life!"

"And is the story of the collegians true also?"

"Too true. There were sixteen of them in all, and they went in as a holiday's excursion. It was several hours before any alarm was excited, and then men set out to look for them. I fear they did not do as much as they might have done; but still I know the difficulties of these labyrinths too well to cast my reproaches heedlessly. All that we can say is, that the poor collegians were never heard of again."

The Padre rose as he spoke and returned to the gallery. We continued our walk nearly

two hours longer, sometimes in the first, sometimes in the second tier, and then for a while still deeper in the bowels of the earth. At last, weary almost with our sensations, and silent as the graves around us, we turned upon our steps and ascended to the day.

"There are the mountains again!" cried Cole. "From their stern heights they have looked down upon Roman, and Goth, and mediæval knight, and still they stand there the same calm emblems of duration!"

And still they stand there in the glorious sunlight, or pointing upward to the stars, as when we stood and gazed upon them together. But thou, friend and companion of happiest hours, from whose sweet converse I drew hopes and thoughts that make life a double blessing, how can I think of them without remembering thee! Years have past since last we met, years checkered with life's strange vicissitudes, and thou hast long been sleeping in an untimely grave. And when, a few weeks ago, I sat in the chair where thou didst love to sit, and gazed upon the last touches of thy pencil, and then went forth to the hillside to look upon thy grave, the memory of the hours we had passed together in the homes of the dead came back to me like a dream of yesterday. The awful veil that shuts out the living from the knowledge of all beyond the boundaries of life has been rent, and the mystery of the grave is no longer a mystery for thee. Thou hast stood side by side with those whose bones we touched in veneration and awe, and made thy home with their glorified spirits around the throne of the Almighty. For in heart thou wast of them even here, and the path by which thou walkedst on earth was like that of thine own Pilgrim, the steep and difficult path of the Cross. Peace to thy remains! Peace to the sweet spot where they lie! Other mountains—thine own dear Catskills—look fondly upon thy slumbers from their calm and majestic heights. The stream thou lovedst flows near; and hard by, with its pine groves and shady bowers, stands the home of thy affections. And thy gentle spirit pervades them all, shedding over the landscape the hallowed influences of purifying thought, and making that modest tomb on the hillside a shrine for every sincere admirer of the beautiful and the true.

DARIEN EXPLORING EXPEDITION,* UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUT. ISAAC C. STRAIN.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE following is a narrative of the proceedings of the main body of the Expedition, from a Journal kept by Mr. Kettlewell, under the supervision of Passed-Midshipman Truxton, actually in command of the party:

On the morning of the 13th, after Lieutenant Strain, with his party of three, had left, the main body, under charge of Mr. Truxton, also took up its march, and slowly followed down the stream.

The feeble seemed more lively, as the marching was good along the banks of the river and through the forest, and early in the day they thought they would make a longer journey than had been accomplished for some time. But this crooked river so doubled upon itself that they frequently retraced their steps. For instance, if the stream was running west, it would take a turn in the almost level forest and come back for miles to the east. Returning on this, the party would often get a glimpse of the river a little way off in the wood, and supposing it was farther down, cross over, and at length discover they had struck it up-stream.

Depressed in spirits, the weak and sick were soon unable to advance; and after making some two miles, they were forced to go into camp on a high bank where water was obtained with difficulty. It being still early in the afternoon, Truxton and Maury went ahead to clear a path for the next day's march through the undergrowth, where every step had to be cut with the macheta. The only food which they had was a very inferior species of nuts. During the night Vermilyea (one of the best men) suffered very much from acute pain.

On the following morning, the party left camp 25 at a quarter-past nine. The trail cut on the preceding evening was through a dense jungle, which was thickly festooned with vines, crossing and recrossing in every direction, and filled with thorns and prickles. After cutting and forcing their way in this manner for nearly a mile, they found that the edge of the stream beneath them furnished better walking; and catching hold of the vines, they slid down one by one to the beach. Here Mr. Castilla threw away his carbine, declaring he could not carry it any further. The journal says, "The necessity for the advance of Captain Strain becomes the more evident as we proceed, and is displayed in the frequent breaking down of the men, the slowness and constant halts during the march, and the increasing suffering, attributable to our diet of acid nuts, the fibres of which, remaining undigested, produce painful effects."

On the river bank, about two miles from the last camp, they found some palmetto and some nuts, which were divided among the party. Mr. Truxton shot an iguana, which was given to the sick and feeble, and an hour granted them to recruit. A handsome scarlet-blossomed tree relieved the eye from the sameness of the ordinary forest growth.

At four o'clock they went into their 26th camp, and made a scanty supper on "pulsely" and nuts.

The next morning they left camp at half past eight, and on climbing the river bank started a fawn, which, however, disappeared in the wood as an unsuccessful shot was fired, carrying the very hearts of the hungry travelers with him. After advancing about a mile and a quarter, Lombard became very faint, and compelled them to halt. While awaiting his recovery, they cut down some acid nuts, which by roast-

* Continued from the March Number.

ing they made out to eat. A little later, Mr. Truxton shot a crane in a wet ravine. During the day heavy reports were frequently heard of falling trees, which sounded like distant guns; and every time the deep echo rolled away, the men would look at each other and exclaim—"The Captain must be through, and is firing guns on board the British ship for us." The river became wider and deeper as they advanced, and the current slower.

Soon after, Harrison, one of their best men, broke completely down, and they were compelled to encamp, after having made less than five miles from their last resting-place. These were short marches; but this fact, at the time, caused but little uneasiness, as they supposed Strain was making long ones.

A slight shower fell toward morning, and a little before ten o'clock, Mr. Castilla breaking down, they halted; and while waiting for him to recover, cut down some palmetto and nut trees. Mr. Castilla getting no better, declared he could march no farther, and so they went into their 28th camp, not having made more than a mile and a quarter. He always broke down when they came to any food. In this case, however, it was fortunate, otherwise they would have passed a note written by Captain Strain, which was found near the bank. The party at the time were a little back from the river, and Truxton, speaking to Maury, said, "Jack, push in and find the river." In doing so, the latter came upon this note stuck in a split stick. He immediately called out, "*Here's a note from Strain!*" They all rushed together, when Truxton read it aloud. The following was the note:

"DEAR TRUXTON—We encamped here the night we left you (Monday night). Look out for a supply of palm-nuts, as they appear to grow scarce as we descend. We are off at once, and hope to make a very long march to-day. This river appears to me more and more like the 'Iglesias,' and I have strong hopes of popping out suddenly in Darien Harbor. You may rely on immediate assistance, as I will not lose one moment.

"Your friend, I. C. S."

After the reading, Truxton called for three cheers, and "*Hurra! hurra! hurra!*" rang in excited accents through the wilderness. "Now, my lads," said Truxton, "You see how far the Captain has got ahead; he'll be back in a few days." This cheered up the spirits of all the party, and especially the sick, who now felt that the probabilities of assistance from below were very strong. Owing to the debility of Mr. Castilla and the inflamed condition of Holmes's foot, they did not attempt to march the next day, and subsisted solely on palmetto, "pulsely," and palm-nuts.

The third day poor Holmes could not lift his swollen foot from the ground, and the order to march was not given.

The men lay scattered around on the ground,

with the exception of a few who went out hunting. Harwood shot a turkey, Harrison and Mr. Maury each a hen buzzard, while Mr. Maury brought in some palmetto. The men then gathered round the fire, and began to pluck the buzzards and turkey. The entrails were given as an extra allowance to the shooters.

The next day was Sunday, and owing to the debility of Mr. Castilla and continued illness of Holmes, no attempt was made to advance, and early in the morning Harrison went out to hunt.

The men lay under the trees listening; and as each report echoed through the woods would exclaim, with the eagerness and delight of starving men, "*There's something!*" The spot where they were now encamped was a little tongue of land, running out into the river, overshadowed by trees, and presented, with its location and surroundings, a most picturesque aspect. Truxton lay on his back, pondering the condition and prospects of his party, when Harrison returned with his haversack loaded down. Looking up, he said to the latter, "What have you killed?" "The devil," replied Harrison; and pulling out an animal weighing some eighteen pounds, he threw it down, exclaiming, "Tell me what *that* is, *if you please.*" "A wild hog," replied Truxton. This windfall filled the men with high spirits, and they fell to cutting up the animal. Truxton took the liver for himself, and soon all hands were gathered round their fires, toasting each his piece of wild hog on a stick. By the time the meat was done the bristles had all disappeared. This was a good substantial meal, and proved very opportune; as the men, covered with boils and suffering from hunger, had become very desponding. They named the place "*Hospital Camp,*" from the number of sick in it. No one thought of marching, for Holmes could not move unless he was carried, and the party was too weak to do that. They had only, therefore, to wait till death should relieve him from his sufferings. The next day the hunters got only two buzzards and some palmetto, which were divided among the fourteen and soon consumed. About sunset a heavy report came booming through the forest, electrifying the men into life. "*There's a gun! there's a gun from the Virago!*" was shouted by one and another. "The Captain's safe, and will be here in a day or two." The British steamer *Virago* was known to be in Darien Harbor, waiting to give assistance to any of the parties that might need it on the Isthmus, and they supposed that Strain was on board and fired a cannon to let them know of his safe arrival. The cheering announcement was like life to the dead; but like many other suddenly excited hopes, this one also was doomed to bitter disappointment. What was taken for the report of a cannon proved to be the heavy crash of a falling tree—falling without wind or ax, eaten down by the slowly corroding tooth of decay. The next day two hen buzzards and a little palmetto, "pulsely," and nuts were all they had to subsist

on. Even the buzzards gave out the day following. They were revived, however, by the sound of what appeared to be the report of three heavy guns. The night, however, wore away in silence, but at daybreak another report was heard, kindling hope only to deepen despair. Parties went out hunting during the day, but were unsuccessful in obtaining game, so they were obliged to subsist upon nuts and palmetto this day also.

Says the journal: "*Thursday, February 23.* Holmes still unable to walk. Harrison had a chance at a piccary, but unfortunately his cap missed. About 5.30 all in both camps simultaneously exclaimed, 'A heavy gun from S.W.' At sunset, Harrison shot a small animal called a 'coingo' by the natives, although it bears no resemblance whatever to a rabbit. 'It was very small, with flat ears, nose and teeth squirrel-like, color gray, long-backed, short-tailed, and with four claws on its fore-feet and three on its hind-feet; its weight was about ten pounds.' Harrison slept out in a ravine during the night to watch for game, but obtained nothing.

"*Friday, February 24.* Holmes's foot still very sore, and Mr. Polanco suffering from a swollen leg. No food but nuts and palmetto."

During these days of darkness and famine, rendered still worse by the want of occupation, thus giving them time to reflect on their forlorn condition, the two young officers, Truxton and Maury, as soon as the camp got quiet, would crawl away into the bushes, and discuss, in a low tone, their prospects, and the probable fate of Strain. The journal continues:

"*Saturday, February 25.* Mr. Maury and Harrison out hunting early in the morning, but returned unsuccessful. Holmes somewhat better, and hopes to be able to march to-morrow.

"*Sunday, February 26.* Holmes pronouncing himself better, the party moved on about half a mile, which was as far as he could walk. Although the distance attained was small, an object was gained in removing the party from a camp which had been so long occupied. During the march we cut some nut and palmetto trees. Our new camp, which was in the wood near the river, was named *Hospital Camp*, No. 2, owing to continued sickness and debility in the party, and we were now below the rapid, the noise of which would have intercepted the sound of guns, which we still hoped to hear from Darien Harbor." The effort of Holmes to walk was so painful and difficult, that when Truxton had made the half mile the former had moved but a few rods, while the debilitated party was strung along the whole distance. Holmes soon gave out, and the report of his condition passed along the line. Truxton lay down, declaring he would not go back, and so Holmes hobbled and was lifted along, and the new camp cleared away. The day was a sad one—no meat, and but a few nuts.

The next day Holmes was very ill. At nine in the evening they again fancied they heard a sharp gun-report, not the booming sound

of a heavy cannon, and they were cheered with the hope that the Captain fired on his way up the river. They talked it over a long time by the flickering fires, but at last lay down in gloomy disappointment.

When Mr. Kettlewell went to the men's camp on this morning to see Holmes, he was informed that the Granadian commissioners had been attempting to induce some of the party to leave the officers and return with them to the *Cyane*. The men generally appeared to be discouraged; some doubtful of Captain Strain's return, others whether this river entered at all into Darien Harbor. Mr. Truxton remonstrated strongly with Mr. Castilla for tampering with the men. The latter denied the accusation, but promised Mr. Truxton any amount of money if he would only return.

Mr. Maury shot a hawk, which was given to Holmes, who, without more animal food, it was apparent could not long survive, as he was totally prostrated, and continued so all the day. Taciturn, and apparently resigned, he said but little, but lay stretched, a mere skeleton, on the ground, from which it was evident he would never arise. Says the journal:

"*Thursday, March 2.* Mr. Maury, and a party who went out to hunt this morning, returned with some palmetto and a turkey, which, though when divided it gave each one but a small portion, somewhat revived them. Some small, round black berries, resembling chincapins, were found and eaten. They were few in number, and proved to be a purgative, for which some of the party afterward used them, to counteract the effects of the acid nuts.

"A singular species of worms, called by the natives '*Gusano del Monte*'—Worm of the Woods, was found under the surface of the skin, and covered over like a blind boil. As to the manner in which it was deposited no information could ever be obtained; but it appeared to grow rapidly, in some subsequent cases attaining the length of one inch, and was extremely painful, especially when in motion.

"The party subsequently suffered very much from these worms, and, in some cases, were obliged to have them cut out by the surgeon after the journey had terminated."

"*Friday, March 3.* Early this morning Lombard, Parks, and Johnson left the camp without permission; and it being discovered that they had taken their blankets and cooking-utensils, it was supposed that they intended to desert, and attempt, by following up the river, to regain the *Cyane*. Previous to this Lombard and Parks would, every day, go a short distance into the woods and pray—the burden of their prayer being the return of Strain. After prayer they remained to talk matters over, and finally matured a plan to hide away till Holmes died and the party left, and then return and dig up the corpse, and filling their haversacks with the flesh, start for the Atlantic coast. But after an absence of some two or three hours, and losing their way, and getting fright-



LOMBARD AND PARKS AT PRAYER.

ened, they commenced firing signals. Truxton, however, forbade his men to return the fire, and for a long time left them to wander about. Sometimes they would come close to the camp, and he could hear them talk, but the thick brushwood concealed the party. At last he ordered the signals to be returned, and they came into camp alarmed beyond measure, and most penitent. Parks confessed that Lombard, who at various times during their distressed condition had shown symptoms of alienation of mind, and himself had formed the diabolical plan mentioned above.

"Nothing can give a more vivid conception of the forlorn condition of the party than this horrible proposition; and both of those who entertained it afterward expiated most fearfully their intended outrage against military discipline and against human nature." But it must be remembered that men grow mad with famine. During the day they found a dead iguana half eaten up by flies and worms; on this they fell like wolves, and devoured it raw. Three eggs were found inside, over which some of the men quarreled.

Holmes was very low to-day, and scarcely able to articulate. Mr. Maury went out to hunt, and returned with some of the best nuts which had been for a long time seen in camp. The journal adds: "We can not surmise what has become of Captain Strain, now absent nineteen days. Nuts, palmetto, and game become daily more scarce."

On Saturday, Holmes sent for Mr. Truxton at an early hour, and, though his speech was

already indistinct, he expressed hopes that he might recover. He confessed that his name was fictitious, and that he formerly belonged to the marine corps. He was the one who had made a fife out of bamboo, and in the early part of the expedition used to make the company merry with its music.

About eleven o'clock a loud call from the men's camp of "Mr. Truxton! Mr. Truxton!" carried all over to see Holmes breathing his last. It is inserted in the journal: "After death he presented, even to our debilitated party, a most emaciated appearance; while his left foot, which had been pierced by a thorn many weeks before, was in a condition which threatened decomposition, if it had not already taken place." Allusion has been made, in a previous part of this narrative, to his having lost his boot while attempting to obtain an iguana, which had been shot on the opposite side of the river. Through the moccasin with which his boot had been replaced he was pierced by a thorn, and being in a high degree of a scrofulous habit, the puncture never healed, and the disease which it produced, added to bad diet, no doubt produced his death.

It was thought best to bury him immediately; but they had great difficulty in digging the grave, as they had no implements but an ax, hatchet, and their knives. Mr. Maury, assisted by Corporal O'Kelly, succeeded at length in scooping out with a knife a grave about twelve inches deep, and, at sunset, all who were in camp attended the body to its last resting-place.

Truxton, deeply moved, offered up an extemporaneous prayer, and then the attenuated corpse, with the musket which he had carried so long placed beside it, was deposited in the shallow opening, and the dirt flung back with the hand. The whole party were seriously and deeply impressed with the solemn scene, and turned from the grave to talk of Captain Strain, and to wonder at his long absence. The journal adds:

"*Sunday, March 5.* We have now been waiting twenty-one days for Lieutenant Strain's return, and the party seems generally impressed with the idea that something has happened to prevent it, as he expected to be back in four or five days. The conclusion forces itself upon us, that if he, with three strong men, could not reach the settlements in twenty-one days, that our dispirited, debilitated, and suffering party of sixteen could never get through. A council of the officers was therefore held, and it was determined to return to the ship."

This was a painful determination to take, for Truxton's express orders were to keep down the stream till met by Strain with boats and relief. But that order was based on the certainty of the latter reaching the Pacific. His return with boats would occupy but a few days, and it did not seem possible, if he were alive, that so long a time could have elapsed without relief being sent, even if he himself were not able to accompany it. For twenty-one days those seventeen men had lain there in the wilderness, gradually wasting away with famine

and now death had come to claim the first victim. Day after day, and night after night they had waited, and watched, and listened, now cheered by the apparent report of a distant gun, which they believed their commander had fired in Darien Harbor, to tell them he was through, and to bid them be of good courage, for help was at hand, and again quickened into sudden joy as they thought they heard the nearer sound of his carbine, till hope had given way to settled gloom. The silent forest still shut them in, the sullen echo of its falling trees only making them more desolate, by reminding them of the cannon of their own ship, whose roar for so long a time had made the sunset welcome. To the oft repeated question, "Where is Captain Strain?" had now succeeded the melancholy response—"He is dead!" To push on was madness, for all said if Strain with three strong men could not get through in twenty-one days, they, encumbered with the sick and feeble, could never get through. It had taken them, when much stronger, three days to reach his first encampment after he left them. Whether he had perished with famine, or been devoured by wild beasts, or slain by Indians, could only be conjectured. It was simply evident that no safety lay in that direction. To stay where they were, around the grave of their partially covered comrade, was also certain death, for game could no longer be found, while the nuts and palmetto were every day becoming more scarce. Besides, the long rainy season was fast approaching, when marching in any direction would be im-



possible. The return seemed equally hopeless, for if when starting fresh with ten days' provisions on hand they had encountered such suffering and want in reaching the spot they then occupied, how could it be possible to retrace their steps in their present enfeebled condition? The only gleam of hope remaining to them was that they might reach the plantain and banana fields they had left far up the river, and there recruit. Still, Strain had left no conditions with his orders, so certain did he feel of getting through; and if he should yet return and find his command gone, and trace them up by their dead bodies scattered along through the forest, Truxton felt that heavy blame might attach to him. On the other hand, should Strain never return, he might be blamed for not assuming more responsibility. It was a most trying position in which the young commander found himself, and long and painfully he revolved it. "Oh, for light to direct me!" was his constant prayer. Of himself he scarcely thought. If his death could purchase the safety of those intrusted to his care, the sacrifice would be cheerfully made. Could he only see clearly what was duty, his chief anxiety would be over. But turn which way he might, not a ray of light visited him. Thrown back upon himself, he was compelled to rely on his own judgment and that of his brother officers. Lieutenant Maury, who looked at all these grim dangers with a cool and steady gaze, and met them with an iron will and unshaken courage, also felt that sound reason counseled the attempt to return. Besides, the other officers and the men, and Granadian commissioners, pleaded earnestly for it. He therefore determined, now Holmes was dead, to commence his backward march immediately. Before leaving, however, he wrote the following letter, in case Strain returned, and placed it in a detonating cap-pouch, which he hung on a cross erected over Holme's grave:

"March 5, 1854, No. 2 Hospital Camp.

"DEAR STRAIN—This is Holmes's grave. He died yesterday, March 4, partly from disease and partly from starvation. The rapidly failing strength of my party, combined with the earnest solicitation of the officers and men, and your long-continued absence, have induced me to turn back to the ship. If you can come up with provisions soon, for God's sake try to overtake us, for we are nearly starving. I have, however, no doubt of reaching the plantain patches if the party be able to hold out on slow marches, and reaching them, I intend to recruit. Since you left I have been detained in camp eighteen days by the sickness of Holmes and the Spaniards.

"I trust I am right in going back, and that when you know all more fully, you will approve of my conduct in the course, the more particularly as even the palm-nuts and palmetto are no longer sufficiently abundant as we advance for our sustenance, and as I am now convinced that something most serious has happened to yourself and party to prevent your return to us.

After long and serious deliberation with the officers, I have come to the conclusion that the only means of securing the safety of the party, of saving the lives of several, if not all, is at once to return in the way and to the place of provisions.

"With the kindest remembrances and best wishes of the party for your safe return to the *Cyane*, and a happy meeting aboard, I am, yours truly,

W. T. TRUXTON.

"To Captain I. C. Strain, U.S.N.,
"In Charge of the Isthmus Darien Party, etc."



HOLMES'S GRAVE.

Harrison, Harwood, and Vermilyea, who had been out all day hunting, returned in the afternoon, and reported that Parks had left them at daybreak with a supply of palmetto for the party. He had, however, not arrived in camp, and from his continued absence they concluded that he had lost his way or deserted. Many signals were made from camp for him, and a council held to consider whether to remain longer or proceed the next day. The latter course was determined upon in consideration of the dearth of provisions and general and increasing weakness of the party.

The next morning, March 6, Lombard's whistle piped the exciting strain, "*Up anchor for home!*" the one always used when the order to return is given by the commander of a ship. To its stirring notes the seamen tread round the capstan with a will; and on no other occasion does the heavy anchor lift from its muddy bed with such a swift and steady pull as then. So now, gathering up their empty haversacks and rolling up their blankets, and flinging aside useless pistols and muskets, they soon stood

ready to march. This was the last time poor Lombard's whistle roused up the famished wanderers, or woke the echoes of the forest with its music. They felt sad on leaving Parks wandering about alone in the forest; but the prospect of return quickened every heart, and in *two hours* they made a distance which it had taken them three days to accomplish in their downward march. Here, at "Indian Camp," as they had previously named it, they halted, and breakfasted on some nuts. They remained here for three hours and a half, firing signals for Parks. A council was then called, to determine what course to pursue, when it was unanimously decided that the welfare of the whole required them to leave him to his fate; and about mid-day they recommenced their march. Mr. Maury, a little after, shot a marmoset, which being divided into four parts, was given to the weakest, and soon after some large red nuts were discovered; "*Providence,*" says the journal at this point, "*smiling graciously on our return.*"

Mr. Polanco was all day very feeble, and delayed the party very much, which, though weak, was enlivened by the idea of progress, after lying so long idle in camp. Formerly the order "Halt," passed down the line, was heard with pleasure; but it now seemed to take so many hours from the time that should intervene between them and a bountiful supply of food. Having accomplished some seven or eight miles, they encamped on the river, a short distance above the twenty-seventh camp of their downward progress. This was No. 1 Return Camp, and marked the longest march that was made while ascending the river.

The next morning, at a little after six, breakfastless, and with no food in prospect, they started cheerfully off, cutting their way as they went. Mr. Maury, the chief hunter of the party, shot a hawk during the forenoon, and cut down some nut trees, which afforded a slight breakfast. At two o'clock Mr. Polanco was suddenly seized with fainting and cold extremities, while his eyes became glassy and fixed. His illness from this time continued to delay the return very much. His prostration increasing hourly, he was assisted along by the sailors during the afternoon, and with much difficulty the party reached the second return camp, which was about one mile below the twenty-sixth on the downward march.

It is entered in the journal: "*Wednesday, March 8. Left camp at 6.30 A.M., proceeding slowly, in consequence of Mr. Polanco's continued illness. During the morning march some acid nuts were obtained; and, after many delays, the camp was reached at which the advance party had separated from the main body.*"

"At 1.30, with gloomy anticipations, we left the parting camp. Miller was permitted to throw away his carbine, owing to his inability to carry it. Mr. Polanco again failed after leaving this camp, and delayed the party a long time. A tree was finally met with which pro-

duced a species of the palm-nut, the covering of which resembled mangoes. As it was too large to cut down, as many as possible were obtained by firing into the clusters. Revived somewhat by this food, the party reached No. 3 Return Camp at 4.50 P.M."

It was sad to see the eagerness with which the men watched each discharge of the carbine into the tree-tops.

After suffering much annoyance from mosquitoes during the night, the party commenced their painful march at eight in the morning, but owing to the illness of the Granadians, little progress was made. "Halt, halt!" rang continually along the line, and the men lay down to wait for the commissioners. Two turkeys were seen, but neither could be obtained. Mr. Castilla being unable to proceed, a woodpecker which had been shot was given to him, which he ate raw, before the feathers were half plucked away. James (landsman) was permitted to abandon his carbine, in order to assist the two Granadians, who hourly grew worse. Overcome with fatigue, they would throw themselves on the ground and weep, bitterly mourning, in their native language, for the friends at home they were destined never to see. Their frequent fainting fits obliged the party to encamp, after repeated stoppings, at half past three.

Nearly all were very weak, and the distance marched could not be very accurately estimated, owing to the frequent halts, but was probably about three miles and a half.

The next morning the Granadians appeared very feeble, while Lombard and Harrison also suffered exceedingly; but at eight o'clock they left camp, and staggered on. Little progress, however, was made, owing to the increasing illness of Messrs. Castilla and Polanco. The traveling, too, in the early part of the day was very trying, being for the most part through a thick jungle, that flogged and tore the men as they floundered on. During the day a few acid nuts were found. Mr. Truxton used every means—persuasion, promises, fear—to induce the Granadians to move on, but Mr. Castilla still grew worse, and would not get up. A lofty tree, filled with a multitude of cranes, was discovered, and several shots were fired into it. Mr. Maury killed one and wounded another, which escaped. Encamping at four o'clock, the party feasted upon the crane (the largest bird yet killed) and some "pulsely" which was gathered near the camp. During the night there was a heavy dew, and the party were much annoyed by mosquitoes.

The next morning the men seemed somewhat improved by the animal food of the night previous, although Lombard, being rather aged, appeared to derive but little benefit from it. Harwood was permitted to throw away his injured carbine, to enable him to carry his blanket and hammock. Since the debility of the party, especially that of the Granadians, had become so great, all hands were called early every morning to prepare some "pulsely" water, acid-nut tea,

or other warm beverage, with which to sustain the stomach while marching. The delays were solely attributable to the weakness or want of energy of the Granadians, though every assistance was given them that the men could bestow. Corporal O'Kelly and M'Ginness were allowed to throw away their carbines, to assist them. Leaning heavily on the shoulders of these two men, who were scarcely able to take care of themselves, these commissioners limped slowly along. As one skeleton, with its arm thus thrown around another for support, begged for delay and still more aid, a most striking illustration was furnished of the difference in endurance and courage between the two races. But even this assistance soon ceased to be of avail; and shortly after leaving camp, Mr. Castilla fell down, apparently insensible, and remained in that state for two hours. Cold water was thrown over him, and every means used to revive him; and at length he opened his eyes. Mr. Maury, in the mean time, having shot a dove, the half of it was given to him, and eaten raw, which enabled him, after much difficulty, to reach the river, where they halted.

Just before dark, while the men lay stretched around their fires and all was quiet in camp, Truxton strolled out into the woods to see if he could obtain any nuts. He had not proceeded far when he observed something breathing in the grass. At first it looked like a negro baby lying there; then he thought it must be a wild cat. He had nothing but his knife with him, and drawing that, he crept stealthily toward the mysterious object. But before he got near enough to strike it, the animal arose, and stretching its wings flew with a heavy swinging motion across the river. It was the crane that Maury had previously wounded. Cursing his stupidity in not making a rush for the bird at once, and thus secure food for his starving men, he saw it slowly fly away, and gazed after it as a wrecked mariner strains his eye after the vanishing sails of a ship. Heretofore the officers had given all the meat to the men to enable them to march, but being compelled to do all the cutting through the jungles themselves, and soon after prepare all the camp fires, they began to feel the necessity of something more nourishing than nuts, or they too would speedily give out. So after this, when a buzzard, or lizard, or any form of animal life was obtained, they first sucked the blood themselves, and then distributed the food to the men. At this time Truxton and Maury would often go forward together to clear a path, or one to cut and the other to shoot. Lieutenant Garland then took charge of the rear-guard, and it required all the arguments of persuasion, and all the power of his authority, to keep the stragglers moving. The distant prospect of food ahead could not overcome the desire of present rest. The prospect now looked gloomy enough. Castilla was getting deranged, and had become fearfully changed. His eyes were glassy, and glared like those of a wild beast from their sunken sockets. He said but little, and when

he spoke his sepulchral cry was, "*Meat! meat! give me some meat!*" A small bird being divided between him and the junior commissioner, he devoured his portion voraciously, and then, as senior in rank, fiercely demanded of the latter his half. Among officers and men there was now but one object—*food*. One thought filled every breast, one desire animated every heart. There seemed but one object in the universe worth seeking after—*food*. The eye was open to only one class of objects, the ear to one class of sounds, some article of food and some cry of animal or bird. Wan and haggard, they looked like spectres wandering through the woods, yet no rapacity marked their conduct—at least that of the Americans. None hid their food. One sentiment of honor actuated every heart, and each divided cheerfully with the other, furnishing a striking illustration of the power of example in officers over their subordinates. Had the former claimed a larger share, or allowed suffering and famine to render them selfish, those men would have become wild beasts. Lieutenant Maury especially exhibited the noblest traits that adorn human nature; I say especially, because he was the chief hunter, and could at any time, unknown to the rest, have appropriated to himself at least some of the nuts he obtained. But that most demoralizing of all things, famine, had no power over him. Forgetting his own destitution, he hunted only for others, and his joy at success, sprung from the consciousness that he could relieve the suffering men who looked to him for food. Undismayed, composed, and resolute, he, with the other officers, moved quietly on in the path of duty, and all by their example effected more than any mere authority could ever have accomplished. When men see officers toiling for their welfare, refusing even to share equally with them, forcing on them the larger and better portion, and then each, with his meagre allowance, turn away to get more food, they will die rather than be untrue or disobedient. Such example ennobles them by keeping alive within their bosoms the sentiment of honor, and enables the soul, even amidst the extremities of human suffering, to assert its superiority to mere animal desires and physical pain.

Says the journal here: "Providentially, as we had no other means of subsistence, Mr. Truxton found the body of the crane which Mr. Maury had wounded yesterday. It had fallen on the opposite bank of the river, and ate all the better for being a little gamy." The colored man, Johnson, swam the river for it, and it was soon devoured, entrails and all. Owing to the mosquitoes and sand-flies none could sleep, and the camp resounded with the moans of the men.

The next morning was Sunday, and at seven o'clock the order to march was given, but in a quarter of an hour Mr. Castilla fainted again, and it soon became evident that his suffering journey had ended. Every effort to revive him proved abortive, and a little after noon, without making a sign, he died. A ring taken from his

finger, a lock of hair, together with all the property found on his person, were given to the junior commissioner, Mr. Polanco. He had for a long time complained of his knee, which he kept bandaged with his handkerchief. This was unbound to examine the cause of his suffering, but though dwindled away to a skeleton, neither limb showed any symptoms of disease. Maury and Corporal O'Kelly, with their sheath knives, dug a shelf in the bank and stretched the Granadian commissioner upon it. The attenuated forms of the men, but half covered with rags, then gathered round the grave, and gazed with haggard features on their dead comrade, while Truxton offered up a short prayer to Him who alone seemed able to save them. Polanco would not go near, but stood a little way off, weeping bitterly, and declaring he could not leave his friend. The dirt was flung back over the form scarcely yet cold, and with sad, melancholy forebodings the party turned away, and the order to march passed down the line. Death had begun to claim its victims, and it was evident, from the appearance of the men, that it would now traverse their file with a more rapid footstep than it had hitherto done. The sudden energy inspired by the thought that they were returning to the ship had given way before present famine and weakness, and as one after another yielded to his fate, the moral and physical force which hope imparts, also left them. This was the case especially with Mr. Polanco, the junior commissioner. Grief at the loss of his friend and companion, added to the increased desolation of his position, was evidently fast sapping his remaining strength.

Whether because absorbed in the calamity that had overtaken them, or from some casualty, does not appear, but they had not proceeded more than three quarters of a mile when they lost the river and became completely entangled in the jungle.

At this juncture, a return of Mr. Polanco's illness obliged them to encamp for the night, nearly destitute of provisions and utterly without water. This was the only night during the whole Expedition that the party encamped without water; and, independent of the physical suffering, the circumstance spread a gloom over the minds of all. They had kept marching until very late, in hopes of reaching again the river; and when the word was passed from the rear to van that Mr. Polanco had fainted, and the order to halt was given by Mr. Truxton, he, Mr. Maury, and some of the men were a quarter of a mile in advance. As they halted, the weak and debilitated party laid down where they found themselves in the matted forest, and for the first and only time it displayed the characteristics of a rout. This was the blackest night yet experienced, not only from the death-scene they had just witnessed, and the absence of water and provisions, and loss of the river, but from the fact that the men were too far apart to converse with each other. The officers, however, moved backward and forward to cheer

them, and by great effort succeeded in kindling two fires, about a quarter of a mile apart, which somewhat relieved the gloom of the night, and served as beacons to the stragglers along the path. This was Sunday; and next morning, after a night of torture, owing to the myriads of mosquitoes which infested the forest, the party, without breakfast or water, started from camp at half past six. Mr. Polanco was scarcely able to move at all; and, after having proceeded about half a mile, fainted, and only returned to consciousness to give himself up to complete despair. He requested that a paper might be drawn up, giving to Corporal O'Kelly and James M'Ginness, who had assisted him during the march, all the money which he had left on board the *Cyane*. He also stated that Mr. Castilla had expressed a similar wish prior to his death. This paper being drawn up, was signed by Mr. Polanco, and witnessed by Midshipman Garland and Mr. Kettlewell, after which it was placed in the hands of Mr. Truxton.*

The party halted a long time to satisfy every one as to the possibility of Mr. Polanco's recovery. If they had been by the river, or known of its whereabouts, they might have delayed longer; but they were without water or provisions, for both of which the men were suffering exceedingly, and knew not how long a time might elapse before they could be obtained. One thing was certain, these must be reached soon or not one but many would be left in the forest to die. Under these painful circumstances, a council of war was called, and it was submitted, "Whether the life of one man who could not survive many hours should be regarded before the lives of the fourteen now remaining?" The opinions of all being taken, it was unanimously resolved to leave him to his fate and proceed. Poor Polanco then rose and tried to march; but after staggering a few steps he sunk heavily to the earth. Each one in succession of those nearest him then went up and bade him good-by. As Truxton turned away, Polanco shrieked after him, begging most piteously not to be abandoned there in the forest. Three times Truxton, at his beseeching cries, which thrilled every heart with agony, went back to bid him farewell; and at last, with streaming eyes, gave the order, "Forward." Poor Polanco lay doubled up on the ground, moaning piteously; but soon the last sounds of the retiring footsteps of his comrades faded away in the forest, and he was left alone to die. How long he lay there was never known; but it was afterward discovered that he succeeded in crawling back to the grave of his friend, and stretching himself upon it, died; for his skeleton was found lying across it by Strain. Even a grave was a better companion than solitude.

The party, after floundering for a long time

* This order upon Commander Hollins, of the *Cyane*, was never presented, their property on board having been previously turned over to their relatives at Carthagena, when the fate of the party was uncertain. The amount of money was small.

through the thick brushwood, at length struck the river again, but below Castilla's grave. Refreshed by the water of the stream, they began once more slowly to climb its banks. Suddenly Truxton caught sight of Castilla's grave, and became deeply affected. Maury, who was in advance with him, noticed it, and said, "Truxton, you are strangely moved—what is the matter?" The latter replied, that he feared the effect of that grave on his men. He therefore halted and addressed them, bidding them be of good cheer, and saying that their prospects now were brighter, for all their past delays had been occasioned by the Granadian commissioners, and they could now proceed more rapidly. It was evident, however, from the furtive glances which the men cast at that rude grave, and the melancholy expression of their countenances, that each one was thinking of the probable doom that awaited himself. Many could hardly stagger along, and the pain which the effort to march caused them was written in legible lines on their features. Five carbines were flung away to-day, with the permission of Mr. Truxton. Nothing can show the perfection of our naval discipline more than the conduct of these men under their accumulated sufferings. Scarcely able to drag along their own weight, each attenuated form continued to toil under the burden of its carbine until his commander permitted him to abandon it. Obedient under all—obedient and submissive even to death.

Several men now suffered severely from the "Guzanos de Monte"—wood worms, heretofore alluded to, which were extracted with much pain from different parts of the body. During this day's march a soft vegetable, full of seeds, was found, which, when boiled, tasted like a potato. Toward evening, five who had eaten the seeds were seized with violent pains and vomiting, which lasted several hours, and in some cases all night. Harrison here made his will, under the expectation of being left in the morning.

The journal of next days says: "*Tuesday, March 14.* Left camp at 7.30 A.M. After marching about half an hour, Edward Lombard (seaman), who had delayed the party very much yesterday, threw himself on the ground, declared his utter inability to proceed, and begged to be left to his fate. He had made the same request every day for several days previous.

"After much persuasion, Mr. Truxton led him along, allowing him to throw away his blanket and other effects. Among other reasons for refusing his request was the fear that he would go back and dig up and eat the Granadian commissioner.

"Miller, a landsman belonging to the *Cyane*, who suffered intensely from a bad ulcer, wept bitterly during this day's march. He uttered no complaint, but the scalding tears trickled incessantly down his face. He showed a brave and noble spirit, but his terrible sufferings would have some outlet. He declared it to be his belief that he would not march on the morrow."

Mr. Boggs was also very much debilitated, owing to frequent vomiting. The progress of the party was painful and slow on this day, by the illness of so many of its members, and the advance very tedious; but fortunately some three or four dozen of yellow, richly-flavored nuts were procured on the way, by which all were much revived. Three nuts to a man had at last become a refreshing meal. These nuts were the more prized, as all hands had been affected by the late constant use of acid palm-nuts. Mr. Truxton's carbine burst upon being fired on the march, leaving but one carbine and a double-barreled fowling-piece among the fourteen men now remaining. A little after four, they arrived at Return Camp No. 9, an old Indian hunting-lodge, which was not seen on their march down the river. Midshipman Garland had suffered exceedingly all day from the effects of the "Guzanos de Monte," or wood worms.

It is one of the striking peculiarities of the journal before me that all these revolting, painful visitations, so dreaded by man, are chronicled like the common events of every-day life. To me, nothing can show more vividly how fearfully familiar they had become with human suffering.

Lombard became very desponding in camp this evening, and it was exceedingly mournful to look upon the old man, evidently so near his end. Mr. Maury was also very sick, owing to the seeds above alluded to, of which he had partaken freely. Says the journal:

"*Wednesday, March 15.* The party were called this morning at an early hour, but Edward Lombard immediately and despondingly declared his utter inability to proceed, and desired the party should be assembled in order that he might make a statement of his position to them, and abide the result of their determination.

"All having assembled, he set forth clearly and distinctly his utter and entire inability to march any further.

"He also gave his opinion upon the importance of speedily reaching some place where provisions might be obtained; and remarked that as Mr. Polanco had been left to perish to insure the safety of the greater number, he had no right to expect any more consideration. Having finished his remarks, Mr. Truxton addressed himself to the men and officers, stating clearly the case which Lombard had set forth, and then asked that each one, in the presence of Lombard, should give his vote.

"He was earnestly persuaded to try and move a little further, in hopes of reaching some nuts or something of the kind that might revive his drooping strength; but he was utterly prostrated."

Nothing can more clearly illustrate the difference between the Spanish and Anglo-Saxon races than the conduct of the Granadian commissioner and that of Lombard, an American. The one clinging to life with a selfishness and tenacity painful to behold—not a thought for

the welfare of the others; not a moment's manly consideration of the trying duties and exigencies of the case. Lombard, on the other hand, begging day after day to be left, and finally demanding that a council should be called to listen to the sound reasons he could give why his request should be granted.

As he peremptorily refused to make another effort, it was unanimously resolved to leave him. Each one, as he gave his vote aloud, advanced, weeping, and divided with him the few nuts he might have on his person. Lombard received them thankfully, and asked them to kindle a fire beside him, which was done; and that a pot and knife and hatchet might be left. These requests were all silently fulfilled. As he sat, leaning against a tree, with these few articles beside him, so calmly, so methodically preparing for his abandonment, every heart was moved with the deepest pity, and his was the only dry eye there. Each one then bade him an affectionate farewell, with streaming eyes, and took his place in the file in marching order. He then requested that Mr. Kettlewell might write down his last wishes and pray with him. Kettlewell took down his few requests, and then kneeling, offered up a short prayer. Lombard, to whom the parting, now that it was to be taken forever, grew more agonizing, requested him to ask Truxton to come back once more, and bid him good-by. The latter slowly traversed the silent, motionless file, to the head, till he came to Truxton. Emaciated and wan, his clothes patched with bark, and hanging in tatters about him, this noble young commander stood leaning on his carbine, the tears one by one trickling down his haggard face. All his sympathies were aroused, and every pulse quickened into momentary action under the excitement of sorrow, but he refused to go back. He dared not trust himself again. Besides, the scene was too painful to continue—the sooner it terminated the better. The order to march was therefore passed down the file, and the party—dwindled to thirteen—mournfully moved away, and left Lombard alone in the wilds of Darien. That was the last ever seen of him. How long he lived—whether he ever struggled again for life, or whether he flung himself into the river, on the very verge of which he insisted on being placed, was never known. His boatswain's silver whistle, worth some four or five dollars, was government property, and when some one advanced to take it from him, he begged earnestly that it might remain, saying he had carried it the whole route, and could not bear to part with it now. It was the last companion that remained to him, and it was left in his possession. It had sounded its last call, and rests by the bones of its owner in those rarely-trod solitudes.

He had come on from Norfolk, for the express purpose of accompanying Strain in this expedition. The latter told him he was too old to attempt it, and offered to get him some petty office on board ship, but he would not take a re-

fusal, and now sleeps where the sound of civilization will probably never be heard.

That day's march was a silent and sad one; but the feelings of the depressed and debilitated party were much relieved in the after part of the day by coming on the "CAMP BEAUTIFUL" of their downward march. Shout after shout went up as they entered it, and the bright green bank and scarlet blossoms that enlivened the forest presented such a contrast to the gloomy wilderness they had so long traversed, that they seemed to be entering once more the borders of civilization. Besides, this was the first downward camp they had met for several days, and it seemed like the face of an old friend.

Miller, Boggs, and Garland were the last to straggle in; and being prostrated, and scarcely able to move, it was resolved to rest here for an hour and recruit. A fire was kindled on the old spot, and many reminiscences recalled of the time they last encamped there. Strain and his party naturally became again the topic of conversation, and many regrets uttered over his probable doom. A few unripe acid nuts had been gathered on the way, which were divided; while a terrapin, caught by Corporal O'Kelly, was made into soup, and given to the three sick men. Revived by this, the latter announced themselves ready to march, and slowly struggling to their feet, fell into order. From this time on it was with great difficulty the officers could induce the men to rouse in the morning. Threats, and kicks even, were resorted to, to induce them to stir; and but for the tea which the officers made for them, it would have been almost impossible to have succeeded with any efforts.

Continuing the march about sunset, some palmetto was obtained, which being the first which had been met since the 6th instant, was thankfully welcomed. Soon after, the party encamped near the river, though access to it was difficult. "Mr. Garland still suffering severely, and applying cold water. Mr. Boggs very sick; and Miller's thigh much excoriated"—is the remark noted on the journal of the condition of things in this camp. The party supped on palmetto and roasted nuts. The time had now nearly arrived when rain might be anticipated; and the journal kept by the main body remarks in this place—"We have remarked for some days the cloudy state of the atmosphere, and rain has fallen at intervals, but not in such quantities as to excite uneasiness in regard to the approach of the rainy season: if that catches us on the Isthmus our knell is knolled. The weather now reminds us of Indian summer at home."

"*Thursday, March 16.* At daylight, all who were able went to work to cut down some palmettoes which were found in the vicinity of the camp. The trees were small, and the scanty supply which they yielded was carried until breakfast time." During the march Mr. Truxton lost his revolver from the holster, while cutting a path for the party through the jungle. The journal states, during the first portion

of this day's journey, "Mr. Garland still suffering, and extremely distressed marching; Miller a little better; and Boggs very weak, and unable, as he has been for some days, to carry any thing." Between 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. the party halted for rest and breakfast. Resuming its march, five Indian hunting-lodges were passed, in one of which was found the head of a catfish, nearly fresh. "Saw," says the journal "a large dark snake, about six feet long, *but could not catch him!*" Indians appeared to have visited this vicinity since the downward march; and on this day some baskets were seen made of twigs recently cut.

Mr. Maury shot a bird of the toucan tribe—bill about three and a half inches long, one and three quarters thick, dark green, yellow tipped, and slightly curved; color of plumage golden yellow, shaded by blue, blue and gray, speckled white, grayish, and grayish tinted from head along the back. The principal part of this bird was eaten by Messrs. Boggs and Maury, who were quite unwell—the latter from the effect of the *seed* before alluded to; and it should be mentioned, for the credit of the men composing the expedition, that they insisted upon Mr. Maury taking a large share of the bird himself.

As remarked before, the officers hunted game for the party, rarely reserving any thing for themselves. It was for this reason, and fully appreciating the generous devotion of these officers, that when Mr. Maury became ill, the men insisted on his eating a sufficiency of the bird which he had killed, to restore the tone of his stomach. When such a feeling exists between officers and men, and when it is displayed under such trying circumstances, it affords the strongest evidence of the perfect discipline which generally prevails among organized bands of our countrymen, who are the most subordinate and amenable to law of any people whom it becomes the duty of a naval officer to control.

During the progress of the party the remainder of this day some palmetto was obtained, and a fruit resembling the May apple in form and color, but with a pulp something less pungent than the monkey pepper-pod.

At five o'clock they went into camp on a high bank near the river. The journal states that in this camp "the mosquitoes were not so *ravenous* as usual." The next day they started at half past six. The weather was cloudy, and apparently threatening rain. Mr. Garland suffered very much from inflammation, attributable to the worms which could not be extracted, in addition to his debility from starvation and fatigue. Miller, owing to his ulcer, which had assumed a malignant aspect, also suffered exceedingly, and walked with great difficulty. Mr. Boggs was weak, but better than the day before, and marched until nine o'clock, when they boiled some palmetto for breakfast. Mr. Maury shot a thrush, which was cooked for Mr. Boggs. Resting till one o'clock, they again started forward, although Miller was suffering acutely from increasing in-

flammation. The day, on the whole, did not prove so overcast as they expected, which encouraged them. They followed the river bank closely during all the return march, thinking it safer than to attempt to cut off the bends. Besides, it was utterly impossible, with men who so frequently fainted on the route, to go far from the water, for this was their only restorative. At half past two a good camping ground was found, where it was deemed best to halt for the night, especially as some palmetto trees were found in the vicinity. The whole party were revived in spirits by the food which the palmetto afforded, and with the idea that they were approaching the banana plantations. The two palmetto trees which were cut down gave a supper to the whole band, while enough was left for breakfast in the morning. The mosquitoes made this night a sleepless one, even to the fatigued and nearly starved men.

"*March 18.* Left No. 11 Return Camp at 6 A.M.; the marching was found very difficult, owing to the density of the jungle. Harwood's continued illness compelled a halt at 9.15, when a scanty breakfast was made upon nuts. Mr. Boggs better; Mr. Garland barely able to walk. The sky much overcast, and evident signs of an approaching change of weather, which will probably ensue about the 21st of March. Left breakfast camp at 12 M. Stopped at 1.30 P.M. to cut down some palmetto, and moved on at 3.15. Halted again at 4 to cut down some more palmetto, the first supply having proved insufficient. Toward sunset the atmosphere more clear and pleasant. Harwood still very weak. Miller suffering less, but his ulcer shows symptoms of spreading. The men who were employed in cutting down palmetto suffering very much from their exertions.

"There is no small difficulty, in the present exhausted state of the party, in procuring voluntary laborers; nor can the responsibility and energies of Mr. Truxton and Mr. Maury, so incessantly are they called into play, ever be sufficiently felt by the party, or remunerated by the service to which they belong. Mr. Truxton had three wood worms extracted to-day—one from his throat, and two from his shoulders."

Mr. Kettlewell also had a very large one taken from his leg.

The next day was Sunday, and it was thought best to breakfast before traveling, as the men were completely worn out from cutting down the palmetto the day before. Besides, several other trees were seen near at hand, from which Truxton determined to obtain provisions for the future, as they were not certain of meeting any more during the day.

Harwood appeared now to be the weakest of the party, though all were evidently gradually but surely sinking. Miller kept constantly calling out to halt, and appeared wild and delirious. It was stated by some of the men that he had been previously subject to epileptic attacks, which the officers thought very probable. At this point the journal remarks, in a spirit of

thankfulness: "This is the most cheerful day we have had for some time; weather clearer, and fine, pleasant breezes. Not so much worried by sand-flies and mosquitoes. God's providence, it would seem, ought to operate feelingly on the heart of each. Clouds drifting from northwest."

The five—all that were left able to cut down trees—procured five palmettoes; but the yield was very small. "It is now evident," says the journal, "that so exhausted are the members of the party that provisions can not be obtained except with much delay. At 5 P.M. heard a sound strikingly like a report of a carbine; but we may have been deceived, as we frequently have been before, by the sound of falling timber. Supped on palmetto and a few roasted nuts. Mosquitoes as usual very troublesome at night, and relieved at daylight by myriads of sand-flies."

This was Sunday, and the next day they started at a little past six; the weather clearer than usual, and more breeze stirring. Mr. Boggs was still very weak; Harwood also nearly gone, and both suffering very much for want of animal food; but Miller continued to bear up wonderfully against disease and debility. At ten they halted to breakfast, and rested until half past one, when the march was resumed. A very deep dry ravine and two smaller ones crossed their path this afternoon, down and up the banks of which they were compelled to struggle. "Still," says the journal, "much general complaint and debility; and it is no easy matter to muster strength and energy enough to provide the amount of subsistence absolutely necessary to enable the men to march." The weather—which was now narrowly watched—grew more unsettled and threatening. At 5 P.M. the party reached an Indian fishing-station, where abundance of wood was found; but the water was difficult of access, owing to the steepness of the river banks.

The morning of the 21st of March broke beautiful beyond conception after the dull, heavy, and depressing weather of the day before. The breeze, strong and refreshing, proved most grateful to the weary party; the more so, from the fact that the forest was generally close and stifling, owing to the density of the undergrowth. During the night all were aroused by a sound like the report of a heavy gun from the northward and eastward, and anxious looks and inquiries were exchanged; for they supposed it to be the nine o'clock gun of the *Cyane*. "This may be," says the journal; "but we now distrust our ears, having been so often deceived by the falling timber."

There is something inexpressibly mournful in these detached sentences, entered by a weak and half-starved man in his journal. The absence of all attempt at description; the resigned, almost humble, way of recording their sufferings and their steadily-increasing prostration, are more touching than the most elaborate narrative. It is like quietly counting our

own failing pulses as they beat slower and slower to the end. No mention is made of the cries and moans that made the whole atmosphere melancholy; no description of the long sleepless night under the stars, even the refreshment of sleep denied to the famished sufferers. Every day was a picture of woe and sadness indescribable. The piteous aspect of the wan face as it leaned against a tree for temporary support; the beseeching call to halt for a moment as the stronger disappeared in the forest; the hopeless prayer for food, and sometimes for death itself, made each day's journey more sad than a funeral procession. Unmanned by debility and protracted suffering and destitution, these strong men would, one after another, fling themselves on the ground and burst into a paroxysm of tears. But these sudden exhibitions of feeling did not seem to be the result of failing hope or despair, but the mere relief demanded by overtasked nature. Wound up to the last pitch of endurance it dissolved in tears. Truxton and Maury seemed to view them in this light; for when the paroxysm came on the men they would halt, and, leaning on their carbines, let it pass, and then order the march to be resumed. It was not death they feared; it was the desolate fate of being left alone in the woods that made those more suffering and feeble attempt to march. Again and again a poor wretch would sit down, declaring he could go no further; but as the forms of his comrades vanished in the forest, he would struggle up and stagger on after them. The weaker they grew, of course the less able they were to get food, and thus hunger and weakness acted on each other. Some of them wished they might get an Indian to eat him; and though the horrible thought may have occurred to some of devouring each other, it had as yet found no outward expression; nor could it, for still true to their high obligations, those officers retained their lofty character, and through it their supreme authority. Maury and Truxton especially, though but the wrecks of men, still cheered up the sufferers by words of hope; still hewed away at the undergrowth to clear a passage; still gathered nuts, wherever they could be found, to revive their sinking natures; and still kindled fires for them by night to enliven the gloom. Nothing more vividly displays the terrible straits to which they were reduced than the following incident. Truxton, one day, in casting his eye on the ground, saw a *toad*. Instantly snatching it up he bit off the head and spit it away, *and then devoured the body*. Maury looked at him a moment, and then picked up the rejected head, saying, "Well, Truxton, you are getting quite particular; something of an epicure, eh? to throw away the head;" and quietly devoured that himself. After his return, one, in questioning him about it, remarked, "Why, Maury, I thought that the head of a toad was poisonous?" "Oh," he replied, "that is a popular fallacy; but it is d—sh bitter!" It doubtless strikes every one as strange that

gentlemen, brought up in luxury, with refined tastes and fastidious as any of us, could be reduced to a state that would make such repulsive, loathsome food acceptable. But there is something stranger than all this to me; it is the extraordinary self-denial, and high sense of duty and honor, which, under circumstances so distressing, made them rob themselves to feed the men, and work on when all else had given out. To eat such disgusting food was strange, but to *refuse* to eat *palatable* food when in their possession, and bestow it on others, was far more strange and surprising.

Starvation reveals many curious psychological facts. As a rule, I think, it develops in an unnatural degree the strongest qualities that a man possesses; but circumstances modify this rule much. Among undisciplined masses ferocity and demoralization are certain results; but when its approaches are gradual, and directed and governed by noble example and the strong hand of authority, its effects are quite different. One phenomenon in this expedition, especially as it was not confined to one, but was exhibited by all the officers, not excepting even Strain at the last, deserves especial notice. From the time that food became scarce to the close, and just in proportion as famine increased, they did not gloat over visions of homely fare, but reveled in gorgeous dinners. So strangely and strongly did this whim get possession of their minds, that the hour of halting, when they could indulge undisturbed in these rich reveries, became an object of the deepest interest. While, hewing their way through the jungles, and wearied and overcome, they were ready to sink, they would cheer each other up by saying—"Never mind, when we go into camp we'll have a splendid supper," meaning, of course, the imaginary one they designed to enjoy. Truxton and Maury would pass hours in spreading tables loaded with every luxury they had ever seen or heard of. Over this imaginary feast they would gloat with the pleasure of a gourmand, apparently never perceiving the incongruity of the thing. They would talk this over while within hearing of the moans of the men, and on one occasion discussed the propriety of giving up, in future, all stimulating drinks, as they had been informed it weakened the appetite. As hereafter they designed if they ever got out to devote themselves entirely and exclusively for the rest of their lives to eating, they soberly concluded that it would be wrong to do any thing to lessen its pleasures or amount.

The journal continues: "Left No. 13 Return Camp at 6.30 A.M., after suffering less than usual from musquitos. Vermilyea very poorly; lay down frequently, wandering in mind. After giving way to despair, threw away his blanket, and could not assist to carry a macheta.

"Stopped at 9.15 to breakfast on palmetto, and started again at 1.30 P.M. Soon after starting Mr. Boggs was seized with a violent sickness at the stomach, and his frequent vomiting de-

layed the march very much, and little more than a mile has been made. Near camp crossed a very deep ravine. Neither on the march or in camp is there any disposition on the part of the men to assist in any thing requiring exertion, and but for the untiring efforts of the principal officers, neither provisions, fuel, or fire, could be had. Their strength is overtaxed, and *stand it much longer they can not*.

"They now light every fire, procure water, and collect fuel to cook either palmetto or nuts. Owing to the very debilitated condition of officers and men, no watches have been kept during the return march. About 10.30 P.M. a light sprinkling of rain, which lasted, with intervals, about three quarters of an hour. The remainder of the night clear, and passed with less annoyance from mosquitoes than usual."

"Wednesday, March 22. Clear beautiful morning. Left 14 Return Camp at 6.30 A.M. After marching a few yards Mr. Boggs became excessively ill, and was unable to move. Soon after Mr. Maury shot a bird, which was cooked for him." Only 600 yards had been made from camp, and even this distance he had with great difficulty and suffering accomplished. Having rested until mid-day he again attempted to move on, but immediately broke down. The principal officers then held a council on the course to be pursued in the event of the continued feebleness and helplessness of Mr. Boggs. It was apparent to all that he never would rally. The tone of his stomach and his physical strength were both entirely gone. As other members of the party were necessarily reduced while rendering him assistance in marching, it was deemed prudent to advise with Mr. Boggs on the resolution of the party to leave him, which had been unanimously carried. This course was the more imperative, as the taste for palmetto was fast declining with most of the men, some of whom with difficulty swallowed the tea made from it, while palm-nuts were getting scarcer every day. "It is now," says the journal, "becoming a point involving life and death to reach the banana plantation, and, indeed, some Indian village from whence to communicate the wants, suffering, and broken down condition of the party to the *Cyane*, if, as we fondly hope, she is still at Caledonia Bay. Mr. Kettlewell was deputed to speak seriously to Mr. Boggs without delay, and prepare him for being left behind should he not be able to proceed without further delaying the party. Mr. Boggs seemed somewhat prepared for this warning, and though he imparted to Mr. Kettlewell his last wishes in such case, yet with a remarkably strong tenacity for life, he did not despair entirely of future deliverance from consequences of abandonment." How touching this simple announcement. The day of grace, however, was lengthened, for just as they were about to leave him, Mr. Truxton, who had borne up against disease for some weeks, and avoided causing any delay of consequence, was suddenly attacked, and the party compelled to halt.

The journalist adds: "Mr. Boggs is respite until to-morrow, when, if he can not advance more steadily, he is to share the fate of former sufferers. He is the first officer we have been called upon to abandon. After frequent delays we reached camp about one mile ahead, where Messrs. Boggs and Truxton were attended to. Here we cut down some sour nut-trees, with great fatigue to the few who were able to assist. The fires enlivened the gloom of the forest until a late hour.

"*Thursday, March 23.* Left 15 Return Camp at 6.30 A.M. Mr. Truxton better, but dreading the effects of the march. Mr. Boggs hopeful of his ability to proceed. Mr. Garland suffering acutely, and Harwood fearful of not being able to accomplish the day's march.

"Philip Vermilyea requested Mr. Kettlewell to note down his last requests, and then laid himself down in despair; and at another time requested that a tin pot, some nuts, and a blanket and a hatchet might be given him. All of these requests were complied with, though the different articles were so necessary to the party, and with the most melancholy presentiments leave was taken of the dying man, when the march was continued.

"Nearly half a mile from camp, two bunches of ripe nuts were found, which the party with few exceptions greedily devoured, reserving for the future those which were not absolutely necessary to appease their immediate hunger."

While plucking these nuts Vermilyea came staggering up. The gloom and desolation of the forest as he found himself alone and abandoned, were more than he could bear, and rousing himself by a desperate effort, he had pushed on in the track of the party. As he joined them they gave him a part of the nuts they had gathered, which revived him much, and he declared he was able to go on. Further on some acid nut-trees were found, but as it would take a long time in their feeble state to cut them down, and as the entire party, with the exception of Maury and Kettlewell, were exceedingly prostrated, it was determined to encamp at this point, solacing themselves for the little distance they had made by the strange delusive promise that on the morrow they would proceed by longer marches to the plantations, but seven camps distant. Cherishing this delusive dream they stretched themselves on the ground, while Maury and Kettlewell built the fire in which to roast the few acid nuts which had been obtained. These two officers, with two or three more not so much prostrated, then went down the bank to cool the fever of their sores, and refresh themselves with a bath. To a mere looker on, the camp this night would have presented a most heart-rending spectacle. It was plain that not more than two or three could ever reach the banana plantations, while four or five must be left in the morning to starve and to die. Three knew that their fate was sealed, and looked forward to their abandonment the next day with the calm, stern eye of

despair. Their young commander, Truxton, would in all human probability never lead them again. Weighed down with the terrible responsibility of so many lives resting on his exertions—taking on himself the toil which properly belonged to the men, and at the same time denying himself food for their sustenance, he had borne nobly up till the sudden attack produced by eating some unknown berries. His gallant spirit and courage would naturally keep him up to the last moment, and when he broke down the prostration would be sudden and complete. That catastrophe had now arrived, and no one was so much aware of it as himself. As he lay with his head resting against the root of a tree—his clothes in rags, his face wan, his dark eye sunken and sad, while the blood streamed from his hands, which the thorns had pierced as he cut a path through them with his knife—he presented a spectacle that would draw tears from stones. He felt that the sands of life were almost run, and that those whom he had struggled so hard to feed must leave him to starve and to die. Boggs, a young man of fortune, and who had joined the expedition as an amateur, lay near him. It was plain that he had made his last march. He was engaged to be married to a young lady in Illinois, and visions of her, together with the thronging memories of the past and gloomy forebodings of the future, swept over his spirit as he pondered the morrow. Tall and well formed, he lay a wasted skeleton along the ground. His doom was sealed. A few steps off, in the men's camp, the spectacle was still more harrowing. Some were sitting on the ground with their heads doubled to their knees, so as to press the stomach together, and lessen the gnawings of hunger; while others lay upon their backs, gazing sadly on the sky. The smoke of their fire curled peacefully up amidst the trees, whose tops glittered in the golden light of the tropical sun, as he sunk away toward the Pacific, which had been so long the goal of their efforts, and the only hope of their salvation. Harwood, a young man, twenty-two years of age, was also sitting up, and doubled together—a mere bundle of rags. His eye, which was black and piercing, had sunk far away into his head, and, with his long-neglected hair hanging down over his shoulders, gave an unearthly aspect to his whole appearance. He knew that his marching was over. Beside him, in the same posture, and almost naked, sat another young man, named Miller, who was also to be left in the morning. But little was said between them, but that little related to the dreadful fate before them. A short distance from these sat Harrison, leaning against a tree. He was about thirty-two years of age, a tall, powerful man, but now wasted to a skeleton, and but half covered with rags. His features, originally, were strongly marked, and now the shriveled skin, drawn tightly over the large lines of his face, gave to his countenance the expression of intense anguish. He had been one of the best men of the party, but starvation

had done its work, and he too had taken his last step toward the banana plantations. A little farther off lay Vermilyea, also a tall man, with light hair, and, when in health, possessed of handsome features. He had been a true and faithful man to the last, and borne up with a spirit and resolution that astonished every one. He lay with his skeleton arms flung out upon the ground, from which he could not rise even to a sitting posture. The last vestige of strength had been exhausted in the effort to rejoin the party, after he had been left an hour before to die. Thus they sat and lay around—a skeleton group—watching the declining day, and thinking of the dread to-morrow. To them, and to the stronger, the thought of separation was bitter in the extreme. A common suffering had bound them together, but stern necessity must now divide them.

All was silent and sad as the setting sun sent long shadows through the forest, save an occasional moan, or a half-stifled sob, or a low prayer for food or for death. There was no keenness to their anguish, for the energies of nature were so wholly exhausted that the heart and soul had become benumbed, and almost stupefied. A settled gloom, a still despair, an appalling resignation, characterized each man, as he sat and brooded over his fate. But in this darkest hour of their trials, and just as night was descending on the forest, a report like that of a musket was heard down the river. Maury, who was standing on the shore, shouted, "Truxton, I hear a gun; shall I fire?" "Yes," replied Truxton, but never stirred. "But I am loaded with slugs" (the ammunition was getting low). "Never mind—fire away," said Truxton; and the sharp report rung through the forest. In a few moments Maury exclaimed again, "*I see boats and Indians!*" "Do you see *Strain?*" eagerly inquired Truxton, still refusing to rise. "*I see white men!*" shouted Maury, the exclamation piercing like lightning every wasted frame. "*Do you see STRAIN?*" was still the agonized question of the young commander, as he lay stretched on the ground. There was a moment's pause, when the bewildering cry—"I see *Strain! I see Strain!*" brought Truxton, like an electric touch, to his feet, and he staggered toward the shore. Oh, who can describe the delirious excitement of that moment, as poor human nature attempted to struggle up the steeps of despair to hope and life once more!

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

THE DOG, DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED.

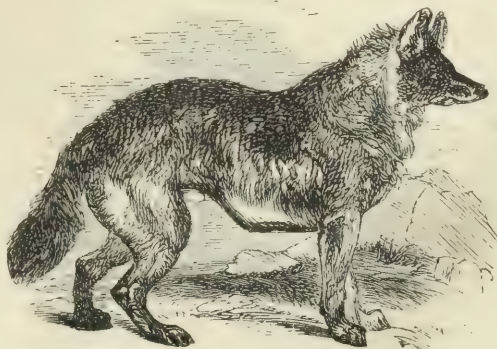
IT would seem to be the beneficent order of Providence, that man should be surrounded with inferior animals under his control, which, by their capacities, make up for the defects of his physical power. He has the horse, and can command his strength; and, more than all, he has the dog—the most intelligent of animals—to become his servant and friend. In order that the dog should belong wholly to man, he has been form-



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

ed eminently for friendship and devotion, even at the sacrifice of much of the instinctive passions all animals have for their own kind; for the dog cares more for the society of his human friends than he does for that of his own species.

Abel, the second son of Adam, is mentioned as a keeper of sheep; the dog, therefore, was probably the second animal tamed by man, for, as the companion of the shepherd, he has been known in all time. The race undoubtedly originated in the family of the wolf and the jackal; and even now, when circumstances have occurred to cause the dog to live in a wild state, he assumes more or less the wolfish form and expression. In fact, dogs belonging to our Indian tribes and those which so infest the suburbs of Oriental cities, appear to be but little removed in physical form from the supposed original type. It has been suggested, with apparent truth, that the dog being coeval with man in the East, must have aided in a very great degree in the superior early civilization of Asia. Having the dog, the indigenous races had time to spare from the



THE JACKAL.

painful labors of the chase to create the blessings of industry. Hence the origin of the arts and trades, and a key to the difference in the civilization between the old and new continents; for the dog was unknown to America before it was introduced by European discoverers.



THE WOLF.

Although there exists a strange animosity between the dog and wolf, yet their habits are not dissimilar, and circumstances occur in which they form friendly relations and live in brotherhood. The wild dog—or, rather, the dog by accident returned to a wild state—will unite with the wolf to attack a beast, when the combination is necessary to insure victory. The dog and the wolf pursue the same system in hunting; while some are in ambuscade, others lead and give voice on the trail, to indicate to their accomplices the direction of the animal pursued. The half-savage hunters of the wilds of the Cape of Good Hope and of the forests of America, hold in high estimation the dogs which are runaways from civilization, and try by every art in their power to get possession of their leaders. The wolf cub can be trained to the service of man, and evidence exists that they are capable of the strongest attachment, and highly susceptible of cultivation.

The first dog that hunted in company with man, following the mighty Nimrod, was unquestionably a species of tawny greyhound, still to be seen in Syria and Egypt, and powerful enough to seize and strangle the wild boar. All nations of classic antiquity have in turn claimed the honor of the birth-place of the hunting-dog. The Greek mythology has many legends, the most striking of which is, that the twins of Leda first followed game, and we have Castor and Pollux among the stars still engaged in their favorite pursuits.

The type of the primitive animal is best preserved, among those familiar to us, in the European shepherd dog. It is a light animal, cut for the course, with eyes piercing, ears fine and straight, air alert and spiritual. Its coat of hair is rough, and its tail sweeps the ground. All hunting-dogs that we now possess proceed from this breed. In the ear of the dog we most discover the effects of domestication. The finer,

more hanging and tremulous is this organ, the more the animal departs from the original type. (See how truly artificial are the dogs given in the illustration on the preceding page, copied from Landseer.) In the jackal, the wolf, and the purest shepherd dog, the ears are erect and pointed as a cat's; in fact, no wild animal of prey has pendent ears. The butcher-boy, with the instinct of a savage nature, trims up the ears of his bull-dog, and destroys with the knife the evidences of long slavery and civilization, thus restoring the head of his favorite to the truly ferocious expression, originally impressed by the Creator himself.

The dog is nowhere spoken of with kindness in the Old Testament or the New; and the Jews in the Eastern countries retain their dislike to the animal even to this day. Their example has not been lost upon the Turks; for with them the dog has no owner, and is simply permitted to exist as the scavenger of the streets. The consequence is, that the dog of the East has degenerated below the standard of the true savage; for, in his questionable position, like the half-civilized Indian, he retains none of the virtues of his original state, and acquires all the vices of artificial society. "In the East," says a distinguished traveler, "the dog loses all his good qualities; he is no longer the faithful animal, attached to his master, and ready to defend him even at the expense of his life; on the contrary, he is cruel and blood-thirsty—a gloomy egotist, cut off from all human intercourse, but not the less a slave."

Homer has used the faithfulness of the dog to give point to one of his most beautiful episodes. Ulysses, for many years a wanderer, returns to his home so altered in his appearance that the most beloved of human friends did not recognize him.

"The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew;
Him when he saw, he rose and crawl'd to meet—
'Twas all he could—and fawn'd, and kissed his feet."

In the great church at Delft, in Holland, is a magnificent mausoleum, erected in 1609, to William, first Prince of Orange; at the feet of the statue reclines a dog, which, tradition says, received such honor because he died of grief at the murder of his master.

Lord Byron had the rare experience, he writes, of having a once faithful dog forget him after a long separation. We doubt the fact, and ascribe the incident to that morbid misanthropy that discolored every thing in the poet's mind. It is probable, that returning to Newstead Abbey, his face darkened by passion and his disposition soured, he, unconsciously to himself, repulsed the first advances of his canine friend, and afterward magnified the incident, and used it to close a couplet written in the darklings of his saddest muse. We are confirmed in this opinion, because later in life he says:

"The poor dog! in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own;
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."

In treating of dogs, and in giving anecdotes of their sagacity, the question is powerfully forced upon the mind of the most casual thinker as to where instinct ends and reason begins. The great difference between animals and plants is the presence of the mental system; for we think that whenever a dog, or any other animated creature, sees, hears, or remembers, he evinces the possession of mind, which is another term for the action of the brain and nervous system. The term instinct is vague and unsatisfactory; it is the dark hiding-place of all who do not, or care not to think; for it is almost as difficult to separate the acts of instinct from the acts of the mind in human beings as it is in the lower orders of animals.

Every created thing that has a brain, has a memory, has a past, and applies its experience for the benefit of its future happiness. An old dog in a bear-hunt is as cautious of Bruin's teeth as an old broker is of suspicious stocks; and both act on the same principle—the recollection of being *bitten* “in a previous transaction.” Insects, even, show memory and force of habit. Destroy a hive and its inhabitants—obliterate every vestige of its having been, and the few straggling bees that escape the general destruction, will for days hover over the very spot in which they were accustomed to deposit their honey, and be indefatigable in trying to hunt up their old home. Ants have friendships and antipathies; and is it therefore strange that the dog, formed for the companion of man, should have a correspondingly high development of mind? He is therefore indeed intelligent, and appears only to lack voice to give evidence of having a soul.

The dog is grateful, chivalrous, patient under adversity, and the truest of friends. He is subject to seasons of joyous exhilaration and fits of despondency. He appreciates refined society, and will often die rather than accept the company inferior to his caste. Upon comprehending the value of having a broken limb set by a surgeon, he can impart his knowledge to his fellow dogs, and bring the unfortunate of his race limping to the doctor's door. He can distinguish the intention of the knife cutting into his flesh to remove a tumor, and, amidst his pain, give forth the most affecting signs of gratitude. He does a thousand things which often display even more capacity than is manifested by some of the unfortunate sons of the human race. Where, therefore, we repeat, does reason begin and instinct end? What is the intrinsic difference between Carlo and Newton?

Man, and man alone, understands the properties of matter, and from induction as well as experience, provides for the necessities of life. In all things which most display the sagacity of animals, man is his superior. In endurance, he can tire down and kill the horse; on the trail he is more sagacious than the hound; by knowing all the laws of nature, he swims with the fish, flies with the bird; by delicate instruments, he rivals the insects in the knowledge of the

changes in the atmosphere; and by arms, he overcomes the fiercest beasts of prey. The reason of animals, it is said, is limited to memory enlightened by experience—yet we may well repeat—

“Remembrance and reflection how allied,
What thin partitions sense from thought divide.”

The intelligence of man, on the contrary, has no limits—the past and the present conduct him into the future; and herein he so immeasurably surpasses the brute creation. The quality of mind is the same, it differs only in the extent.

John Randolph, who was the acutest of metaphysicians, said he knew a dog once that, in pursuit of his master, came to a place where three roads branched off—the dog ran down one road and carefully scented the earth, then ran down the second road and carefully scented it, without further hesitation he rapidly took the third road and accomplished his purpose. Randolph said the argument in the dog's mind was as follows: “My master, I perceive, when he came to these forks, did not take either of the two roads I examined; therefore he must have taken the third”—thus affording an example of absolute induction, the highest effort of the reasoning power.

In giving portraits and histories of dogs, we shall commence with the lowest grade of the race, and proceed to those justly remarkable for their reasoning powers.



THE BULL DOG.

The Bull Dog is the most brutal and the least intelligent of its species; its depressed forehead, its underhanging jaw, and bloodshot eyes, unite in forming the very personification of the savage. Although capable of some attachment, it can not be relied upon as a friend. So utterly without intellect is the courage of the bull dog, that it will attack any thing that gives offense. This dog has never been a pet in the United States; but in England, among a large class of citizens, it is carefully raised, and employed in bull-baits—exhibitions that find no parallel for brutality in any other country, savage or refined. In these bull-baits the dog, while fastened to the nose of some unfortunate bull, has had one leg after another cut off with a knife, to test its courage; and this display has been hailed by the plaudits of the “rural population,” and by the

encouragement of the scions of the nobility! History relates that Alexander once witnessed a bull dog attack a tamed lion, and being willing to save the lion's life, ordered the dog to be taken off, "but the labor of men and all their strength was too little to loosen those ireful and deep-biting teeth." The dog was then mutilated by its keeper after the English fashion, and not only its limbs, but its body were severed from the head; "whereat the king was wonderfully moved, and sorrowfully repented his rashness in destroying a beast of so noble a spirit"—a very natural feeling, one would suppose, to every generous mind.

Many years ago an English ship was at one of our docks, on board of which was a bull dog. The animal was so ferocious that he gained an extensive reputation. Chained at the gangway of the ship, he spent the livelong day in the hopeless task of springing at every person who passed along, either on pleasure or business. The owner, first mate of the vessel, would sit for hours and detail the wonderful deeds of this mighty dog. Crowds of idlers daily collected, and there stood the hero, or rather, there raved the insane creature at the multitude, each individual indulging the vague hope, that he would presently break loose and pitch into somebody, and thus show his prowess.

Among the idlers was an Indian who occasionally visited the city, and made a few pence by shooting an arrow at pennies stuck in the end of a stick. Upon the very appearance of the Indian, the bull dog was particularly violent, greatly to the amusement of the fellow, who took a malicious pleasure in irritating the animal. The mate finally interfered, and told the Indian to go away, lest the dog might break loose and eat him up. The Indian, not the least alarmed, in broken English announced to the crowd that if the dog was brought down to the ground, and chained to a post, he would, for five dollars, fight the dog with nothing but his hands and teeth. The money was raised, and the mate, after expressing much reluctance at the idea of having the Indian killed, brought the dog down from the ship, and fastened him to a post. The Indian put away his bow and arrow, his knife, laid his neck bare, and rolled up his shirt sleeves. A ring was formed, and the battle commenced.

The Indian approached the dog crawling on all fours, barking and growling, as if he was one himself. The bull dog meanwhile jumped and fumed at the end of his chain, gnashed his teeth, foamed at the mouth, while his eyes beamed living fire with irritation. The Indian, however, kept up his pantomime, and gradually brought his face in fearful proximity to the dog's teeth. The mate now interfered, for he felt confident the Indian would get killed; but the crowd had

become excited, and insisted upon "seeing the thing out." A mutual silence ensued between the combatants, the dog straining his chain in his anxiety to reach the Indian, until it was as straight and solid as a bar of iron. Suddenly the Indian seized the bull dog's under-lip between his teeth, and in an instant whirled himself with the dog, over on his back. So unexpected was the attack, and so perfectly helpless was the dog, with his feet in the air and his jaw imprisoned, that he recovered his astonishment only to give forth yells of pain; whereupon the Indian shook him a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then let go his hold. The dog, once so savage, putting his tail between his legs, retreated from his enemy, and screamed with terror to get beyond the reach of the chain.

The Mastiff is familiar and widely celebrated



THE MASTIFF.

as the popular watch-dog. He was known in England in the earliest times, and attracted the attention of her Roman conquerors, who selected the most powerful, and sent them to the "Eternal City," where they enacted prominent and bloody parts in the Amphitheatre, in tearing down wild beasts, and human victims sacrificed for the amusement of the population. The mastiff is deeply attached to his master, but implacable to strangers. His hearing must be very fine, for he instantly distinguishes between the tread of the inmates of the household which he guards and intruders, and will announce by his sharp bark the arrival of the burglar or thief, the instant they touch the premises, however cautious they may be. The mastiff, when treated with kindness, becomes affectionate and intelligent, without losing any of its qualities as a valuable guardian of property.

The Terrier is a small, delicate dog, some of them being of exquisite symmetry. They are famous for their courage, and also for their intelligence. Almost equal to the spaniel in attachment, they are great pets with young people, and



THE TERRIER.

join in the sports of the juveniles with a glee that is quite inspiring. Terriers seem to have been designed especially to kill rats, for they are indefatigable in their pursuit, and will do an incredible amount of hard labor to unearth the vermin. Their courage is wonderful; they attack the fox and the otter in their holes, and generally come off victors. On one occasion we were engaged in a bear hunt, and among the pack of stout hounds was a little terrier, that ran off from the plantation, and, apparently out of pure mischief, kept up with the running dogs. Bruin was finally brought to bay, and when the hunters came up they found him on his hind-legs, the hounds forming a circle at a respectful distance from him, while the ridiculous little terrier was inside of the ring, snarling and growling, and occasionally rendering the bear perfectly insane with fury, by attempting to seize his legs.

The dexterity of the terrier in destroying rats is illustrated by exhibitions, where a dog is matched to kill a certain number of rats in a given time. A ring is prepared, the vermin are brought in bags, and, to the amount of a hundred, put into it. The dog is then set over the railing. The rats—most ferocious animals when cornered—finding escape impossible, will turn *en masse* on the dog, and seize hold of him, and hang on, until the terrier's head and shoulders

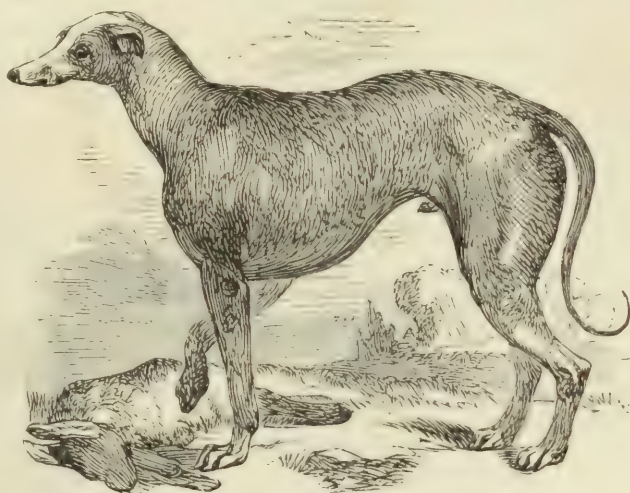


SCOTCH TERRIER.

are absolutely concealed from view. Meanwhile the courageous little creature, with immense rapidity and certainty, selects his victims, and, giving them a single bite in the loins, continues his work until all the rats are dead, finishing the hundred in seven or eight minutes.

The Scotch Terrier is similar in habits to the one already noticed, but very different in personal appearance. His hair is long and wiry, concealing his eyes and symmetry of form. The principal beauty of some of these coarse-haired terriers consists in their ugliness. They are all faithful and useful, and can appeal to every one for sympathy, on the poetical principle, that "handsome is who handsome does."

The Greyhound is the fleetest of all dogs; his form indicates his power of speed, being more light and airy than even the deer. He is principally used in "coursing," when he chases, by sight, the hare over the open country. The speed of the greyhound is very little inferior to



THE GREYHOUND.

the best horses, and in a broken country would probably outstrip the fleetest of them. Although this graceful animal hunts by sight only, his scent is very exquisite, as will be seen in the following anecdote: A hound, quite celebrated, was brought from Glasgow to Edinburgh in the boot of a coach, a distance of forty-two miles. A few days afterward she made her escape, and returned to her kennel. This hound must have followed the track she scented in the air in her journey to Edinburgh. The greyhound was the favorite of the ancient Greeks; his form frequently appears upon their best sculptures; he was the inmate of their houses, and fed from the family table. The beauty of the form of the greyhound is wonderfully harmonious with the delicate sentiment so peculiar to all Grecian art, and under the training of that wonderful people their qualities were more fully developed than in modern times.

The group of dogs claiming the most attention is the one known as Spaniels, including specimens of the race most remarkable for their docility and affectionate disposition. These good qualities are eminently combined with such unexceptionable beauty, that they are al-

ways favorites. Their fur is long and silky, sometimes curled or crisp; the ears are large and pendent, and the expression of the countenance pleasing and intelligent.



THE WATER SPANIEL.

The Water Spaniel belongs to this group, and is remarkable for his fondness for water. He is the able assistant of sportsmen in hunting the wild duck. It is supposed he was originally from Spain, and is probably descended from the large water-dog and English setter. From the moment he attaches himself to his owner, the intensity of his affection is scarcely conceivable; and he is apparently never happy unless near his master's person, resting his head upon his foot, lying upon some portion of his apparel, with his eye intently fixed upon his master, and even studying the slightest expression of his countenance.

The Setter is supposed to be the spaniel, improved in size and beauty, and by many is preferred to the pointer, in pursuit of small game. He is one of the most artificial of dogs, not enthusiastic in his disposition, and is somewhat forgetful of his training. Toussenet, who is very meritorious and very French, speaking of the setter, has the following rhapsody, in which is concealed a great deal of truth: "The setter is a product of art, as much as the Queen Claude plum or double rose; he is a dumb dog, grafted on the running dog, and which returns to the wild stock, like the double rose, when the graft fails to take effect." The setter has in his favor elegance of form, vigor of muscles, and power of thought; but he is not faithful, as has been too often asserted. The setter allows himself to be beloved by greenhorns, but he never loves any other than the accomplished hunter. We remember in our youth of having often suffered from the contempt of a setter named Ajax, whom we courted every day with wings of fowls and other delicate attentions, and who flattered us in return by every expression of his good-will while at the table, but in the field he no longer knew us.

The Pointer is used by field sportsmen to find

out the spot where the game lies. He ranges the fields ahead of his master, scents the partridge and quail, and then remains with his head pointing to the spot where the game may happen to be, with an inflexible purpose, that makes him appear for the time as if carved in stone. In this attitude he continues until the gun is discharged, reloaded, and the sportsman has reached the place whence the bird "sprung." It is related that a pointer accompanying a shooting party proceeded to a wall, leaped on it, but apparently got her leg fastened among the stones, and thus remained until the gentlemen came up. Upon examination, it was found that the intelligent creature had got the scent of some partridges on the opposite side of the wall, and fearing lest her rude appearance in the adjoining field should flush them before the sportsmen were within shooting distance, she suspended herself by her forepaws until they came up. The moment, however, she was satisfied that the sportsmen understood her *ruse*, she leaped into the field, and the game was thus secured.



THE POINTER.

The Fox Hound and Beagle are not very dissimilar in form and habits. They both follow their game by the scent. The fox hound, as



THE FOX HOUND.

its name implies, is used for hunting Reynard, and in every country where this exciting sport is followed, is raised with the greatest care, and immense sums of money are lavished to keep up "packs." The speed of the fox-hound is quite equal to that of the best horses, which shows how perfectly it is adapted to the chase. In England the fox-hound is so much a favorite, that it is no figurative expression to say that more books have been written upon its training, and more attention has been paid to its proper development, than ever was lavished upon the poor people of the same country. The man who has charge of a gentleman's dogs, is of more importance than the teacher of the gentleman's sons; the poor curate may be a very brute, if he only knows Latin and Greek; but the gentleman who has charge of the dogs, Mr. Beckford says, "must be young, strong, active, bold, and enterprising. He should be sensible, good-tempered, sober, exact, and cleanly—a good groom, and an excellent horseman. His voice should be clear and strong, with an eye so quick as to perceive which of his hounds carries the scent when all are running, and an ear so excellent as to distinguish the leading hounds when he does not see them. He should be quiet, patient, and without conceit. Such are the qualities which constitute perfection in the man who takes care of the dogs. He should not," continues Mr. Beckford, "be too fond of displaying them until called forth by necessity, it being a peculiar and distinguishing trait in his character, to let his hounds alone while they hunt, and have genius to assist them when they can not." Here are qualities that sum up all human perfection, requisites demanded that have never been deemed necessary to train the heir to a throne, but which are positively essential, to get a fox-hound fairly up to its Cambridge and Eton degree.

Our space will not permit us to particularize the residences of the English fox hound. They are really as splendid as art and human ingenuity, brought down to the level of a dog's wants, can make them—even the most ordinary specimens having the corners of the doorways rounded, lest they should injure the dog as he passes in and out. We have seen plans and directions for building kennels that provide for palaces, lawns, and all the "modern improvements" in house warming and ventilation, and which sink into sublime nothingness the much-cherished American work dedicated to the protection of human beings, and known as "Downing's Landscape Gardening."

The Beagle, although (as we have already observed) similar in its habits to the fox hound, yet is very diminutive, being scarcely ten inches high, and a running pack is much admired, because they keep close together—a trait of beauty and utility combined. The beagle is slow, and is sometimes followed by hunters on foot, and its principal game is the hare. The animated manners of the little beagle, flourishing among



THE BEAGLE.

the hedges and out-of-the-way places in search of game, is exceedingly interesting, and affords juveniles, as well as older hunters, never-ending amusement. The custom in England has been to carry the beagle pack to "the ground" in bags borne by a horse; this was to keep them from forming any attachments, or from being attracted with things "met by the way."



THE KING CHARLES.

This diminutive little creature has received much of its celebrity from the fact that it was a great favorite with the merry monarch, Charles II., and frequently appears upon the pictures of the court beauties painted by Kneller and Lely. The King Charles dog is nothing but a pet, and beyond its silken ears, lustrous eyes, and soft covering, has nothing to recommend it, as it possesses none of the intelligent traits so peculiar to the larger representatives of its species.



THE BLOOD-HOUND.

The fearful Blood-hound has a scent keener than any other dog; for it is less particular than

any other of its species what it pursues, and seems to readily acquire a passion for hunting human beings. These dogs have obtained an infamous reputation, by the abuse made of them in early times by the Spaniards, who, by their assistance, hunted down and killed the unoffending natives of their American possessions. Two or three centuries ago, it was much used in England and Scotland, not only to track felons, but to pursue the victims of political offenses. They were kept at one time in great numbers on the borders of Scotland, and not only set on the trail of moss-troopers, but upon fugitive royalty. Bruce was repeatedly tracked by these dogs, and, on one occasion, only escaped death from their jaws by wading a considerable distance up a brook, and thus baffling their scent. A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood, and thus destroy its discriminating powers: a captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. A story of William Wallace is related as follows: The hero's little band had been joined by an ally, a dark, savage, suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-erneside, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border blood-hound. In the retreat the ally tired, or affected to do so, and would go no further. Wallace having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued his retreat; the English came up, but the hound refused to leave the dead body, and thus the fugitive escaped.



DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

This magnificent breed is peculiar to the Alps, and to the country between Switzerland and Savoy. The passes over these mountains are exceedingly dangerous; a precipice of many hundred feet is often on one side, and perpendicular rocks on the other, while the path is glazed with, or hidden by, snow and ice. Often, indeed, the overhanging rocks are suddenly relieved of their superabundant snow, and it comes down in huge avalanches on the traveler beneath. Should he escape these dangers, his pathway is obliterated, and he wanders amidst the dreary solitudes until night overtakes him.

The hand of death approaches under the insidious guise of desiring to sleep, and if he indulges in the boon he will wake no more. On the top of Mont St. Bernard, and near one of the most dangerous passes, *was* a convent in which was preserved a breed of large dogs, trained to search for and relieve the benighted wanderer. On any threatening and stormy night these faithful guardians were sent out, and by their exquisite scent they could discover the hapless and perhaps already snow-covered traveler. Having thus succeeded, they would fall to work with their huge paws and soon clear away the snow; and by continually uttering a deep bark, that would echo among the mountains, the monks would soon learn that some wretch was in peril, and hastening toward the sound, often succeed in rekindling the vital spark ere it had gone out forever. One of these noble dogs obtained a European reputation, and always wore a medal round his neck, as a sign of honorable distinction; for he had saved the lives of forty persons. Some of the most effective pictures of Swiss artists are scenes in their native mountain-passes of groups of peasantry lost in the snow, and hailing the appearance of the Bernardine dog. Most of our readers will remember the popular engraving representing the animal, with a flask about his neck, solicitously licking the face of a dead man he has just dug from the shroud of the avalanche.

Recently, the Mont St. Bernard has been "turned" by a railroad; the ancient pass, so celebrated by tourists, and so wrought into the history of Napoleon, need no longer be pursued to take the wayfarer from the north to the sunny plains of Italy. The deserted monks have moved their hostelry down the side of the mountains, to administer to the luxurious tastes rather than to the terrible necessities of travelers. We very much fear that they will degenerate from the stern virtues so long their heritage in the inhospitable regions of the upper air, and that their noble race of dogs, now no longer necessary to save life, will also be conquered by effeminate habits; and, losing the admirable qualities of their ancestors, sink into ignoble obscurity.

The favorite dog—the Newfoundland—is one of the largest of his race. He is said to have originated (though we can see no reason for the supposition) in the country bearing his name, where he is used and abused by the humbler classes of the inhabitants, in hauling carts filled with fish in the summer, and drawing sleds loaded with wood in the winter. They are ever faithful and good-natured; in fact, the pleasantest, and one of the most useful animals to be met with in seaport towns. In England he is highly appreciated, and individuals have become quite celebrated for saving people from drowning in the Thames, or from ships wrecked at



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

sea. A large portrait of a Newfoundland dog is quite popular even in this country. The dog is represented with a medal round his neck, upon which is inscribed "A distinguished member of the humane society." Illustrative of his usefulness in saving life, is the well-authenticated anecdote of a vessel that was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help, but no boat could live in endeavoring to go to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by a Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning; springing into the sea, he fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew understood what was meant, and they made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it toward him. The noble creature dropped the one in his mouth, and seized that which had been cast to him, and then, with a degree of strength and determination scarcely credible—for he was again and again lost under the waves—he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master; a line of communication was thus formed with the boat, and all on board were saved.

But the most interesting and useful of all the class of dogs we have been describing, and of all dogs whatever, is the companion of the shepherd. As a guardian of sheep he is more perfect than in any other pursuit, for the shepherd dog frequently acts independently of his master, and takes at times entire control of his helpless charge. Sheep are the favorite food of all wild dogs and of wolves; and it is also a fact, that the shepherd dog is nearer the original type of his race than any other. With this knowledge we can form some idea of the immense power the shepherd dog's education has over his original nature, to make him not only

forego destroying the tender lamb, but also sacrifice his entire life to its protection. In Scotland and Spain, the shepherd dog forms a prominent object of rural life, and is appreciated as one of the greatest blessings of a beneficent Providence. In Scotia, Hogg and Burns both commenced life upon their native bleak hills, watching their flocks, with no other constant companion than the faithful dog; it is not only truly interesting, but really affecting to read the passionate outpourings of these two sons of song in his praise. With all their imagination and heartiness, they never found language sufficiently strong to do justice to their feelings of admiration. Hogg acknowledges that he "never felt so grateful to *any creature* under the sun as he did to his honest Sirrah!"

Burns, in equally passionate language, writes, "that the master is the soul of the dog; all the powers and faculties of its nature are devoted to his master's service; and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse." He concludes, "Divines tell us that it ought just to be so with the Christian; but the dog puts the Christian to shame."

That the shepherd dog was specially designed for the purposes to which it is devoted, is powerfully suggested in the singular trait of its history; that more than any other of its species it retains, in spite of every circumstance, its peculiar character. While other dogs degenerate or improve, or have their radical qualities obliterated, the shepherd dog seems to have innate energy enough to overcome every other blood, and ever remain the same, confirming the opinion, that the shepherd dog stock is the most perfect of the whole species.



THE SHEPHERD DOG.

It is safe to say that commerce is indebted for the wool which appears in so many costly fabrics to the watchful care of the shepherd dog, for the master could not raise the staple, so as to supply it at reasonable prices,

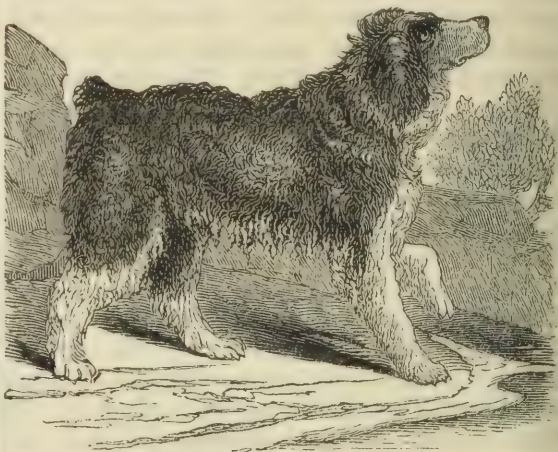
without the animal's assistance. A single shepherd and one dog will do the work of twenty men; and yet, while thus occupying a position so important, absolutely feeding and clothing his protectors, the dog is satisfied with the hardest fare and most meagre food, living and rejoicing alone in the approving smiles of his master's eye.

The shepherd dogs of Spain and Mexico are the finest in the world, and, armed with an iron collar covered with points, are a match for the most savage wolf. One thousand sheep require the attention of two men and two dogs. The manner of training them in the countries alluded to is interesting: the puppies, at their birth, are taken from their mother and suckled by a ewe previously deprived of her lambs. The consequence is, that the dogs associate at once with the sheep, become attached to particular flocks, and seem to feel a degree of affection that would naturally spring up in generous minds toward those to whose fostering care they were so much indebted.

Landseer—who devotes his great genius to painting the few domestic animals of England—has produced portraits of hounds, pointers, and shepherd dogs that vie favorably, in good looks and intelligence, with many of the representatives of another class of “the English nobility.” His great triumph has been a picture of two shepherd dogs, lying on a rock, just beneath which is sheltered an ewe and twin lambs. These dogs are, indeed, the protectors of the flocks—one is gazing in the distance for his master, the other looks down, with silken eyelash and beaming eye, upon the helpless charge beneath, expressing a tenderness and concern that has rarely been surpassed in the thousand Madonnas which have been the pride of art, and considered the acme of human maternity.

Having completed our list of dogs, illustrative of the best known varieties, we add two by way of ornament: one, the envy of certain beaux; the other, famous for its intelligence. “The ladies’ pet” is the modern King Charles spaniel; but so degenerate from the original breed as to retain little else of its excellences than

the soft coating of fur and silken ears. The short muzzle and round vulgar forehead of the bull-dog makes it decidedly repulsive. The eye has increased in size until it has become a deformity, and its stupid expression corresponds with the mental development of this happy creature. Such are the dogs that noble dukes and duchesses make companions of, and humble people imitate the example. They can be seen in England, and occasionally in our own country, lolling their unmeaning heads out of a carriage-window, and casting looks of apparent contempt upon the poor passers-by. What is the charm about them to ladies is past our comprehension. The example attending the devotion of the sex to such pets injures society; for bipeds, anxious to gain a smile from lips so often buried in the lap-dog’s fur, descend themselves into imitations of the veriest puppies, making it questionable which is most degraded—the ambition, or the taste that demands such qualities in the conventional lords of the creation. We can not admire too much the lady, who congratulated herself that her lap-dog escaped any serious injury from biting the extremities of her accepted lover.



JUNO.

Juno was a dog in which were mingled the blood of the spaniel and Newfoundland, and descended from a family remarkable for intelligence; for with dogs, even more than with men, talents are hereditary. This playful, intelligent creature, without any instruction, performed so many feats that she won a wide celebrity. So fond was she of her reasoning playmates, that she would at any time abandon her puppies to have a romp with the children. As a nurse, she took care of “the baby,” and would follow it about, pick up its playthings, rock its cradle, and carefully restore to its hands the “chicken bone,” for the moment dropped on the floor. Having once accompanied her master on a fishing excursion, she afterward would dig angle-worms, draw the fishing-rod from its hooks, and insist in the stable that the horse should be saddled, and then lead the animal by the bridle up to the door. Her kind care extended to the chickens and ducks, and if any of the little ones were lamed or died, she at nightfall took them



THE LADIES' PET.

to their respective owners, and thrust them under the maternal wings. When the garden was made Juno seemed to admire the nicely-arranged beds, and throughout the whole summer, looked through the palings with indignation at what she supposed to be the intruding plants in the nicely-prepared ground.

Juno never would allow the servants to possess in peace any property once belonging to her master, mistress, or their children, which was not formally given away in her presence; in that case, she never noticed the articles at all. In New Orleans this dog attracted a great deal of attention, because she would not touch the poisoned sausages thrown into the streets. She did not confine her useful labors exclusively to those who owned her, but would restore lost property, when she met with it, that belonged to any of the neighbors. She appeared to understand the meaning of words, and would instantly show by her manner how perfectly she comprehended the passing conversation. If any subject was alluded to in which she took an interest, she would bark and caper about, and designate as far as possible the different things alluded to. She would remain perfectly quiet, with an affectionate eye alone upon her master, through long discussions on politics or philosophy; but let any thing be said about angling or hunting, about the poultry in the yard, or kindred subjects, and she would go almost crazy with delight. This dog, combining within herself the qualities of the two most intelligent breeds of her kind, seemed but little removed from a reasoning, intelligent being; there were, at times, expressions in her eye, of affection, of thought, of sorrow, of joy, so very human that it was painful, and startled the imagination for the moment with the idea that Pythagoras was indeed correct, and that the souls of former men were imprisoned in the bodies of animals; for it was easy, in contemplating this remarkable dog, to suppose that she was possessed of a hidden intelligence not properly belonging to brute life. And yet Juno was only one of the many intelligent beings so frequently to be met with among the dogs, who, in their humble sphere, teach us lessons of devotion, disinterestedness, and friendship.

India is remarkable for wild dogs, among which is the poor Pariah, an inhabitant of the confines of civilization, and yet is never fairly adopted into human society. This dog, naturally gentle, a British officer relates, was caught by the natives in great numbers, and used to feed a tiger, kept in the garrison for the amusement of visitors. On one occasion, a pariah, instead of yielding to fear, stood on the defensive, and as the tiger approached he seized him by the upper lip. This continued to be done several days, when the tiger not only ceased his attacks but divided his food with the poor dog, and became his friend, and the two animals occupied the same cage for many years. An old lion, in the Tower of London, conceived a liking for a little dog that accidentally got into his cage, and the two animals be-

came inseparable. It was a source of great amusement to observe the impudence of the little puppy, who would bark at visitors while the old lion would look dignifiedly on, seemingly determined to assist his little friend out of any difficulties his presumption might lead to.

At the battle of Palo Alto there were two dogs belonging to the officers of Ringold's battery, which amused themselves in the battle by watching at the mouths of the pieces for the discharge of the balls, and then chased them across the plain as long as they were in sight. Things got a little too hot finally for one of them, and he retreated back to Point Isabel. The soldiers in that intrenchment saw Carlo coming across the prairie, and indulged the idea that he had brought a letter of "how fared the day." A French officer, engaged in the war of Algiers, owned a dog who conceived a great taste for the carnage of battle, and watched his master's gun, and ran among the enemy to find "the victim," the same as if the wounded man had been a bird. This habit, together with another of holding on the "game" with a determined tooth when found, cost the dog his life. An Arab chief happened only to be "winged" by his master's weapon, and when the dog seized the son of the desert, he was instantly stabbed to the heart.

Some years ago, it was not uncommon in Connecticut to employ dogs as motive-power to light machinery. A Mr. Brill had a pair of dogs which he employed together on a sort of tread-mill. After a while the motion of the machinery was noticed from time to time to be considerably retarded, when the tender would go to the mill to see if the dogs were doing their duty, and every thing appeared to be right. Another and another interruption would occur, and so continued, until the owner began to suspect that his dogs were playing some trick upon him. Accordingly he placed an observer where all the movements of the animals could be seen, and the mystery was thus explained. After the two dogs had wrought together for some time, one of them was seen to step off the tread-mill and seat himself where he could catch the first warning of any approaching foot-step. After he had rested awhile he took his place at the wheel again, and allowed his associate to rest: thus these sagacious creatures continued to bear each other's burdens.

A Miss Childs, a keeper of a tavern in London, quite recently possessed a black and white spaniel which performed tricks almost surpassing belief. This dog could play at games of whist, cribbage, and dominoes. In playing these games the dog was placed behind a screen, and had the cards all arranged before him; over this screen he watched his antagonist, and reached with his mouth the suite required. Out of a pack of cards he would instantly select the best cribbage and whist. On the names of any city, county, or town being placed by printed cards before him, the dog would, without hesitation, fetch the one requested, and at the bidding of

any one present, and in the absence of his mistress. He could, by the aid of printed cards, tell how many persons might be in the room, how many hats, or the number of coins any one might throw on the floor. After being taken out of the room, if any one present touched a card, the dog on his return would designate it. So numerous, indeed, were the evidences of intelligence exhibited by this dog, that it was impossible to resist the impression that he was possessed of reason.

An unfortunate dog, in order to make sport for some fools, had a pan tied to his tail, and was sent off on his travels to a neighboring town. He reached his place of destination perfectly exhausted, and lay down before the steps of a tavern, eying most anxiously the horrid annoyance fastened behind him, but unable to move a step farther to rid himself of the torment. Another dog, a Scotch shepherd, laid himself down beside him, and, by a few caresses, gaining the confidence of the afflicted cur, proceeded to gnaw the string by which the noisy appendage was attached to his friend's tail, and with about a quarter of an hour's exertion, severed the cord, and started to his legs, with the pan hanging from the string in his mouth, and after a few joyful capers, departed on his travels in the highest glee at his success.

Dogs are superstitious, and easily alarmed by any thing that is strange or wonderfully incomprehensible to their experience. We knew a very fine mastiff once to issue out upon a little negro. The child, in its alarm, stepped back and fell into a hole at the root of a tree. The dog perceiving the sudden disappearance of its object of hatred, became alarmed, and finally, with the utmost terror depicted in its actions, retreated back to its hiding-place.

Some years ago, while traveling up the Mississippi river, in common with other passengers on the steamer we were attracted by the docility and intelligence of a pointer dog. This excellent animal would voluntarily return mislaid books, hats, or other trifles to their owners, and seemed to desire to render himself popular by doing such kindly offices. The trick he performed, however, which created most surprise, was taking notes from gentlemen to their wives in the ladies' cabin. This he would do whenever called upon. The person sending the note, would simply call the dog, and his master would give him the directions what to do, and we believe he never made a mistake. The dog would take the paper in his mouth, go among the lady passengers and hunt around, and finally put the note in the lap of the person for whom it was intended. This apparently extraordinary mark of intelligence, created a great deal of amusement, yet it was the most simple exhibition of the dog's power that could be given, for it will be found on examination that it is still more strange that a pointer should perceive the vicinity of partridges at many yards distance, than that he should discover a gentleman's wife sitting within touching distance of his nose.

"One of the most interesting exhibitions of the half-civilized dog is witnessed in polar countries, where he performs the office of the horse, and draws heavy sledges over the wastes of snow. The faithful pack flees over the hard ribbed ice, and, by their speed, make the cutting wind of the north sting as if broken glass were entering the eyes. The storm sighs along the expansive waste, and the snow-clouds, like winding-sheets, seem closing in on the weary travelers. No star is seen aloft to give a ray of hope—man, immortal, powerful man, is at the mercy of his canine friends. 'God save us!' exclaim the alarmed voyagers. The prayer had been answered 'in the beginning,' for they were in the charge of the faithful dog, who could find his way where there were no roads, no trace of vegetation to mark the path. Suddenly the pack appears at fault—the leader questions the air, asserts his full voice, and dashes on. Urged by his encouraging example, his comrades joyfully resume their work—space flies, and the hours wear away. At last, as the night is closing in, a thin pennon of dark smoke detaches itself upon the distant horizon: the sign betrays the dwelling of man, the journey is accomplished. The four-footed guides ask for no wages—an oral expression of satisfaction, and they are content; yet human guides over the less dangerous passes of the Alps and Pyrenees would have, for similar services, demanded exaggerated sums."

An artist who had had a great deal of trouble to please a rather captious duchess, finally consented that the truthfulness of the picture should be left to the decision of the lady's pet spaniel. The picture was sent home, the aristocratic lady hid herself away behind the window curtains, and the little dog-critic was ushered into the room. Without much hesitation the animal approached the picture, wagged its tail as if in joy, and fell to licking the face. The duchess was delighted, complimented the artist on his skill, and paid him a high price for his labor. It was afterward discovered that the face of the portrait had been covered over with *lard*, and that the dog's nose was sharper than the critic's eyes.

When some of our troops, taken prisoners by Santa Anna, were passing from Buena Vista to the city of Mexico, they were, in common with all travelers in Mexico, astonished at the number of dogs they met in the streets of the villages. At Saltillo, on one occasion, the American prisoners were detained in the highway by their guards stopping to look at a dog fight. The spectators were very numerous, brought together by the rare show of the "captured North Americans" and the canine battle. The dogs seemed to be unequally matched; one was a large brindle, of ferocious aspect and braggadocio appearance; the other was a little compact animal, of undistinguished personality, but which attended to his fighting with steady pertinacity. The "greasers" named the big dog "Santa Anna;" and the Americans the little one "Old Zack." After a

severe struggle, in which "Old Zack" was rolled in the mud, and pretty severely handled, he got his competitor down, and seizing him by the throat, held on until "Santa Anna" roared with pain. A general shout of exultation ensued among the Mexicans. The chivalrous conduct of the little dog even won upon their sympathies, and they joined, much to the mortification of the "regular troops," in giving three cheers for General Zachariah Taylor.

Innumerable anecdotes might be given of dogs which not only saved human beings from death, but have anticipated approaching evil, and thus guarded their master in advance. Travelers, dreaming of no evil, have gone to bed at night at hotels, when their dogs have discovered among the people of the inn suspicious circumstances, and given the alarm. The son of Dr. Dwight relates, that his father, the greatest theological writer our country has ever produced, was indebted to a dog for his life, the faithful animal obtruding in his pathway, and compelling his horse to turn out of the road he was traveling. In the morning the Doctor discovered that if he had pursued his journey according to his intent, he would have been dashed down a precipice, where to escape with his life would have been an impossibility.

It is no uncommon circumstance for certain persons to keep dogs and guns for hire. So intelligent are some pointers, that they will go with any stranger who has a fowling-piece they are familiar with. It is not uncommon for persons to hire these necessities of hunting, who know nothing of the use of either. In such cases the dog will often flush the game, and discovering that "the gentleman" does not know how to shoot, will abandon the hunt altogether, and go home in disgust.

In man, the brain forms one-thirtieth part of his whole body—in the Newfoundland dog one seventieth—in the bull-dog one three-hundredth part.

An English gentleman discovered, one morning, that some miscreant had cut off the ears and tail of a favorite horse. A blood-hound was brought to the stable, which at once detected the scent of the villain, and traced it more than twenty miles. The hound then stopped at a door, whence no power could move him. Being at length admitted, he ran to the top of the house, and, bursting open the door of a garret room, found the object he sought in bed, and would have torn him to pieces, had not the huntsman, who had followed the dog on a fleet horse, rushed to the rescue.

Some extraordinary data exist of the fleetness of fox-hounds. A match race was once run over the Beacon Course, Newmarket, England—a distance of four miles, one furlong, and one hundred and thirty-two yards. The winning dog performed the distance in eight minutes and a few seconds; but of the sixty horses that started with the hounds, only twelve were able to run in with them.

A gentleman was missed in London, and it

was supposed he had met with some foul play. No clew could be obtained to the mystery, when his dog was discovered sitting before an attractive shop. No inducement could be held out that would cause the animal to leave the place. It was finally suggested that he might be *waiting for his master*. The house, always above suspicion of wrong, was searched, and there was not only discovered the body of the missing gentleman, but also other bodies of people who had been murdered in the same house. The guilty parties were arrested, and acknowledged their crimes—and one of the most terrible of all the dens of London was broken up by the "police knowledge" of the dog.

Dogs are extensively used on the Belgian frontiers for smuggling. The animals trained to these "dishonest habits," are conducted in packs to the foreign frontier, where they are kept without food for many hours; they are then beaten and laden, and at the beginning of the night started on their travels. They reach the abode of their masters, which is generally two or three leagues from the frontiers, as speedily as they can, where they are sure to be well treated and provided with a quantity of food. These dogs are represented to be of large size, and do much mischief to property, inasmuch as, in going to their place of destination, they take the most direct course across the country.

A Western gentleman being very much annoyed all night on a steamer by a barking dog, in the morning hunted up its owner, and proposed to purchase a half or quarter interest in the animal. The owner seemed surprised, and asked the gentleman "what he would do with a partnership of that kind." "I think," said the "hoosier," with great solemnity, "that if I did own an interest in that dog, I should kill my share immediately."

Dogs sometimes join a fire-company, and run regularly with the engines. Several of this kind have been known in New York. There was a famous fire-dog in London, which lived indiscriminately with the firemen—sometimes choosing to live with one, sometimes with another. He was a regular attendant at every fire; and was always seen in the thickest crowd and where the press was the greatest. One day a magistrate happened to hear of the dog, and expressed a wish to see him. A messenger was accordingly dispatched, and Tyke made his appearance borne in the arms of a policeman. He was not easily persuaded to leave his house, and the only way was to make a fireman run in a hurry up the street. Tyke immediately set out after him; but on seeing the man slacken his pace, he knew there was no fire, and turned indignantly back. The messenger found that he could be induced to go no farther; so he was obliged to pick him up and carry him. Tyke lived for many years, following the engines to the fires, and was always fed and kindly cared for by the firemen. He was of the terrier breed, of rather a grim, tattered appearance, no doubt resulting from his manner of life.

A French merchant having some money due him, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, to receive it. Having accomplished his business, he tied the money-bag before him and began his journey home. The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived this error, and, wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to be determined to remind his master of his loss. The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, and conceived the alarming apprehension that the dog had gone mad. Deeply lamenting the necessity of parting with his dog, and constantly more and more impressed that he was really rabid, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and, turning his head away, fired: The aim was but too true—the faithful animal fell wounded to the earth, and the merchant rode on. Some time after, involuntarily reaching out his hand, he discovered his loss. In an instant he comprehended his rashness and folly, and turning his horse, galloped back to the place where he stopped. He discovered the traces of blood, but he looked in vain for the dog—he had crawled, wounded as he was, to the forgotten bag, and lay down beside it as a guard. When he saw his master, he testified his joy by wagging his tail; and in attempting to caress his master, he cast his last look of affection in his face, and fell back, and died.

A writer in a London paper mentions that he saw a blind man look with much apparent interest at the prints in Dolnaghi's window. "Why, my friend," said he, "it seems you are not blind?" "Blind! no, thank God, your honor," replied the man; "I have my blessed sight as well as another." "Then, why do you go about led by a dog with a string?" asked the gentleman. "Why, because I dedicate dogs for the blind," was the satisfactory reply.

To show that this education is effective, mention is made by a traveler in Europe, who saw a good-looking poodle-dog, which came to the coach-door and sat upon his hind legs with the air of one begging for something. "Give him a cent," said the carriage-driver, "and you will see what he will do with it." The money was thrown; the dog picked it up, ran to a baker's and brought back a piece of bread, which he ate. The dog had belonged to a blind man lately dead, and having no master, begged alms on his own account. There are dogs in Rome who can distinguish between charitably-disposed persons and others not so inclined, and who will lead their masters up to houses where they feel assured something will be given, and avoid those at which the rude repulse will be met with. An English officer mentions a case of a beggar's dog that belonged to a shoe-black in Paris. The animal, in his desire to serve his master, would

roll in the gutters, and then manage to throw some mud on the shoes of the passers-by. A gentleman having had his feet soiled two or three times the same morning, taxed the shoe-black with the imposition. The man acknowledged that he had taught the dog the trick, and that it was the chief means of obtaining him a livelihood.

Hammond, of the *Albany Register*, describes a dog who might be termed one of the bhoy's. He was a shaggy, crop-eared, wiry, keen-eyed cur; an animal that might be bet on, as being ever ready for a fight, or for any sort of canine devilment, at the shortest possible notice, and probably did run "wid de machine," and cultivate a "soap-lock" over the left "blinker." The owner of this dog wore a jaunty cap that one might safely swear had been acquainted with the weight of a butcher's tray. His outer garment was a sort of shaggy cross between a monkey-jacket and a frock-coat, in making up of which a large allowance had been made for at least two years' growth. His pants were of the same material, and at the bottom were rolled half-way up to his knees, through which his lean shanks protruded, the extremities of which were incased in a pair of stogy shoes, that seemed to have been made with special reference to the creation of corns.

The dog and his owner, having quietly ensconced themselves on top of a pier-post, the two took a dignified survey of the people round.

"Speak to the gentlemen," ordered the master; whereupon Pomp opened his mouth and gave forth three or four distinct bow-wows.

"Gentlemen," said the occupant of the post, "this is one of the dogs you've hearn tell of. He's a great dog, wonderful dog, a dog that shouldn't belong all to one individual. He's too valuable a property for a single man to own. He ort to be made a stock-dog of—to be divided into shares, and owned by a company—he should. A corporation as owned that dog would make a noise in the world. There would be a big dividend on the stock, you may bet high on that. There'd be no bust up about it. 'Twould be a safe investment, and sure pay."

The dog seemed to understand the compliment of his master; and the two, at the conclusion of the speech, formed a couple of as independent and impudent specimens of "city life" as could be found this side of any where.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A CONSULATE.

JULIUS CÆSAR was a Consul, and the first Bonaparte, and so was I.

I do not think that I am possessed of any extraordinary ambition. I like comfort, I like mushrooms (truffles I do not like). I think Lafitte is a good wine, and wholesome. Gin is not to my taste, and I never attended caucuses. Therefore, I had never entertained great expectations of political preferment, and lived for a considerable period of years without any hopes

in that way, and with a very honest indifference.

And yet, when my name actually appeared in the newspapers, as named by appointment of the President Consul to Blank, I felt, I will confess (if I may use such an expression), an unusual expansion. I felt confident that I had become on a sudden the subject of a good deal of not unnatural envy. I excused people for it, and never thought of blaming or of resenting it. My companions in the every-day walks of life, I treated, I am satisfied, with the same consideration as before.

In short, I concealed my elation of spirits as much as possible, and only indulged the playful elasticity of my spirits in a frequent private perusal of that column of the *New York Times* which made the announcement of my appointment, and where my name appeared in print, associated with those of the distinguished Mr. Soulé, Mr. Greaves (I believe), Mr. Daniels, Mr. Brown, Mr. Mekea, and a great many others.

I can not accurately describe my feelings when the postmaster of our town (a smart gentleman of great tact, but now turned out) handed me a huge packet from the Department of State, franked by Mr. Marcy (evidently his own hand had traced the lines), sealed with the large seal of the Department, and addressed to me, Mr. Blank, Consul of the United States for Blank.

I took the postmaster by the hand and endeavored to appear cool. I think I made some casual remark about the weather. Good Heavens, what a hypocrite!

I broke open the packet with emotion. It contained a notice (I think it was in the Secretary's hand) of my appointment to Blank. It contained a printed list of foreign ministers and consuls, in which my name was entered in writing. In the next issue I was sure it would be in print. It contained a published pamphlet (quite thin) of instructions. It contained a circular, on paper of a blue tinge, recommending modest dress. I liked the friendly way in which the recommendation was conveyed; not absolutely compelling, but advising a black coat, black pantaloons. In the warmth of my grateful feelings at that time, I think I should have vowed compliance if the Secretary had advised saffron shorts and a sky-blue tail-coat!

There was, beside, in the packet a blank of a bond, to be filled up in the sum of two thousand dollars, as a kind of guarantee for the safe return of such consular property as I might find at Blank.

I was gratified at being able to return such a substantial evidence of my willingness to incur risks for the sake of my country and of the Administration. It was necessary, however, that two good bondsmen should sign the instrument with me. I knew I should have no difficulty in finding them. I asked two of my friends to come forward in the matter. They came forward promptly; and without an *arrière-pensée* (to make use of an apt foreign expression) they

put their names to the bond. I should be tempted to give their names here, did I not know their modesty would be offended by public notice.

I sent the instrument to Washington in a large envelope, with a mention in one corner, in my own handwriting, "*Official Business.*"

I did not drop it into the outside box of the office, but presented it with my own hands through the trap to the clerk. The clerk read the address, and turned toward me with a look of consideration that I never saw upon his face before. And yet (so deceitful is human pride), I blew my nose as if nothing of importance had happened! I knew that the clerk would mention the circumstance of the "Official" letter to the second clerk, and that both would look at me with wonder when they next met me in the street, or gazed on me in my pew at the church. In short, I can not describe my feelings.

A few days after I received one or two letters in handwriting unknown to me; they proved to be applications for clerkships in my consular bureau. I replied to them in a civil, but perhaps rather stately manner, informing the parties that I was not yet aware of the actual income of the office, but if appearances were favorable I promised to communicate farther.

A friend suggested to me that perhaps, before assuming so important a trust, it would be well to make a short trip to the seat of government, and confer personally with the members of the Cabinet.

The suggestion seemed to me judicious. I should in this way be put in possession of the special views of the Administration, and be better able to conduct the business of my office, in agreement with the Government views of international policy, and the interests of the world generally.

It is true, the cost of the journey would be something, but it was not a matter to be thought of in an affair of so grave importance. I therefore went to Washington.

In a city where so many consuls are (I might say) annually appointed, it was not to be expected that my arrival would create any unusual stir. Indeed it did not. If I might be allowed the expression of opinion on such a point, I think that the inn-keeper gave me a room very near the roof—for a consul.

I called almost immediately on my arrival at the office of the Secretary of State. I was told that the Secretary of State was engaged, but was recommended by his door-keeper to enter my name at the bottom of a long list in his possession, in order that I might secure my turn of admittance.

I represented my official character to the door-keeper. I could not discover that his countenance altered in the least; he, however, kindly offered to present me at the door of the consular bureau.

The gentlemen of that department received me graciously, and congratulated me, I thought, in a somewhat gleeful manner, considering their

responsible positions, upon my appointment. At my request they showed me some communications which were on file from the consular office I was destined to fill. There were a few letters on foolscap, and a few on note paper. They did not seem to me to come up altogether to the "Instructions." I made a remark to that effect, which appeared to be unobserved.

Among other papers was a list of the effects belonging to the consular office at Blank. It read, if I remember rightly:

- "One Small Flag.
- "One Brass Stamp.
- "One Pewter do.
- "Two Books of Record.
- "Nine Blank Passports.
- "One broken-legged Table.
- "Two Office Stools (old).
- "One 'Arms' (good condition)."

I must say I was surprised at this list. It seemed to me there was some discrepancy between the two thousand dollar bond I had signed and the value of the effects of which I was to come into possession. It seemed to me, however, that furniture and things of that sort might be dear in so distant a country. I had no doubt they were. I hinted as much to the clerk in attendance.

He said he thought they might be.

"*Nous verrons*," said I, at which he smiled and said, "Oh, you know the language, then?"

I said I should know it; only the place was Italian, and the remark I had just made was in the French language.

"Oh dear; well," said he, "I don't think it makes any difference."

I told him "I hoped it wouldn't."

"Its rare they know the language," said he, picking a bit of lint off from his coat-sleeve.

I felt encouraged at this.

"Only take a small dictionary along," continued he.

I asked if there was one belonging to the office?

He thought not.

I asked him, then, how much he thought the place was worth?

At this he politely showed me an old account of "returns." It seemed to be a half-yearly account, though some of the half-years were skipped apparently, and the others, I really thought, might as well have been skipped. Indeed, I was not a little taken aback at the smallness of the sums indicated.

I daresay I showed as much in my face, for the clerk told me, in a confidential way, that he doubted if the returns were full. He thought they might be safely doubled. I thought, for my own part, that there would not be much safety in doubling them even.

The clerk further hinted, that within a short time such positions would be of more value; there was to be a revival of the consular system.

I told him I had heard so; as, indeed, I had, any time and many times within the last ten or fifteen years.

Beside which—there was my country!

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead"

(to quote a popular piece of poetry), who would not serve his country, even if the fees are small?

And again, the returns were doubtless misrepresented: indeed, I had heard of a private boast from a late incumbent of the post, to the effect that "he had lived in clover." I had no doubt, in my own mind, that the Government had, in some way, paid for the clover.

I was disappointed, finally, in respect to an interview with the Secretary of State. I had the honor, however, while at Washington, of a presentation to the Under-Secretary. I do not think that he was aware of my appointment, or, indeed, that he had ever heard of me before; though he made a kind effort to recall me to remembrance; and, in any event, was pleased (he said) to make my acquaintance. He expressed himself to the effect that men of character were needed for Government offices.

I told him I thought they were.

The instructions ordered that I should give information to the Department of the time of my sailing for my foreign destination, with the name of the port at which I was to embark, and of the ship.

This I did—as the instructions enjoined—upon foolscap. I must not omit to mention, that I was provided with a special passport—not, indeed, bearing the usual insignia of the eagle and darts, but an autograph passport, designating in good English my rank and destination, and inviting foreign Governments generally to show me that attention due to my official capacity.

I put this in my portmanteau, together with a pocket edition of Vattel *On the Law of Nations*, for private reference, and also a small dictionary.

With these, I bade my friends adieu, shaking them cheerfully by the hand, and from the poop of the ship waved a farewell to my country.

The professed travel-writers—such as Bayard Taylor—describe these things a great deal better. I can only say that, with a very bitter feeling in my chest, I went below, where I remained the most of the time until we reached the other side.

When I arrived in France—where I was not personally known—I trusted very much to the extraordinary passport which I carried, and which I had no doubt would make considerable impression upon the officials. Indeed, a timid man who had made the voyage with me, and who was in some way made aware of my consular capacity (though I never hinted it myself), ventured to hope that I would give him my assistance in case his papers were not all right. I promised I would do so. I may say that I felt proud of the application.

I walked with great confidence into the little receiving-room of the police, guided by two soldiers who wore caps very much like a reversed tin-kettle, and presented my special passport.

The chief of the office looked at it in a very hard manner, and then passed it to his neighbor. I was certainly prepared for a look of consideration on their part. On the contrary, I thought they examined me with a good deal of impatient scrutiny.

At length one of them said, with an air of confidence, "*Vous être Anglais?*"—You are English?

I could not help saying—using the French form of expression—" *Mon Dieu!*—no!"

And I proceeded to tell him what I really was, and that the passport was an American passport, and of an official character.

The officers looked at it again, and seemed to consult for a while together; at length one said, *C'est égal*—"It's all the same"—asked me my name, and, with some hesitation, placed his seal upon the instrument.

In this way I was let into France. The timid man who had voyaged with me had, meantime, sidled away. I suspect he must have gone up to Paris by an early train, for I did not meet with him again. I hope he had no trouble.

There was not very much made of my dignity in any part of France; but not being accredited to that country, I felt no resentment, and enjoyed Paris perhaps as much as any merely private citizen could do. To prevent, however, any mistake in future about my passport, I printed, in large characters and in the French language, upon the envelope, "Passport of Blank, Consul of the United States of America for Blank."

This was a good hit, and was, I found, readily understood. The landlord with whom I staid while in Paris (an obliging man) made up his bill against the title in full. It was pleasant to have recognition.

I continued my journey in excellent spirits. I think it was on the road through Switzerland that I fell in with a chatty personage in the *coupé* of the diligence; and having at one time to hand my passport to a soldier at a frontier station, the paper came under the eye of my companion of the *coupé*. He was charmed to have the honor of my acquaintance. He expressed an excessive admiration for my country and my fellow-members of the Government.

I asked him if he had ever been in the United States. He said he had not; but he had a friend, he told me, who once touched at Guadaloupe, and found the climate delightful.

I told him, in all kindness, that the United States did not reach as far as that.

"*Comment?*" said he.

I repeated, that at the time I left, the West Indies were not included in the United States.

"*Oh, ça arrivera!*" said he; and he made a progressive gesture with his two hands, as if he would embrace the flank of the diligence horses.

He asked me if the country was generally flat.

I told him it was a good deal so.

"But, *mon Dieu!*" said he, "what fevers and steamboats you have!—*vous avez là bas!*"

In short, he proved a very entertaining companion; and upon our arrival at the station of the Customs, he presented me, with a good deal of ceremony, to the presiding officer as the Consul of the United States.

It was the first time (indeed, one of the few times) upon which I had received official recognition. The Customsman bowed twice, and I bowed twice in return.

The presentation proved very serviceable to me, as it was the means of relieving me from a very serious difficulty shortly after.

My passport, as I have already remarked, was wholly in manuscript; and the only characters at all conspicuous in it were those which made up the name of "WM. L. MARCY." I do not mean to attribute to that gentleman the vanity of wishing to appear more important than the Consul, even in the instrument with which I was fortified. But the truth was, that the Secretary of State's signature, being in his stout autograph, was quite noticeable in contrast with the light, clerkly flourishes by which it was surrounded.

In short, it was presumed at the guard-house that my papers gave protection—if they gave protection to any body (which seems to have been doubted)—to Mr. Wm. L. Marcy. I was entered, therefore, upon the police record under that name. But on discovery of the fact that my baggage bore a different address, it was farther presumed that Mr. Marcy had purloined the baggage of another party; and, under this apprehension, I came very near being placed in confinement.

I explained the matter eagerly, but had considerable difficulty in making the officials understand that I was really not Mr. Marcy; and not being Mr. Marcy, could not be accused of any misdeeds attributable to that gentleman. I furthermore explained, as well as I was able, that Mr. Marcy was a *grand homme* (and here the French came gracefully to my aid)—that he was, in short, a man of great distinction—highly esteemed in the country from which I came, and absolutely retained there by his official duties, making it utterly impossible for him to be traveling just now upon the Continent of Europe, even with his now luggage—setting aside the calumny of his having taken possession of another man's.

I fear, however, that all would have been of no avail, if the Customsman had not been sent for, and came gallantly to my relief. I was indebted to him—under Providence—for my escape.

Upon arrival at my port of destination, I was evidently regarded with considerable suspicion. In common with some fifty others, I was packed in a small barrack-room until decision should be made upon our papers of admission. After very much earnest study of my passport, both within and without, the chief of the examining department (who was a scholarly man, deputed for that employment) seemed to understand that I had come in the professed quality of Consul.

He asked me, in a solemn tone, if the fact was as he had surmised.

I told him, eagerly, that he was quite correct.

Upon this he gave me a ticket of admission, authorizing me to enter the town, and advising me to apply in two days' time at the bureau of police for my passport or a permit of residence.

I took lodgings at a respectable hotel, and was presently found out by a shrewd fellow (a Swiss, I think), who executed the languages for the house. He wished to know if I would like to engage him for "the sights."

I replied in a playful way—disguising as much as possible my dignity—that I was to stop some time—that I was, in short, Consul for the United States, and should probably have many leisure opportunities.

He felt sure I would. He took off his hat, and showed tokens of respect for the office which I never met with before—nor since.

I beg to recommend him to any party traveling in that direction: his name is, I think, Giacomo Guarini; aged forty-five, and broad in the shoulders, with a slight lisp in his English.

By his advice I called at the bureau of the police, where I made known my quality of Consul. They were sorry, they said (the officials), that they had no information of that kind. I expressed some surprise, and stated that I had the honor to bring the information myself—alluding to the passport.

They observed that, though this information was very good for me, as coming from *my* Government, it was hardly so good for them, who awaited all such information from *their* Government. Not having yet consulted Vattel very thoroughly, I did not deem it prudent to reply hastily to this first diplomatic proposition. If, indeed, there had been an eagle on the passport—!

The officials informed me that, if I wished to stay in the town, I could do so by paying ten *zwanzigers* (about a dollar and a half our money) for a permit.

I asked how it would be if I purchased no such permit.

In that case I must leave (though it was very kindly expressed).

I reflected that, all things considered, it would be better to stay. My experience with my passport, thus far, had not been such as to warrant any great reliance on that instrument. Indeed, I think I should advise a friend anticipating travel (for pleasure), to provide himself with a private passport.

This point being settled, I looked over my official papers and found a letter addressed by the Secretary of State to the "Present Incumbent" of the office, requesting him to deliver into my keeping the seals, flag, stools, and arms of the office.

I made inquiries regarding him. No body about the hotel seemed to know him, or, indeed, ever to have heard of him. I had fortunately a private letter to a banker of the town

(exceedingly useful to me afterward). I called upon him, and renewed my inquiries.

He regretted, he said, to inform me that Mr. —, the late acting Consul, had only the last week committed suicide by jumping out of his office-window into the dock.

I must confess that I was shocked by this announcement. I hoped it was not owing to any embarrassments arising out of his official position.

The banker, who was a polite man, regretted that he could not inform me.

I must not omit to mention that the letter of the Secretary of State, requesting the supposed incumbent to deliver up the papers, the seals, the stools, etc., contained (through some error of the clerk) the name of some other person than myself as the proper recipient; so that I had, from the time of my landing in Europe, entertained considerable doubt about the success of my application. It was then with a feeling of some relief—tempered by humane regrets—that I learned of the untimely fate of the individual to whom the official demand was addressed. I at once destroyed the letter which might have invalidated my claim, and pursued my inquiries in regard to the papers, the flag, the stamps, and the stools.

Through the kindness of my banker I succeeded in tracing them to the office of a Jewish ship-broker, whom I found wrapped in a bear-skin coat, and smoking a very yellow meerschaum.

He spoke English charmingly. He said he had succeeded (I could scarce tell how) to the late incumbent.

I asked about the suicide.

The Israelite tapped his forehead with his skinny fore-finger, waved it back and forth for a moment, and left me in a very distressing state of perplexity.

I asked after the flag, the sign-board, the table, etc. He said they were deposited in his garret, and should be delivered up whenever I desired. He informed me further that he knew of my appointment through a paragraph in *Galignani's Messenger*. It seemed an odd way of establishing my claim, to be sure; but from the experience I had already found with my passport, I thought it was not worth while to shake the Jewish gentleman's belief by referring him to that instrument.

I borrowed the ship-broker's seal—the consular seal—and addressed a note to the chief authority of the port (in obedience to home instructions), informing him of my appointment. I furthermore addressed a large letter to the Department, acquainting them with my safe arrival, and with the sad bereavement of the State in the loss of the late acting Consul. (I learned afterward that he had been a small ship-broker, of Hebrew extraction, and suspected of insanity.)

The governor of the port replied to me after a few days, informing me, courteously, that whenever the Central Government should be

pleased to recognize my appointment, he would acquaint me with that fact.

My next object was to find lodgings; and as the instructions enjoined attendance from ten until four, it was desirable that the office should be an agreeable one, and, if possible, contiguous to sleeping quarters.

The old Jewish gentleman, indeed, kindly offered to relieve me of all the embarrassments of the business; but I showed him a copy of the new instructions, which would not admit of my taking into employ any other than a naturalized citizen.

I thought he seemed amused at this; he certainly twisted his tongue in his left cheek in a very peculiar manner. Still he was courteous.

I succeeded at length in finding very airy quarters, with a large office connected with the sleeping apartment by a garden. A bell-rope was attached to the office-door, and the bell being upon the exterior wall, within the garden, could be distinctly heard throughout the apartment. This arrangement proved a very convenient one. As only three or four American ships were understood to arrive in the course of the year, and as the office was somewhat damp and mouldy—being just upon the water's side—I did not think it necessary (viewing the bell) to remain there constantly from ten until four. I sincerely hope that the latitude which I took in this respect will be looked on favorably by the Home Government. Indeed, considering the frequent travel of my fellow-diplomats the past season, I think I may without exaggeration presume upon indulgence.

I remained quietly one or two weeks waiting for recognition. Occasionally I walked down by the outer harbor to enjoy the sight of an American bark which just then happened to be in port, and whose commander I had the honor of meeting at the office of the Jewish shipbroker.

After six weeks of comparative quietude—broken only by mailing an occasional large letter* to the Department—I assumed, under official sanction, the bold step of taking possession of the seals, the papers, the stools, the flag, and the arms.

They were conveyed to me, on the twelfth of the month, in a boat. I shall not soon forget the occasion. The sun shone brightly. The "arms" filled up the bow of the boat; the papers, the stools, and the flag were lying in the stern-sheets. I felt a glow at sight of the flag, though it was small and somewhat torn. If the office should prove lucrative, I determined to buy another at my own cost. The sign-board, or "arms," was large—larger than any I had yet seen in the place; much larger than the Imperial arms over the Governor's doors.

I should say it must have been six feet long by four broad. The eagle was grand, and soared upon a blue sky; the olive branch, in imitation of nature, was green; the darts of a lively red.

And yet, I must admit, it seemed to me out of all proportion to the flag and to the shipping. I thought it must have been ordered by a sanguine man. It reminded me of what I had heard of the United States arms, erected in the Crystal Palace of London. I feared it was too large for the business. I never liked, I must confess, that sort of disproportion. If I might use a figurative expression, I should say that I had always fancied those sorts of nuts which have a kernel bigger than the shell.

If the "arms" had been of ordinary size, I should have raised it upon my roof. My serving-man was anxious to do so. But I reflected that only one American ship was then in port; that it was quite uncertain when another would arrive. I reflected that the office-furniture was inconsiderable; even one of the stools alluded to in the official list brought to my notice at Washington, had disappeared; and instead of nine blank passports there were now only seven. I therefore retained the sign in my office, though it filled up valuable space there. I gave a formal receipt for the flag, the stamps, the arms, the stool, the table, the record books, and for a considerable budget of old papers in a very tattered condition.

Two days after I received a bill from the late Jewish incumbent to the amount of twenty-five dollars for repairs on flag and "arms." Having already given a receipt for the same, and communicated intelligence thereof to the seat of government, I felt reluctantly compelled to decline payment; I proposed, however, to forward the bill to the Department with all the necessary vouchers.

The Jewish broker finding the matter was assuming this serious aspect, told me that the fee was a usual one on a change of consulate; and assured me jocularly, that as the consulate was changed on an average every eighteen months, the sign-board was the most profitable part of the business.

I observed, indeed, that the paint was very thick upon it; and it appeared to have been spliced on one or two occasions.

There arrived, not long after, to my address, by the way of the Marseilles steamer, a somewhat bulky package. I conjectured that it contained a few knick-knacks, which I had requested a friend to forward to me from a home port. By dint of a heavy bribe to the customs men, added to the usual port charges, I succeeded in securing its delivery without delay. It proved to be a set of the United States Statutes at Large, heavily bound in law calf. A United States eagle was deeply branded upon the backs of the volumes. There was evidently a distrust of the consular character. The thought of this, in connection with the late suicide, affected me painfully. I thought—looking upon the effects

* It should be mentioned that Government now generously assumes the cost of all paper, wax, ink, and steel pens consumed in the consular service. I believe the consular system is indebted for this to the liberal administrative capacity of Mr. Edward Everett, late of the State Department.

around me—that I should not like to be reduced so far as to rob my consulate!

I found many hours of amusement in looking over the records of the office; they were very brief, especially in the letter department. And on comparing the condition of the records with my consular instructions, I was struck with an extraordinary discrepancy. The law, for instance, enjoined copies to be made of all letters dispatched from the office; but with the exception of three or four, dated some fifteen years back, I could not find that any had been entered. Indeed, one of my predecessors had taken a very short, and, as it seemed to me, a very ingenious method of recording correspondence—in this way:

"April 1. Wrote Department informing them of arrival.

"June 5. Wrote the Governor.

"June 7. Received reply from the Governor, saying he had got my letter.

"June 9. Wrote the Governor, blowing up the post-office people for breaking open my letters.

"July. Wrote home for leave of absence, and quit the office."

I think it was about a week after the installment of the flag and arms in my office, that I received a very voluminous packet from a native of the port, who gave me a great many titles, and informed me in the language of the country (in exceedingly fine writing), that he was the discoverer of a tremendous explosive machine, calculated to destroy fleets at a great distance, and to put an end to all marine warfare. He intimated that he was possessed of republican feelings, and would dispose of his discovery to the United States for a consideration.

After a few days—during which I had accomplished the perusal—he called for my reply.

I asked, perhaps from impertinent curiosity, if he had made any overtures to his own government?

He said he had.

I asked, with what success?

He said they had treated him with indignity; and from the explanatory gestures he made use of to confirm this statement, I have no doubt they did.

He said that genius must look for lucrative patronage beyond the ocean, and glanced wistfully at the "arms."

I told him—turning my own regard in the same direction—that the United States Government was certainly a rich and powerful government. But, I added, they were not in the habit of paying away large sums of money even to native genius; not even, I continued sportively, to consular genius. I told him, if he would draw up a plan and model of his machine, I should be happy to inclose it in my budget of dispatches, for the consideration of the distinguished gentleman at the head of the Navy Department.

He asked me if I would add a strong opinion in its favor?

I told him that I had not long been connected

with the shipping interests of my country, and was hardly capable of forming an opinion about the merits of the marine machine he was good enough to bring under my notice. I was compelled further to observe, that I did not think a very high estimate was placed by government upon consular opinions of any sort.

The poor man seemed satisfied—looked wistfully again at the "arms," as if they implied very extensive protection—bade me good morning, and withdrew.

The weeks wore on, and there was no American arrival; nor did I hear any thing of my recognition by the Central Government. I drew up in a careful manner, two new record books in obedience to law, and transcribed therein my various notes to the Department and foreign personages, in a manner that I am sure was utterly unprecedented in the annals of the office. I prepared the blank of a passport for signature—in case one should be needed—thus reducing the effective number of those instruments to six. I even drew up the blank of a bill against Captain *Blank* (to be filled up on arrival) for *blank* charges. Most of my charges, indeed, may be said to have been *blank* charges.

On one occasion, about three weeks after full possession of the "effects," there was a violent ring at the office bell. I hurried down with my record books and inkstand, which I had transferred for security to my sleeping quarters. It proved, however, to be a false alarm: it was a servant who had rung at the wrong door. He asked my pardon in a courteous manner, and went away. I replaced the record books in the office drawer, and retired to my apartment.

I think it was some two or three days after this, when I heard of a large ship standing "off and on" at the mouth of the harbor. I was encouraged to think, by a friendly party, that she might be an American vessel. I even went upon the tower of the town to have a look at her with my spy-glass (a private spy-glass). There was no flag flying; and she was too far off to make her out by the rig. She came up, however, the next day, and proved to be a British bark from Newcastle.

Matters were in this condition, the office wearing its usual quiet air, when I was waited on one morning by a weazen-faced little gentleman, who spoke English with pertinacity, and a slight accent. He informed me that he had been at one period incumbent of the office which I now held. He asked, in a kind manner, after the Government.

I thanked him, and told him that by last advices they were all very well.

He said that he was familiar with the details of the consular business, and would be happy to be of service to me.

I thanked him in the kindest manner; but assured him that the business was not yet of so pressing a character as to demand an assistant. (Indeed, with the exception of four or five letters dispatched in various directions, and the preparation of the blanks already alluded to, I

had, in the course of two or three months, performed no important consular act whatever.)

My visitor diverted consideration as gracefully as his English would allow, to the climate, and the society of the port. He said he should be happy to be of service to me in a social way; and alluded to one or two government balls which, on different occasions, he had the honor of attending in a consular capacity.

I thanked him again, without, however, preferring any very special request.

After musing a moment, he resumed conversation by asking me "if I had a coat?"

I did not fully understand him at first; and replied at a venture, that I had several.

Very true, said he, but have you the buttons?

I saw that he alluded to the official costume, and told him I had not.

Whereupon, he said that he had only worn his coat upon one or two occasions; and he thought that, with a slight alteration, it would suit admirably my figure.

I thanked him again; but taking from the drawer the thin copy of consular instructions, I read to him those portions which regarded the new order respecting plain clothes. I told him, in short, that the blue and the gilt (for I had not then heard of the re-introduction of the dress system in various European capitals) had utterly gone by.

He seemed disappointed; but presently recovered animation, and remarked, that he had in his possession a large American flag, which he had purchased while holding the consular office, and which (as the Government had declined paying for the same), he would be happy to sell to me at a great reduction on the original cost.

I told him that the affairs of the consulate were still in an unsettled state; but in the event of business turning out well, I thought that the Government might be induced to enter into negotiations for the purchase. (I had my private doubts of this, however.)

At my mention of the Government again, he seemed disheartened. He soon asked me, in his broken manner (I think he was of Dutch origin), "If the Gouvernman vass not a litle mean about tose tings?"

I coughed at this; very much as the stationer, Mr. Snagsby, used to cough, when he made an observation in Mrs. Snagsby's presence. But collecting myself, I said that the Government had shown great liberality in the sign-board, and doubted if a larger one was to be found in Europe.

He surprised me, however, by informing me in a prompt manner, that he had expended a pound sterling upon it, out of his own pocket!

I hoped, mildly, that he had been reimbursed. He replied, smartly, that he had not been. He continued courteous, however; and would, I think, upon proper representations on the part of the Government, be willing to resume negotiations.

A fortnight more succeeded, during which

several bills came in—for the record books, post-ages, hire of an office boat, rent of office, beside some repairs I had ordered to the office table. I had even gone so far as to buy a few bottles of old wine and a packet of Havana cigars, for the entertainment of any friendly captains who might arrive.

Affairs were in this condition when I heard, one morning, upon the public square of the town, that an American vessel had been seen some miles down the gulf, and it was thought that she might bear up for this harbor.

I went home to my rooms in a state of excitement it is quite impossible to describe. I dusted the record books, and rubbed up the backs of the United States Statutes at Large. (I should have mentioned that I had added my private copy of Vattel to the consular library; together, they really made an imposing appearance.)

I took the precaution of oiling the pulley to the office bell. My servant-man had hinted that it *had* sometimes failed to ring. I ordered him to give it repeated trials, while I took up a position in my apartment. It rang distinctly, and so vigorously that I feared the occupants of the adjoining house might be disturbed. I therefore approached the window, and, giving a concerted signal, ordered my serving-man to abstain.

He was evidently in high spirits at the good order in which matters stood. He renewed his proposal to place the sign-board upon the roof of the house. I found, however, upon inquiry, that it would involve the labor of three men for half a day; I therefore abandoned the idea. I authorized him, however, to apply a fresh coating of varnish, and to place it in a conspicuous position upon the side of the office fronting the door.

He wiped his forehead, and said it was a "*disegnetto meraviglioso*"—a wonderful little design!

The wind continued for some days northerly, and no vessel came into port. On the fourth day, however, I received a note from a friendly party, stating that an American bark had arrived. I gave a dollar to the messenger who brought the news. I saw the intelligence confirmed in the evening journal. I was in a great trepidation all the following day.

At length, a little after the town clock had struck twelve, the captain came. I hurried into the office to meet him. He was a tall, bleary-eyed man, in a damaged black beaver with a narrow rim, tight-sleeved black dress-coat, and cowhide boots.

I greeted him warmly, and asked him how he was?

He thanked me, and said he was "pretty smart." I regretted that I had not some rum-and-water. The old wine I did not think he would appreciate. In short, I was disappointed in my countryman. I should not like to have sailed with him, much less to have served under him.

Before leaving the office, he cautioned me against a sailor who might possibly come to me

with his "cussed" complaints: he said he was an "ugly devil," and I had best have nothing to do with him.

True enough, the next morning a poor fellow presented himself, speaking very broken English, and complaining that he was sadly abused—showing, indeed, a black eye, and a lip frightfully bloated.

I ordered my serving-man to prepare him a little breakfast. This was not, perhaps, a legitimate consular attention, but it proved a grateful one; and the man consumed two or three slices of broiled ham with extraordinary relish. After this he told me a long story of the abuses he had undergone, and of his desire to get a discharge.

I asked him if he had an American protection? He said he had bought one upon the dock in New York, shortly before sailing, and had paid a half-eagle for it, but it was lost.

This was unfortunate; and upon referring to the ship's crew-list, I found that the customs' clerk had dispatched the whole subject of nationalities in a very summary manner. He had written the words "U. States" up and down the sheet in such an affluent style as to cover two thirds, or three quarters, or (reckoning the flourishes of his capitals) even the whole body of the crew. Now, as some four or five of them were notoriously, and avowedly, as foreign as foreign birth, language, and residence could make them, I was compelled to think lightly of the authority of the customs' clerk.

The Consular Instructions, moreover, I found were not very definite in regard to the circumstances under which a discharge might be granted. But the most trying difficulty of all was the fact that I was not as yet—in the eyes of the authorities—a Consul at all. Although I might discharge the poor fellow, I could neither procure him admittance to the hospital, or furnish him with such papers as would be counted valid. I could, indeed, protect him under the shadow of the arms and the flag; but should he tire of the broiled ham, and venture an escapade, he might, for aught that I knew, be clapped into prison as a vagabond.

I stated the matter to him cautiously; alluding, with some embarrassment, to my own present lack of authority; advising him of the comparative infrequency of American vessels at that port; and counseling him, in sober earnest, to stick by the ship, if possible, until he reached an adjoining port, where he would find a recognized consul and more abundant shipping.

The consequence was, the poor fellow slunk back to his ship, and the captain assured me, in a gay humor (I fear it was his habit to joke on such matters with brother Consuls), that "he got a good *lamming* for his pains."

When the vessel was ready to leave, I made out her papers. I doubt very much if any ship's papers were ever made out with nicer attention to formalities. I warmed up the stamp and printer's ink for some hours by a low fire, in order to secure a good impression of the con-

sular seal. Without vanity, I may say that I succeeded. I doubt if such distinct impressions were ever before issued from that office. The bill was, I think, a model in its way; it certainly was so for its amount; for though I strained it to the full limit of the Instructions, it fell at least one-third short of the usual bills upon the record.

Upon the day of sailing (and I furnished my serving-man with an extra bottle of wine on the occasion), I presented myself at the office of the Port Captain, with the usual vouchers respecting the ship and crew under my charge. To my great vexation, however, that gentleman politely informed me that he was not yet advised officially of my appointment—that my seal and signature in short (so elaborately done) were of no possible service.

The skipper who attended me, rubbed his hat with his elbow in a disturbed manner.

"What was to be done?"

The Captain of the Port suggested that he was himself empowered to act as Consul for such powers as were unrepresented; and he instanced, if I remember rightly, some of the Barbary States.

I withdrew my papers, and my charges for services which had proved so unavailing. I am afraid I was petulant to the serving-man. Thus far the Consulate had not come up to expectations. I began to distrust the value of the place.

I wrote off a sheet full of expostulations to the Governor; another to the authorities at home; and a third to our representative at the Court.

This last promised very strenuous exertion in my behalf; and he was as good as his word; for a week after, I was gratified with the sight of my name, regularly gazetted under the official head of the daily journal of the place.

The same evening the Governor of the Port addressed to me an official note, upon an immense sheet of foolscap, giving me the information already conveyed to me in the Gazette.

Nor was this the end of my triumph; for the next day, or shortly afterward, a band of street performers on various instruments (chiefly, however, their lungs), came under my windows in a body, and played several gratulatory airs to my success in securing recognition. They even followed up the music by shouting in a most exhilarating manner. It showed kind-feeling; and I was just observing to myself the hospitable interest of these people, when my serving-man entered in great glee, and informed me that it was usual on these occasions to pay a small fee to the performers.

I can hardly say I was surprised at this; I asked how much; he said he would count them, and thought about three shillings apiece (our money*) would be sufficient. As there were but fifteen, I did not think it high. I wondered

* I mean by this, of the value of our Government money; and not, literally, Government money; of which, indeed, I saw very little—very.

if it had been the habit to charge this matter in the stationery account?

The day after (for now I seemed to be growing rapidly in importance), I received a very bulky package from the chief of police, inclosing the passport, unpaid bills, subscription papers, recommendations, and police description of one David Humfries, who, I was informed, was in the port prison, for various misdemeanors—chiefly for vagabondage; and who, being an American citizen, was at my disposal. The chief of police expressed a wish that I would take charge of the same, and put him out of the country.

I examined the papers. They were curious. He appeared to have figured in a variety of characters. An Italian subscription list represented him as the father of a needy family. A German one of about the same date, expressed a desire that charitable people would assist a stranger in returning to his home and friends at the Cape of Good Hope. Among the bills was a rather long one for beer and brandy.

I thought it would be patriotic to call upon my countryman. I therefore left a note "absent on business," in the office window, and called at the prison. I was ushered, under the charge of an official, into a dingy, grated room upon the second floor, and was presented to a stout negro-man, who met me with great self-possession, apologized for his dress (which indeed was somewhat scanty), and assured me that he was not the man he seemed.

I found him indeed possessed of somewhat rare accomplishments, speaking German and French with very much the same facility as English. He informed me that he was a native of the Cape of Good Hope, though a naturalized citizen of the country I represented. His passport was certainly perfectly in order, and signed by a late *Chargé*, Mr. Foot of Vienna. He assured me farther, that he was of excellent family; and that his father was a respectable man, well known in New York, and the head of a large school in that city. I told him of the application of the police, and of their wish to be rid of him.

He did not appear to manifest resentment; but said he would consent to any reasonable arrangement. He had no objection to go to New York, provided his wardrobe was put in a proper condition. He should be sorry, he said, to meet the old gentleman (meaning the school-master), in his present guise.

I told him I was sorry that the law did not warrant me in finding him a wardrobe, and that only by a fiction could I class him among seamen, and provide him with a passage home.

Upon this, he avowed himself (in calm weather) a capital sailor, and said he had once served as cook.

I accordingly wrote to the authorities, engaging to ship him by the first American vessel which should touch the port. By rare accident this happened a fortnight after; and having given a receipt for the black man, beside supply-

ing him with a few flannel shirts at my own cost, I succeeded in placing him on board a home-bound ship, by giving the captain an order on the Treasury for ten dollars; the captain intimating meantime, that he would get thirty dollars worth of work out of him, or take off his black skin.

I did not envy the black man his voyage: I have not had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Humfries since that date.

I have spoken of the arrival of a second American ship; such was the fact. I need not say that the papers were made out in the same style as the previous ones; I had now gained considerable facility in the use of the seal. Upon the payment of the fees I ventured to attach the seal to my receipt for the same. It was not necessary—it was not usual even; still I did it. If the occasion were to be renewed, I think I should do it again.

Not long after this accession of business, which gave me considerable hopes of—in time—replacing the flag, I received a visit from an Italian gentleman just arrived from New York, where he had been an attaché to an opera troupe. He informed me with some trepidation that the authorities were not satisfied with his papers, and had given him notice to return by sea.

I asked him if he was an American: whereupon he showed me a court certificate of his intentions to become a citizen, dated a couple of days before his leave, and with it an imposing-looking paper, illustrated by a stupendous eagle. This last, however, I found upon examination, was only the instrument of an ambitious Notary Public, who testified, thereby, to the genuine character of the court certificate, and at the same time invited all foreign powers to treat the man becomingly. The paper, indeed, had very much the air of a passport, and, by the Italian's account, had cost a good deal more.

I told him I should be happy to do what I could for him, and would cheerfully add my testimony to the *bona fide* character of the court certificate.

The man, however, wished a passport.

I told him that the only form of passport of which I knew (and I showed the six blanks), involved a solemn declaration on my part, that the party named was an American citizen.

The Italian gentleman alluded to M. Koszta.

I expressed an interest in both; but told him that I had as yet no knowledge of the correspondence in the Koszta affair; that there had been no change in the consular instructions (and I showed him the little pamphlet).

I promised, however, to communicate with the *Chargé*, who might be in possession of later advices; and, in addition, offered to intercede with the authorities to grant permission to an unoffending gentleman to visit his friends in the country.

Upon this I undertook a considerable series of notes and letters, by far the most elaborate and numerous which had yet issued from my consular bureau. I will not presume to say how

many there were, or how many visits I paid to the lodging-quarters of the suspected gentleman. I found it requisite, to secure him any freedom of action, to become sponsor for his good conduct. I need not say (after this) that I felt great solicitude about him.

The notice of "absent on business" became almost a fixture in the office window. I had written previously to the Department for instructions in the event of such application; I had never received them; indeed, I never did. The *Chargé* flatteringly confirmed my action, and "relied on my discretion." I was sorry to find he relied so much upon it.

It seemed to me that an office involving so much should, at the least, have better furniture. The stool, though now repaired, was a small stool. I sat upon it nervously. The "*Statutes at Large*" I looked on with pride and satisfaction. I had inaugurated them, so to speak, in the office. I placed my little *Vattel* by the side of them; I hope it is there now—though there was no eagle on the back.

To return to the Italian gentleman, I at length succeeded in giving him a safe clearance. I think he was grateful: he certainly wore a grateful air when he left my office for the last time; and I felt rewarded for my labor.

It was the only reward, indeed, I received: if he had offered a fee, I *think* I should have declined. Was I not there, indeed, for the service of my countrymen, and of my intended countrymen? Of course I was.

The day after the Italian gentleman left I paid my office rent for the current month, besides a small bill the serving-man brought me for the caulking of the office boat. It appeared that it had grounded with the tide, and without our knowledge (there being no American ships in port), had remained exposed for several days to the sun.

I should have mentioned before this that the Consulate was not very profitable. And this reminds me that, when I was at Washington, there was a tight little Irishman, who had come up from Tennessee with a budget of testimonials, and was very elated, when I saw him, with the hope of getting the consulate at Cork. The fees of Cork are, I understood, very much the same with those of my own port. I have not heard if the little Irishman succeeded; but I honestly hope that he did not, and that he went back to his work (which I understood was cooperating). I am sure it must be more profitable than the Cork consulate.

Keeping the office in business trim, and sitting upon the office stool (there being no American ships in port), I received, one day, a very large packet, under the seal of the Department. I had not heard from Washington in a long time, and it was a pleasant surprise to me. Possibly, it might be some new and valuable commission; possibly, it might bring the details of the proposed change in the Consular system. Who knew?

In such an event I wondered what the probable salary would be at my post; something hand-

some, no doubt. I glanced at the "arms" of my country with pride, and broke open the packet.

It contained two circulars, embracing a series of questions, ninety in number, in regard to ship-building, ship-timber, rigging, hemp, steamships, fuel, provisioning of vessels, light-house dues, expenses of harbor, depth of ditto, good anchorages, currents, winds, cutting of channels, buoys, rates of wages, apprentices, stowage facilities, prices current, duties, protests, officers of port, manufactures, trade facilities, leakages, wear and tear, languages, pilots, book publication, etc., etc.; on all of which points the circulars requested full information, as soon as practicable, in a tabular form, with a list of such works as were published on kindred subjects, together with all Government orders in regard to any, or all of the suggested subjects, which were in pamphlet form; and if in a foreign language, the same to be accurately translated into American.

The accompanying letter stated that it was proposed to allow no remuneration for the same; but added, "faithful acquittal of the proposed task will be favorably viewed."

I reflected—(I sometimes do reflect).

A respectable reply even to the questions suggested, would, supposing every facility was thrown in my way by port officers and others, involve the labor of at least six weeks, and the writing over of at least ninety large pages of foolscap paper (upon which it was requested that the report should be made).

I reflected, farther; that the port officer, as yet affecting a large share of his old ignorance, would, upon presentation of even the first inquiries as to the depth of the harbor, send me to the guard-house as a suspicious person; or, recognizing my capacity, would report the question as a diplomatic one to the governor; who would report it to the Central Cabinet; who would report it back to the maritime commander in an adjoining city; who would communicate on the subject with the police of the port; who would communicate back with the marine intendant; who would report accordingly to the Central Government; who would in due time acquaint the *Chargé* at the capital with their conclusions.

I reflected—that I had already expended, on behalf of the Government, more of time and of money than I should probably ever receive again at their hands.

I reflected—that life was, so to speak, limited, and that in case I should determine to give it up to gratuitous work for my country, or, indeed, for any party whatever, I should prefer that the object of my charity should be a needy object.

I reflected—that I had given bonds in the sum of two thousand dollars (with sound bondsmen) for the stool, the blank passports, the pewter and brass seals, the small-sized flag, and the "arms;" and I examined them with attention.

I reflected—that these things being in a capital state of preservation, and my health still unimpaired, I had better withdraw from office.

I therefore sent in my resignation.

I do not think there has been any omission in the performance of my consular duties; it involved, indeed, a more expensive charity on my part than I am in the habit of extending to the indigent. I trust that the Government is grateful.

In overlooking my books I find charges against the Government for nineteen dollars and sixty-three cents for postages and stationery. To make the sum an even one I have drawn on the Government (after the form prescribed in the consular instructions) for twenty dollars, making an over-draft of thirty-seven cents, for which I hope the Government will take into consideration my office and boat rent, my time and repairs to the consular stool.

Finding the draft difficult of negotiation upon the great European exchanges, I may add that I have carried it for a long time in my pocket. Should it be eventually paid, I shall find myself in possession, by adding the thirty-seven cents to sums received in fees during the period of my consulate, of the amount of some thirty dollars more or less.

I have not yet determined how to invest this. I am hoping that Mr. Powers, who, I hear, wears the title of Consul, will find some pretty Florentine model-woman to make an "America" of. If he does so, and will sell a small plaster cast at a reasonable price, I will buy it with my consular income, and install the figure (if not too rude) in my study as a consular monument.

I shall be happy to welcome my successor; I will give him all the aid in my power; I will present him to the ten-penny reading-room, and shall be happy to inscribe his name in advance at either of the hotels. I will inform him of the usual anchorage ground of American ships, so far as my observation has gone. I shall be pleased to point out to him, through the indulgence of my serving-man, the best grocer's shop in the port, and another where are sold wines and varnish.

Should the office stool require repair, I think I could recommend with confidence a small journeyman joiner in a neighboring court.

He will have my best hopes for lucrative employment in his new position, and for happiness generally.

For myself, consular recollections are not, I regret to say, pleasant. I do not write "Ex-United States Consul" after my name. I doubt if I ever shall.

All my disturbed dreams at present take a consular form. I waked out of a horrid nightmare only a few nights since, in which I fancied that I was bobbing about fearfully in a boat—crashing against piles and door-posts—waiting vainly for an American captain.

I have no objection to serve my country; I have sometimes thought of enlisting in the dragoons. I am told they have comfortable rations, and two suits of clothes in a year. But I pray Heaven that I may never again be deluded into

the acceptance of a small consulate on the Mediterranean!

The writer of the present paper begs to say a serious word at the end.

First of all, he has intended no disrespect to those members of the present Administration who kindly bestowed upon him a consular appointment, in the belief (equally indulged in by the writer), that it would facilitate his investigations in a literary task upon which he was engaged. He begs here to express his gratitude for the kind intention; and he does this all the more sincerely because, as non-combatant in the political ranks, he had no claim to consideration.

The writer begs to assure the reader, farther, that he has not drawn up this pitiful story of a consulate, which is true in all its essential particulars, merely for the sake of making a joke of his misfortune.

He wishes to draw public attention to the beggarly condition of our present consular system, which compels its lesser agents to a subsistence (if they subsist at all) by pillage on American travelers and captains. He wishes to express his mortification and shame, that the foreign agency of a State so rich and so prosperous as our own—upon which, in the hazards of Continental change, important business may devolve—should have no better support than a few paltry fees—no worthier representative, at times, than a chance broker of the wharves—and no better basis for dignity and consideration than a tattered flag and a vulgar sign-board.

He wishes to call attention to the imperfect Consular Instructions, consisting of a careless accumulation of old Congressional Acts, showing little precision, and defining powers most imperfect just upon those points where authority should be most explicit.

He wishes to direct attention specially to the looseness of Government orders, as they stand at present, with regard to what constitutes nationality, and what limits belong to those marketable papers known as sailors' "protections."

He wishes to deplore, in virtue of his own experience, that system of constant change in foreign consular appointments, by which American captains and sailors, for whose benefit the office is specially created, are left at the mercy of a man who, in nine cases out of ten, is a stranger to the customs of the port—to its laws, its business, and its language.

He wishes to suggest the propriety of making our consular appointments such, and so well supported by a sufficient salary, and by permanence of tenure, that they may do effective service to our countrymen abroad, and reflect honor upon the State. And he ventures to suggest that a national representative, who, by his firmness, his dignity, and his capacity, can command respect, will be quite as able to protect the rights of a compatriot as if he commanded "Greytown" guns.

THE LOST SON OF ICHABOD ARMSTRONG.

IN one of the wildest sections of Orange County, in the State of New York, a solitary farmhouse stands—or stood at the period of which I now write—in lonesome beauty, shaded by two magnificent oak-trees, the growth of more than a century. For miles in every direction the rugged, rocky land and abrupt hills afforded means of livelihood to only a half dozen poor and hard laboring families, who starved on their rocky possessions. No house was within a mile of the Rocky Glen farm, but around this quiet spot were evidences of the toil of many years, perhaps many generations. There was a lawn in front of the house, on which grew fruit-trees, such as are usually found nearest the house. A fine orchard was on a hillside and over the hilltop close by. Patches of smooth land here and there, from which every stone had been carefully picked, indicated the ability of the farm in the way of clover and timothy, while in the summer time many garden spots, rich with waving grain, lit up the otherwise dark and sombre aspect of the four hundred acres which were included within the farm of Ichabod Armstrong.

Some men might with plausibility maintain actions against their parents for damages sustained by reason of acts at the baptismal ceremony. Why he was called Ichabod no one could explain, nor his mother or father any more than others. His mother had a recollection of selecting a Scripture name, and that there was something about this that struck her fancy. Certainly she had no idea that the glory of his family was lessened by his birth. But those who knew him forgot his name; and at the period of which we now write he had grown to be an old man, having followed in the footsteps of his fathers, and under his culture the old farm had vastly improved, while there was much other manifest good that the world had derived from his life in it.

I say much other manifest good; and there were more good deeds of Ichabod Armstrong which were not manifest here, but which will one day be made brilliant in the eyes of those who despised him in his humility.

In his early life he was educated in a manner superior to the ordinary course, in those days, with the sons of farmers in Orange County; and after graduating, it was said that he traveled for several years. But after his parents' death he returned and took charge of the farm, and was soon married to a young lady in the neighborhood, whom, rumor said, he had loved in former years, and would have married but for her parents' objections. He had been in fact a wild boy in youth and at college, and their objections were, perhaps, well founded. However that may have been, the love of maturer years was none the less ardent or faithful, and they lived together on the farm for forty or fifty springs and autumns, alone, but not lonely, and, meanwhile, the oak trees over the

house grew very old, and the house itself creaked and shook in the winter tempests.

As Ichabod grew old he grew to feeling deeply his responsibility as a man; and when he was elected an elder in the church at —, he seemed to be unable for a while to bear the load thus placed on him. But time, and a good stout soul, full of faith and hope and reverent humility, sustained him, and his heart grew more and more gentle, more and more tender of the faults of his fellow-men, more and more affectionate, earnest, and pure.

Every one loved him. Not infrequently he was called on to occupy the desk in front of the pulpit, when the old clergyman was absent or ill; and it was pleasant, beyond description, to hear the old man's quaint and simple explanations of the passages he read from Holy Writ.

His wife lived with him, fondly and faithfully, grew old with him, grew gentle with him, and was very like him in all things. They were childless. And so the name Ichabod to some appeared as if given in an ignorant prophetic moment, for with him his family seemed extinct. As age came on he had felt much the necessity of a support to his declining years, and still more to those of his wife, for whom he cared most tenderly, and who began to fail long before he felt the weakness of age. They accordingly sent to distant relatives who had many children, and asked for one of their boys; and the boy came. But he was a wild, turbulent youth, and the old man had not strength to manage him, and, after a year's trial, sent him back with a present and an apology to his parents.

The evening after the old couple were again left alone they were seated by the large hearth fire, silent as was their wont of late, and a sense of lonesomeness began to creep over them both.

"Sarah, I am some way restless, and I think not quite well this evening," said the farmer.

"You have worked too hard at the threshing, Ichabod; you are not as able to swing a flail as you used to be. We are growing old."

"Yes, that is it, I suppose. We are getting to be old folk. Do you remember that hand when we were young, Sarah?"

"It was smooth on the back then."

"It is rough, brown, and wrinkled now."

"God's sun, and winds, and work have done it all, my husband."

"Ay—so. Let us thank Him. We have lived long and happily. It is Saturday night. Let us sing."

It was curious to hear those two old people. Their voices were musical, if broken; and as they had sung together for fifty years, they sang now, without book or note, sitting in the fire-light of the Saturday night, and their voices were audible out on the lawn, and even down to the road, where a passing traveler heard them and paused.

She was a woman, young, with much of her young beauty still left about her. She led by

the hand a little girl of twelve years old, who paused with her and listened to the music. A sudden impulse appeared to seize the mother, and she entered the gate and hastened up the lawn, dragging the surprised child, as if she feared her resolution might give out before she accomplished her errand. She pushed open the door of the old kitchen, and entered where the aged couple sat.

"In the name of the merciful Son of God, will you, who sing his praise, help a poor and dying woman?"

"Let that name never be pleaded in vain under this roof," was the calm answer of the old man; "but who are you that use it so freely and lightly?"

"Oh! not freely, neither lightly, for I was brought up to reverence it, though sadly have I forgotten it in these late years. I am poor, homeless, and a wanderer. My child is my all. I am dying away from her. I heard your voices as I passed along the road, and I dared enter to ask a great favor. Greater, I know now, than I dare ask or you could give."

"Speak on. What was it?"

"No. It is too much. A little food, if you please, and we will go on; a crust of bread, a cup of water."

"Where are you going?"

"To—to— The good God knows where I shall find—"

She paused, and a violent fit of trembling overcame her. By some sort of intuition the old elder knew what was the woman's wish when she entered; and when a hastily-warmed supper had been set before the mother and child, he called his wife out into the next room, and found her heart full of the same idea that was filling and gladdening his.

"She has such soft brown eyes," said the old lady.

They talked a little while, and on their return to the kitchen found the mother already gathering her thin, but clean shawl around her shoulders, and making the child ready for the road.

"Sit down a moment," said the old man, solemnly. They both obeyed.

"My good woman, my wife and I are aged and alone. The world has gone well with us, but it grows lonesome as we grow old and cold. We want company and love. Will you part with that child of yours?"

The question was abrupt, and startled the mother. "Oh, Sir!" said she, "you have divined my thoughts. It was for that I came in. I so longed to leave her in such a home."

"You consent? There is much to speak of, then. You will stay with her here to-night, and to-morrow we will talk of it. Take off your shawl and bonnet."

There was a rare elegance and symmetry of form, which, indeed, there was no one present to appreciate, when the mother appeared in her simple and poor dress. A broad forehead was marked about the temples with lines of aristo-

cratic beauty. Her eye was like the child's, deep brown, almost to blackness, and its glance, though restless and roving, was, nevertheless, thoughtful, and indicative of a soul within. It is not every eye that shows a soul.

When the old man read the words of Holy Writ, she listened with devout attention; and when he prayed, a low, stifled sob indicated her deep emotion.

That was a solemn night at the Rocky Glen farm, and there was little sleeping done within the old house. The aged couple, resting in their own room, had much to think of the future, and many anxious and troubled thoughts. The mother knelt by her child, who alone slept peacefully, and prayed the long night through. Bitter prayers were hers, and yet hopeful; and in the morning her dark eye was as calm as if she had slept serenely all the hours.

All the preliminaries were readily arranged, and the mother's story was confided to the old elder's ear, who carefully wrote it down for preservation. It was the old story. She was the daughter of a poor scholar, and she had been educated in all his learning. Their home had been a happy one, and was so even after she had been won to love a man many years her senior, but who was of noble appearance, of refined and elegant tastes, and of strangely winning manners and voice. They lived several years in the cottage with the old man, and her husband was kind and affectionate beyond description. As time passed on he grew restless and uneasy. He was absent often for days, weeks, and at length he went and never returned. Her father died. She was poor, homeless, starving with her child. She lived in an inhospitable neighborhood, and at length, after years of poverty, she took her child by the hand and wandered away in search of some distant relatives, and perhaps her husband.

Having finished her story, she prepared to go, and embracing her child once closely, but calmly, she would have departed on her wandering journey, seeking the father of her child. But the good elder interposed. Doubtless his keen eye saw that she would not journey far before her feeble strength would fail her forever; and even while he was commanding her in his firm and gentle voice to remain with her child, the excitement of the thought produced another of those nervous fits of trembling which indicated her exceeding weakness, and she yielded and remained.

A fortnight later she was dying. The winter winds were howling around the old house when she was departing. The scene within strangely contrasted with that out of doors; for a calm, an indescribable peace was on the mother's forehead, and in her heart, and with a long look into the eyes of her child, a kiss of parting joy and agony, a smile of gratitude to the old elder, and a single glance toward heaven of the brown eyes that even then closed forever on the scenes of earth, and opened forever on other and more joyful scenes, she went from the dark

wintry night that was wailing around the farmhouse into light and rest.

We pass over a period of six years, during which the inhabitants of the Rocky Glen farm grew older—one to the beauty of girlhood and womanhood, and the others to the weakness and the trustfulness of older age.

Ichabod Armstrong's mind now began to give indications of a peculiarity which proved not a little painful to his wife and daughter; for such was the title given to Katharine, who also was called by the name of her adopted father, that of her mother being generally unknown. This peculiarity consisted in a fear that Kate would some day marry and leave him, and a determination on his part that this should never occur. For a year or two Kate laughed gayly enough at this; but then there was a change, and she sought to reason against it. But reason did not operate. It only exasperated the old man. He even grew angry at her, and though he repented it afterward, yet he used language so harsh as to bring tears to her eyes. She ceased to talk with him; but the visits of a young man from the village, which now grew more and more frequent, so worked on the old man's mind that he became nearly insane, and talked furiously of Kate's ingratitude. The young man was a son of Mr. Irving, the clergyman, who had been educated at one of the best colleges in the country, and was now a law-student in the city. During his frequent visits at home he found his way almost daily out to the farm.

This state of affairs continued for three years, and the old elder seemed to have become a changed man. He was harsh, morose, fretful, or abusive in his house, and the men in his fields were afraid of him. His wife watched all this with deep sadness, and frequent tears, while Kate's eyes grew dim, and her cheek pale, and her step feeble.

One winter evening (it was the anniversary of Kate's birth in the family) they were seated together by the fire, in the sorrowful stillness which now took the place of the former cheerfulness of that hearth, when Ichabod suddenly rose to his feet, and faced his wife with a look of intense emotion. "I must make an end of this, and I will do it now. I believe," said he, "that God is visiting me for the sins of former years. Sarah, listen to me. I have somewhat to say that you have never before heard. It will astonish you. Mayhap it will estrange you, and I shall then be alone as I deserve. When we were married I had loved you for long years of anxious waiting. When your father sent me off so abruptly, and you, even you, Sarah, looked coldly on me, I loved you with my whole soul, as every hour since, and as I love you now."

The wife stared curiously in her husband's countenance, and he continued slowly, and as if with pain.

"But in the interval after I left you, and before you saw me again, I had been married to another."

She started, but was calm again instantly.

"It was a strange affair that I never wholly understood myself. I determined to leave home and assume a false name. I sought my fortune in the city, where, wandering about the streets one evening, I met a man who seized me by the arm and asked me if I wished to be rich. I laughed, and said I did. 'Then come with me,' said he, and half-led, half-dragged me, through a dozen streets, to the door of a large house, which we entered. I was left alone for an hour, and then four persons entered the room where I sat. One was my former acquaintance, and another a lady leaning on his arm. The third was a clergyman, as I knew by his dress. The fourth was a young and strangely beautiful woman. I can not tell what followed. It suited my wild feelings, this strange occurrence. I was ready for any thing, and, though astounded, I was calm, and in five minutes I was the husband of the beautiful girl, whose countenance was all the time motionless and devoid of interest in the ceremony or the persons around her.

"The next morning I found a wardrobe provided for a journey, and we—a party of four—left the city for long travel. My wife was an idiot. Her parents had determined to find her a husband, and they had taken this course. A year later we were in Paris, and my wife was sane, and a child—my child—was in her arms. The mother and child were alike rarely beautiful, and the boy was named with the name I had given as mine—Richard Delavan—my mother's family-name, and the name too, by-the-way, of the mother of our Kate.

"One morning I awoke in the hotel where we were staying, and found myself alone—wife, father, mother, child, all were gone. A slip of paper in an envelope said, 'Send your address in America to A. and A., Bankers, London.' My address! I had none. I must make one now. All search was vain. I got no clew to the deserters. My life was left suddenly a black blank. I wandered about the streets for weeks, and finally determined to go back to the old farm and the waiting arms of my dear old father and mother. I sent my address as directed, and hastened home. Home! Yes, the rocks, the trees, the house were the same, but the father and mother that so loved me were in the church-yard, and I felt as if my home were there. A year passed, and I received a note bidding me hasten to New York, to a certain house. I obeyed the summons. I was admitted by a servant, who led me directly up to a cold, dark room, which, in the dim light of the retiring day, I recognized as our bridal-room, and the bed, and curtains, and costly ornaments all strangely contrasted with my cottage-home. But as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I saw on the bed the form of my wife awfully calm and still. She was dead! I never saw her so splendidly beautiful. But I had never loved her, and I wept no tear now. I felt only that the intelligence

had been properly communicated to me as one interested in knowing of her death, and in seeing her dead, and I turned away. Her father was standing watching me. I spoke but a sentence to him. 'Our child?' 'Dead!' was his solemn reply. I walked down to the door, and out into the air, and I felt as a prisoner feels—escaped, freed, enfranchised. I was relieved of a load of pain, of chains. I was a boy again. I blotted those years out of my life. I felt that they were to be forgotten, and I forgot them. I met you again. Your father was dead. Your love was unchanged. I had wronged you in thinking otherwise. We were married, and have lived how happily! Can you forgive me my silence—my long-kept secret?"

"If there were ought to forgive, it was forgiven the day we were married. Those years were your own. I was cold in dismissing you. I was a dutiful child to a father I feared."

"But more, my wife. All this long time I have believed my son living. I have no confidence in the story of his death in childhood. And I have longed to see him with unutterable longing. It is over now. I am content to die. And I have to-night resolved to do, what I have long feared to do, lest I should forever cut off my son; I mean, to make my will, and give Kate all I have. Is this right?"

"She is a darling child. I think you are right."

"I begin to think I have wronged her. She seems to love me. Think you she does really love the old man?"

Kate answered the question on her knees by his side, and they knelt and prayed.

Next day the elder came to New York to consult me about his will, and brought Kate to pass a few days in the city, to endeavor to recover the bloom of her cheek which had somewhat faded.

The face of Katharine Armstrong, once seen, was not to be forgotten: not so much on account of its remarkable beauty, as of the splendid expression of her eyes, under very long lashes, and the unusual prominence of her eyebrows. The latter feature was one of those marks of countenance that often distinguish families and family connections. I heard her history from the old man with great interest, and though I dismissed it for the time, it repeatedly returned to my mind during the few days they were in town.

In the course of our conversation he related to me the particulars of his first marriage, and I was interested in this almost as much as in Miss Armstrong. On the morning after their arrival, I called, with some members of my family, on the young lady, and engaged her for the evening to go with us to a concert.

Evening came. As we entered the hall, I observed Miss Armstrong exchanging bows and smiles with a young gentleman, who, to my surprise, I saw was a clerk in my own office—a valued and promising young man, whom I immediately beckoned to approach. He joined our party very willingly, and we passed to our

seats. The concert was about half over when my attention was called to a gentleman across the room, who most pertinaciously directed his gaze and his glass at our group; and I leaned over to ask Miss Armstrong if she knew him. Young Irving instantly looked at the man with a frown on his face, and the next moment the stranger rose and left the hall. There was something that I did not like about his countenance, and yet something peculiarly attractive. It haunted me till the concert was over. We entered our carriage, and Irving bowed to us on the pavement. As the horses sprang forward there was a slight confusion and delay in the crowd, so that we were backed to the spot of starting. At this moment I saw Irving meet the stranger, and it was evident that ill-tempered words were exchanged; and the next instant Irving parried a blow, and returned it so willingly that his opponent went down like a stone, while my young friend quietly strode away. The next morning he was arrested for the assault, and I attended him on a preliminary examination held by a justice.

The complainant was now sufficiently near me to be examined carefully, and I was struck with the peculiar beauty of his forehead, and the equally strange fury and fire of his eyes, which lay far back under prominent and very heavy brows. He gave his name as Richard Strong, and related his version of the circumstances which had led to the assault, all highly colored of course. I was not present as counsel, but as a witness. Irving conducted his own defense. He had, in the course of the day, learned all he could of his antagonist's history. His cross-examination was rapid and amusing to any stranger, but some points in it struck me with great force.

"What is your business?"

"I am a merchant."

"Is not that a lie? You are billiard marker in —'s rooms, are you not?"

"I was—but I have left there."

"What other names have you lately gone by?"

"I do not understand your meaning, Sir."

"Keep cool, and reply calmly. You were Richard Smith at Baltimore, were you not?"

"I am not here to reply to impertinent questions."

"You were Richard Thornton at Philadelphia last week, were you not?"

"Am I to answer this man's impudence?" said the complainant furiously to the Justice.

"The questions seem proper, to show the character of a witness. You must answer them," said the magistrate.

"You were Richard Scoresby ten years ago in New York, were you not?"

I started. Irving was going on in his tantalizing way, without waiting for answers, when I whispered, "Press him on that name Scoresby; I wish it." It was the name of Armstrong's first wife, and there was, to say the least, a curious coincidence here. The question was repeated.

"I do not know what names men may have called me."

"What is your real name? Come, let us know?"

"I have given you my name."

"Yes, you have given us your name. But what we want just now is your father's. Come, give us your father's name?"

An expression more devilish than human passed over his countenance. A friend and companion of his own approached Irving, and whispered, "Be careful! It is a touchy subject with him. He never mentions his father, and has once or twice answered that question with a pistol-ball."

We had no desire for such a reply, but proceeded with the examination, and compelled him to admit that he had gone under these different names; and on my testimony, and that of a friend of Irving's, he was discharged, to the manifest anger of his opponent, who retired muttering oaths of revenge.

The same day, when Ichabod Armstrong had left the hotel, a person called and sent up a card to his daughter, requesting to see her.

"Richard Strong," said she, musing. "There must be an error. I never heard of such a person," and she sent down a message declining to see him. The next morning Irving brought the card to me, explaining that he had called on Miss Armstrong the previous evening, and learned of this curious attempt to see her.

This pertinacity in his desire to see Miss Armstrong confirmed in my mind suspicions which had begun to arise; and, though it was none of my business, I bothered my brain not a little to imagine what connection there could be between Miss Armstrong and the son of her protector and adopted father. Sitting and pondering on this matter, I called in young Irving, and was surprised at his active interest in the subject, until his frank confession of an engagement of marriage explained his feelings. The next day, when Mr. Armstrong came to execute his will, I ventured to open the subject to him, and to ask him whether he had ever connected his ward, or adopted child, in any way with his own lost son? The idea, he replied, was not new to him, for her name was Delavan, and this had directed his mind that way. But he had gotten to consider it a fancy of his own old brain, and dismissed it. But I could see, and I rather regretted, that the old man was disturbed by what I said, and I had aroused an old train of thought. I did not mention our meeting with the opponent of Irving, but determining to keep a lookout on his course, and, if opportunity offered, to investigate the matter, I sent the old man home. Here ceased all my connection with him or his family.

Time waits not for lawyers or lawyers' investigations. Ichabod Armstrong having lived his threescore years and ten, with the usual amount of evil and good intermingled, was now close to the path that is on the other side of the dark vail, and was about to pass through,

though he knew it not, to walk with men of olden times.

Within a week after his return to the Rocky Glen farm he was dying. Indistinct memories of boyhood thronged around him. Clearer visions of more mature years made themselves visible. The face and features of his dead wife—the dead wife of those years of pain and imprisonment—were constantly before him. Later, calmer, holier years would not efface that memory. Not even when his beloved wife Sarah leaned over him, and spoke gently and peacefully of their long journey side by side. It was pleasant to hear her speak of it; pleasant to see her there, so calm, so gentle, so lovely in her serene age; it was pleasant to remember that long fond love, that pure and faithful affection, and all its joys. The springs of forty years, their golden autumns, the mornings bright with joy, the evenings by the hearth fire—the hearth, whereon never more for them should blaze the round logs or glow the ruddy coals—all these were pleasant memories; but even as they came, back of them lay that dark remorseful thought of his long silence, and how he had deceived that faithful soul through all the years; and he could not bear to remember even their morning and evening prayers together, in the long succession of mornings and evenings through nearly half a century.

But at length he talked it all over with his wife, and grew calm; and then the old man regained his composure, and a higher state of happiness than he had known for years. All his moroseness and peevishness were gone. He was no longer opposed to Kate's marriage, but bade her make ready before he should die, so he might see her safe in the old house with a protector. Irving was at the first opposed to this. He had not designed marriage until he was better off in this world's goods. But this was overruled.

Another winter evening gathered around the Rocky Glen farm with a tempest. The snow was driving wildly on a northeast wind that shook the branches of the oak-trees over the house, until they wailed in anguish.

Within again was a contrast with the storm. The quiet marriage ceremony had been finished an hour previously, and now all the family were gathered around the bed of the dying elder.

His eye flashed with the light of bright hope, and bright memory; for now memory became bright. Far away in the distance now, like a faint star in the deep recesses of a blue and glorious sky, there was a face shining dimly on his memory. It was the face of his dead wife. But that was a momentary vision, flashing out but an instant, and then disappearing, as other and more magnificent memories swept over his soul.

There was one of rare and matchless glory. It was of a dark shadow under the pine-trees, where a spring gushed out and went leaping with musical voice down the rocks. The moon stole in on the water-drops and transformed them into diamonds. One star, brilliant

and beautiful, peered through the branches of the trees, and lost its radiance in the dark gloom beneath, or found a fitting place in which a starbeam could love to die, in a dark and tear-brightened eye. "Tear-brightened" I wrote, for tears oftentimes are diamonds before they fall and seem to be lost; and such tears are not really lost, but are to be regathered one day when the soul, out of a dark and dreary past, full of hideous wrong, and sin, and deformity, gathers its few jewels. Among the pine-trees was lingering a summer breeze, entangled there and piteously seeking release. Sometimes there was a moan of pain; and then, as if knowing what was occurring beneath, the wind forgot its quarrel with the pines, and shouted a gay exulting song. Moon, stars, and spring, and wind, heard alike their vows of love, and moon, stars, and spring, after a lapse of fifty years, bore witness to the faith of both the lovers. And like the wind, the vision swept from the mind of the dying old man, and another took its place. He saw the babe that lay on its mother's knee, and something seemed to whisper, to thunder in his ear, that his boy, his son, the last of his name, was living on the face of the inhospitable earth from which he was departing. And as the thought took possession of him, a heavy step was heard in the front of the house, and a man entered, whom no one but Irving recognized. The old man lay in the large room, into which the front door opened directly, so that the stranger advanced at once toward the group around the bed.

His harsh face seemed in ill-keeping with the faces by which he was surrounded, and as he recognized Irving, a gleam of anger made it appear ten-fold worse. The latter was the first to break the silence, and advancing a step, demanded the business of the intruder.

"I have come for one of my family," was the cool and quiet reply.

"None of your family are here."

"Are you quite certain?"

There was a sneer in the tone of the question that was provoking beyond endurance.

"There is no one here who would admit the possibility of a connection with you."

"Possibly I may convince you otherwise. Whose family does that young lady belong to?"

"To mine." It was the deep voice of the old man that replied. Irving for the moment seemed inclined to dispute this, but paused as the stranger (who, it is of course understood, was his former antagonist) again spoke.

"Whose daughter is she? Not yours, old man, certainly."

"By what right do you come here to question thus?" demanded Irving, now growing excited.

"By what right do you question me?" was the reply, again with a sneer.

"By the right of the stronger over the weaker," said Irving, seizing him by the throat, and shaking him furiously as he dragged him toward the door. "Out of this house," and he

dashed the door open and sent him flying into the darkness. But with the fierceness of a tiger he sprang back, before the door was closed, and spoke, or rather shouted,

"I will go, but not without my daughter."

All were startled; but the old man most of all. He raised himself with difficulty, but with unusual strength, and gazed into the face of the visitor.

"That face, those eyes, that brow, that strangely-marked forehead—all were hers and her father's—all alike. And Kate. Strange that I never saw it before. It must be so!"

He was muttering all this to himself, and then spoke aloud:

"Who are you, that have so little respect for an old man's death-bed?"

"Ask that boy yonder. He keeps track of me better than I of myself. What was my last name, young man?"

"Who is he, George?"

"Richard Strong, alias Smith, alias Thompson, alias Scoresby. The Scoresby is his oldest name."

The old man trembled as if in an ague, but at length resumed his questioning.

"By what right do you claim my child?"

"As her father."

"And how?"

"Much the usual way. I was her mother's husband."

"Who was her mother?"

"The daughter of the school-teacher in M——, old Jonathan Strong."

"Right," said the old man; "and where did you leave her?"

"I saw her last in A——."

"Right again. What led you to desert her?"

"Desert is a harsh word. I was poor, out of money. I went to look for some. When I returned she was gone."

"Your search was long. Four years' absence might well excuse her for believing you had abandoned her. What became of her?"

"I know not."

"Did you make no inquiries?"

"Yes; but in vain."

"How know you that this is her child?"

"By her perfect likeness to her mother. I saw her in a concert-room in New York last week. I knew her then as my child. I found your address on the hotel books. I came here. On my way I learned that she was your adopted child. Then I knew of a certainty that she was mine. I can not mistake that face."

"Her mother was very beautiful. You must have loved her once?"

The dark features of the visitor had relaxed into an expression of interest during this conversation, and at this question he was visibly startled, and his hand sought a chair, whereon he leaned as he replied somewhat musingly, and in a more gentle voice,

"Yes, I loved her. God knows I loved her. Once—yes, always. I know not under what strange delusion I left her. She loved me too

well; better far than I deserved. Her whole soul was mine. For me she forgot father, mother, God. And I forgot her. Yes, I loved her. Can any of you tell me her fate?"

There was a pitiable beseeching in his face and voice as he looked now around him. He was changed wholly for the time.

"She died in this house, in yonder room."

He staggered as if he had received a blow, and then for a minute looked wildly around as if he saw a ghostly presence.

"May I go in there?"

Mrs. Armstrong silently led the way, without thinking of a light. He followed, and she left him alone. For a few minutes there was deep silence in the room. The elder did not sink back on his pillow, but remained watching the door, from which at length the visitor issued, walking as if unaware of where he was, or whither he was going. As his roving eye beheld Katharine, who stood trembling with painful horror at the discovery of such a father, he started suddenly, looked wildly at her, and fell into a chair, sobbing violently. The strong man was apparently heart-broken. The elder's voice interrupted the silence.

"You are moved strangely."

"Not strangely. For I have found the grave of all my early hopes; I have found a dead wife and a living child."

"Richard Delavan—" He started at the name, and the old man, now convinced of his correct surmises, and trembling anxiously at the strange position in which he found himself, continued: "You have found more. Look in my face. I am old—very old. More than eighty years are weighing on me here, but my memory is clear and bright. It is now sixty years since I held an infant in my arms, but for one instant, and then it was stolen from me, and I never saw my child again. For the mother of that child I had no affection. She had no intellect to win love. But the child I loved in memory. For sixty years I have loved that child with growing affection. They told me he was dead, and for awhile I believed it. But instinctive love denied the story, and I sought him long and with tears. I married my first love, my only love, my good and faithful wife yonder, who has been to me an angel of comfort all these long sad years. I concealed this story from her. I concealed from her that I had ever held another in my arms; that I had a son somewhere on earth. She has forgiven me my sin. But God has punished me. Even as the light of heaven is bursting on me, I have found that son, and I leave him, a deserter of his wife and child, a traitor to his family, an enemy to his God."

"Who—where—what does he mean?" exclaimed the stranger, springing to his side, as the old man sank on his pillow. No one else understood, but in a low whisper, husky, and inaudible to others, he told the story to Delavan, or Richard Armstrong, as he seemed now entitled to be called, and who recognized his father in the dying old man.

It was now painfully evident that the excitement of this scene was too great for the elder, and that the hour of departure had arrived.

The wife was seated on the bedside, with her white, thin hand on her husband's forehead, while large tears were fast dropping from her eyes. The old man smiled on her a glorious smile, and whispered, while she leaned forward to hear:

"Sarah, before God and his angels, in whose presence I now stand, though you see them not, I never loved but you, and I have loved you with faithful love."

She leaned forward and kissed his forehead, and said some words inaudible to any but his ears, whereat he smiled again.

"Kate, my darling child, may God keep you safe forever!" and he looked at her, and she understood all that he would have said more.

"Richard!"

He knelt at the bedside.

"My son"—and the old man paused as he uttered those words, which he might have used for sixty years, but now spoke for the first time in all his life, and they sounded so pleasantly that he repeated them again and again. "My son—my son—my son—I—God—Richard—Our Father—which—art—in—heaven—" And a smile now took rapturous possession of his countenance, and he looked at his wife, his dear old wife, and went away with her face last in his memory; last of the years of his waiting, laboring, sorrowing; last of his earthly vision—sole earthly possession that he took with him to heaven.

The remainder of this history is brief. The farm passed by the will to the possession of Kate, who, with her husband, took up her residence on it. The widow, amply provided for, lived peacefully with her child for a few months, and then departed to the company she loved better. Richard Delavan, humbled and subdued, broke down in health and intellect. Already advanced in years, he entered prematurely into a second childhood, and, after a few years of imbecility, died in his daughter's house, and was buried at the side of his wife.

LADY BLESSINGTON AND COUNT D'ORSAY.*

FOR a period of some twenty years, ending in 1849, the most coveted entrée in London was that of the brilliant and fashionable circle over which Lady Blessington presided at Seasmore Place and Gore House. Though Holland House still opened its hospitable doors to all whom fame or talent raised above the crowd, and the splendid gifts so beautifully commemorated by Macaulay still graced the host and hostess of that noble mansion; though Lady Charleville had her set of lions and celebrities, chosen from every party in politics and every walk in art; both were for a time eclipsed by

* A Memoir of the Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington. By R. R. MADDEN. 2 vols. Portrait. Just published by Harper and Brothers.

the attractions of Seamore Place. Laboring under the heavy disadvantage of exclusion from female society, and unable to cope with her rivals in expenditure, Lady Blessington had contrived from the start to rob them of the brightest stars of their firmament, and to fill her own rooms with all that was best worth knowing in the London world. There, in salons overflowing with art and luxury, were to be seen the poets whose books lay on every table; there travelers who had explored the farthest recesses of the earth; there statesmen at whose nod armies were ready to march, fleets to sail; there were Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, good-humoredly bantering each other, or chatting over a plot for a new novel. That tall handsome man, conversing in so *empressé* a manner with Henry Bulwer, the brother of the novelist, is the great Russian, Demidoff, as distinguished by his talents as by his wealth. Beside him sits alone, staring gloomily from under thick eyebrows at the guests, the French exile, Louis Napoleon, the friend and protégé of the Countess; and not far distant may be seen the elegant figure of Count D'Orsay, like George IV., "the most perfect gentleman of his time." Asia is represented by a genuine Indian prince, the Baboo Dwarkanauth Tajore, the descendant of one of the five Brahmins of Bengal; cheerfully promising, as usual, to head a subscription to rebuild a church or relieve distress; soon to die, and to be buried in orthodox England like a dog, without funeral service, or even a mourner save his son. Lolling on a sofa, playing with his crutch, "Rejected Addresses" Smith lets off puns and jokes by the score; while, at the opposite side of the room, Monsieur Julien *le jeune*, once Robespierre's secretary, now a poor old exile, and a favorite butt of D'Orsay's, reads, for the twentieth time, his "Chagrins Politiques" with tearful eye and broken voice, to a knot of listeners choking with internal mirth. Strangers are there too, Americans, Italians, Germans, every one who has soared above the common herd of mankind, and has come to London to lionize and see the lions. Surrounded by a group of eager listeners, in a deep arm-chair sits the Countess herself, with a footstool at her feet, on which Tom Moore is privileged to perch himself. Her beauty is not dazzling; winning is the better word. A smile plays on her features, and her rich Irish lips part constantly in merry laughter. Her figure inclines to embonpoint; but such is its faultless symmetry, that even a Greek sculptor would have found it hard to criticise. Her dress is, of course, perfect; with Count D'Orsay as an adviser, how could it be otherwise?

Such was Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, in the hour of her glory, and as she appeared to those who visited her between 1831 and 1848. If her position was enviable, not so were the years which preceded or followed it. Her life had three phases; it is doubtful whether the happiness and fame of the second atoned

for the misery of the first or the anguish of the last.

She was born at a place called Knockbrit, in Tipperary County, Ireland, and was the daughter of a "country gentleman" named Power, who was as unlike a gentleman as possible. Her mother's family, who had been stanch Roman Catholics, and foes to the union of Ireland and England, had paid the usual penalty of their opinions by being hunted, or shot, or hanged, when the Protestants had nothing better to do. On the other hand, her father was a fierce partisan of the union, and carried his prejudice so far as to taunt his wife with being "the daughter of a convicted rebel." He was, we are told, "a fair sample of the Irish country gentleman of some sixty years ago;" loved horses, dogs, claret, and poteen; was "much given to white cravats and top-boots;" never paid his debts, or spent an evening at home when he could help it; and was known throughout the country by the expressive nickname of "Shiver-the-frills Power." He had been a Catholic, but became a Protestant to please the English party, and again reverted to his early faith when he had nothing more to expect from his patrons. In his youth he had sold butter and flour; afterward he set up a newspaper; failed in that, and got an appointment as magistrate; was removed for brutality; finally relapsed into a mere drunken sot, dependent on his daughter for support, and died boasting that he had drunk five tumblers of punch the night before.

An incident in his magisterial career paints the man, and illustrates the country and the times. The county of Tipperary swarmed with what were called "rebels;" and Power, in his full-blown dignity, was particularly active in hunting them down. Near his house lived a widow and her son, whom he suspected. One night the latter started to go to the smith's to mend his pitchfork. "Johnny dear," said his old mother from her door, as he went, "it's too late to go, maybe Mr. Power and the yeomen are out." "Never fear, mother," replied the lad, "I'll only leave the fork and come back immediately; you know I can't do without it to-morrow." On the road, the first person he met was the redoubtable Power, on horseback, accompanied by his son and a servant. Terrified at the sight, the lad began to run; whereupon Power took deliberate aim at him with a horse-pistol, and shot him through the body. The magistrate then placed his captive on horseback behind his servant, bound him to the saddle, and rode into Clonmel. Lady Blessington "long remembered with horror the sight of the wounded man mounted behind the servant as the party entered the stable-yard of her father's house; pale and ghastly, his head sunk on his breast, his strength apparently quite exhausted, his clothes steeped in blood." The poor creature died during the night; and next morning, according to custom, the body was exposed at the court-house "as a warning to other rebels." The widow, his mother, waited hour after hour

for his return in anguish inexpressible; when morning came, she set out on foot for Clonmel, to seek tidings of her lost son. The first sight that met her eye was his bleeding body hanging on the rebels' stand. With a shriek, she fainted, and was carried to the house of a charitable neighbor. "She had," says a writer, touchingly, "no one now of kin to help her, no one at home to mind her, and she was unable to mind herself. Scarcely any one, out of Ryan's house, cared for her or spoke about her. Nothing more was heard of her or hers." Some gentlemen in the neighborhood, by great exertions, had Power brought to trial for the murder; but he was acquitted without hesitation by the honest jury.

With such a father, and a mother who appears to have been a weak, helpless woman, little Marguerite Power owed little to her family. A poor little, pale, sickly child, she grew to girlhood without any of the pleasures or comforts most children find in their home. Her imagination was vivid, and she loved to collect other children around her to tell them stories; but her parents sneered at the amusement. The morning the family left Knockbrit, she ran out into the garden and picked a bunch of flowers, to carry away in remembrance of the place; but she knew so well and dreaded so much the temper of her father and his friends, that the little memento was carefully hidden in her pocket. The only friend she had was a Miss Dwyer, a governess, who appears to have been a sensible woman, and tried, as best she could, to sympathize with the lonely precocious child.

At the age of fourteen her father sold her to a captain in the British army, named Farmer. There was a refreshing honesty about the whole transaction. Farmer knew she disliked him; her father knew it, and knew, moreover, that he was a half-mad, brutal wretch, who ought not to have been intrusted with the happiness of a dog. All the parties understood each other perfectly. Power wanted money, Farmer was rich, and the marriage was celebrated—the present Lord Hardinge, commander-in-chief of the British army, officiating as groomsman. As Mrs. Farmer, little Marguerite soon became a woman under the hot-house pressure of misery and ill-treatment. At times, her husband was quite insane, and she trembled at the sight of him; at others, apparently from sheer brutality, he would "strike her on the face, pinch her till her arms were black and blue, lock her up when he went abroad," and while he was drinking at the mess, would "leave her without food till she was almost famished." Driven to despair by his cruelties, she at length fled for refuge to her father's, and was received most ungraciously by her worthy parent. Her husband, compelled to sell out shortly afterward, determined to go to India, and commanded his wife to accompany him thither. On her positive refusal, he gave it out that their separation had been owing to her misconduct—an atrocious calumny; for

however imprudent she may have been afterward, her demeanor while under Captain Farmer's roof was irreproachable. Twelve years afterward, this fellow was carousing in the debtors' prison at the Fleet, in London, with a party of jovial companions. They had drunk four quarts of rum, and Captain Farmer rose to go. One of the party, by way of a joke, locked the door; Farmer opened the window, and threatened to jump to the ground. While on the window-ledge he lost his balance. For some instants he hung by his fingers to the ledge, calling loudly for help; but his friends were too drunk to render any assistance, and he fell heavily to the ground. Four days afterward he died in hospital.

Husband and father had many points in common. Poor Mrs. Farmer endured almost as much at the hands of the one as the other. She was accomplished and attractive; and was consequently "looked upon as an interloper in the house, who interfered with the prospects and advancement in life of her sisters." After a time she was so plainly made to feel this, that she left her father's, and led a somewhat vagabond life for a period of nine years, living first with one friend, then with another; thankful for any home, and accommodating herself to any companions. In 1817, the period of her husband's death, she was living with her brother in London. There she had met Mountjoy, Count of Blessington, an Irish nobleman, with a dashing person, an old title, and an exceedingly moderate allowance of brains. "He had been led to believe his talents were of the first order for the stage;" and accordingly affected theatricals, haunted green-rooms, lived among actors and actresses, and spent his time in designing and superintending theatrical costumes. He had his picture taken as one of the heroes of Agincourt—probably in Shakspeare's Henry V.—and filled his rooms with stage properties of every kind. He was fond of "parts which required to be gorgeously appareled;" played the green knight in "Valentine and Orson;" and was remembered by his tenants as "a fine actor," whether comic or tragic they could not say, but "the dresses he wore were very grand and fine." Some years previously he had been much annoyed by the perverse vitality of a Major Brown, who would not make his wife a widow, preparatory to becoming Lady Blessington: thus compelling his lordship to go to the expense of separate apartments for her. However, in 1812, the obnoxious Brown did give up the ghost, his affectionate relict became Lady Blessington, and died shortly afterward. Mountjoy's grief was equal to any thing on the modern or ancient stage. He had a room "fitted up at enormous cost" in his residence at Dublin, in which the coffin, "sumptuously decorated," was placed by "a London undertaker of eminence, attended by six professional female mourners, suitably attired in mourning garments, and grouped in becoming attitudes admirably regulated;" when his friends called, the

undertaker, having "gone through the dismal ceremony" of conducting them to the catafalque, "in a low tone expressed a hope that the arrangements were to the satisfaction of the visitor." Three years and a half after this splendid affliction, and four months after Captain Farmer's death, Lord Blessington led his widow to the altar.

It was a startling change for Marguerite. From poverty and friendlessness she found herself in a moment elevated into the highest society, surrounded by elegance and luxury, and worshiped by a man who, whatever were the faults of his head, possessed a warm and generous heart. With an income exceeding \$100,000 a year, a person whose charms were even ten years afterward regarded as irresistible, and wit and powers of fascination that have rarely been excelled, Lady Blessington seemed to have passed from the lowest depths of domestic suffering to the highest pinnacle of worldly happiness. The world smiled on her. She complained of the sumptuousness of the boudoir Mountjoy had prepared for her use. Canning and Castlereagh, Palmerston and Russell, Kemble and Wilkie, Dr. Parr, and the poet Rogers, were constantly guests at her table. Her reputation as a hostess was already established.

Among the crowds of notabilities who thronged her drawing-room, none could compare, as a man of fashion, with an exceedingly handsome youth who had just crossed from Paris, and was making his debut in English society. This was Alfred, Count D'Orsay; whom Byron has described as a *Cupidon déchainé*, and who vied, in point of accomplishments, with "the Admirable Crichton." His extraordinary beauty, joined to fascinating manners, and wit far above the average even in Paris, rendered him even at this time—he was barely twenty-one—a lion at the West End. Half the ladies in London fought about him. Lady Blessington carried off the prize, and bore him in triumph with her to Italy. So captivating was the Count that the lady's feelings were shared by her husband; it was hard to say whether "Alfred" were the greater favorite, with Mountjoy or with his wife. The latter never suffered him to wander from her side; the former would not rest till the Count became a member of his family. By his first wife, the lady Brown, Lord Blessington had two daughters, then at boarding-school in Ireland, the eldest of whom was fourteen; he made a will, in which he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to Count d'Orsay, on condition that he married one of them. He was unrestricted in his choice. Pressed by the solicitations of the infatuated father, D'Orsay chose the younger, who had been born in wedlock; she was sent for, and arrived at Naples, where the Blessingtons were staying, prepared to obey her father's orders. Such perfect gentlemen as Count D'Orsay seldom condescend to be good husbands: little Harriet, pale and reserved in her manner, was treated like a school-girl both by her husband and her family, slighted in society,

and repelled by all from whom she had a right to expect sympathy and confidence. Not a word of complaint did she utter when her fascinating husband suggested a quiet separation, and drove her into solitude, while he reveled in the delights of fashionable life with her father and her mother-in-law. This was the man of whom Charles Dickens said, that "the world of fashion left his heart unspoiled."

After several years of elegant leisure in Italy, the Blessingtons and Count D'Orsay returned to Paris. His lordship—still exercised by his craving for display—furnished his residence "in a style of more than Eastern magnificence," as Mr. Marshall would have it. For the guidance of ambitious residents of Fifth Avenue, it may be said that "Lady Blessington's bed, which was silvered instead of gilt, rested on the backs of two silver swans, so exquisitely sculptured that every feather was in *alto relievo*, and looked as fleecy as those of the living bird. The recess in which it was placed was lined with white fluted silk, bordered with blue embossed lace. A silvered sofa stood opposite the fire-place, and near it a most inviting bergère. An escritoire occupied one panel, a bookstand the other; and a rich coffer for jewels formed a pendant to a similar one for lace or India shawls. A carpet of uncut pile of a pale blue, a silver lamp, and a Psyche glass—the ornaments silvered to correspond with the decorations of the chamber—completed the furniture."

A bedroom for a queen, assuredly. Alas! hardly had "my most gallant of gallant husbands" put the last touch to this bower of taste, when a fit of apoplexy carried him off, and Lady Blessington found herself within an ace of insolvency. Like most Irish noblemen, Blessington had lived far above his means. His widow contrived to secure a jointure of \$10,000 a year, and with this and Count D'Orsay she removed to London, leaving her magnificent establishment at Paris and the Montjoy estates to her husband's creditors.

She had set her heart upon ruling society—not mere dancing and dinner-eating society, but men of fashion, intellect, and fame. Accordingly she took a handsome house in Seamore Place, furnished it splendidly, and began, as of old, to draw around her all that was notable or distinguished in the English metropolis. Her invitations soon became the rage. Statesmen, poets, orators, novelists, painters, foreign noblemen, ate off her mahogany, and clustered round her chair of an evening. A stranger had seen nothing till he had been received at Seamore Place; an author was not sure of fame till he had been presented to Lady Blessington, and had been assured of her approval. Though ladies would not visit her, and scandal was rife on the subject of Count D'Orsay, she reigned supreme over the most intellectual men in England.

It was impossible to live as she did on \$10,000 a year. Count D'Orsay could not assist her, for he too was in difficulties, led an idle life, and was constantly obliged to dodge writs obtained

against him by angry boot-makers and tailors. Lady Blessington resolved to eke out her income by literary labor. Ten years before, when in the height of her splendor, she had published a couple of books, containing sketches of society, which had realized between them a profit of about a hundred dollars. She now related her "Conversations with Lord Byron," in a series of papers in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, for which she was well paid. Immediately afterward, she published a couple of three-volume novels of slender merit; but Longman complained that they would not sell. She was more fortunate in an humbler walk of letters. At that time (1833) annuals were all the rage. An enormous demand had sprung up for handsome-looking books, with gilt edges, rich binding, and steel plates; the contents were immaterial, but those sold the best which contained the most prose or poetry by "persons of quality." Judging from the prices paid for manuscripts, these annuals must have been very profitable to the publishers: when Moore was in the height of his glory, the proprietor of *The Keepsake* offered him \$3000 for one hundred and twenty lines of verse. Lady Blessington began to write for annuals, and had no difficulty in obtaining the editorship of two of the most successful—*The Keepsake*, and *Heath's Book of Beauty*. Her literary associations and her claims on her guests enabled her to secure a far higher class of contributors than usually wrote for periodicals. When she edited the *Book of Beauty*, such authors as Bulwer, Barry Cornwall, Disraeli, Bernal, Lady E. Stuart Wortley, W. S. Landor, Marryatt, Grace Aguilar, Viscount Castlereagh, Lord Morpeth, and others of equal note contributed regularly to its pages. We find in her correspondence Sir William Gell apologizing for having sent nothing in the shape of manuscript "for the annual," but promising a sketch of Moorish poetry, etc. By thus taxing her friends, who were only too happy to oblige her, the Countess contrived to make what to a person of more simple tastes would have been a fair income. Jerdan supposes that she "enjoyed from her pen, for many years, an amount somewhere midway between £2000 and £3000 per annum." This is probably exaggerated; but her sister, Miss Power, states positively that her income from letters often exceeded £1000 a year. When Hood starved, Moore almost begged, and Charles Lamb compared embracing letters as a profession to throwing one's self from the Tarpeian rock, this was not so bad for a lady who never pretended to any thing higher than taste, grace, and liveliness. Besides her receipts from the annuals, she wrote sketches for magazines and three-volume novels, none of which appear to have been profitable to the publishers, though the authoress was well paid. They were in general illustrations of the society in which she had moved, not devoid of a certain piquancy, but decidedly feeble in characters and plot. "Strathern," for which she received \$3000, had a brief success; so had "Marmaduke Herbert:" but the best books she

wrote were her "Idler in Italy" and "Idler in France," which showed her best parts to advantage, and are still read. Latterly, however, the publishers were shy of works from her pen. She writes to a friend who solicited her to sell a manuscript of his, that she can not persuade the trade to undertake her own.

We have reached the close of the second period of Lady Blessington's life. The rest is gloomy enough. In 1844, the mania for annuals died out, and the editor of the *Book of Beauty* found herself \$5000 a year poorer by the change in the public taste. Retrenchment seems never to have occurred to her. She had removed to Gore House, and improved on the magnificence of Seamore Place; her salons were still crowded by literati and politicians; Count D'Orsay was still the same lazy, splendid, useless, accomplished gentleman, driving the London ladies and the London tradesmen to distraction, and assisting Lady Blessington to do the honors of her drawing-room. She had lost a large sum by a robbery; nearly as much by the failure of Heath the engraver. Colburn wrote to say that he had lost forty pounds by her last work, and must decline publishing any thing more from her pen. Energetic and industrious as ever, she obtained a sort of connection with the *Daily News*, and agreed to furnish fashionable intelligence; but the arrangement did not last six months. She wrote a tale for a Sunday paper, but the remuneration was too small to be of any service to her. Misfortune had marked her for its own. Little thought they who assembled each evening in her splendid salon, and did homage to the wonderful charm of her conversation, and the winning grace of her manner, that her heart was still sore from the cares of the morning, and that behind the luxury profusely scattered around them lurked poverty and ruin. There were few to whom was intrusted the painful secret that Gore House was in a state of blockade by sheriff's officers, and that D'Orsay dared not walk out in daylight for fear of being arrested. The evil day, however, could not always be postponed. An execution for \$20,000 was put in by a dealer in lace and fancy goods, and though a temporary arrangement was effected by friends, hosts of other creditors pressed equally for payment, and the crash came. Twenty-seven years before, Lady Blessington had commenced her literary career by describing an auction of furniture at a fashionable residence in the West End of London; her description was now verified at Gore House. The collection of objects of art and vertu which it contained were hardly surpassed in any palace in the land; and very many of them were endeared to their owner by associations of friendship and affection. She could not bear to see them sold, and fled to Paris. Count D'Orsay had preceded her with a single portmanteau. Of all her friends Thackeray was the only one who seemed really affected by the scene at the auction.

She had still her jointure of \$10,000 a year, which might have been amply sufficient for her wants. But one who has filled the position of leader of society for nineteen years, requires something more than food, dress, and shelter. She "employed her time in furnishing new apartments, buying luxuries, embellishments, and comforts;" and doubtless found her means scanty enough. Moreover, the usual consequences of loss of fortune awaited her. Old friends forgot her. Those who had been constant guests at her table spoke of her as the defunct Lady Blessington. Every one knows that the world always deals thus with the unfortunate; but no one feels it the less keenly. Lady Blessington's heart broke under her sorrows. In the strength of her youth she had endured the brutality of a savage husband, and the unkindness of a wretched father; but her spirit had lost its elasticity. She could bear up no longer. The hour of atonement for a life of splendid sin had come.

The brilliant D'Orsay was living in Paris, devoting himself to art, and expecting preferment of some kind from his former friend, Prince Louis Napoleon, then President of the French republic. It came not. The President paid many attentions to Lady Blessington, but made no offer of assistance to D'Orsay. This neglect preyed upon her mind as well as his, and added a pang to the sufferings caused by her own troubles. She had long suffered from disease of the heart; in June, 1849, anxiety brought the malady to a crisis, and she died in a few hours.

D'Orsay never recovered the blow. His health had already been affected by chagrins and disappointment; from the day of Lady Blessington's death it declined visibly. He lingered for three years, a prey to a severe spinal complaint, and much straitened in his circumstances; having lost with his life's friend the best part of himself, and vainly endeavoring to seek from art "surcease of sorrow." Mr. Madden visited him a few weeks before his death, and says he "found him evidently sinking, in the last stage of disease of the kidneys, complicated with spinal complaint. The wreck only of the *beau* D'Orsay was there. He was able to sit up and to walk, though with difficulty and evidently with pain, about his room, which was at once his studio, reception-room, and sleeping apartment. He burst out crying when I entered the room, and continued for a length of time so much affected that he could hardly speak to me. Gradually he became composed, and talked about Lady Blessington's death; but all the time with tears pouring down his pale, wan face, for even then his features were death-stricken. He said, with marked emphasis, '*In losing her I lost every thing in this world—she was to me a mother! a dear, dear mother! a true loving mother to me!*' While he uttered these words he sobbed and cried like a child. And referring to them, he again said, '*You understand me, Madden.*'" Death finally released him, in August, 1852, a few weeks after Louis Napo-

leon had appointed him Director of the Fine Arts.

He was generous, manly, good-natured; possessing talents of a high order and taste that has long served as a standard. Yet he was a party to a nefarious marriage which blighted the happiness of an innocent child, abandoned his wife, cheated his creditors, and lived scandalously. She had a most kindly disposition, warm feelings, exquisite tact, and remarkable *talents de société*. Her faults are before the reader.

It seems to have been her destiny to illustrate her own books. One of the most successful of her novels is entitled "The Victims of Society."

THE SECOND BABY.

BETWEEN the first baby and the second what a falling off is there, my countrywomen! Not in intrinsic value, for the second may chance to be "as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina," but in the imaginary value with which it is invested by its nearest kin and more distant female belongings. The coming of the first baby in a household creates an immense sensation; that of the second is comparatively a commonplace affair. The first baby is looked for with anxiety, nursed with devotion, admired with enthusiasm, dressed with splendor, and made to live upon system. Baby Number Two is not longed for by any one, except, perhaps, the mother; is nursed as a matter of course, and admired as a matter of courtesy; is dressed in the cast-off clothes of Number One, and gets initiated into life without much ceremony or system.

Such was my reflection the other day as I watched the assembled family welcome the little stranger—the *second* in our household. I am but a bachelor uncle, and my opinion on such matters may be little worth, but it seemed to me that this second child was a great deal superior to the first, seeing that it was larger, quieter, and not nearly so red as his elder brother. Thereupon, retiring to my accustomed corner of the spacious family parlor, I indulged in various lucubrations apropos of babies generally, and second babies in particular, which I took care not to deliver *viva voce* at the time, but which I amused myself afterward by committing to paper, and which I now offer to the reader.

"A babe in the house is a well-spring of joy," saith a modern philosopher. He speaks from experience, doubtless; and the saying shows that he hath never had misgivings about getting the daily bread for the babe, or for the mother that should give it suck. Yes, to people with health, peace, and competence, a babe in the house is a well-spring of joy; but to people who are indigent, harassed, and of doubtful health, I fear it is a well-spring of something very different.

I know I shall seem like an old brute of a bachelor to sentimental ladies, married and single, for saying such things; but this is a land of freedom of speech, where "a man may speak the thing he will." And this I *will* say, on be-

half of the poor babies themselves, that if they had any sense at all, they would wish they had never been born—at all events, the *second* would, and every succeeding baby of the aforesaid unhopeful parentage. The *first* baby is generally welcome, even to parents who are doubtful about the morrow's meal. It flings a poetry over their poverty; they look on it with unutterable love, with tender respect, as a charge committed to their trust by God himself, as a renewal of their own lives—a mystic bond of love that no time, and perhaps not even eternity itself, can untie. It is a new and wonderful thing! They can't get familiar with the wonder of it! Its whole little being is a marvelous work; and the hearts of the parents, especially of the mother, glow with the purest ecstasy when they take it in their arms, and think: "This is my child, my own flesh and blood! From the care and the love of this creature nothing, I thank God, can set me free!" So it is with the first child. Indeed, one would think no child had ever been born into the world before, when one listens to a couple talking of their first-born during its first year. To them it is as it was to Adam and Eve when they hung together over their infant Cain: it is a new and grand experience. Thoughts of God and Paradise are in it: God is near above them, smiling his blessing; the gates of Paradise are close at hand, and wide open; and the angels look forth with sympathizing eyes upon their joy. Ah! there is scarcely any joy in life equal to that joy at the birth of a first child! It never comes again: there is never another *first* child. Of course, parents will say and will feel that the second "is very precious;" that "indeed they love it as well as the first;" that "each child brings its full share of love with it;" and that

True love in this differs from gold and clay—
That to divide is not to take away:

so that they can love a dozen as much as one. But let them compare their sensations at the first birth with their sensations at the second, and if they have any faculty of self-observance, be sure they will acknowledge a wide difference; to the love of the child itself, in the one case, is superadded the novelty of parentage.

But it by no means follows, that because the first child creates so much more vivid a sensation in the household than the second, it deserves to be loved more. As a general rule, you will find the second child, in various ways, superior to the first—often superior to all the succeeding children, where the family is numerous. The law and society give the preference to eldest sons and daughters; fairy tales invariably give the preference to the youngest. I set myself, in this particular, against both the existing social system and the wont and usage of fairyland, and think the second child is generally the best, physically, intellectually, and morally. With all due consideration for the Octavias and Septimuses, for Sextus and Quintus, and with the usual undue consideration for Mr. Primus and my Lady Una, I contend that their second

brother or sister is likely to excel them all. I am not prepared to go to the stake as a martyr for this opinion, but I am prepared to wield a pen in its defense, and now add a few of the strongest arguments in its favor.

In the first place, a second child of ordinary parents, tolerably well off, benefits in infancy and childhood by the experience they gained with the first. They try experiments with the first; ask advice of doctors and old ladies; and are so anxious to help nature, that they often hinder her operations. The child is never let alone; it is always being taken notice of by some admiring nurse or relative. Now the proverb of the kitchen, that "a watched pot never boils," applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the nursery, and it may be said that "a watched baby never thrives." But the second child profits by the experiments made with the first. The parents, having discovered that "let well alone" is a safer maxim than "trust nothing to chance" in the case of an infant, are content to let Baby Number Two lie on the floor sometimes, instead of being always in the arms; are not anxious to coax it to walk before it can get upon its little feet and stand; will allow it to ask for food, instead of forcing food down its throat; are not frightened into foolishness because it looks up to the open sky without a hat on. So, when it can run about, they do not mount guard over every motion, remove from the child's path every obstacle, and help it to overcome every small difficulty; they have learned that all these acts of love are not so good for the child as its acquiring habits of self-help and self-reliance. If they have any faculty of prevision, they will see that a child who requires to be watched and helped all day long, will probably want watching and helping when he grows a man.

Baby Number Two escapes most of the medicines administered to Number One, and a great deal of the dressing—in which respects Baby Number Two has decidedly the advantage.

Baby Number Two escapes the evil effects of flattering tongues, which tell Number One twenty times a day that it is "the sweetest little thing that ever was seen."

Baby Number Two escapes the evil effects of jealous suggestions, such as, "Ah! *your* nose is put out of joint. You're not the only one now! The new baby is the darling now."

Baby Number Two has the advantage of the company of an elder brother or sister: he learns a thousand things more easily in consequence. His own voluntary imitation is worth all the direct teaching mothers and nurses can give.

Then, again, if Baby Number Two be followed by more of his kind, he is sure to take to them kindly; as he has never been the *only* one, he sees no harm in the coming of "another, and another, and another."

It is also an advantage to him to play the protector and the teacher in his turn: he cares for the little ones, and is patient with them. I don't deny that *this* advantage he shares with his socially-favored elder brother.

"But," says some reader, and with considerable show of reason, "do not all these advantages which you attribute solely to the second son, belong also to the rest of the younger children?" I think not, and for these reasons:

After the second child is born, parents get quite familiar with the birth and infancy of their children; and whereas the first child attracts too much attention, it often happens that the third, fourth, and fifth, do not attract enough. They are cared for well, in a general way, but they do not get that particular care and attention which the eldest child got, and which was too much; nor the half of it, which was bestowed on the second child, and which was just enough. Parents with limited income—as if any incomes were unlimited—find that to educate the younger children at as great a money-cost as the two elder, is more than they can manage; and so the younger children are not so well off as the second child. Of course, I speak only of average children; here and there you have a genius born among the younger members of a numerous family—a Wellington a Nelson, a Scott, a Napoleon; such children arrive at their destination in life, whether they be eldest, second, or younger children. The exceptions may prove the rule, but they do not weaken its truth.

In conclusion, I invite my readers to study the family history of their friends and acquaintances, and see if they do not find my assertion good. The second child is generally the best of the family. I ought to know, for I am a second child myself, and on that ground alone I began to turn my attention to the subject; and having come to the foregone conclusions, I make a point of watching the career of a second baby.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER LII.

FAMILY SECRETS.

THE figure cowering over the furtive tea-pot glowered grimly at Barnes as he entered; and an old voice said—"Ho, it's you!"

"I have brought you the notes, ma'am," says Barnes, taking a packet of those documents from his pocket-book. "I could not come sooner; I have been engaged upon bank business until now."

"I dare say! You smell of smoke like a courier."

"A foreign capitalist: he would smoke. They will, ma'am. I didn't smoke, upon my word."

"I don't see why you shouldn't, if you like it. You will never get any thing out of me whether you do or don't. How is Clara? Is she gone to the country with the children? Newcome is the best place for her."

"Doctor Bambury thinks she can move in a fortnight. The boy has had a little—"

"A little fiddlestick! I tell you it is she who likes to stay, and makes that fool, Bambury, advise her not going away. I tell you to



send her to Newcome. The air is good for her."

"By that confounded smoky town, my dear Lady Kew?"

"And invite your mother and little brothers and sisters to stay Christmas there. The way in which you neglect them is shameful, it is, Barnes."

"Upon my word, ma'am, I propose to manage my own affairs without your ladyship's assistance," cries Barnes, starting up, "and did not come at this time of night to hear this kind of—"

"Of good advice. I sent for you to give it you. When I wrote to you to bring me the money I wanted, it was but a pretext; Barkins might have fetched it from the city in the morning. I want you to send Clara and the children to Newcome. They ought to go, Sir. That is why I sent for you; to tell you that. Have you been quarreling as much as usual?"

"Pretty much as usual," says Barnes, drumming on his hat.

"Don't beat that devil's tattoo; you *agacez* my poor old nerves. When Clara was given to you she was as well broke a girl as any in London."

Sir Barnes responded by a groan.

"She was as gentle and amenable to reason, as good-natured a girl as could be; a little vacant and silly, but you men like dolls for your wives; and now in three years you have utterly spoiled her. She is restive, she is artful, she flies into rages, she fights you and beats you. He! he! and that comes of your beating her!"

"I didn't come to hear this, ma'am," says Barnes, livid with rage.

"You struck her—you know you did, Sir Barnes Newcome. She rushed over to me last year on the night you did it, you know she did."

"Great God, ma'am! You know the provocation," screams Barnes.

"Provocation or not, I don't say. But from

* Continued from the March Number.

that moment she has beat you. You fool, to write her a letter and ask her pardon! If I had been a man I would rather have strangled my wife, than have humiliated myself so before her. She will never forgive that blow."

"I was mad when I did it; and she drove me mad," says Barnes. "She has the temper of a fiend, and the ingenuity of the devil. In two years an entire change has come over her. If I had used a knife to her I should not have been surprised. But it is not with you to reproach me about Clara. Your ladyship found her for me."

"And you spoiled her after she was found, Sir. She told me part of her story that night she came to me. I know it is true, Barnes. You have treated her dreadfully, Sir."

"I know that she makes my life miserable, and there is no help for it," says Barnes, grinding a curse between his teeth. "Well, well, no more about this. How is Ethel? Gone to sleep after her journey? What do you think, ma'am, I have brought for her? A proposal."

"*Bon Dieu!* You don't mean to say Charles Belsize was in earnest!" cries the dowager. "I always thought it was a—"

"It is not from Lord Highgate, ma'am," Sir Barnes said, gloomily. "It is some time since I have known that he was not in earnest; and he knows that I am now."

"Gracious goodness! come to blows with him, too? You have not? That would be the very thing to make the world talk," says the dowager, with some anxiety.

"No," answers Barnes. "He knows well enough that there can be no open rupture. We had some words the other day at a dinner he gave at his own house; Colonel Newcome, and that young beggar, Clive, and that fool, Mr. Hobson, were there. Lord Highgate was confidently insolent. He told me that I did not dare to quarrel with him because of the account he kept at our house. I should like to have massacred him! She has told him that I struck her—the insolent brute!—he says he will tell it at my clubs; and threatens personal violence to me there, if I do it again. Lady Kew, I'm not safe from that man and that woman," cries poor Barnes, in an agony of terror.

"Fighting is Jack Belsize's business, Barnes Newcome; banking is yours, luckily," said the dowager. "As old Lord Highgate was to die, and his eldest son, too, it is a pity certainly they had not died a year or two earlier, and left poor Clara and Charles to come together. You should have married some woman in the serious way; my daughter Walham could have found you one. Frank, I am told, and his wife go on very sweetly together; her mother-in-law governs the whole family. They have turned the theatre back into a chapel again: they have six little plowboys dressed in surplices to sing the service; and Frank and the Vicar of Kewbury play at cricket with them on holidays. Stay, why should not Clara go to Kewbury?"

"She and her sister have quarreled about this very affair with Lord Highgate. Some

time ago it appears they had words about it, and when I told Kew that by-gones had best be by-gones, that Highgate was very sweet upon Ethel now, and that I did not choose to lose such a good account as his, Kew was very insolent to me; his conduct was blackguardly, ma'am, quite blackguardly, and you may be sure but for our relationship I would have called him to—"

Here the talk between Barnes and his ancestress was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Ethel Newcome, taper in hand, who descended from the upper regions enveloped in a shawl.

"How do you do, Barnes? How is Clara? I long to see my little nephew. Is he like his pretty papa?" cries the young lady, giving her fair cheek to her brother.

"Scotland has agreed with our Newcome rose," says Barnes, gallantly. "My dear Ethel, I never saw you in greater beauty."

"By the light of one bedroom candle! what should I be if the whole room were lighted? You would see my face then was covered all over with wrinkles, and quite pale and woe-begone, with the dreariness of the Scotch journey. Oh, what a time we have spent! haven't we, grandmamma? I never wish to go to a great castle again; above all, I never wish to go to a little shooting-box. Scotland may be very well for men; but for women—allow me to go to Paris when next there is talk of a Scotch expedition. I had rather be in a boarding-school in the Champs Elysées, than in the finest castle in the Highlands. If it had not been for a blessed quarrel with Fanny Follington, I think I should have died at Glen Short-horn. Have you seen my dear, dear uncle, the Colonel? When did he arrive?"

"Is he come? Why is he come?" asks Lady Kew.

"Is he come? Look here, grandmamma! did you ever see such a darling shawl? I found it in a packet in my room."

"Well it is beautiful," cries the Dowager, bending her ancient nose over the web. "Your Colonel is a *galant homme*. That must be said of him; and in this does not quite take after the rest of the family. Hum! hum! Is he going away again soon?"

"He has made a fortune, a very considerable fortune for a man in that rank in life," says Sir Barnes. "He can not have less than sixty thousand pounds."

"Is that much?" asks Ethel.

"Not in England, at our rate of interest; but his money is in India, where he gets a great per centage. His income must be five or six thousand pounds, ma'am," says Barnes, turning to Lady Kew.

"A few of the Indians were in society in my time, my dear," says Lady Kew, musingly. "My father has often talked to me about Barwell, of Stanstead, and his house in St. Jeames's Square; the man who ordered 'more curricles' when there were not carriages enough for his guests. I was taken to Mr. Hastings's trial. It was very stupid and long. The young man, the painter,

I suppose will leave his paint-pots now, and set up as a gentleman. I suppose they were very poor, or his father would not have put him to such a profession. Barnes, why did you not make him a clerk in the bank, and save him from the humiliation?"

"Humiliation! why he is proud of it. My uncle is as proud as a Plantagenet; though he is as humble as—as what? Give me a simile, Barnes. Do you know what my quarrel with Fanny Follington was about? She said we were not descended from the barber-surgeon, and laughed at the Battle of Bosworth. She says our great grandfather was a weaver. Was he a weaver?"

"How should I know? and what on earth does it matter, my child? Except the Gaunts, the Howards, and one or two more, there is scarcely any good blood in England. You are lucky in sharing some of mine. My poor Lord Kew's grandfather was an apothecary at Hampton Court, and founded the family by giving a dose of rhubarb to Queen Caroline. As a rule, nobody is of a good family. Didn't that young man, that son of the Colonel's, go about last year? How did he get in society? Where did we meet him? Oh! at Baden, yes; when Barnes was courting, and my grandson—yes my grandson, acted so wickedly." Here she began to cough, and to tremble so, that her old stick shook under her hand. "Ring the bell for Ross. Ross, I will go to bed. Go you too, Ethel. You have been traveling enough today."

"Her memory seems to fail her a little," Ethel whispered to her brother; "or she will only remember what she wishes. Don't you see that she has grown very much older?"

"I will be with her in the morning. I have business with her," said Barnes.

"Good night. Give my love to Clara, and kiss the little one for me. Have you done what you promised me, Barnes?"

"What?"

"To be—to be kind to Clara. Don't say cruel things to her. She has a high spirit, and she feels them, though she says nothing."

"Doesn't she?" said Barnes, grimly.

"Ah, Barnes, be gentle with her. Seldom as I saw you together, when I lived with you in the spring, I could see that you were harsh, though she affected to laugh when she spoke of your conduct to her. Be kind. I am sure it is the best, Barnes; better than all the wit in the world. Look at grandmamma, how witty she was and is; what a reputation she had, how people were afraid of her; and see her now—quite alone."

"I'll see her in the morning quite alone, my dear," says Barnes, waving a little gloved hand. "By-by!" and his brougham drove away. While Ethel Newcome had been under her brother's roof, where I and friend Clive, and scores of others had been smartly entertained, there had been quarrels, and recriminations, misery, and heart-burning, cruel words, and shameful strug-

gles, the wretched combatants in which appeared before the world with smiling faces, resuming their battle when the feast was concluded, and the company gone.

On the next morning, when Barnes came to visit his grandmother, Miss Newcome was gone away to see her sister-in-law, Lady Kew said, with whom she was going to pass the morning; so Barnes and Lady Kew had an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête*, in which the former acquainted the old lady with the proposal which Colonel Newcome had made to him on the previous night.

Lady Kew wondered what the impudence of the world would come to. An artist propose for Ethel. One of her footmen might propose next, and she supposed Barnes would bring the message. The father came and proposed for this young painter, and you didn't order him out of the room!

Barnes laughed. "The Colonel is one of my constituents. I can't afford to order the Bundelcund Banking Company out of its own room."

"You did not tell Ethel this pretty news, I suppose?"

"Of course I didn't tell Ethel. Nor did I tell the Colonel that Ethel was in London. He fancies her in Scotland with your ladyship at this moment."

"I wish the Colonel were at Calcutta, and his son with him. I wish he was in the Ganges. I wish he was under Juggernaut's car," cried the old lady. "How much money has the wretch really got? If he is of importance to the bank, of course you must keep well with him. Five thousand a year, and he says he will settle it all on his son? He must be crazy. There is nothing some of these people will not do, no sacrifice they will not make, to ally themselves with good families. Certainly you must remain on good terms with him and his bank. And we must say nothing of the business to Ethel, and trot out of town as quickly as we can. Let me see. We go to Drummington on Saturday. This is Tuesday. Barkins, you will keep the front drawing-room shutters shut, and remember we are not in town, unless Lady Glenlivat or Lord Farintosh should call."

"Do you think Farintosh will—will call, ma'am?" asks Sir Barnes, demurely.

"He will be going through to Newmarket. He has been where we have been at two or three places in Scotland," replies the lady, with equal gravity. "His poor mother wishes him to give up his bachelor's life—as well she may—for you young men are terribly dissipated. Rossmont is quite a regal place. His Norfolk house is not inferior. A young man of that station ought to marry, and live at his places, and be an example to his people, instead of frittering away his time at Paris and Vienna among the most odious company."

"Is he going to Drummington?" asks the grandson.

"I believe he has been invited. We shall

go to Paris for November, he probably will be there," answered the Dowager, casually; "and tired of the dissipated life he has been leading, let us hope he will mend his ways, and find a virtuous, well-bred young woman to keep him right." With this her ladyship's apothecary is announced, and her banker and grandson takes his leave.

Sir Barnes walked into the city with his umbrella, read his letters, conferred with his partners and confidential clerks; was for a while not the exasperated husband, or the affectionate brother, or the amiable grandson, but the shrewd, brisk banker, engaged entirely with his business. Presently he had occasion to go on Change, or elsewhere, to confer with brother capitalists, and in Cornhill behold he meets his uncle, Colonel Newcome, riding toward the India House, a groom behind him.

The Colonel springs off his horse, and Barnes greets him in the blandest manner. "Have you any news for me, Barnes?" cries the officer.

"The accounts from Calcutta are remarkably good. That cotton is of admirable quality, really. Mr. Briggs, of our house, who knows cotton as well as any man in England, says—"

"It's not the cotton, my dear Sir Barnes," cries the other.

"The bills are perfectly good; there's no sort of difficulty about them. Our house will take half a million of 'em if—"

"Your are talking of bills, and I am thinking of poor Clive," the Colonel interposes. "I wish you could give me good news for him, Barnes."

"I wish I could. I heartily trust that I may some day. My good wishes, you know, are enlisted in your son's behalf," cries Barnes, gallantly. "Droll place to talk sentiment in—Cornhill, isn't it? But Ethel, as I told you, is in the hands of higher powers, and we must conciliate Lady Kew if we can. She has always spoken very highly of Clive; very."

"Had I not best go to her?" asks the Colonel.

"Into the north, my good Sir? She is—ah—she is traveling about. I think you had best depend upon me. Good morning. In the city we have no hearts, you know, Colonel. Be sure you shall hear from me as soon as Lady Kew and Ethel come to town."

And the banker hurried away, shaking his finger-tips to his uncle, and leaving the good Colonel utterly surprised at his statements. For the fact is, the Colonel knew that Lady Kew was in London, having been apprised of the circumstance in the simplest manner in the world, namely by a note from Miss Ethel, which billet he had in his pocket while he was talking with the head of the house of Hobson Brothers.

"My dear uncle" (the note said), "how glad I shall be to see you! How shall I thank you for the beautiful shawl, and the kind, kind remembrance of me? I found your present yesterday evening on our arrival from the north. We are only here *en passant*, and see *nobody* in Queen Street but Barnes, who has just been

about business, and he does not count, you know. I shall go and see Clara to-morrow, and make her take me to see your pretty friend, Mrs. Pendennis. How glad I should be if you *happened* to pay Mrs. P. a visit *about two*. Good night. I thank you a thousand times, and am always your affectionate

E.

"Queen Street. Tuesday night. *Twelve o'clock.*"

This note came to Colonel Newcome's breakfast-table, and he smothered the exclamation of wonder which was rising to his lips, not choosing to provoke the questions of Clive, who sate opposite to him. Clive's father was in a woeful perplexity all that forenoon. Tuesday night, twelve o'clock, thought he. Why, Barnes must have gone to his grandmother from my dinner-table; and he told me she was out of town, and said so again just now when we met in the city. (The Colonel was riding toward Richmond at this time.) What cause had the young man to tell me these lies? Lady Kew may not wish to be at home for me, but need Barnes Newcome say what is untrue to mislead me? The fellow actually went away simpering, and kissing his hand to me, with a falsehood on his lips! What a pretty villain! A fellow would deserve, and has got, a horse-whipping for less. And to think of a Newcome doing this to his own flesh and blood; a young Judas! Very sad and bewildered, the Colonel rode toward Richmond, where he was to happen to call on Mrs. Pendennis.

It was not much of a fib that Barnes had told. Lady Kew announcing that she was out of town, her grandson, no doubt, thought himself justified in saying so, as any other of her servants would have done. But if he had recollected how Ethel came down with the Colonel's shawl on her shoulders, how it was possible she might have written to thank her uncle, surely Barnes Newcome would not have pulled that unlucky long bow. The Banker had other things to think of than Ethel and her shawl.

When Thomas Newcome dismounted at the door of Honeymoon Cottage, Richmond, the temporary residence of A. Pendennis, Esq., one of the handsomest young women in England ran into the passage with outstretched arms, called him her dear old uncle, and gave him two kisses, that I dare say brought blushes on his lean sun-burnt cheeks. Ethel clung always to his affection. She wanted that man, rather than any other in the whole world, to think well of her. When she was with him, she was the amiable and simple, the loving, impetuous creature of old times. She chose to think of no other. Worldliness, heartlessness, eager scheming, cold flirtations, marquis-hunting, and the like, disappeared for a while—and were not, as she sate at that honest man's side. Oh me! that we should have to record such charges against Ethel Newcome!

"He was come home for good now? He would never leave that boy he spoiled so, who was a good boy, too: she wished she could see him oftener. At Paris, at Madame de Florac's

—I found out all about Madame de Florac, Sir," says Miss Ethel, with a laugh: "we used often to meet there; and here, sometimes, in London. But in London it was different. You know what peculiar notions some people have; and as I live with grandmamma, who is most kind to me and my brothers, of course I must obey her, and see her friends rather than my own. She likes going out into the world, and I am bound in duty to go with her," etc., etc. Thus the young lady went on talking, defending herself whom nobody attacked, protesting her dislike to gayety and dissipation—you would have fancied her an artless young country lass, only longing to trip back to her village, milk her cows at sunrise, and sit spinning of winter evenings by the fire.

"Why do you come and spoil my *tête-à-tête* with my uncle, Mr. Pendennis?" cries the young lady to the master of the house, who happens to enter. "Of all the men in the world the one I like best to talk to! Does he not look younger than when he went to India? When Clive marries that pretty little Miss Mackenzie, you will marry again, uncle, and I will be jealous of your wife."

"Did Barnes tell you that we had met last night, my dear?" asks the Colonel.

"Not one word. Your shawl and your dear kind note told me you were come. Why did not Barnes tell us? Why do you look so grave?"

"He has not told her that I was here, and would have me believe her absent," thought Newcome, as his countenance fell. "Shall I give her my own message, and plead my poor boy's cause with her?" I know not whether he was about to lay his suit before her; he said himself, subsequently, that his mind was not made up, but at this juncture, a procession of nurses and babies made their appearance, followed by the two mothers, who had been comparing their mutual prodigies (each lady having her own private opinion)—Lady Clara and my wife—the latter for once gracious to Lady Clara Newcome, in consideration of the infantine company with which she came to visit Mrs. Pendennis.

Luncheon was served presently. The carriage of the Newcomes drove away, my wife smilingly pardoning Ethel for the assignation which the young person had made at our house. And when those ladies were gone, our good Colonel held a council of war with us his two friends, and told us what had happened between him and Barnes on that morning and the previous night. His offer to sacrifice every shilling of his fortune to young Clive seemed to him to be perfectly simple (though the recital of the circumstance brought tears into my wife's eyes)—he mentioned it by the way, and as a matter that was scarcely to call for comment, much less praise.

Barnes's extraordinary statements respecting Lady Kew's absence puzzled the elder Newcome; and he spoke of his nephew's conduct with much indignation. In vain I urged that

her ladyship desiring to be considered absent from London, her grandson was bound to keep her secret. "Keep her secret, yes. Tell me lies, no!" cries out the Colonel. Sir Barnes's conduct was in fact indefensible, though not altogether unusual—the worst deduction to be drawn from it, in my opinion, was, that Clive's chance with the young lady was but a poor one, and that Sir Barnes Newcome, inclined to keep his uncle in good humor, would therefore give him no disagreeable refusal.

Now this gentleman could no more pardon a lie than he could utter one. He would believe all and every thing a man told him until deceived once, after which he never forgave. And wrath being once roused in his simple mind, and distrust firmly fixed there, his anger and prejudices gathered daily. He could see no single good quality in his opponent, and hated him with a daily increasing bitterness.

As ill luck would have it, that very same evening, at his return to town, Thomas Newcome entered Bays's club, of which, at our request, he had become a member during his last visit to England, and there was Sir Barnes as usual on his way homeward from the city. Barnes was writing at a table, and sealing and closing a letter, as he saw the Colonel enter: he thought he had been a little inattentive and curt with his uncle in the morning; had remarked, perhaps, the expression of disapproval on the Colonel's countenance. He simpered up to his uncle as the latter entered the club-room, and apologized for his haste when they met in the city in the morning—all city men were so busy! "And I have been writing about that little affair, just as you came in," he said; "quite a moving letter to Lady Kew, I assure you, and I do hope and trust we shall have a favorable answer in a day or two."

"You said her ladyship was in the north, I think?" said the Colonel, dryly.

"Oh, yes—in the north, at—at Lord Wallsend's—great coal-proprietor, you know."

"And your sister is with her?"

"Ethel is always with her."

"I hope you will send her my very best remembrances," said the Colonel.

"I'll open the letter, and add 'em in a postscript," said Barnes.

"Confounded liar!" cried the Colonel, mentioning the circumstance to me afterward, "why does not somebody pitch him out of the bow-window?"

If we were in the secret of Sir Barnes Newcome's correspondence, and could but peep into that particular letter to his grandmother, I dare say we should read that he had seen the Colonel, who was very anxious about his darling youth's suit, but pursuant to Lady Kew's desire, Barnes had stoutly maintained that her ladyship was still in the north, enjoying the genial hospitality of Lord Wallsend. That of course he should say nothing to Ethel, except with Lady Kew's full permission: that he wished her a pleasant trip to —, and was, etc., etc.

Then if we could follow him, we might see him reach his Belgravian mansion, and fling an angry word to his wife as she sits alone in the darkling drawing-room, poring over the embers. He will ask her, probably with an oath, why the — she is not dressed? and if she always intends to keep her company waiting? An hour hence, each with a smirk, and the lady in smart raiment with flowers in her hair, will be greeting their guests as they arrive. Then will come dinner and such conversation as it brings. Then at night Sir Barnes will issue forth, cigar in mouth; to return to his own chamber at his own hour; to breakfast by himself; to go cityward, money-getting. He will see his children once a fortnight: and exchange a dozen sharp words with his wife twice in that time.

More and more sad does the Lady Clara become from day to day; liking more to sit lonely over the fire; careless about the sarcasms of her husband; the prattle of her children. She cries sometimes over the cradle of the young heir. She is aweary, aweary. You understand, the man to whom her parents sold her does not make her happy, though she has been bought with diamonds, two carriages, several large footmen, a fine country-house with delightful gardens and conservatories; and with all this she is miserable—is it possible?



CHAPTER LIII.

IN WHICH KINSMEN FALL OUT.

NOR the least difficult part of Thomas Newcome's present business was to keep from his son all knowledge of the negotiation in which he was engaged on Clive's behalf. If my gentle reader has had sentimental disappointments, he or she is aware that the friends who have given him most sympathy under these calamities have been persons who have had dismal histories of their own at some time of their lives, and I conclude Colonel Newcome in his early days must have suffered very cruelly in that affair of which we have a slight cognizance, or he would not have felt so very much anxiety about Clive's condition.

A few chapters back and we described the first attack, and Clive's manful cure: then we had to indicate the young gentleman's relapse, and the noisy exclamations of the youth under this second outbreak of fever—calling him back after she had dismissed him, and finding pretext after pretext to see him. Why did the girl encourage him, as she certainly did? I allow, with Mrs. Grundy and most moralists, that Miss Newcome's conduct in this matter was highly reprehensible; that if she did not intend to marry Clive she should have broken with him altogether; that a virtuous young woman of high principle, etc., etc., having once determined to reject a suitor should separate from him utterly then and there—never give him again the least chance of a hope, or re-illuminate the extinguished fire in the wretch's bosom.

But coquetry, but kindness, but family affection, and a strong, very strong partiality for the rejected lover—are these not to be taken in account, and to plead as excuses for her behavior to her cousin? The least unworthy part of her conduct, some critics will say, was that desire to see Clive and be well with him: as she felt the greatest regard for him, the showing it was not blamable; and every flutter which she made to escape out of the meshes which the world had cast about her, was but the natural effort at liberty. It was her prudence which was wrong; and her submission, wherein she was most culpable. In the early church story, do we not read how young martyrs constantly had to disobey worldly papas and mammas, who would have had them silent, and not utter their dangerous opinions? how their parents locked them up, kept them on bread and water, whipped and tortured them, in order to enforce obedience?—nevertheless they would declare the truth: they would defy the gods by law established, and deliver themselves up to the lions or the tormentors. Are not there Heathen Idols enshrined among us still? Does not the world worship them, and persecute those who refuse to kneel? Do not many timid souls sacrifice to them; and other, bolder spirits rebel, and, with rage at their hearts, bend down their stubborn knees at their altars? See! I began by siding with Mrs. Grundy and the world, and at the next turn of the seesaw have lighted down on Ethel's side, and am disposed to think that the very best part of her conduct has been those escapades which—which right-minded persons most justly condemn. At least that a young beauty should torture a man with alternate liking and indifference; allure, dismiss, and call him back out of banishment; practice arts to please upon him, and ignore them when rebuked for her coquetry—these are surely occurrences so common in young women's history as to call for no special censure: and, if on these charges Miss Newcome is guilty, is she, of all her sex, alone in her criminality?

So Ethel and her duenna went away upon their tour of visits to mansions so splendid, and

among hosts and guests so polite that the present modest historian does not dare to follow them. Suffice it to say, that Duke This and Earl That were, according to their hospitable custom, entertaining a brilliant circle of friends at their respective castles, all whose names the "Morning Post" gave; and among them those of Dowager Countess of Kew, and Miss Newcome.

During her absence Thomas Newcome grimly awaited the result of his application to Barnes. That baronet showed his uncle a letter, or rather a postscript, from Lady Kew, which had probably been dictated by Barnes himself, in which the Dowager said she was greatly touched by Colonel Newcome's noble offer; that though she owned she had very different views for her granddaughter, Miss Newcome's choice of course lay with herself. Meanwhile, Lady K. and Ethel were engaged in a round of visits to the country, and there would be plenty of time to resume this subject when they came to London for the season. And, lest dear Ethel's feelings should be needlessly agitated by a discussion of the subject, and the Colonel should take a fancy to write to her privately, Lady Kew gave orders that all letters from London should be dispatched under cover to her ladyship, and carefully examined the contents of the packet before Ethel received her share of the correspondence.

To write to her personally on the subject of the marriage, Thomas Newcome had determined was not a proper course for him to pursue. "They consider themselves," said he, "above us, forsooth, in their rank of life (Oh, mercy! what pigmies we are! and don't angels weep at the brief authority in which we dress ourselves up?), and of course the approaches on our side must be made in regular form, and the parents of the young people must act for them. Clive is too honorable a man to wish to conduct the affair in any other way. He might try the influence of his *beaux yeux*, and run off to Gretna with a girl who had nothing; but the young lady being wealthy, and his relation, Sir, we must be on the point of honor; and all the Kews in Christendom shan't have more pride than we in this matter."

All this time we are keeping Mr. Clive purposely in the background. His face is so woe-begone that we do not care to bring it forward in the family picture. His case is so common that surely its lugubrious symptoms need not be described at length. He works away fiercely at his pictures, and in spite of himself improves in his art. He sent a "Combat of Cavalry," and a picture of "Sir Brian the Templar carrying off Rebecca," to the British Institution this year; both of which pieces were praised in other journals besides the "Pall Mall Gazette." He did not care for the newspaper praises. He was rather surprised when a dealer purchased his "Sir Brian the Templar." He came and went from our house a melancholy swain. He was thankful for Laura's kindness and pity.

J. J.'s studio was his principal resort; and I dare say, as he set up his own easel there, and worked by his friend's side, he bemoaned his lot to his sympathizing friend.

Sir Barnes Newcome's family was absent from London during the winter. His mother, and his brothers and sisters, his wife and his two children, were gone to Newcome for Christmas. Some six weeks after seeing him, Ethel wrote her uncle a kind, merry letter. They had been performing private theatricals at the country house where she and Lady Kew were staying. "Captain Crackthorpe made an admirable Jeremy Diddler in 'Raising the Wind.' Lord Farintosh broke down lamentably as Fusbos in 'Bombastes Furioso.'" Miss Ethel had distinguished herself in both of these facetious little comedies. "I should like Clive to paint me as Miss Plainways," she wrote. "I wore a powdered front, painted my face all over wrinkles, imitated old Lady Griffin as well as I could, and looked sixty at least."

Thomas Newcome wrote an answer to his fair niece's pleasant letter: "Clive," he said, "would be happy to bargain to paint her, and nobody else but her, all the days of his life; and," the Colonel was sure, "would admire her at sixty as much as he did now, when she was forty years younger." But, determined on maintaining his appointed line of conduct respecting Miss Newcome, he carried his letter to Sir Barnes, and desired him to forward it to his sister. Sir Barnes took the note, and promised to dispatch it. The communications between him and his uncle had been very brief and cold, since the telling of those little fibs concerning old Lady Kew's visits to London, which the Baronet dismissed from his mind as soon as they were spoken, and which the good Colonel never could forgive. Barnes asked his uncle to dinner once or twice, but the Colonel was engaged. How was Barnes to know the reason of the elder's refusal? A London man, a banker, and a member of Parliament has a thousand things to think of; and no time to wonder that friends refuse his invitations to dinner. Barnes continued to grin and smile most affectionately when he met the Colonel; to press his hand, to congratulate him on the last accounts from India, unconscious of the scorn and distrust with which his senior mentally regarded him. "Old boy is doubtful about the young cub's love affair," the Baronet may have thought. "We'll ease his old mind on that point some time hence." No doubt Barnes thought he was conducting the business very smartly and diplomatically.

I heard myself news at this period from the gallant Crackthorpe, which, being interested in my young friend's happiness, filled me with some dismay. Our friend the painter and glazier has been hankering about our barracks at Knightsbridge (the noble Life Guards Green had now pitched their tents in that suburb), and pumping me about *la belle cousine*. I don't like to break it to him—I don't really, now.

But it's all up with his chance, I think. Those private theatricals at Fallowfield have done Farintosh's business. He used to rave about the Newcome to me, as we were riding home from hunting. He gave Bob Henchman the lie, who told a story which Bob got from his man, who had it from Miss Newcome's lady's maid, about—about some journey to Brighton, which the cousins took. Here Mr. Crackthorpe grinned most facetiously. Farintosh swore he'd knock Honeyman down; and vows he will be the death of—will murder our friend Clive when he comes to town. As for Henchman, he was in a desperate way. He lives on the Marquis, you know, and Farintosh's anger or his marriage will be the loss of free quarters, and ever so many good dinners a year to him. I did not deem it necessary to impart Crackthorpe's story to Clive, or explain to him the reason why Lord Farintosh scowled most fiercely upon the young painter, and passed him without any other sign of recognition one day as Clive and I were walking together in Pall Mall. If my lord wanted a quarrel, young Clive was not a man to baulk him; and would have been a very fierce customer to deal with, in his actual state of mind.

A pauper child in London at seven years old knows how to go to market, to fetch the beer, to pawn father's coat, to choose the largest fried fish or the nicest ham-bone, to nurse Mary Jane of three—to conduct a hundred operations of trade or housekeeping, which a little Belgravian does not perhaps acquire in all the days of her life. Poverty and necessity force this precociousness on the poor little brat. There are children who are accomplished shop-lifters and liars almost as soon as they can toddle and speak. I dare say little Princes know the laws of etiquette as regards themselves, and the respect due to their rank at a very early period of their royal existence. Every one of us according to his degree can point to the Princekins of private life who are flattered and worshiped, and whose little shoes grown men kiss as soon almost as they walk upon ground.

It is a wonder what human nature will support, and that, considering the amount of flattery some people are crammed with from their cradles, they do not grow worse and more selfish than they are. Our poor little pauper just mentioned is dosed with Daffy's Elixir, and somehow survives the drug. Princekin or lordkin from his earliest days has nurses, dependents, governesses, little friends, school-fellows, school-masters, fellow-collegians, college tutors, stewards and valets, led-captains of his suite, and women innumerable flattering him and doing him honor. The tradesman's manner, which to you and me is decently respectful, becomes straightway frantically servile before Princekin. Honest folks at Railway Stations whisper to their families, "That's the Marquis of Farintosh," and look hard at him as he passes. Landlords cry, "This way my lord; this room for your lordship." They say at public schools

Princekin is taught the beauties of equality, and thrashed into some kind of subordination. Pshaw! Toad-eaters in pinafores surround Princekin. Do not respectable people send their children so as to be at the same school with him? don't they follow him to college, and eat his toads through life?

And as for women—Oh, my dear friends and brethren in this vale of tears—did you ever see any thing so curious, monstrous, and amazing as the way in which women court Princekin when he is marriageable, and pursue him with their daughters? Who was the British nobleman in old, old days who brought his three daughters to the king of Mercia, that His Majesty might choose one after inspection? Mercia was but a petty province, and its king in fact a Princekin. Ever since those extremely ancient and venerable times the custom exists not only in Mercia, but in all the rest of the provinces inhabited by the Angles, and before Princekins the daughters of our nobles are trotted out.

There was no day of his life which our young acquaintance, the Marquis of Farintosh, could remember on which he had not been flattered; and no society which did not pay him court. At a private school he could recollect the master's wife stroking his pretty curls and treating him furtively to goodies: at college he had the tutor simpering and bowing as he swaggered over the grass-plat—old men at clubs would make way for him and fawn on him—not your mere *pique-assiettes* and penniless parasites, but most respectable toad-eaters, fathers of honest families, gentlemen themselves of good station, who respected this young gentleman as one of the institutions of their country, and admired the wisdom of the nation that set him to legislate over us. When Lord Farintosh walked the streets at night he felt himself like Haroun Alrasehid (that is, he would have felt so had he ever heard of the Arabian potentate)—a monarch in disguise affably observing and promenading the city. And let us be sure there was a Mesrour in his train to knock at the doors for him and run the errands of this young calif. Of course he met with scores of men in life who neither flattered him nor would suffer his airs; but he did not like the company of such, or for the sake of truth to undergo the ordeal of being laughed at: he preferred toadies, generally speaking. "I like," says he, "you know, those fellows who are always saying pleasant things, you know, and who would run from here to Hammersmith if I asked 'em, much better than those fellows who are always making fun of me, you know." A man of his station who likes flatterers need not shut himself up: he can get plenty of society.

As for women, it was his lordship's opinion that every daughter of Eve was bent on marrying him. A Scotch marquis, an English earl, of the best blood in the empire, with a handsome person, and a fortune of fifteen thousand a year, how could the poor creatures do otherwise than long for him? He blandly received

their caresses: took their coaxing and cajolery as matters of course: and surveyed the beauties of his time as the calif the moonfaces of his harem. My lord intended to marry certainly. He did not care for money, nor for rank: he expected consummate beauty and talent, and some day would fling his handkerchief to the possessor of these, and place her by his side upon the Farintosh throne.

At this time there were but two or three young ladies in society endowed with the necessary qualifications, or who found favor in his eyes. His lordship hesitated in his selection from these beauties. He was not in a hurry, he was not angry at the notion that Lady Kew (and Miss Newcome with her) hunted him. What else should they do but pursue an object so charming? Every body hunted him. The other young ladies, whom we need not mention, languished after him still more longingly. He had little notes from these: presents of purses worked by them, and cigar-cases embroidered with his coronet. They sang to him in cosy boudoirs—mamma went out of the room, and sister Ann forgot something in the drawing-room. They ogled him as they sang. Trembling, they gave him a little foot to mount them, that they might ride on horseback with him. They tripped along by his side from the Hall to the pretty country church on Sundays. They warbled hymns: sweetly looking at him the while mamma whispered confidentially to him, "What an angel Cecilia is!" And so forth and so forth—with which chaff our noble bird was by no means to be caught. When he had made up his great mind that the time was come and the woman, he was ready to give a Marchioness of Farintosh to the English nation.

Miss Newcome has been compared ere this to the statue of Huntress Diana at the Louvre, whose haughty figure and beauty the young lady indeed somewhat resembled. I was not present when Diana and Diana's grandmother hunted the noble Scottish stag of whom we have just been writing; nor care to know how many times Lord Farintosh escaped, and how at last he was brought to bay and taken by his resolute pursuers. Paris, it appears, was the scene of his fall and capture. The news was no doubt well known among Lord Farintosh's brother dandies, among exasperated matrons and virgins in May Fair, and in polite society generally, before it came to simple Tom Newcome and his son. Not a word on the subject had Sir Barnes mentioned to the Colonel: perhaps not choosing to speak till the intelligence was authenticated, perhaps not wishing to be the bearer of tidings so painful.

Though the Colonel may have read in his "Pall Mall Gazette" a paragraph which announced an approaching MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE, "between a noble young marquis and an accomplished and beautiful young lady, daughter and sister of a northern baronet," he did not know who were the fashionable persons about to be made happy, nor until he received a letter

from an old friend who lived at Paris was the fact conveyed to him. Here is the letter, preserved by him along with all that he ever received from the same hand:

"Rue St. Dominique, St. Germain, Paris, 10 Fev.

"So behold you of return, my friend! you quit forever the sword and those arid plains where you have passed so many years of your life, separated from those to whom, at the commencement, you held very nearly. Did it not seem once as if two hands never could unlock, so closely were they inlaced together? Ah, mine are old and feeble now; forty years have passed since the time when you used to say they were young and fair. How well I remember me of every one of those days, though there is a death between me and them, and it is as across a grave I review them. Yet another parting, and tears and regrets are finished. *Tenez*, I do not believe them when they say there is no meeting for us afterward, there above. To what good to have seen you, friend, if we are to part here and in Heaven too? I have not altogether forgotten your language; is it not so? I remember it because it was yours, and that of my happy days. I *radote* like an old woman, as I am. M. de Florac has known my history from the commencement. May I not say that, after so many of years, I have been faithful to him and to all my promises? When the end comes with its great absolution, I shall not be sorry. One supports the combats of life, but they are long, and one comes from them very wounded; ah! when shall they be over?

"You return and I salute you with wishes for parting. How much egotism! I have another project which I please myself to arrange. You know how I am arrived to love Clive as my own child. I very quick surprised his secret, the poor boy, when he was here it is twenty months. He looked so like you as I repeat me of you in the old time! He told me he had no hope of his beautiful cousin. I have heard of the fine marriage that one makes her. Paul, my son, has been at the English Embassy last night, and has made his congratulations to M. de Farintosh. Paul says him handsome, young, not too spiritual, rich, and haughty, like all, all noble Montagnards.

"But it is not of M. de Farintosh I write, whose marriage, without doubt, has been announced to you. I have a little project, very foolish, perhaps. You know Mr. the Duke of Ivry has left me guardian of his little daughter Antoinette, whose *affreuse* mother no one sees more. Antoinette is pretty and good, and soft, and with an affectionate heart. I love her already as my infant. I wish to bring her up, and that Clive should marry her. They say you are returned very rich. What follies are these I write! In the long evenings of winter, the children escaped it is a long time from the maternal nest, a silent old man my only company—I live but of the past; and play with its souvenirs as the detained caress little birds, little flowers, in their prisons. I was born for the hap-

piness; my God! I have learned it in knowing you. In losing you I have lost it. It is not against the will of Heaven I oppose myself. It is man, who makes himself so much of this evil and misery, this slavery, these tears, these crimes, perhaps.

"This marriage of the young Scotch marquis and the fair Ethel (I love her in spite of all, and shall see her soon and congratulate her, for, do you see, I might have stopped this fine marriage, and did my best and more than my duty for our poor Clive) shall make itself in London next spring, I hear. You shall assist scarcely at the ceremony; he, poor boy, shall not care to be there! Bring him to Paris to make the court to my little Antoinette: bring him to Paris to his good friend, COMTESSE DE FLORAC.

"I read marvels of his works in an English Journal, which one sends me."

Clive was not by when this letter reached his father. Clive was in his painting-room, and lest he should meet his son, and in order to devise the best means of breaking the news to the lad, Thomas Newcome retreated out of doors; and from the Oriental he crossed Oxford Street, and from Oxford Street he stalked over the roomy pavements of Gloucester Place, and there he bethought him how he had neglected Mrs. Hobson Newcome of late, and the interesting family of Bryanstone Square. So he went to leave his card at Maria's door: her daughters, as we have said, are quite grown girls. If they have been lectured, and learning, and black-boarded, and practicing, and using the globes, and laying in a store of ologies, ever since, what a deal they must know! Colonel Newcome was admitted to see his nieces, and Consummate Virtue, their parent. Maria was charmed to see her brother-in-law; she greeted him with reproachful tenderness: "Why, why," her fine eyes seemed to say, "have you so long neglected us? Do you think because I am wise, and gifted, and good, and you are, it must be confessed, a poor creature with no education, I am not also affable? Come, let the prodigal be welcomed by his virtuous relatives: come and lunch with us, Colonel!" He sat down accordingly to the family tiffin.

When the meal was over, the mother, who had *matter of importance to impart to him*, besought him to go to the drawing-room, and there poured out such a eulogy upon her children's qualities, as fond mothers know how to utter. They knew this and they knew that. They were instructed by the most eminent professors; that wretched Frenchwoman, whom you may remember here, Mademoiselle Lenoir, Maria remarked parenthetically, turned out, oh, frightfully! She taught the girls the *worst* accent, it appears. Her father was *not* a colonel; he was—oh! never mind! It is a mercy I got rid of that *fiendish woman*, and before my precious ones knew *what* she was! And then followed details of the perfections of the two girls, with occasional side-shots at Lady Ann's family, just as in the old time. "Why don't you bring your boy, whom

I have always loved as a son, and who avoids me? Why does not Clive know his cousins? They are very different from others of his kinswomen, who think best of the *heartless world*."

"I fear, Maria, there is too much truth in what you say," sighs the Colonel, drumming on a book on the drawing-room table, and looking down sees it is a great, large, square, gilt peerage, open at FARINTOSH, MARQUIS OF. Fergus Angus Malcolm Mungo Roy, Marquis of Farintosh, Earl of Glenlivat, in the peerage of Scotland; also Earl of Rossmont, in that of the United Kingdom. Son of Angus Fergus Malcolm, Earl of Glenlivat, and grandson and heir of Malcolm Mungo Angus, first Marquis of Farintosh, and twenty-fifth Earl, etc., etc.

"You have heard the news regarding Ethel?" remarks Mrs. Hobson.

"I have just heard," says the poor Colonel.

"I have a letter from Ann this morning," Maria continues. "They are of course delighted with the match. Lord Farintosh is wealthy, handsome; has been a little wild, I hear; is not such a husband as I would choose for *my* darlings, but poor Brian's family have been educated to love the world; and Ethel no doubt is flattered by the prospects before her. I *have* heard that some one else was a little *épris* in that quarter. How does Clive bear the news, my dear Colonel?"

"He has long expected it," says the Colonel, rising; "and I left him very cheerful at breakfast this morning."

"Send him to see us, the naughty boy!" cries Maria. "We don't change; we remember old times: to us he will ever be welcome!" And with this confirmation of Madame de Florac's news, Thomas Newcome walked sadly homeward.

And now Thomas Newcome had to break the news to his son, who received the shot in such a way as caused his friends and confidants to admire his high spirit. He said he had long been expecting some such announcement: it was many months since Ethel had prepared him for it. Under her peculiar circumstances he did not see how she could act otherwise than she had done. And he narrated to the Colonel the substance of the conversation which the two young people had had together several months before, in Madame de Florac's garden.

Clive's father did not tell his son of his own bootless negotiation with Barnes Newcome. There was no need to recall that now; but the Colonel's wrath against his nephew exploded in conversation with me, who was the confidant of father and son in this business. Ever since that luckless day when Barnes thought proper to— to give a wrong address for Lady Kew, Thomas Newcome's anger had been growing. He smothered it yet for a while, sent a letter to Lady Ann Newcome, briefly congratulating her on the choice which he had heard Miss Newcome had made; and in acknowledgment of Madame de Florac's more sentimental epistle he wrote a reply which has not been preserved, but in which

he bade her rebuke Miss Newcome for not having answered him when he wrote to her, and not having acquainted her old uncle with her projected union.

To this message, Ethel wrote back a brief, hurried reply; it said—

"I saw Madame de Florac last night at her daughter's reception, and she gave me my dear uncle's messages. *Yes, the news is true* which you have heard from Madame de Florac, and in Bryanstone Square. I did not like to write it to you, because I know one whom I regard as a brother (and a great, great deal better), and to whom I know it will give pain. He knows that I have done *my duty*, and *why* I have acted as I have done. God bless him and his dear father.

"What is this about a letter which I never answered? Grandmamma knows nothing about a letter. Mamma has inclosed to me that which you wrote to her; but there has been *no letter* from T. N. to his sincere and affectionate

"Rue de Rivoli. Friday."

"E. N.

This was too much, and the cup of Thomas Newcome's wrath overflowed. Barnes had lied about Ethel's visit to London: Barnes had lied in saying that he delivered the message with which his uncle charged him: Barnes had lied about the letter which he had received and never sent. With these accusations firmly proven in his mind against his nephew, the Colonel went down to confront that sinner.

Wherever he should find Barnes, Thomas Newcome was determined to tell him his mind. Should they meet on the steps of a church, on the flags of 'Change, or in the newspaper-room at Bays's, at evening-paper time, when men most do congregate, Thomas the Colonel was determined upon exposing and chastising his father's grandson. With Ethel's letter in his pocket, he took his way into the city, penetrated into the unsuspecting back parlor of Hobson's bank, and was disappointed at first at only finding his half-brother Hobson there engaged over his newspaper. The Colonel signified his wish to see Sir Barnes Newcome. "Sir Barnes was not come in yet. You've heard about the marriage," says Hobson. "Great news for the Barnes's, ain't it? The head of the house is as proud as a peacock about it. Said he was going out to Samuels, the diamond merchants; going to make his sister some uncommon fine present. Jolly to be uncle to a marquis, ain't it, Colonel? I'll have nothing under a duke for my girls. I say, I know whose nose is out of joint. But young fellows get over these things, and Clive won't die this time, I dare say."

While Hobson Newcome made these satiric and facetious remarks, his half-brother paced up and down the glass parlor, scowling over the panes into the bank where the busy young clerks sate before their ledgers. At last he gave an "Ah!" as of satisfaction. Indeed, he had seen Sir Barnes Newcome enter into the bank.

The Baronet stopped and spoke with a clerk, and presently entered, followed by that young gentleman into his private parlor. Barnes tried

to grin when he saw his uncle, and held out his hand to greet the Colonel; but the Colonel put both his behind his back, that which carried his faithful bamboo cane shook nervously. Barnes was aware that the Colonel had the news. "I was going to—to write to you this morning, with—with some intelligence that I am—very—very sorry to give."

"This young gentleman is one of your clerks?" asked Thomas Newcome, blandly.

"Yes; Mr. Boltby, who has your private account. This is Colonel Newcome, Mr. Boltby," says Sir Barnes, in some wonder.

"Mr. Boltby, brother Hobson, you heard what Sir Barnes Newcome said just now respecting certain intelligence which he grieved to give me?"

At this the three other gentlemen respectively wore looks of amazement.

"Allow me to say in your presence, that I don't believe one single word Sir Barnes Newcome says, when he tells me that he is very sorry for some intelligence he has to communicate. He lies, Mr. Boltby; he is very glad. I made up my mind that in whatsoever company I met him, and on the very first day I found him—hold your tongue, Sir; you shall speak afterward, and tell more lies when I have done—I made up my mind, I say, that on the very first occasion I would tell Sir Barnes Newcome that he was a liar and a cheat. He takes charge of letters and keeps them back. Did you break the seal, Sir? There was nothing to steal in my letter to Miss Newcome. He tells me people are out of town, whom he goes to see in the next street, after leaving my table, and whom I see myself half an hour before he lies to me about their absence."

"D—n you, go out, and don't stand staring there, you booby!" screams out Sir Barnes to the clerk. "Stop, Boltby. Colonel Newcome, unless you leave this room, I shall—I shall—"

"You shall call a policeman. Send for the gentleman, and I will tell the Lord Mayor what I think of Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet. Mr. Boltby, shall we have the constable in?"

"Sir, you are an old man, and my father's brother, or you know very well I would—"

"You would what, Sir? Upon my word, Barnes Newcome" (here the Colonel's two hands and the bamboo cane came from the rear and formed in the front), "but that you are my father's grandson, after a menace like that, I would take you out and cane you in the presence of your clerks. I repeat, Sir, that I consider you guilty of treachery, falsehood, and knavery. And if ever I see you at Bays's Club, I will make the same statement to your acquaintance at the west end of the town. A man of your baseness ought to be known, Sir; and it shall be my business to make men of honor aware of your character. Mr. Boltby, will you have the kindness to make out my account? Sir Barnes Newcome, for fear of consequences that I should deplore, I recommend you to keep a wide berth of me, Sir." And the



Colonel twirled his mustaches, and waved his cane in an ominous manner, and Barnes started back spontaneously out of its dangerous circle.

What Mr. Boltby's sentiments may have been regarding this extraordinary scene in which his principal cut so sorry a figure—whether he narrated the conversation to other gentlemen connected with the establishment of Hobson Brothers, or prudently kept it to himself, I can not say, having no means of pursuing Mr. B.'s subsequent career. He speedily quitted his desk at Hobson Brothers; and let us presume that Barnes *thought* Mr. B. had told all the other clerks of the avuncular quarrel. That conviction will make us imagine Barnes still more comfortable. Hobson Newcome no doubt was rejoiced at Barnes's discomfiture; he had been insolent and domineering beyond measure of late to his vulgar, good-natured uncle, whereas after the above interview with the Colonel, he became very humble and quiet in his demeanor, and for a long, long time never said a rude word. Nay, I fear Hobson must have carried an account of the transaction to Mrs. Hobson and the circle in Bryanstone Square; for Sam

Newcome, now entered at Cambridge, called the Baronet "Barnes" quite familiarly; asked after Clara and Ethel; and requested a small loan of Barnes.

Of course the story did not get wind at Bays's; of course Tom Eaves did not know all about it, and say that Sir Barnes had been beaten black and blue. Having been treated very ill by the committee in a complaint which he made about the Club-cookery, Sir Barnes Newcome never came to Bays's, and at the end of the year took off his name from the lists of the club.

Sir Barnes, though a little taken aback in the morning, and not ready with an impromptu reply to the Colonel and his cane, could not allow the occurrence to pass without a protest; and indited a letter which Thomas Newcome kept along with some others previously quoted by the compiler of the present memoirs. It is as follows:

"Colonel Newcome, C. B., *private*.

"Belgrave St., Feb. 15, 18—.

"SIR—The incredible insolence and violence of your behavior to-day (inspired by whatever causes or mistakes of your own)

can not be passed without some comment on my part. I laid before a friend of your own profession, a statement of the words which you applied to me in the presence of my partner and one of my clerks this morning; and my adviser is of opinion, that considering the relationship unhappily subsisting between us, I can take no notice of insults for which you knew when you uttered them I could not call you to account."

"There is some truth in that," said the Colonel. "He couldn't fight, you know; but then he was such a liar I could not help speaking my mind.]"

"I gathered from the brutal language which you thought fit to employ toward a disarmed man, the ground of one of your monstrous accusations against me, that I deceived you in stating that my relative, Lady Kew, was in the country, when in fact she was at her house in London.

"To this absurd charge I at once plead guilty. The venerable lady in question was passing through London, where she desired to be free from intrusion. At her ladyship's wish I stated that she was out of town; and would, under the same circumstances, unhesitatingly make the same statement. Your slight acquaintance with the person in question did not warrant that you should force yourself on her privacy, as you would doubtless know were you more familiar with the customs of the society in which she moves.

"I declare upon my honor as a gentleman, that I gave her the message which I promised to deliver from you, and also that I transmitted a letter with which you intrusted me; and repel with scorn and indignation the charges which you were pleased to bring against me, as I treat with contempt the language and the threats which you thought fit to employ.

"Our books show the amount of *x£ xs. xd.* to your credit, which you will be good enough to withdraw at your earliest convenience; as of course all intercourse must cease henceforth between you and

"Yours, etc.,

"B. NEWCOME NEWCOME."

"I think, Sir, he doesn't make out a bad case," Mr. Pendennis remarked to the Colonel, who showed him this majestic letter.

"It would be a good case if I believed a single word of it, Arthur," replied my friend, placidly twirling the old gray mustache. "If you were to say so and so, and say that I had brought false charges against you, I should cry *mea culpa*, and apologize with all my heart. But as I have a perfect conviction that every word this fellow says is a lie, what is the use of arguing any more about the matter? I would not believe him if he brought twenty other liars as witnesses, and if he lied till he was black in the face. Give me the walnuts. I wonder who Sir Barnes's military friend was."

Barnes's military friend was our gallant ac-

quaintance General Sir George Tufto, K.C.B., who a short while afterward talked over the quarrel with the Colonel, and manfully told him that (in Sir George's opinion) he was wrong. "The little beggar behaved very well I thought, in the first business. You bullied him so, and in the front of his regiment, too, that it was almost past bearing; and when he deplored, with tears in his eyes, almost, the little humbug! that his relationship prevented him calling you out, ecod, I believed him! It was in the second affair that poor little Barney showed he was a cocktail."

"What second affair?" asked Thomas Newcome.

"Don't you know! He! he! this is famous!" cries Sir George. "Why, Sir, two days after your business, he comes to me with another letter and a face as long as my mare's, by Jove! And that letter, Newcome, was from your young 'un. Stop, here it is!" and from his padded bosom General Sir George Tufto drew a pocket-book, and from the pocket-book a copy of a letter, inscribed, Clive Newcome, Esq., to Sir B. N. Newcome. "There's no mistake about *your* fellow, Colonel. No, — him!" and the man of war fired a volley of oaths as a salute to Clive.

And the Colonel, on horseback, riding by the other cavalry officer's side, read as follows:

"George Street, Hanover Square, Feb. 16.

"SIR—Colonel Newcome this morning showed me a letter bearing your signature, in which you state—1. That Colonel Newcome has uttered calumnious and insolent charges against you. 2. That Colonel Newcome so spoke, knowing that you could take no notice of his charges of falsehood and treachery, on account of the relationship subsisting between you.

"Your statements would evidently imply that Colonel Newcome has been guilty of ungentlemanlike conduct, and of cowardice toward you.

"As there can be no reason why *we* should not meet in any manner that you desire, I here beg leave to state, on my own part, that I fully coincide with Colonel Newcome in his opinion that you have been guilty of falsehood and treachery, and that the charge of cowardice which you dare to make against a gentleman of his tried honor and courage, is another willful and cowardly falsehood on your part.

"And I hope you will refer the bearer of this note, my friend Mr. George Warrington, of the Upper Temple, to the military gentleman whom you consulted in respect to the just charges of Colonel Newcome. Waiting a prompt reply,

"Believe me, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"CLIVE NEWCOME.

"Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., M.P., etc."

"What a blunderhead I am!" cries the Colonel, with delight on his countenance, spite of his professed repentance. "It never once entered my head that the youngster would take

any part in the affair. I showed him his cousin's letter casually, just to amuse him, I think, for he has been deuced low lately, about—about a young man's scrape that he has got into. And he must have gone off and dispatched his challenge straightway. I recollect he appeared uncommonly brisk at breakfast the next morning. And so you say, General, the Baronet did not like the *poulet*?"

"By no means; never saw a fellow show such a confounded white feather. At first I congratulated him, thinking your boy's offer must please him, as it would have pleased any fellow in our time to have a shot. Dammy! but I was mistaken in my man. He entered into some confounded long-winded story about a marriage you wanted to make with that infernal pretty sister of his, who is going to marry young Farintosh, and how you were in a rage because the scheme fell to the ground, and how a family duel might occasion unpleasantness to Miss Newcome; though I showed him how this could be most easily avoided, and that the lady's name need never appear in the transaction. 'Confound it, Sir Barnes,' says I, 'I recollect this boy, when he was a youngster, throwing a glass of wine in your face! We'll put it upon that, and say it's an old feud between you.' He turned quite pale, and he said your fellow had apologized for the glass of wine."

"Yes," said the Colonel, sadly, "my boy apologized for the glass of wine. It is curious how we have disliked that Barnes ever since we set eyes on him."

"Well, Newcome," Sir George resumed, as his mettled charger suddenly jumped and curveted, displaying the padded warrior's cavalry-seat to perfection. "Quiet, old lady!—easy, my dear! Well, Sir, when I found the little beggar turning tail in this way, I said to him, 'Dash me, Sir, if you don't want me, why the dash do you send for me, dash me? Yesterday you talked as if you would bite the Colonel's head off, and to-day, when his son offers you every accommodation, by dash, Sir, you're afraid to meet him. It's my belief you had better send for a policeman. A 22 is your man, Sir Barnes Newcome.' And with that I turned on my heel and left him. And the fellow went off to Newcome that very night."

"A poor devil can't command courage, General," said the Colonel, quite peaceably, "any more than he can make himself six feet high."

"Then why the dash did the beggar send for me?" called out General Sir George Tufto, in a loud and resolute voice; and presently the two officers parted company.

When the Colonel reached home, Mr. Warrington and Mr. Pendennis happened to be on a visit to Clive, and all three were in the young fellow's painting-room. We knew our lad was unhappy, and did our little best to amuse and console him. The Colonel came in. It was in the dark February days: we had lighted gas in the studio. Clive had made a sketch from

some favorite verses of mine and George's; those charming lines of Scott's:

"He turned his charger as he spake,
Beside the river shore;
He gave his bridle-rein a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!"

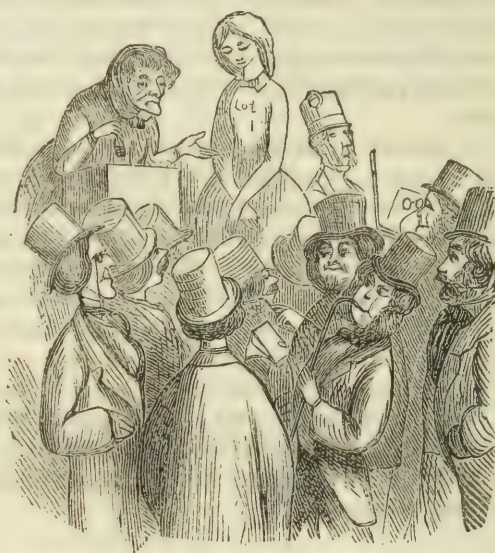
Thomas Newcome held up a finger at Warrington, and he came up to the picture and looked at it; and George and I trolled out

"Adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!"

From the picture the brave old Colonel turned to the painter, regarding his son with a look of beautiful, inexpressible affection. And he laid his hand on his son's shoulder, and smiled, and stroked Clive's yellow mustache.

"And—and did Barnes send no answer to that letter you wrote him?" he said, slowly.

Clive broke out into a laugh that was almost a sob. He took both his father's hands. "My dear, dear old father!" says he, "what a—what an—old—trump you are!" My eyes were so dim I could hardly see the two men as they embraced.



CHAPTER LIV.

HAS A TRAGICAL ENDING.

CLIVE presently answered the question which his father put to him in the last chapter, by producing from the ledge of his easel a crumpled paper, full of Cavendish now, but on which was written Sir Barnes Newcome's reply to his cousin's polite invitation.

Sir Barnes Newcome wrote, "that he thought a reference to a friend was quite unnecessary, in the most disagreeable and painful dispute in which Mr. Clive desired to interfere as a principal; that the reasons which prevented Sir Barnes from taking notice of Colonel Newcome's shameful and ungentlemanlike conduct applied equally, as Mr. Clive Newcome very well knew, to himself; that if further insult was offered, or outrage attempted, Sir Barnes should

resort to the police for protection; that he was about to quit London, and certainly should not delay his departure on account of Mr. Clive Newcome's monstrous proceedings; and that he desired to take leave of an odious subject, as of an individual whom he had striven to treat with kindness, but from whom, from youth upward, Sir Barnes Newcome had received nothing but insolence, enmity, and ill-will."

"He is an ill man to offend," remarked Mr. Pendennis. "I don't think he has ever forgiven that claret, Clive."

"Pooh! the feud dates from long before that," said Clive; "Barnes wanted to lick me when I was a boy, and I declined: in fact, I think he had rather the worst of it; but then I operated freely on his shins, and that wasn't fair in war, you know."

"Heaven forgive me!" cries the Colonel; "I have always felt the fellow was my enemy: and my mind is relieved now war is declared. It has been a kind of hypocrisy with me to shake his hand and eat his dinner. When I trusted him it was against my better instinct; and I have been struggling against it these ten years, thinking it was a wicked prejudice, and ought to be overcome."

"Why should we overcome such instincts?" asks Mr. Warrington. "Why shouldn't we hate what is hateful in people, and scorn what is mean? From what friend Pen has described to me, and from some other accounts which have come to my ears, your respectable nephew is about as loathsome a little villain as crawls on the earth. Good seems to be out of his sphere, and away from his contemplation. He ill treats every one he comes near; or, if gentle to them, it is that they may serve some base purpose. Since my attention has been drawn to the creature, I have been contemplating his ways with wonder and curiosity. How much superior Nature's rogues are, Pen, to the villains you novelists put into your books! This man goes about his life business with a natural propensity to darkness and evil—as a bug crawls, and stings, and stinks. I don't suppose the fellow feels any more remorse than a cat that runs away with a mutton chop. I recognize the Evil Spirit, Sir, and do honor to Ahrimanes, in taking off my hat to this young man. He seduced a poor girl in his father's country town—is it not natural? deserted her and her children—don't you recognize the beast? married for rank—could you expect otherwise from him? invites my Lord Highgate to his house in consideration of his balance at the bank—Sir, unless somebody's heel shall crunch him on the way, there is no height to which this aspiring vermin mayn't crawl. I look to see Sir Barnes Newcome prosper more and more. I make no doubt he will die an immense capitalist, and an exalted Peer of this realm. He will have a marble monument, and a pathetic funeral sermon. There is a Divine in your family, Clive, that shall preach it. I will weep respectful tears over the grave of Baron Newcome, Viscount Newcome,

Earl Newcome; and the children whom he has deserted, and who, in the course of time, will be sent by a grateful nation to New South Wales, will proudly say to their brother convicts, 'Yes, the Earl was our honored father!'"

"I fear he is no better than he should be, Mr. Warrington," says the Colonel, shaking his head. "I never heard the story about the deserted children."

"How should you? Oh, you guileless man!" cries Warrington. "I am not in the ways of scandal-hearing myself much; but this tale I had from Sir Barnes Newcome's own country. Mr. Batters, of the 'Newcome Independent,' is my esteemed client. I write leading articles for his newspaper, and when he was in town last spring he favored me with the anecdote; and proposed to amuse the member for Newcome by publishing it in his journal. This kind of writing is not much in my line; and, out of respect to you and your young one, I believe, I strove with Mr. Batters, and entreated him and prevailed with him, not to publish the story. That is how I came to know it."

I sat with the Colonel in the evening, when he commented on Warrington's story and Sir Barnes's adventures in his simple way. He said his brother Hobson had been with him the morning after the dispute, reiterating Barnes's defense of his conduct: and professing on his own part nothing but good-will toward his brother. Between ourselves the young baronet carries matters with rather a high hand sometimes, and I am not sorry that you gave him a little dressing. But you were too hard upon him, Colonel—really you were. Had I known that child-deserting story I would have given it harder still, Sir, says Thomas Newcome, twirling his mustache; but my brother had nothing to do with the quarrel, and very rightly did not wish to engage in it. He has an eye to business has Master Hobson, too, my friend continued: for he brought me a check for my private account, which of course, he said, could not remain after my quarrel with Barnes. But the Indian bank account, which is pretty large, he supposed need not be taken away? and indeed why should it? So that, which is little business of mine, remains where it was; and brother Hobson and I remain perfectly good friends.

"I think Clive is much better since he has been quite put out of his suspense. He speaks with a great deal more kindness and good-nature about the marriage than I am disposed to feel regarding it; and, depend on it, has too high a spirit to show that he is beaten. But I know he is a good deal cut up, though he says nothing; and he agreed willingly enough to take a little journey, Arthur, and be out of the way when this business takes place. We shall go to Paris: I don't know where else besides. These misfortunes do good in one way, hard as they are to bear: they unite people who love each other. It seems to me my boy has been nearer to me, and likes his old father better

than he has done of late." And very soon after this talk our friends departed.

The Crimean minister having been recalled, and Lady Ann Newcome's house in Park Lane being vacant, her ladyship and her family came to occupy the mansion for this eventful season, and sate once more in the dismal dining-room under the picture of the defunct Sir Brian. A little of the splendor and hospitality of old days was revived in the house: entertainments were given by Lady Ann: and among other festivities a fine ball took place, where pretty Miss Alice, Miss Ethel's youngest sister, made her first appearance in the world, to which she was afterward to be presented by the Marchioness of Farintosh. All the little sisters were charmed, no doubt, that the beautiful Ethel was to become a beautiful Marchioness, who, as they came up to womanhood one after another, would introduce them severally to amiable young earls, dukes, and marquises, when they would be married off and wear coronets and diamonds of their own right. At Lady Ann's

ball I saw my acquaintance, young Mumford, who was going to Oxford next October, and about to leave Rugby, where he was at the head of the school, looking very dismal as Miss Alice whirled round the room dancing in Viscount Bustington's arms; Miss Alice, with whose mamma he used to take tea at Rugby, and for whose pretty sake Mumford did Alfred Newcome's verses for him and let him off his thrashings. Poor Mumford! he dismally went about under the protection of young Alfred, a fourth form boy—not one soul did he know in that rattling London ball-room; his young face was as white as the large white-tie, donned two hours since at the Tavistock with such nervousness and beating of heart!

With these lads, and decorated with a tie equally splendid, moved about young Sam Newcome, who was shirking from his sister and his mamma. Mr. Hobson had actually assumed clean gloves for this festive occasion. Sam stared at all the "Nobs;" and insisted upon being introduced to "Farintosh," and congratu-



lated his lordship with much graceful ease : and then pushed about the rooms perseveringly hanging on to Alfred's jacket. "I say, I wish you wouldn't call me Al," I heard Master Alfred say to his cousin. Seeing my face, Mr. Samuel ran up to claim acquaintance. He was good enough to say he thought Farintosh seemed devilish haughty. Even my wife could not help saying, that Mr. Sam was an odious little creature.

So it was for young Alfred, and his brothers and sisters, who would want help and protection in the world, that Ethel was about to give up her independence, her inclination perhaps, and to bestow her life on yonder young nobleman. Looking at her as a girl devoting herself to her family, her sacrifice gave her a melancholy interest in our eyes. My wife and I watched her, grave and beautiful, moving through the rooms, receiving and returning a hundred greetings, bending to compliments, talking with this friend and that, with my lord's lordly relations, with himself, to whom she listened deferentially; faintly smiling as he spoke now and again, doing the honors of her mother's house. Lady after lady of his lordship's clan and kinsfolk, complimented the girl and her pleased mother. Old Lady Kew was radiant (if one can call radiance the glances of those darkling old eyes). She sate in a little room apart, and thither people went to pay their court to her. Unwillingly I came in on this levee with my wife on my arm: Lady Kew scowled at me over her crutch, but without a sign of recognition. "What an awful countenance that old woman has!" Laura whispered as we retreated out of that gloomy presence.

And Doubt (as its wont is) whispered too a question in my ear, "Is it for her brothers and sisters only that Miss Ethel is sacrificing herself? Is it not for the coronet, and the triumph, and the fine houses?" When two motives may actuate a friend, we surely may try and believe in the good one, says Laura. But, but I am glad Clive does not marry her—poor fellow!—he would not have been happy with her. She belongs to this great world: she has spent all her life in it: Clive would have entered into it, very likely in her train; "and you know, Sir, it is not good that we should be our husband's superiors," adds Mrs. Laura with a courtesy.

She presently pronounced that the air was very hot in the rooms, and in fact wanted to go home to see her child. As we passed out, we saw Sir Barnes Newcome, eagerly smiling, smirking, bowing, and in the fondest conversation with his sister and Lord Farintosh. By Sir Barnes presently brushed Lieutenant General Sir George Tufto, K.C.B., who, when he saw on whose foot he had trodden, grunted out, "Hm, beg your pardon!" and turning his back on Barnes, forthwith began complimenting Ethel and the Marquis. "Served with your lordship's father in Spain; glad to make your lordship's acquaintance," says Sir George. Ethel

bows to us as we pass out of the rooms, and we hear no more of Sir George's conversation.

In the cloak-room sits Lady Clara Newcome, with a gentleman bending over her, just in such an attitude as the bride is in Hogarth's *Marriage-a-la-mode* as the counselor talks to her. Lady Clara starts up as a crowd of blushes come into her wan face, and tries to smile, and rises to greet my wife, and says something about its being so dreadfully hot in the upper rooms, and so very tedious waiting for the carriages. The gentleman advances toward me with a military stride, and says, "How do you do, Mr. Pendennis? How's our young friend, the painter?" I answer Lord Highgate civilly enough, whereas my wife will scarce speak a word in reply to Lady Clara Newcome.

Lady Clara asked us to her ball, which my wife declined altogether to attend. Sir Barnes published a series of quite splendid entertainments on the happy occasion of his sister's betrothal. We read the names of all the clan Farintosh in the *Morning Post*, as attending these banquets. Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, in Bryanstone Square, gave also signs of rejoicing at their niece's marriage. They had a grand banquet, followed by a tea, to which latter amusement the present biographer was invited. Lady Ann and Lady Kew, and her granddaughter, and the Baronet and his wife, and my Lord Highgate, and Sir George Tufto attended the dinner; but it was rather a damp entertainment. "Farintosh," whispers Sam Newcome, "sent word just before dinner that he had a sore throat, and Barnes was as sulky as possible. Sir George wouldn't speak to him, and the dowager wouldn't speak to Lord Highgate. Scarcely any thing was drunk," concluded Mr. Sam, with a slight hiccup. "I say, Pendennis, how sold Clive will be!" And the amiable youth went off to commune with others of his parents' guests.

Thus the Newcomes entertained the Farintoshes, and the Farintoshes entertained the Newcomes. And the Dowager Countess of Kew went from assembly to assembly every evening, and to jewelers and upholsterers, and dress-makers every morning; and Lord Farintosh's town house was splendidly re-decorated in the newest fashion; and he seemed to grow more and more attentive as the happy day approached, and he gave away all his cigars to his brother Rob; and his sisters were delighted with Ethel, and constantly in her company; and his mother was pleased with her, and thought a girl of her spirit and resolution would make a good wife for her son: and select crowds flocked to see the service of plate at Handyman's, and the diamonds which were being set for the lady; and Smee, R. A., painted her portrait, as a *souvenir* for mamma when Miss Newcome should be Miss Newcome no more; and Lady Kew made a will leaving all she could leave to her beloved granddaughter, Ethel, daughter of the late Sir Brian Newcome, Baronet; and Lord Kew wrote an affectionate letter to his cousin,

congratulating her, and wishing her happiness with all his heart; and I was glancing over the *Times* newspaper at breakfast one morning, when I laid it down with an exclamation which caused my wife to start with surprise.

"What is it?" cries Laura, and I read as follows:

"DEATH OF THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF KEW.—We regret to have to announce the awfully sudden death of this venerable lady. Her ladyship, who had been at several parties of the nobility the night before last, seemingly in perfect health, was seized with a fit as she was waiting for her carriage, and about to quit Lady Pallgrave's assembly. Immediate medical assistance was procured, and her ladyship was carried to her own house, in Queen Street, May Fair. But she never rallied, or, we believe, spoke, after the first fatal seizure, and sank at eleven o'clock last evening. The deceased, Louisa Joanna Gaunt, widow of Frederick, first Earl of Kew, was daughter of Charles, Earl of Gaunt, and sister of the late and aunt of the present Marquis of Steyne. The present Earl of Kew is her ladyship's grandson, his lordship's father, Lord Walham, having died before his own father, the first earl. Many noble families are placed in mourning by this sad event. Society has to deplore the death of a lady who has been its ornament for more than half a century, and who was known, we may say, throughout Europe for her remarkable sense, extraordinary memory, and brilliant wit."

THE PARADISE OF BACHELORS AND THE TARTARUS OF MAIDS.

I. THE PARADISE OF BACHELORS.

IT lies not far from Temple-Bar.

Going to it, by the usual way, is like stealing from a heated plain into some cool, deep glen, shady among harboring hills.

Sick with the din and soiled with the mud of Fleet Street—where the Benedick tradesmen are hurrying by, with ledger-lines ruled along their brows, thinking upon rise of bread and fall of babies—you adroitly turn a mystic corner—not a street—glide down a dim, monastic way, flanked by dark, sedate, and solemn piles, and still wending on, give the whole care-worn world the slip, and, disentangled, stand beneath the quiet cloisters of the Paradise of Bachelors.

Sweet are the oases in Sahara; charming the isle-groves of August prairies; delectable pure faith amidst a thousand perfidies: but sweeter, still more charming, most delectable, the dreamy Paradise of Bachelors, found in the stony heart of stunning London.

In mild meditation pace the cloisters; take your pleasure, sip your leisure, in the garden waterward; go linger in the ancient library; go worship in the sculptured chapel: but little have you seen, just nothing do you know, not the sweet kernel have you tasted, till you dine among the banded Bachelors, and see their convivial eyes and glasses sparkle. Not dine in

bustling commons, during term-time, in the hall; but tranquilly, by private hint, at a private table; some fine Templar's hospitably invited guest.

Templar? That's a romantic name. Let me see. Brian de Bois Gilbert was a Templar, I believe. Do we understand you to insinuate that those famous Templars still survive in modern London? May the ring of their armed heels be heard, and the rattle of their shields, as in mailed prayer the monk-knights kneel before the consecrated Host? Surely a monk-knight were a curious sight picking his way along the Strand, his gleaming corselet and snowy surcoat spattered by an omnibus. Long-bearded, too, according to his order's rule; his face fuzzy as a pard's; how would the grim ghost look among the crop-haired, close-shaven citizens? We know indeed—sad history recounts it—that a moral blight tainted at last this sacred Brotherhood. Though no sworded foe might outskill them in the fence, yet the worm of luxury crawled beneath their guard, gnawing the core of knightly troth, nibbling the monastic vow, till at last the monk's austerity relaxed to wassailing, and the sworn knights-bachelors grew to be but hypocrites and rakes.

But for all this, quite unprepared were we to learn that Knights-Templars (if at all in being) were so entirely secularized as to be reduced from carving out immortal fame in glorious battling for the Holy Land, to the carving of roast-mutton at a dinner-board. Like Anacreon, do these degenerate Templars now think it sweeter far to fall in banquet than in war? Or, indeed, how can there be any survival of that famous order? Templars in modern London! Templars in their red-cross mantles smoking cigars at the Divan! Templars crowded in a railway train, till, stacked with steel helmet, spear, and shield, the whole train looks like one elongated locomotive!

No. The genuine Templar is long since departed. Go view the wondrous tombs in the Temple Church; see there the rigidly-haughty forms stretched out, with crossed arms upon their stilly hearts, in everlasting and undreaming rest. Like the years before the flood, the bold Knights-Templars are no more. Nevertheless, the name remains, and the nominal society, and the ancient grounds, and some of the ancient edifices. But the iron heel is changed to a boot of patent-leather; the long two-handed sword to a one-handed quill; the monk-giver of gratuitous ghostly counsel now counsels for a fee; the defender of the sarcophagus (if in good practice with his weapon) now has more than one case to defend; the vowed opener and clearer of all highways leading to the Holy Sepulchre, now has it in particular charge to check, to clog, to hinder, and embarrass all the courts and avenues of Law; the knight-combatant of the Saracen, breasting spear-points at Acre, now fights law-points in Westminster Hall. The helmet is a wig. Struck by Time's enchanter's wand, the Templar is to-day a Lawyer.

But, like many others tumbled from proud glory's height—like the apple, hard on the bough but mellow on the ground—the Templar's fall has but made him all the finer fellow.

I dare say those old warrior-priests were but gruff and grouty at the best; cased in Birmingham hardware, how could their crimped arms give yours or mine a hearty shake? Their proud, ambitious, monkish souls clasped shut, like horn-book missals; their very faces clapped in bomb-shells; what sort of genial men were these? But best of comrades, most affable of hosts, capital diner is the modern Templar. His wit and wine are both of sparkling brands.

The church and cloisters, courts and vaults, lanes and passages, banquet-halls, refectories, libraries, terraces, gardens, broad walks, domicils, and dessert-rooms, covering a very large space of ground, and all grouped in central neighborhood, and quite sequestered from the old city's surrounding din; and every thing about the place being kept in most bachelor-like particularity, no part of London offers to a quiet wight so agreeable a refuge.

The Temple is, indeed, a city by itself. A city with all the best appurtenances, as the above enumeration shows. A city with a park to it, and flower-beds, and a river-side—the Thames flowing by as openly, in one part, as by Eden's primal garden flowed the mild Euphrates. In what is now the Temple Garden the old Crusaders used to exercise their steeds and lances; the modern Templars now lounge on the benches beneath the trees, and, switching their patent-leather boots, in gay discourse exercise at repartee.

Long lines of stately portraits in the banquet-halls, show what great men of mark—famous nobles, judges, and Lord Chancellors—have in their time been Templars. But all Templars are not known to universal fame; though, if the having warm hearts and warmer welcomes, full minds and fuller cellars, and giving good advice and glorious dinners, spiced with rare divertisements of fun and fancy, merit immortal mention, set down, ye muses, the names of R. F. C. and his imperial brother.

Though to be a Templar, in the one true sense, you must needs be a lawyer, or a student at the law, and be ceremoniously enrolled as member of the order, yet as many such, though Templars, do not reside within the Temple's precincts, though they may have their offices there, just so, on the other hand, there are many residents of the hoary old domicils who are not admitted Templars. If being, say, a lounging gentleman and bachelor, or a quiet, unmarried, literary man, charmed with the soft seclusion of the spot, you much desire to pitch your shady tent among the rest in this serene encampment, then you must make some special friend among the order, and procure him to rent, in his name but at your charge, whatever vacant chamber you may find to suit.

Thus, I suppose, did Dr. Johnson, that nominal Benedick and widower but virtual bachelor,

when for a space he resided here. So, too, did that undoubted bachelor and rare good soul, Charles Lamb. And hundreds more, of sterling spirits, Brethren of the Order of Celibacy, from time to time have dined, and slept, and tabernacled here. Indeed, the place is all a honeycomb of offices and domicils. Like any cheese, it is quite perforated through and through in all directions with the snug cells of bachelors. Dear, delightful spot! Ah! when I bethink me of the sweet hours there passed, enjoying such genial hospitalities beneath those time-honored roofs, my heart only finds due utterance through poetry; and, with a sigh, I softly sing, "Carry me back to old Virginy!"

Such then, at large, is the Paradise of Bachelors. And such I found it one pleasant afternoon in the smiling month of May, when, sallying from my hotel in Trafalgar Square, I went to keep my dinner-appointment with that fine Barrister, Bachelor, and Benchman, R. F. C. (he is the first and second, and *should be* the third; I hereby nominate him), whose card I kept fast pinched between my gloved forefinger and thumb, and every now and then snatched still another look at the pleasant address inscribed beneath the name, "No. —, Elm Court, Temple."

At the core he was a right bluff, care-free, right comfortable, and most companionable Englishman. If on a first acquaintance he seemed reserved, quite icy in his air—patience; this Champagne will thaw. And if it never do, better frozen Champagne than liquid vinegar.

There were nine gentlemen, all bachelors, at the dinner. One was from "No. —, King's Bench Walk, Temple;" a second, third, and fourth, and fifth, from various courts or passages christened with some similarly rich resounding syllables. It was indeed a sort of Senate of the Bachelors, sent to this dinner from widely-scattered districts, to represent the general celibacy of the Temple. Nay it was, by representation, a Grand Parliament of the best Bachelors in universal London; several of those present being from distant quarters of the town, noted immemorial seats of lawyers and unmarried men—Lincoln's Inn, Furnival's Inn; and one gentleman, upon whom I looked with a sort of collateral awe, hailed from the spot where Lord Verulam once abode a bachelor—Gray's Inn.

The apartment was well up toward heaven. I know not how many strange old stairs I climbed to get to it. But a good dinner, with famous company, should be well earned. No doubt our host had his dining-room so high with a view to secure the prior exercise necessary to the due relishing and digesting of it.

The furniture was wonderfully unpretending, old, and snug. No new shining mahogany, sticky with undried varnish; no uncomfortably luxurious ottomans, and sofas too fine to use, vexed you in this sedate apartment. It is a thing which every sensible American should learn from every sensible Englishman, that glare and glitter, gimcracks and gewgaws, are not in-

dispensable to domestic solacement. The American Benedick snatches, down-town, a tough chop in a gilded show-box; the English bachelor leisurely dines at home on that incomparable South Down of his, off a plain deal board.

The ceiling of the room was low. Who wants to dine under the dome of St. Peter's? High ceilings! If that is your demand, and the higher the better, and you be so very tall, then go dine out with the topping giraffe in the open air.

In good time the nine gentlemen sat down to nine covers, and soon were fairly under way.

If I remember right, ox-tail soup inaugurated the affair. Of a rich russet hue, its agreeable flavor dissipated my first confounding of its main ingredient with teamster's gads and the raw-hides of ushers. (By way of interlude, we here drank a little claret.) Neptune's was the next tribute rendered—turbot coming second; snow-white, flaky, and just gelatinous enough, not too turtleish in its unctuousness.

(At this point we refreshed ourselves with a glass of sherry.) After these light skirmishers had vanished, the heavy artillery of the feast marched in, led by that well-known English generalissimo, roast beef. For aids-de-camp we had a saddle of mutton, a fat turkey, a chicken-pie, and endless other savory things; while for avant-couriers came nine silver flagons of humming ale. This heavy ordnance having departed on the track of the light skirmishers, a picked brigade of game-fowl encamped upon the board, their camp-fires lit by the ruddiest of decanters.

Tarts and puddings followed, with innumerable niceties; then cheese and crackers. (By way of ceremony, simply, only to keep up good old fashions, we here each drank a glass of good old port.)

The cloth was now removed; and like Blucher's army coming in at the death on the field of Waterloo, in marched a fresh detachment of bottles, dusty with their hurried march.

All these manœuvres of the forces were superintended by a surprising old field-marshal (I can not school myself to call him by the inglorious name of waiter), with snowy hair and napkin, and a head like Socrates. Amidst all the hilarity of the feast, intent on important business, he disdained to smile. Venerable man!

I have above endeavored to give some slight schedule of the general plan of operations. But any one knows that a good, genial dinner is a sort of pell-mell, indiscriminate affair, quite baffling to detail in all particulars. Thus, I spoke of taking a glass of claret, and a glass of sherry, and a glass of port, and a mug of ale—all at certain specific periods and times. But those were merely the state bumpers, so to speak. Innumerable impromptu glasses were drained between the periods of those grand imposing ones.

The nine bachelors seemed to have the most tender concern for each other's health. All the time, in flowing wine, they most earnestly expressed their sincerest wishes for the entire well-being and lasting hygiene of the gentlemen on

the right and on the left. I noticed that when one of these kind bachelors desired a little more wine (just for his stomach's sake, like Timothy), he would not help himself to it unless some other bachelor would join him. It seemed held something indelicate, selfish, and unfraternal, to be seen taking a lonely, unparticipated glass. Meantime, as the wine ran apace, the spirits of the company grew more and more to perfect genialness and unconstraint. They related all sorts of pleasant stories. Choice experiences in their private lives were now brought out, like choice brands of Moselle or Rhenish, only kept for particular company. One told us how mellowly he lived when a student at Oxford; with various spicy anecdotes of most frank-hearted noble lords, his liberal companions. Another bachelor, a gray-headed man, with a sunny face, who, by his own account, embraced every opportunity of leisure to cross over into the Low Countries, on sudden tours of inspection of the fine old Flemish architecture there—this learned, white-haired, sunny-faced old bachelor, excelled in his descriptions of the elaborate splendors of those old guild-halls, town-halls, and stadthold-houses, to be seen in the land of the ancient Flemings. A third was a great frequenter of the British Museum, and knew all about scores of wonderful antiquities, of Oriental manuscripts, and costly books without a duplicate. A fourth had lately returned from a trip to Old Granada, and, of course, was full of Saracenic scenery. A fifth had a funny case in law to tell. A sixth was erudite in wines. A seventh had a strange characteristic anecdote of the private life of the Iron Duke, never printed, and never before announced in any public or private company. An eighth had lately been amusing his evenings, now and then, with translating a comic poem of Pulci's. He quoted for us the more amusing passages.

And so the evening slipped along, the hours told, not by a water-clock, like King Alfred's, but a wine-chronometer. Meantime the table seemed a sort of Epsom Heath; a regular ring, where the decanters galloped round. For fear one decanter should not with sufficient speed reach his destination, another was sent express after him to hurry him; and then a third to hurry the second; and so on with a fourth and fifth. And throughout all this nothing loud, nothing unmannerly, nothing turbulent. I am quite sure, from the scrupulous gravity and austerity of his air, that had Socrates, the field-marshal, perceived aught of indecorum in the the company he served, he would have forthwith departed without giving warning. I afterward learned that, during the repast, an invalid bachelor in an adjoining chamber enjoyed his first sound refreshing slumber in three long, weary weeks.

It was the very perfection of quiet absorption of good living, good drinking, good feeling, and good talk. We were a band of brothers. Comfort—fraternal, household comfort, was the grand trait of the affair. Also, you could plainly see

that these easy-hearted men had no wives or children to give an anxious thought. Almost all of them were travelers, too; for bachelors alone can travel freely, and without any twinges of their consciences touching desertion of the fire-side.

The thing called pain, the bugbear styled trouble—those two legends seemed preposterous to their bachelor imaginations. How could men of liberal sense, ripe scholarship in the world, and capacious philosophical and convivial understandings—how could they suffer themselves to be imposed upon by such monkish fables? Pain! Trouble! As well talk of Catholic miracles. No such thing.—Pass the sherry, Sir.—Pooh, pooh! Can't be!—The port, Sir, if you please. Nonsense; don't tell me so.—The decanter stops with you, Sir, I believe.

And so it went.

Not long after the cloth was drawn our host glanced significantly upon Socrates, who, solemnly stepping to a stand, returned with an immense convolved horn, a regular Jericho horn, mounted with polished silver, and otherwise chased and curiously enriched; not omitting two life-like goat's heads, with four more horns of solid silver, projecting from opposite sides of the mouth of the noble main horn.

Not having heard that our host was a performer on the bugle, I was surprised to see him lift this horn from the table, as if he were about to blow an inspiring blast. But I was relieved from this, and set quite right as touching the purposes of the horn, by his now inserting his thumb and forefinger into its mouth; whereupon a slight aroma was stirred up, and my nostrils were greeted with the smell of some choice Rappee. It was a mull of snuff. It went the rounds. Capital idea this, thought I, of taking snuff about this juncture. This goodly fashion must be introduced among my countrymen at home, further ruminated I.

The remarkable decorum of the nine bachelors—a decorum not to be affected by any quantity of wine—a decorum unassailable by any degree of mirthfulness—this was again set in a forcible light to me, by now observing that, though they took snuff very freely, yet not a man so far violated the proprieties, or so far molested the invalid bachelor in the adjoining room as to indulge himself in a sneeze. The snuff was snuffed silently, as if it had been some fine innoxious powder brushed off the wings of butterflies.

But fine though they be, bachelors' dinners, like bachelors' lives, can not endure forever. The time came for breaking up. One by one the bachelors took their hats, and two by two, and arm-in-arm they descended, still conversing, to the flagging of the court; some going to their neighboring chambers to turn over the Decameron ere retiring for the night; some to smoke a cigar, promenading in the garden on the cool river-side; some to make for the street, call a hack, and be driven snugly to their distant lodgings.

I was the last lingerer.

"Well," said my smiling host, "what do you think of the Temple here, and the sort of life we bachelors make out to live in it?"

"Sir," said I, with a burst of admiring candor—"Sir, this is the very Paradise of Bachelors!"

II. THE TARTARUS OF MAIDS.

It lies not far from Woedolor Mountain in New England. Turning to the east, right out from among bright farms and sunny meadows, nodding in early June with odorous grasses, you enter ascendingly among bleak hills. These gradually close in upon a dusky pass, which, from the violent Gulf Stream of air unceasingly driving between its cloven walls of haggard rock, as well as from the tradition of a crazy spinster's hut having long ago stood somewhere hereabouts, is called the Mad Maid's Bellows'-pipe.

Winding along at the bottom of the gorge is a dangerously narrow wheel-road, occupying the bed of a former torrent. Following this road to its highest point, you stand as within a Dantean gateway. From the steepness of the walls here, their strangely ebon hue, and the sudden contraction of the gorge, this particular point is called the Black Notch. The ravine now expandingly descends into a great, purple, hopper-shaped hollow, far sunk among many Plutonian, shaggy-wooded mountains. By the country people this hollow is called the Devil's Dungeon. Sounds of torrents fall on all sides upon the ear. These rapid waters unite at last in one turbid brick-colored stream, boiling through a flume among enormous boulders. They call this strange-colored torrent Blood River. Gaining a dark precipice it wheels suddenly to the west, and makes one maniac spring of sixty feet into the arms of a stunted wood of gray-haired pines, between which it thence eddies on its further way down to the invisible lowlands.

Conspicuously crowning a rocky bluff high to one side, at the cataract's verge, is the ruin of an old saw-mill, built in those primitive times when vast pines and hemlocks superabounded throughout the neighboring region. The black-mossed bulk of those immense, rough-hewn, and spike-knotted logs, here and there tumbled all together, in long abandonment and decay, or left in solitary, perilous projection over the cataract's gloomy brink, impart to this rude wooden ruin not only much of the aspect of one of rough-quarried stone, but also a sort of feudal, Rhineland, and Thurmberg look, derived from the pinnaced wildness of the neighboring scenery.

Not far from the bottom of the Dungeon stands a large white-washed building, relieved, like some great whited sepulchre, against the sullen background of mountain-side firs, and other hardy evergreens, inaccessibly rising in grim terraces for some two thousand feet.

The building is a paper-mill.

Having embarked on a large scale in the seedsman's business (so extensively and broadcast, indeed, that at length my seeds were distributed through all the Eastern and Northern States, and even fell into the far soil of Missouri and the Carolinas), the demand for paper at my place became so great, that the expenditure soon amounted to a most important item in the general account. It need hardly be hinted how paper comes into use with seedsmen, as envelopes. These are mostly made of yellowish paper, folded square; and when filled, are all but flat, and being stamped, and superscribed with the nature of the seeds contained, assume not a little the appearance of business-letters ready for the mail. Of these small envelopes I used an incredible quantity—several hundreds of thousands in a year. For a time I had purchased my paper from the wholesale dealers in a neighboring town. For economy's sake, and partly for the adventure of the trip, I now resolved to cross the mountains, some sixty miles, and order my future paper at the Devil's Dungeon paper-mill.

The sleighing being uncommonly fine toward the end of January, and promising to hold so for no small period, in spite of the bitter cold I started one gray Friday noon in my pung, well fitted with buffalo and wolf robes; and, spending one night on the road, next noon came in sight of Woedolor Mountain.

The far summit fairly smoked with frost; white vapors curled up from its white-wooded top, as from a chimney. The intense congelation made the whole country look like one petrification. The steel shoes of my pung crouched and gritted over the vitreous, chippy snow, as if it had been broken glass. The forests here and there skirting the route, feeling the same all-stiffening influence, their inmost fibres penetrated with the cold, strangely groaned—not in the swaying branches merely, but likewise in the vertical trunk—as the fitful gusts remorselessly swept through them. Brittle with excessive frost, many colossal tough-grained maples, snapped in twain like pipe-stems, cumbered the unfeeling earth.

Flaked all over with frozen sweat, white as a milky ram, his nostrils at each breath sending forth two horn-shaped shoots of heated respiration, Black, my good horse, but six years old, started at a sudden turn, where, right across the track—not ten minutes fallen—an old distorted hemlock lay, darkly undulatory as an anaconda.

Gaining the Bellows'-pipe, the violent blast, dead from behind, all but shoved my high-backed pung up-hill. The gust shrieked through the shivered pass, as if laden with lost spirits bound to the unhappy world. Ere gaining the summit, Black, my horse, as if exasperated by the cutting wind, slung out with his strong hind legs, tore the light pung straight up-hill, and sweeping grazingly through the narrow notch, sped downward madly past the ruined saw-mill. Into the Devil's Dungeon horse and cataract rushed together.

With might and main, quitting my seat and robes, and standing backward, with one foot braced against the dash-board, I rasped and churned the bit, and stopped him just in time to avoid collision, at a turn, with the bleak nozzle of a rock, couchant like a lion in the way—a road-side rock.

At first I could not discover the paper-mill.

The whole hollow gleamed with the white, except, here and there, where a pinnacle of granite showed one wind-swept angle bare. The mountains stood pinned in shrouds—a pass of Alpine corpses. Where stands the mill? Suddenly a whirling, humming sound broke upon my ear. I looked, and there, like an arrested avalanche, lay the large whitewashed factory. It was subordinately surrounded by a cluster of other and smaller buildings, some of which, from their cheap, blank air, great length, gregarious windows, and comfortless expression, no doubt were boarding-houses of the operatives. A snow-white hamlet amidst the snows. Various rude, irregular squares and courts resulted from the somewhat picturesque clusterings of these buildings, owing to the broken, rocky nature of the ground, which forbade all method in their relative arrangement. Several narrow lanes and alleys, too, partly blocked with snow fallen from the roof, cut up the hamlet in all directions.

When, turning from the traveled highway, jingling with bells of numerous farmers—who, availing themselves of the fine sleighing, were dragging their wood to market—and frequently diversified with swift cutters dashing from inn to inn of the scattered villages—when, I say, turning from that bustling main-road, I by degrees wound into the Mad Maid's Bellows'-pipe, and saw the grim Black Notch beyond, then something latent, as well as something obvious in the time and scene, strangely brought back to my mind my first sight of dark and grimy Temple-Bar. And when Black, my horse, went darting through the Notch, perilously grazing its rocky wall, I remembered being in a runaway London omnibus, which in much the same sort of style, though by no means at an equal rate, dashed through the ancient arch of Wren. Though the two objects did by no means completely correspond, yet this partial inadequacy but served to tinge the similitude not less with the vividness than the disorder of a dream. So that, when upon reining up at the protruding rock I at last caught sight of the quaint groupings of the factory-buildings, and with the traveled highway and the Notch behind, found myself all alone, silently and privily stealing through deep-cloven passages into this sequestered spot, and saw the long, high-gabled main factory edifice, with a rude tower—for hoisting heavy boxes—at one end, standing among its crowded outbuildings and boarding-houses, as the Temple Church amidst the surrounding offices and dormitories, and when the marvelous retirement of this mysterious mountain nook fastened its whole spell upon me, then, what memory lacked, all trib-

utary imagination furnished, and I said to myself, "This is the very counterpart of the Paradise of Bachelors, but snowed upon, and frost-painted to a sepulchre."

Dismounting, and warily picking my way down the dangerous declivity—horse and man both sliding now and then upon the icy ledges—at length I drove, or the blast drove me, into the largest square, before one side of the main edifice. Piercingly and shrilly the shot blast blew by the corner; and redly and demoniacally boiled Blood River at one side. A long wood-pile, of many scores of cords, all glittering in mail of crusted ice, stood crosswise in the square. A row of horse-posts, their north sides plastered with adhesive snow, flanked the factory wall. The bleak frost packed and paved the square as with some ringing metal.

The inverted similitude recurred—"The sweet, tranquil Temple garden, with the Thames bordering its green beds," strangely meditated I.

But where are the gay bachelors?

Then, as I and my horse stood shivering in the wind-spray, a girl ran from a neighboring dormitory door, and throwing her thin apron over her bare head, made for the opposite building.

"One moment, my girl; is there no shed hereabouts which I may drive into?"

Pausing, she turned upon me a face pale with work, and blue with cold; an eye supernatural with unrelated misery.

"Nay," faltered I, "I mistook you. Go on; I want nothing."

Leading my horse close to the door from which she had come, I knocked. Another pale, blue girl appeared, shivering in the doorway as, to prevent the blast, she jealously held the door ajar.

"Nay, I mistake again. In God's name shut the door. But hold, is there no man about?"

That moment a dark-complexioned well-wrapped personage passed, making for the factory door, and spying him coming, the girl rapidly closed the other one.

"Is there no horse-shed here, Sir?"

"Yonder, to the wood-shed," he replied, and disappeared inside the factory.

With much ado I managed to wedge in horse and pung between the scattered piles of wood all sawn and split. Then, blanketing my horse, and piling my buffalo on the blanket's top, and tucking in its edges well around the breast-band and breeching, so that the wind might not strip him bare, I tied him fast, and ran lamely for the factory door, stiff with frost, and cumbered with my driver's dread-naught.

Immediately I found myself standing in a spacious place, intolerably lighted by long rows of windows, focusing inward the snowy scene without.

At rows of blank-looking counters sat rows of blank-looking girls, with blank, white folders in their blank hands, all blankly folding blank paper.

In one corner stood some huge frame of ponderous iron, with a vertical thing like a pis-

ton periodically rising and falling upon a heavy wooden block. Before it—its tame minister—stood a tall girl, feeding the iron animal with half-quires of rose-hued note paper, which, at every downward dab of the piston-like machine, received in the corner the impress of a wreath of roses. I looked from the rosy paper to the pallid cheek, but said nothing.

Seated before a long apparatus, strung with long, slender strings like any harp, another girl was feeding it with foolscap sheets, which, so soon as they curiously traveled from her on the cords, were withdrawn at the opposite end of the machine by a second girl. They came to the first girl blank; they went to the second girl ruled.

I looked upon the first girl's brow, and saw it was young and fair; I looked upon the second girl's brow, and saw it was ruled and wrinkled. Then, as I still looked, the two—for some small variety to the monotony—changed places; and where had stood the young, fair brow, now stood the ruled and wrinkled one.

Perched high upon a narrow platform, and still higher upon a high stool crowning it, sat another figure serving some other iron animal; while below the platform sat her mate in some sort of reciprocal attendance.

Not a syllable was breathed. Nothing was heard but the low, steady, overruling hum of the iron animals. The human voice was banished from the spot. Machinery—that vaunted slave of humanity—here stood menially served by human beings, who served mutely and cringingly as the slave serves the Sultan. The girls did not so much seem accessory wheels to the general machinery as mere cogs to the wheels.

All this scene around me was instantaneously taken in at one sweeping glance—even before I had proceeded to unwind the heavy fur tippet from around my neck. But as soon as this fell from me the dark-complexioned man, standing close by, raised a sudden cry, and seizing my arm, dragged me out into the open air, and without pausing for a word instantly caught up some congealed snow and began rubbing both my cheeks.

"Two white spots like the whites of your eyes," he said; "man, your cheeks are frozen."

"That may well be," muttered I; "'tis some wonder the frost of the Devil's Dungeon strikes in no deeper. Rub away."

Soon a horrible, tearing pain caught at my reviving cheeks. Two gaunt blood-hounds, one on each side, seemed mumbling them. I seemed Actæon.

Presently, when all was over, I re-entered the factory, made known my business, concluded it satisfactorily, and then begged to be conducted throughout the place to view it.

"Cupid is the boy for that," said the dark-complexioned man. "Cupid!" and by this odd fancy-name calling a dimpled, red-cheeked, spirited-looking, forward little fellow, who was rather impudently, I thought, gliding about among the passive-looking girls—like a gold

fish through hueless waves—yet doing nothing in particular that I could see, the man bade him lead the stranger through the edifice.

"Come first and see the water-wheel," said this lively lad, with the air of boyishly-brisk importance.

Quitting the folding-room, we crossed some damp, cold boards, and stood beneath a great wet shed, incessantly showering with foam, like the green barnacled bow of some East Indian in a gale. Round and round here went the enormous revolutions of the dark colossal water-wheel, grim with its one immutable purpose.

"This sets our whole machinery a-going, Sir; in every part of all these buildings; where the girls work and all."

I looked, and saw that the turbid waters of Blood River had not changed their hue by coming under the use of man.

"You make only blank paper; no printing of any sort, I suppose? All blank paper, don't you?"

"Certainly; what else should a paper-factory make?"

The lad here looked at me as if suspicious of my common-sense.

"Oh, to be sure!" said I, confused and stammering; "it only struck me as so strange that red waters should turn out pale chee—paper, I mean."

He took me up a wet and rickety stair to a great light room, furnished with no visible thing but rude, manger-like receptacles running all round its sides; and up to these mangers, like so many mares haltered to the rack, stood rows of girls. Before each was vertically thrust up a long, glittering scythe, immovably fixed at bottom to the manger-edge. The curve of the scythe, and its having no snath to it, made it look exactly like a sword. To and fro, across the sharp edge, the girls forever dragged long strips of rags, washed white, picked from baskets at one side; thus ripping asunder every seam, and converting the tatters almost into lint. The air swam with the fine, poisonous particles, which from all sides darted, subtilely, as motes in sunbeams, into the lungs.

"This is the rag-room," coughed the boy.

"You find it rather stifling here," coughed I, in answer; "but the girls don't cough."

"Oh, they are used to it."

"Where do you get such hosts of rags?" picking up a handful from a basket.

"Some from the country round about; some from far over sea—Leghorn and London."

"Tis not unlikely, then," murmured I, "that among these heaps of rags there may be some old shirts, gathered from the dormitories of the Paradise of Bachelors. But the buttons are all dropped off. Pray, my lad, do you ever find any bachelor's buttons hereabouts?"

"None grow in this part of the country. The Devil's Dungeon is no place for flowers."

"Oh! you mean the *flowers* so called—the Bachelor's Buttons?"

"And was not that what you asked about?"

Or did you mean the gold bosom-buttons of our boss, Old Bach, as our whispering girls all call him?"

"The man, then, I saw below is a bachelor, is he?"

"Oh, yes, he's a Bach."

"The edges of those swords, they are turned outward from the girls, if I see right; but their rags and fingers fly so, I can not distinctly see."

"Turned outward."

Yes, murmured I to myself; I see it now; turned outward; and each erected sword is so borne, edge-outward, before each girl. If my reading fails me not, just so, of old, condemned state-prisoners went from the hall of judgment to their doom: an officer before, bearing a sword, its edge turned outward, in significance of their fatal sentence. So, through consumptive pallors of this blank, raggy life, go these white girls to death.

"Those scythes look very sharp," again turning toward the boy.

"Yes; they have to keep them so. Look!"

That moment two of the girls, dropping their rags, plied each a whet-stone up and down the sword-blade. My unaccustomed blood curdled at the sharp shriek of the tormented steel.

Their own executioners; themselves whetting the very swords that slay them; meditated I.

"What makes those girls so sheet-white, my lad?"

"Why"—with a roguish twinkle, pure ignorant drollery, not knowing heartlessness—"I suppose the handling of such white bits of sheets all the time makes them so sheety."

"Let us leave the rag-room now, my lad."

More tragical and more inscrutably mysterious than any mystic sight, human or machine, throughout the factory, was the strange innocence of cruel-heartedness in this usage-hardened boy.

"And now," said he, cheerily, "I suppose you want to see our great machine, which cost us twelve thousand dollars only last autumn. That's the machine that makes the paper, too. This way, Sir."

Following him, I crossed a large, bespattered place, with two great round vats in it, full of a white, wet, woolly-looking stuff, not unlike the albuminous part of an egg, soft-boiled.

"There," said Cupid, tapping the vats carelessly, "these are the first beginnings of the paper; this white pulp you see. Look how it swims bubbling round and round, moved by the paddle here. From hence it pours from both vats into that one common channel yonder; and so goes, mixed up and leisurely, to the great machine. And now for that."

He led me into a room, stifling with a strange, blood-like, abdominal heat, as if here, true enough, were being finally developed the germinal particles lately seen.

Before me, rolled out like some long Eastern manuscript, lay stretched one continuous length of iron frame-work—multitudinous and mystical, with all sorts of rollers, wheels, and

cylinders, in slowly-measured and unceasing motion.

"Here first comes the pulp now," said Cupid, pointing to the highest end of the machine. "See; first it pours out and spreads itself upon this wide, sloping board; and then—look—slides, thin and quivering, beneath the first roller there. Follow on now, and see it as it slides from under that to the next cylinder. There; see how it has become just a very little less pulpy now. One step more, and it grows still more to some slight consistence. Still another cylinder, and it is so knitted—though as yet mere dragon-fly wing—that it forms an air-bridge here, like a suspended cobweb, between two more separated rollers; and flowing over the last one, and under again, and doubling about there out of sight for a minute among all those mixed cylinders you indistinctly see, it reappears here, looking now at last a little less like pulp and more like paper, but still quite delicate and defective yet awhile. But—a little further onward, Sir, if you please—here now, at this further point, it puts on something of a real look, as if it might turn out to be something you might possibly handle in the end. But it's not yet done, Sir. Good way to travel yet, and plenty more of cylinders must roll it."

"Bless my soul!" said I, amazed at the elongation, interminable convolutions, and deliberate slowness of the machine; "it must take a long time for the pulp to pass from end to end, and come out paper."

"Oh! not so long," smiled the precocious lad, with a superior and patronizing air; "only nine minutes. But look; you may try it for yourself. Have you a bit of paper? Ah! here's a bit on the floor. Now mark that with any word you please, and let me dab it on here, and we'll see how long before it comes out at the other end."

"Well, let me see," said I, taking out my pencil; "come, I'll mark it with your name."

Bidding me take out my watch, Cupid adroitly dropped the inscribed slip on an exposed part of the incipient mass.

Instantly my eye marked the second-hand on my dial-plate.

Slowly I followed the slip, inch by inch; sometimes pausing for full half a minute as it disappeared beneath inscrutable groups of the lower cylinders, but only gradually to emerge again; and so, on, and on, and on—inches by inch; now in open sight, sliding along like a freckle on the quivering sheet; and then again wholly vanished; and so, on, and on, and on—inches by inch; all the time the main sheet growing more and more to final firmness—when, suddenly, I saw a sort of paper-fall, not wholly unlike a water-fall; a scissory sound smote my ear, as of some cord being snapped; and down dropped an unfolded sheet of perfect foolscap, with my "Cupid" half faded out of it, and still moist and warm.

My travels were at an end, for here was the end of the machine.

"Well, how long was it?" said Cupid.

"Nine minutes to a second," replied I, watch in hand.

"I told you so."

For a moment a curious emotion filled me, not wholly unlike that which one might experience at the fulfillment of some mysterious prophecy. But how absurd, thought I again; the thing is a mere machine, the essence of which is unvarying punctuality and precision.

Previously absorbed by the wheels and cylinders, my attention was now directed to a sad-looking woman standing by.

"That is rather an elderly person so silently tending the machine-end here. She would not seem wholly used to it either."

"Oh," knowingly whispered Cupid, through the din, "she only came last week. She was a nurse formerly. But the business is poor in these parts, and she's left it. But look at the paper she is piling there."

"Ay, foolscap," handling the piles of moist, warm sheets, which continually were being delivered into the woman's waiting hands. "Don't you turn out any thing but foolscap at this machine?"

"Oh, sometimes, but not often, we turn out finer work—cream-laid and royal sheets, we call them. But foolscap being in chief demand, we turn out foolscap most."

It was very curious. Looking at that blank paper continually dropping, dropping, dropping, my mind ran on in wonderings of those strange uses to which those thousand sheets eventually would be put. All sorts of writings would be writ on those now vacant things—sermons, lawyers' briefs, physicians' prescriptions, love-letters, marriage certificates, bills of divorce, registers of births, death-warrants, and so on, without end. Then, recurring back to them as they here lay all blank, I could not but bethink me of that celebrated comparison of John Locke, who, in demonstration of his theory that man had no innate ideas, compared the human mind at birth to a sheet of blank paper; something destined to be scribbled on, but what sort of characters no soul might tell.

Pacing slowly to and fro along the involved machine, still humming with its play, I was struck as well by the inevitability as the evolution-power in all its motions.

"Does that thin cobweb there," said I, pointing to the sheet in its more imperfect stage, "does that never tear or break? It is marvelous fragile, and yet this machine it passes through is so mighty."

"It never is known to tear a hair's point."

"Does it never stop—get clogged?"

"No. It *must* go. The machinery makes it go just so; just that very way, and at that very pace you there plainly *see* it go. The pulp can't help going."

Something of awe now stole over me, as I gazed upon this inflexible iron animal. Always, more or less, machinery of this ponderous, elaborate sort strikes, in some moods, strange

dread into the human heart, as some living, panting Behemoth might. But what made the thing I saw so specially terrible to me was the metallic necessity, the unbudging fatality which governed it. Though, here and there, I could not follow the thin, gauzy vail of pulp in the course of its more mysterious or entirely invisible advance, yet it was indubitable that, at those points where it eluded me, it still marched on in unvarying docility to the autocratic cunning of the machine. A fascination fastened on me. I stood spell-bound and wandering in my soul. Before my eyes—there, passing in slow procession along the wheeling cylinders, I seemed to see, glued to the pallid incipience of the pulp, the yet more pallid faces of all the pallid girls I had eyed that heavy day. Slowly, mournfully, beseechingly, yet unresistingly, they gleamed along, their agony dimly outlined on the imperfect paper, like the print of the tormented face on the handkerchief of Saint Veronica.

"Halloa! the heat of the room is too much for you," cried Cupid, staring at me.

"No—I am rather chill, if any thing."

"Come out, Sir—out—out," and, with the protecting air of a careful father, the precocious lad hurried me outside.

In a few moments, feeling revived a little, I went into the folding-room—the first room I had entered, and where the desk for transacting business stood, surrounded by the blank counters and blank girls engaged at them.

"Cupid here has led me a strange tour," said I to the dark-complexioned man before mentioned, whom I had ere this discovered not only to be an old bachelor, but also the principal proprietor. "Yours is a most wonderful factory. Your great machine is a miracle of inscrutable intricacy."

"Yes, all our visitors think it so. But we don't have many. We are in a very out-of-the-way corner here. Few inhabitants, too. Most of our girls come from far-off villages."

"The girls," echoed I, glancing round at their silent forms. "Why is it, Sir, that in most factories, female operatives, of whatever age, are indiscriminately called girls, never women?"

"Oh! as to that—why, I suppose, the fact of their being generally unmarried—that's the reason, I should think. But it never struck me before. For our factory here, we will not have married women; they are apt to be off-and-on too much. We want none but steady workers: twelve hours to the day, day after day, through the three hundred and sixty-five days, excepting Sundays, Thanksgiving, and Fast-days. That's our rule. And so, having no married women, what females we have are rightly enough called girls."

"Then these are all maids," said I, while some pained homage to their pale virginity made me involuntarily bow.

"All maids."

Again the strange emotion filled me.

"Your cheeks look whitish yet, Sir," said the

man, gazing at me narrowly. "You must be careful going home. Do they pain you at all now? It's a bad sign, if they do."

"No doubt, Sir," answered I, "when once I have got out of the Devil's Dungeon, I shall feel them mending."

"Ah, yes; the winter air in valleys, or gorges, or any sunken place, is far colder and more bitter than elsewhere. You would hardly believe it now, but it is colder here than at the top of Woedolor Mountain."

"I dare say it is, Sir. But time presses me; I must depart."

With that, remuffling myself in dread-naught and tippet, thrusting my hands into my huge seal-skin mittens, I sallied out into the nipping air, and found poor Black, my horse, all cringing and doubled up with the cold.

Soon, wrapped in furs and meditations, I ascended from the Devil's Dungeon.

At the Black Notch I paused, and once more bethought me of Temple-Bar. Then, shooting through the pass, all alone with inscrutable nature, I exclaimed—Oh! Paradise of Bachelors! and oh! Tartarus of Maids!

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S BRIDAL.

THE early years of the reign of George III. was the time of those gallant robbers, whose fine clothes, high bearing, reckless hardihood, and (frequently) good birth, took away from the superficial observer much of the darkness of the crime actually surrounding their deeds and lives. You were divested of your rings and purses, often with a demeanor so polished, that really it rather resembled paying a toll to good manners than submitting to a highway robbery; a robbery, it is true, yet still it was more soothing to the feelings at the time, than being knocked down with the butt-end of a pistol, or bullied as well as plundered. Fashion, too, capricious in this as in all else, affected some knights of the road above others, and fine ladies interested themselves amazingly about the deeds of highwaymen, conspicuous for handsome persons and brave conduct, or rather, daring villainy. These fair dames also were much concerned in their heroes' final incarcerations and exits at the fatal tree of Tyburn. But highwaymen had, as every body knows, been still more popular in the preceding reign; yet ever and anon as the *profession* seemed to be on the verge of decay, and likely to dwindle down into mere commonplace theft and murder, some new candidate was sure to start up and revive the dying embers of the road chivalry. One in particular was notorious enough in his brief day for most of the qualities I have described, as sometimes attributes of these knights of the road. He was well-connected, too, his uncle being a clergyman in a high church appointment. His person was elegant, his manners courtly, and he was rash in an extraordinary degree. Mingling freely in fashionable society in his real name, his deeds of robbery were the talk of the town under his assumed one. His proper designation was Rich-

ard Mowbray—that belonging to the road, his sole source of revenue, was Captain de Montmorency—a patronymic high-sounding enough. I do not mean, however, to infer that any suspected the man of fashion and the highwayman to be one and the same person; that was never known till the event which I am going to relate took place.

Richard Mowbray had spent his own small patrimony, years before the period at which this narrative commences, in the pleasures of the town; it had melted in *ridottos*, play-houses, *faro*, horse-flesh, and hazard; he had exhausted the kindness and forbearance of his relations, from whom he had borrowed and begged, till borrowing or begging became impracticable. He had known most extremes of life; and, moreover, when debts and poverty stared him grimly in the face, he knew not one useful art by which he could support existence, or pay dividends to his creditors. What was to be done? He eluded a jail as long as he could, and one eventful night, riding on horseback, and meditating gloomily on his evil fortunes, he met—covered by the darkness from all discovery—a traveler well mounted—plethoric—laden with money-bags, and bearing likewise the burden of excessive fear.

It was a sudden thought—acted upon as suddenly. Resistance was not dreamed of. Mowbray made off with his booty, considerable enough to repair his exhausted finances, and to pay his most pressing creditors. It was literally robbing Peter to pay Paul. And so by night, under shelter of its darkness, did the ruined gentleman become the highwayman. People who knew his circumstances whispered their surprise when it became known that Richard Mowbray had paid his debts, and that he himself made more than his customary appearance. Now his fine person was ever clad in the newest braveries of the day; and in his double character many a conquest did he make, for he disburdened ladies of their jewels and purses with so fine a manner, that the defrauded fair ones forgot their losses in admiration of the charming despoiler; and Richard, in both his phases, drank deep draughts of pleasure, till he drained the Circean cup to its veriest dregs. Just as even pleasure became wearisome, when festive and high-bred delights palled on his sated passions, and the lower extremes of licentiousness and hard drinking, ruffling and fighting, diversified by the keen excitement and threats of danger, which distinguished his predatory existence began to satiate, a new light broke on the feverish atmosphere of his life. He loved. Yes! Richard Mowbray, the ruined patrician. De Montmorency, the gallant highwayman, who had hitherto resisted every good or evil influence which Love, pure or earth-stained, offers to his votaries, succumbed to the simple charms of a young, unlearned, unambitious girl; so youthful, that even her tastes and habits, childish as they were, could be scarcely more so than suited her years. Flavia Hardcourt had just attained her sixteenth year—had

never been to a boarding-school, and loved nothing so much—even her birds and pet rabbits—as her dear old father, an honest country gentleman, and a worthy magistrate. Flavia had never been even to London, for Mr. Hardcourt resided at Aveling—a retired village, about twenty miles from the metropolis. Barring fox-hunting and hard drinking, the old gentleman, on his side, took pleasure only in the pretty, gentle girl, who, from the hour of her birth—which event terminated her mother's existence—had made her his constant playmate and companion. And it was to this simple wild flower that the gay man of pleasure, haughty, reckless, unprincipled, improvident, irreligious, and rash, presumed to lift his eyes, to elevate his heart; and, oh, stranger still! to this being, the moral antipodes of her pure self, did Flavia Hardcourt surrender her youthful, modest, inestimable love. It must have been her very childishness and purity that attracted the desperate robber—the hardened libertine, now about to commit his worst and most inexcusable crime. He had accidentally met Mr. Hardcourt at a county hunt—had, with others of his companions, been invited by that honest gentleman to a rustic fête, in honor of little Flavia's natal day—a day, he was wont to observe, to him remarkable for commemorating his greatest misfortune, and his intensest happiness; and then and there the highwayman vowed to win and wear that pure bud of innocent freshness and rare fragrance, or to perish in the attempt. Master Richard Mowbray! unscrupulous De Montmorency! I will relate how you kept your vow.

He haunted Aveling Grange till the chaste young heart, the old father's beloved darling, surrendered itself into the highwayman's keeping. Perhaps Mr. Hardcourt was not altogether best pleased at Flavia's choice; but then she was his life—his hope—and he trusted, even when he gave her to a husband, that her love and doting affection would still be his own: besides, Mowbray was well connected—boasted of his wealth; whereas a very moderate portion would be hers—was received in modish circles, into which the good old magistrate could never pretend to penetrate; and, in short, what with his high bearing, his handsome person, and insinuating tongue, Mr. Hardcourt had irrevocably promised to bestow his treasure into the keeping of the profligate, who numbered himself almost years enough to have been the father of the young girl, whom he testified the utmost impatience to call wife.

It was during the time that Mr. Mowbray was paying his court at Aveling, that the neighborhood began to be alarmed by a series of highway robberies, which men said could have been perpetrated but by that celebrated knight of the road—Captain De Montmorency. No one could stir after nightfall without an attack, in which numbers certainly were not wanting.

“Cudgel me, but we'll have him yet,” said old Mr. Hardcourt. “I should glory myself in going to Tyburn to see the fellow turned off.

Ay, and I would take my little Flavia to see him go by in the cart, with a parson and a nosegay; eh, my little girl?"

"Oh, no, father," said Flavia, "I could not abide it, though he is such a daring, wicked man, whose name makes me shrink with fear and terror whenever I hear it. I could never bear to see such a dreadful sight—it would haunt me till my death."

Does the gift of prophecy, involuntarily though it be, lurk within us yet? Does the soul dimly shadow out its own fate, or rather that of its frail and perishable habitation? Sweet Flavia! unsuspecting, innocent girl! your lips then pronounced your own doom, as irrevocably as though you had been some stern Sibyl, delivering inscrutable, unquestioned oracles, not a fair child as you were when I first saw you in your girlish frock and sash. Your brown hair curling down your straight glossy shoulders, your soft eyes shining through your blushes, like diamonds glittering among the freshest of roses. Sweet Flavia, I have lived to see my kindred dust heaped on your fresh young form, and old and withered now, I can not but remember the glow of your sweet, unstained youth, radiant in unforeseeing love, happiness, and joy.

The betrothed pair were together to visit London.

"But I shall not dare," said the girl, as walking together in the old-fashioned Dutch garden, she leant her young sinless head on her guilty lover's breast; "I shall not dare take such a journey, for fear of the highwayman, De Montmorency."

"Fear not, my sweet Flavia; this breast shall be pierced through ere De Montmorency shall cause one fear in thine."

"Richard, sweetest, why do you leave us so early every evening? At sunset, I have remarked. These are not London habits. Ah, does any other than your poor Flavia attract you? Oh, Richard, I must die if it should be so! I could *not* live, and know you were false."

"Sweetest, and best! my purest love, could any win me from you? were it a queen, think it not. I—I—the truth is, Flavia, I have a poor sick friend not far from here; he is poor, ill, and—I—I—"

"Say no more, dearest. Oh, how much more I love you every day! How good, how noble, thus to sacrifice!" And the blushing girl threw herself into her lover's arms.

Ah! how differently beat those two human hearts. One pregnant with love, goodness, charity, sympathy; the other rank with hypocrisy, dark with unbelief.

They came to town, unmolested, you may be sure; the stranger, because a few days previously a terrible affair had occurred. Old Lord St. Hilary, the relic of the *beau-garçons* of former days, had been robbed and maltreated. Men were by no means so favored as the *beau-sexe*. Above all, a family jewel of immense value had been taken from his person; and on recovering

his wounds and fright, he swore vengeance. He took active measures to fulfill his vow.

Flavia came to us, to be measured for wedding clothes. She was then the impersonation of radiant happiness. I was much struck with her, and with the handsome, dark-browed swarthy gentleman who accompanied her and her friend, an old lady cousin to her father, at whose house the nuptial ceremony was to take place. The clothes were finished; saffron satin robes, according to a fancy of the bridegroom's, who was fond of the classics in his youthful days; orange blossoms wreath.

The wedding was to take place at the old relation's, Mrs. Duchesne's house; and on lagging wings, that day at length arrived. The marriage was celebrated, and the happy pair were in the act of being toasted by the father of the bride, when a strange noise was heard below; rude voices were upraised; oaths muttered; a rush toward the festive saloon. The company rose.

"What is it?" said Mr. Harcourt.

The door was broken open for answer. The officers of justice filled the room. Two advanced. "Come, Captain," said they, "the game is up at last. It's an awkward time to arrest a gentleman on his wedding-day; but duty, my noble Captain, duty, must be done."

Entranced, frozen beyond resistance or appeal, the bridegroom was fettered; and the bride! she stood there, her hazel eyes dilating, till they seemed about to spring from her head.

"My Richard! what is this?"

"Scoundrels!" said Mr. Harcourt, "release my son."

The men laughed. One of them was examining the necklace of Flavia; it contained a diamond in the centre, worth a ransom. "Where did you get this, miss?" he said.

Her friends answered, for the terror-stricken girl was inarticulate, "Mr. Mowbray's wedding-gift."

"Oh, oh! This was the diamond Lord St. Hilary was so mad about. By your leave," and the gem was removed from the neck it encircled.

She comprehended something terrible. She found speech: "Whom do you take Mr. Mowbray for?" said she.

"Whom? why the renowned Captain de Montmorency."

A shriek—so fierce in its agony as to cause the criminal to rebound—struck on the ears of all present: insensibility followed, and Flavia was removed. So was her bridegroom—to Newgate.

The trial was concluded—justice was appeased—the robber was doomed. And his innocent and unpolluted victim—. For days her life had hung on a thread. But youth and health closed for a short time the gates of death. She recovered. Reviving as from a dreadful dream, she could scarcely believe in the terrible event which, tornado-like, had swept over her. She desired her father to repeat its circumstances. Weeping, and his venerable gray hairs

whiter with sorrow, Mr. Hardcourt complied. She heard the recital in silence. Presently clasping her father's hand, "Dear parent," she said, "when—when?" She could utter no more; nor was it necessary; he comprehended her meaning but too well.

"The day after to-morrow," he replied.

"Father, I must be there."

"My Flavia, my dearest daughter!"

"Father, I *must* be there! Do you remember your jest? Ah, it has come to pass in bitter earnest. I must be there!"

Nor would she be pacified; she persisted. Her physician at length urged them to give her her way. It would, he said, be less dangerous than denial.

Near Tyburn seats were erected. Windows, balconies to be let out on hire. One of these last, the most private, was secured; and on the fatal morning Flavia was taken thither in a close carriage, accompanied by her parent and her aged cousin. She shed no tears, heaved not a single sigh, and suffered herself to be led to the window with strange immovable calmness. Soon shouts and the swelling murmur of a dense crowd reached her ears. The procession was arriving. The gallows was not in sight, but the fatal cart would pass close. It came on nearer, nearer—more like a triumph, that dismal sight, than a human fellow-man hastening to eternity.

She clenched her hands, she rose up, straining her fair white throat to catch a glance of the criminal. Yes, there he was, dressed gayly, the ominous nosegay flaunting in his breast, dull despair in his heart, reaching from thence to his face. As the train passed Flavia's window, by chance he raised his hot, bleared eyes; they rested on his bride, his pure virgin wife. The wretched man uttered a yell of agony, and cast himself down on the boards of the vehicle. She continued gazing, the smile frozen on her face, her eyes glassy, motionless, fixed.

They never recovered their natural intelligence. Fixed and stony, they bore her, stricken lamb, from the dismal scene. Her old father watched for days by her bedside, eagerly waiting for a ray of light, a token of sense, or sound. None came. She had been stricken with catalepsy, and it was a blessing when the enchained spirit was released from its frail habitation—when the pure soul was permitted to take its flight to happier regions. Poor Mr. Hardcourt sunk shortly after into a state of childish imbecility, and soon father and daughter slept in one grave.

VAMPYRES.

OF all the creations of superstition, a Vampire is, perhaps, the most horrible. You are lying in your bed at night, thinking of nothing but sleep, when you see, by the faint light that is in your bed-chamber, a shape entering at the door, and gliding toward you with a long sigh, as of the wind across the open fields when darkness has fallen upon them. The thing

moves along the air as if by the mere act of volition; and it has a human visage and figure. The eyes stare wildly from the head; the hair is bristling; the flesh is livid; the mouth is bloody.

You lie still—like one under the influence of the night-mare—and the thing floats slowly over you. Presently you fall into a dead sleep or swoon, returning, up to the latest moment of consciousness, the fixed and glassy stare of the phantom. When you awake in the morning, you think it is all a dream, until you perceive a small, blue, deadly-looking spot on your chest near the heart; and the truth flashes on you. You say nothing of the matter to your friends; but you know you are a doomed man—and you know rightly. For every night comes the terrible Shape to your bedside, with a face that seems horrified at itself, and sucks your life-blood in your sleep. You feel it is useless to endeavor to avoid the visitation, by changing your room or your locality: you are under a sort of cloud of fate.

Day after day you grow paler and more languid: your face becomes livid, your eyes leaden, your cheeks hollow. Your friends advise you to seek medical aid—to take change of air—to amuse your mind; but you are too well aware that it is all in vain. You therefore keep your fearful secret to yourself; and pine, and droop, and languish, till you die. When you are dead (if you will be so kind as to suppose yourself in that predicament), the most horrible part of the business commences. You are then yourself forced to become a Vampire, and to create fresh victims; who, as they die, add to the phantom stock.

The belief in Vampyres appears to have been most prevalent in the southeast of Europe, and to have had its origin there. Modern Greece was its cradle; and among the Hungarians, Poles, Wallachians, and other Slavonic races bordering on Greece, have been its chief manifestations. The early Christians of the Greek Church believed that the bodies of all the Latin Christians buried in Greece were unable to decay, because of their excommunication from that fold of which the Emperor of Russia now claims to be the sovereign Pope and supreme Shepherd. The Latins, of course, in their turn, regarded these peculiar mummies as nothing less than saints; but the orthodox Greeks conceived that the dead body was animated by a demon who caused it to rise from its grave every night, and conduct itself after the fashion of a huge mosquito. These dreadful beings were called *Brucolacs*; and, according to some accounts, were not merely manufactured from the dead bodies of heretics, but from those of all wicked people who have died impenitent. They would appear in divers places in their natural forms; would run a muck indiscriminately at whomsoever they met, like a wild Malay; would injure some, and kill others outright; would occasionally, for a change, do some one a good service; but would, for the

most part, so conduct themselves that nothing could possibly be more aggravating or unpleasant. Father Richard, a French Jesuit of the seventeenth century, who went as a missionary to the Archipelago, and who has left us an account of the Island of Santerini, or Saint Irene, the Thera of the ancients, discourses largely on the subject of Brucolacs. He says, that when the persecutions of the Vampyres become intolerable, the graves of the offending parties are opened, when the bodies are found entire and uncorrupted; that they are then cut up into little bits, particularly the heart; and that, after this, the apparitions are seen no more, and the body decays.

The word Brucolac, we are told, is derived from two modern Greek words, signifying, respectively, "mud," and "a ditch," because the graves of the Vampyres were generally found full of mud. Voltaire, in the article on Vampyres in his *Philosophical Dictionary*, gives a similar account of these spectres. He observes, in his exquisite, bantering style: "These dead Greeks enter houses, and suck the blood of little children; eating the suppers of the fathers and mothers, drinking their wine, and breaking all the furniture. They can be brought to reason only by being burnt—when they are caught; but the precaution must be taken not to resort to this measure until the heart has been torn out, as that must be consumed apart from the body." What a weight of meaning and implied satire is there in that phrase, "They can be brought to reason only by being burnt!" It is a comment upon universal history.

Pierre Daniel Huet, a French writer of Ana, who died in seventeen hundred and twenty-one, says, that it is certain that the idea of Vampyres, whether true or false, is very ancient, and that the classical authors are full of it. He remarks, that when the ancients had murdered any one in a treacherous manner, they cut off his feet, hands, nose, and ears, and hung them round his neck or under his arm-pits; conceiving that by these means they deprived their victim of the power of taking vengeance. Huet adds, that proof of this may be found in the Greek Scholia of Sophocles; and that it was after this fashion that Menelaus treated Deiphobus, the husband of Helen—the victim having been discovered by Æneas in the infernal regions in the above state. He also mentions the story of Hermotimus of Clazomene, whose soul had a power of detaching itself from its body, for the sake of wandering through distant countries, and looking into the secrets of futurity. During one of these spiritual journeys, his enemies persuaded his wife to have the body burned; and his soul, upon the next return, finding its habitation not forthcoming, withdrew forever after. According to Suetonius, the body of Caligula, who had been violently murdered, was but partially burned and superficially buried. In consequence of this, the house in which he had been slain, and the garden in which the imperfect cremation had

taken place, were every night haunted with ghosts, which continued to appear until the house was burned down, and the funeral rites properly performed by the sisters of the deceased emperor. It is asserted by ancient writers that the souls of the dead are unable to repose until after the body has been entirely consumed; and Huet informs us that the corpses of those excommunicated by the modern Greek Church are called *Toupi*, a word signifying "a drum," because the said bodies are popularly supposed to swell like a drum, and to sound like the same, if struck or rolled on the ground. Some writers have supposed that the ancient idea of Harpies gave rise to the modern idea of Vampyres.

Traces of the Vampyre belief may be found in the extreme north—even in remote Iceland. In that curious piece of old Icelandic history, called *The Eyrbyggja-Saga*, of which Sir Walter Scott has given an abstract, we find two narrations which, though not identical with the modern Greek conception of Brucolacs, have certainly considerable affinity with it. The first of these stories is to the following effect:—Thorolf Bægifot, or the Crookfooted, was an old Icelandic chieftain of the tenth century, unenviably notorious for his savage and treacherous disposition, which involved him in continual broils, not only with his neighbors, but even with his own son, who was noted for justice and generosity. Having been frustrated in one of his knavish designs, and seeing no farther chance open to him, Thorolf returned home one evening, mad with rage and vexation, and, refusing to partake of any supper, sat down at the head of the table like a stone statue, and so remained without stirring or speaking a word. The servants retired to rest; but yet Thorolf did not move. In the morning, every one was horrified to find him still sitting in the same place and attitude; and it was whispered that the old man had died after a manner peculiarly dreadful to the Icelanders—though what may be the precise nature of this death is very doubtful. It was feared that the spirit of Thorolf would not rest in its grave unless some extraordinary precautions were taken; and accordingly his son Arnkill, upon being sent for, approached the body in such a manner as to avoid looking upon the face, and at the same time enjoined the domestics to observe the like caution. The corpse was then removed from the chair (in doing which, great force was found necessary), the face was concealed by a veil, and the usual religious rites were performed. A breach was next made in the wall behind the chair in which the corpse had been found; and the body, being carried through it with immense labor, was laid in a strongly-built tomb. All in vain. The spirit of the malignant old chief haunted the neighborhood both night and day; killing men and cattle, and keeping every one in continual terror. The pest at length became unendurable; and Arnkill resolved to remove his father's body to some other place

On opening the tomb, the corpse of Thorolf was found with so ghastly an aspect, that he seemed more like a devil than a man; and other astonishing and fearful circumstances soon manifested themselves. Two strong oxen were yoked to the bier on which the body was placed; but they were very shortly exhausted by the weight of their burden. Fresh beasts were then attached; but, upon reaching the top of a steep hill, they were seized with a sudden and uncontrollable terror, and, dashing frantically away, rolled headlong into the valley, and were killed. At every mile, moreover, the body became of a still greater weight; and it was now found impossible to carry it any farther, though the contemplated place of burial was still distant. The attendants therefore consigned it to the earth on the ridge of the hill, an immense mound was piled over it, and the spirit of the old man remained for a time at rest. But "after the death of Arnkill," says Sir Walter Scott, "Bægifot became again troublesome, and walked forth from his tomb, to the great terror and damage of the neighborhood, slaying both herds and domestics, and driving the inhabitants from the canton. It was therefore resolved to consume his carcase with fire; for, like the Hungarian Vampyre, he, or some evil demon in his stead, made use of his mortal relics as a vehicle during the commission of these enormities. The body was found swollen to a huge size, equalling the corpulence of an ox. It was transported to the sea-shore with difficulty, and there burned to ashes." In this narrative, we miss the blood-sucking propensities of the genuine Vampyre; but in all other respects the resemblance is complete.

The other story from the same source has relation to a certain woman named Thorgunna. This excellent old lady having, a short time previous to her death, appointed one Thorodd her executor, and the wife of the said Thorodd having covetously induced her husband to preserve some bed-furniture which the deceased particularly desired to have burnt, a series of ghost-visits ensued. Thorgunna requested that her body might be conveyed to a distant place called Skalholt; and on the way thither her ghost appeared at a house where the funeral party put up. But the worst visitations occurred on the return of Thorodd to his own house. On the very night when he reached his domicile, a meteor resembling a half-moon glided round the walls of the apartment in a direction opposed to the apparent course of the sun (an ominous sign), and remained visible until the inmates went to bed. The spectral appearance continued throughout the week; and then one of the herdsmen went mad, evidently under the persecutions of evil spirits. At length he was found dead in his bed; and, shortly after, Thorer, one of the inmates of the house, going out in the evening, was seized by the ghost of the dead shepherd, and so injured by blows, that he died. His spirit then went into partnership with that of the herdsman, and togeth-

er they played some very awkward and alarming pranks. A pestilence appeared, of which many of the neighbors died; and one evening something in the shape of a seal-fish lifted itself up through the flooring of Thorodd's house, and gazed around.

The terrified domestics having in vain struck at the apparition, which continued to rise through the floor, Kiartan, the son of Thorodd, smote it on the head with a hammer, and drove it gradually and reluctantly into the earth, like a stake. Subsequently, Thorodd and several of his servants were drowned; and now their ghosts were added to the spectral group. Every evening, when the fire was lighted in the great hall, Thorodd and his companions would enter, drenched and dripping, and seat themselves close to the blaze, from which they very selfishly excluded all the living inmates; while, from the other side of the apartment, the ghosts of those who had died of pestilence, and who appeared gray with dust, would bend their way toward the same comfortable nook, under the leadership of Thorer. This being a very awkward state of affairs in a climate like Iceland, Kiartan, who was now the master of the house, caused a separate fire to be kindled for the mortals in an out-house, leaving the great hall to the spectres; with which arrangement their ghostships seemed to be satisfied. The deaths from the pestilence continued to increase; and every death caused an addition to the phantom army.

Matters had now reached so serious a pitch, that it was found absolutely necessary to take some steps against the disturbers of the neighborhood. It was accordingly resolved to proceed against them by law; but, previously to commencing the legal forms, Kiartan caused the unfortunate bed-furniture, which had been at the bottom of all the mischief, to be burnt in sight of the spectres. A jury was then formed in the great hall; the ghosts were accused of being public nuisances within the meaning of the act in that case made and provided; evidence was heard, and finally a sentence of ejection was pronounced. Upon this, the phantoms rose; and, protesting that they had only sat there while it was lawful for them to do so, sullenly and mutteringly withdrew, with many symptoms of unwillingness. A priest then damped the room with holy-water—a solemn mass was performed, and the supernatural visitors were thenceforth *non est inventus*.

The incident of the seal in this narrative will remind the reader who has properly studied his Corsican Brothers—and (as it is customary to ask on these occasions) who has not?—of the appearance of the ghost of the duelist as he comes gliding through the floor to the tremulous music of the fiddles. The whole tale, in fact, falls in a great measure into the general class of ghost stories; but the circumstance of each person, as he died, adding to the array of the evil spirits, and thus spreading out the mischief in ever-widening circles, has an affinity to the

distinguishing feature of the Brucolac superstition. Still, for the perfect specimen of the genus Vampyre, we must revert to the south-east of Europe.

Sir Walter Scott says that the above "is the only instance in which the ordinary administration of justice has been supposed to extend over the inhabitants of another world, and in which the business of exorcising spirits is transferred from the priest to the judge."

Voltaire, however, in treating of Vampyres, mentions a similar instance. "It is in my mind," says the French wit and philosopher, "a curious fact, that judicial proceedings were taken, in due form of law, concerning those dead who had left their tombs to suck the blood of the little boys and girls of the neighborhood. Calmet relates that in Hungary two officers appointed by the Emperor Charles the Sixth, assisted by the bailiff of the place, and the executioner, went to bring to trial a Vampyre who sucked all the neighborhood, and who had died six weeks before. He was found in his tomb, fresh, gay, with his eyes open, and asking for food. The bailiff pronounced his sentence, and the executioner tore out his heart and burnt it: after which the Vampyre ate no more."

Voltaire's levity has here carried him (inadvertently, of course) with a smiling face into a very appalling region. It is an historical fact that a sort of Vampyre fever or epidemic spread through the whole southeast of Europe, from about the year seventeen hundred and twenty-seven to seventeen hundred and thirty-five. This took place more especially in Servia and Hungary; with respect to its manifestations in which latter country, Calmet, the celebrated author of the History of the Bible, has left an account in his Dissertations on the Ghosts and Vampyres of Hungary. A terrible infection appeared to have seized upon the people, who died by hundreds under the belief that they were haunted by these dreadful phantoms. Military commissions were issued for inquiring into the matter; and the graves of the alleged Vampyres being opened in the presence of medical men, some of the bodies were found undecomposed, with fresh skin and nails growing in the place of the old, with florid complexions, and with blood in the chest and abdomen. Of the truth of these allegations there can be no reasonable doubt, as they rest upon the evidence both of medical and military men; and the problem seems to admit of only one solution. Dr. Herbert Mayo, in his Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions, suggests that the superstitious belief in Vampirism, acting upon persons of nervous temperaments, predisposed them to fall into the condition called death-trance; that in that state they were hastily buried; and that, upon the graves being opened, they were found still alive, though unable to speak. In confirmation of this ghastly suggestion, Dr. Mayo quotes the following most pathetic and frightful account of a Vampyre execution from an old German writer: "When

they opened his grave, after he had been long buried, his face was found with a color, and his features made natural sorts of movements, as if the dead man smiled. He even opened his mouth as if he would inhale the fresh air. They held the crucifix before him, and called in a loud voice, 'See, this is Jesus Christ who redeemed your soul from hell, and died for you.' After the sound had acted on his organs of hearing, and he had connected perhaps some ideas with it, tears began to flow from the dead man's eyes. Finally, when, after a short prayer for his poor soul, they proceeded to hack off his head, the corpse uttered a screech, and turned and rolled just as if it had been alive—and the grave was full of blood." The wretched man most assuredly was alive; but Superstition has neither brain nor heart; and so it murdered him.

A story similar to the foregoing has been preserved by Sergeant Mainard, a lawyer of the reign of Charles the First; and may be here repeated as a curious instance of the hold which the most puerile superstitions maintained in England at a comparatively recent period, and the influence which they were allowed to exercise even in so grave a matter as a trial for murder. In the year sixteen hundred and twenty-nine, somewhere in Hertfordshire, a married woman, named Joan Norcot, was found in bed with her throat cut; and, although the inquest which was held upon her body terminated in a verdict of *felo-de-se*, a rumor got about that the deceased had been murdered. The body was accordingly taken out of the grave thirty days after its death, in the presence of the jury and many other persons; and the jury then changed their verdict (which had not been drawn into form by the coroner), and accused certain parties of willful murder. These were tried at the Hertford Assizes and acquitted; "but," says the Sergeant, "so much against the evidence, that the Judge (Harvy) let fall his opinion that it were better an appeal were brought than so foul a murder should escape unpunished." In consequence of this, "they were tried on the appeal, which was brought by the young child against his father, grandfather, and aunt, and her husband, Okeman; and, because the evidence was so strange, I took exact and particular notice of it. It was as followeth, viz.: After the matters above mentioned and related, an ancient and grave person, minister of the parish where the fact was committed, being sworn to give evidence, according to the custom, deposed, that the body being taken out of the grave, thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants present, they were required, each of them, to touch the dead body. Okeman's wife fell on her knees, and prayed God to show token of their innocency, or to some such purpose; but her very [*i.e.*, precise] words I forgot. The appellers did touch the dead body; whereupon, the brow of the dead, which was of a livid or carrion color (that was the verbal expression in the terms of the witness),

began to have a dew or gentle sweat, which ran down in drops on the face, and the brow turned and changed to a lively and fresh color, and the dead opened one of her eyes, and shut it again; and this opening the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage-finger three times, and pulled it in again; and the finger dropt blood from it on the grass." This being confirmed by the witness's brother, also a clergyman; and other evidence (of a more human character, but, as it appears to us, very insufficient) having been adduced, Okeman was acquitted, and the three other prisoners were found guilty: a result which there can be little question was mainly brought about by the monstrous story of the scene at the exhumation. That the details of that story were exaggerated, according to the superstitious habit of the times, seems obvious; but the query arises, whether the body of the woman might not really have been alive. It is true that thirty days had elapsed since her apparent death; but some of the alleged Vampyres supposed by Dr. Mayo to have been buried alive had been in their graves three months when their condition was inspected. Not being possessed of the requisite medical knowledge, we will forbear to pronounce whether or not life could be sustained, under such circumstances, for so great a length of time; but what seems fatal to the supposition, in the last instance, is the fact of the woman having had her throat cut.

Vampyres have often been introduced into romance. There is an old Anglo-Saxon poem on the subject of a Vampyre of the Fens; and the Baron von Haxthausen, in his work on

Transcaucasia, has told a story of one of these gentry, which may be here appended as a sort of pleasant burlesque after the foregoing tragedies: "There once dwelt in a cavern in Armenia a Vampyre, called Dakhanavar, who could not endure any one to penetrate into the mountains of Ulmish Altötem, or count their valleys. Every one who attempted this had, in the night, his blood sucked by the monster from the soles of his feet until he died. The Vampyre was, however, at last outwitted by two cunning fellows. They began to count the valleys, and when night came on they lay down to sleep—taking care to place themselves with the feet of the one under the head of the other." (How *both* could have managed to do this, we leave to the reader's ingenuity to explain.) "In the night the monster came, felt as usual, and found a head; then he felt at the other end, and found a head there also. 'Well,' cried he, 'I have gone through the whole three hundred and sixty-six valleys of these mountains, and have sucked the blood of people without end; but never yet did I find any one with two heads and no feet!' So saying, he ran away, and was never more seen in that country; but ever after the people have known that the mountain has three hundred and sixty-six valleys."

In South America a species of bat is found which sucks the blood of people while asleep (lulling them with the fanning of its wings during the operation), and which is called the Vampyre bat from that circumstance. If this creature belonged to Europe, we should be inclined to regard it as the origin of the Vampyre fable.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS closed its session on the 4th of March. On the 17th of February the President sent in a message vetoing the bill providing for the payment of claims of American citizens for spoliations committed by the French prior to 1801. The President denies that there is any just indebtedness on the part of the United States to these claimants, and rehearses somewhat in detail the history of the treaties upon which the claims are supported. The President insists, as the result of his examination of the whole subject, that the government of the United States has never renounced any of the claims of American citizens against France, and that they are still to be presented and urged against that government if they are just at all; but he does not concede that any such claims exist which have not already been liquidated. In the House of Representatives on the 20th, after some discussion of the message, the vote taken on the passage of the bill, notwithstanding the President's objections, resulted as follows: ayes 113, nays 80; the ayes not reaching two-thirds, the bill was lost.—A bill passed the House of Representatives on the 18th, making an increase in the annual appropriation from \$385,000 to \$850,000 to the proprietors of the Collins line of Liverpool steamers for mail service, and repealing that clause

of the present contract, which puts it in the power of Congress to terminate the engagement upon giving six months' notice of its intention; the vote on the passage of the bill was 92 to 82. It came up in the Senate on the 27th, and was discussed through the day. On the next day a motion to strike out the clause depriving Congress of the power to terminate the contract was negatived, 25 to 24, and the bill was then passed by a vote of 26 to 22. On the 3d of March the President sent in a message vetoing the bill. In this document it was stated that the whole amount paid by the government to the proprietors of the line since the commencement of the service in April, 1850, was two millions six hundred and twenty thousand dollars, while the amount of postages paid into the Department was only seven hundred and thirty-four thousand. By the act of 1852 the compensation of the Company was largely increased, and they were at the same time released from some of the stipulations into which they had entered for the advantage of the government in this service. Congress reserved to itself the right to repeal this contract upon giving six months' notice; and this right the President thinks is one which ought not to be surrendered. The bill, he says, would bestow additional privileges upon the contractors without any corresponding advantage to the government, which receives no

sufficient return for the immense outlay involved, which could obtain the same service of other parties at a less cost, and which, if the bill should become a law, would pay an immense sum of money without any adequate consideration. To provide for making a donation of such magnitude would be, in his judgment, to deprive commercial enterprise of the benefits of free competition, and to establish a monopoly in violation of the soundest principles of public policy, and of doubtful compatibility with the Constitution. On receipt of the message in the Senate, Mr. Seward moved as an amendment to the Naval Appropriation Bill, the bill just vetoed, omitting the repeal of the clause which gives Congress the right to discontinue the extra allowance on giving six months' notice; this amendment prevailed by a unanimous vote. When the message was read in the House it occasioned great excitement, and was vehemently denounced as an unwarrantable interference on the part of the Executive with the legislation of Congress. On putting the question whether the bill should pass in spite of the veto, the result was—ayes 98, nays 79; less than two-thirds in favor. The bill, as passed in the Senate, was afterward agreed to, and thus became a law. The Senate also added to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, an amendment reducing the duties on various articles, especially wool and railroad iron; but it was stricken out in the House. Various bills of considerable importance were passed during the closing days of the session. Prominent among them was one reorganizing the Consular and Diplomatic service of the United States—fixing the salaries of the several Ministers at rates graduated according to the relative importance of their posts, and substituting salaries for fees in the case of Consuls. A bill was also passed organizing a Board for the purpose of hearing and adjudicating claims upon Congress—which will not only save a great deal of time usually devoted by Congress to this delicate and difficult duty, but will also prevent the injustice to which meritorious claimants are often exposed. Judge Gilchrist, of New Hampshire, Hon. Isaac Blackford, of Indiana, and Hon. Joseph H. Lumpkin, of Georgia, constitute the Board. A bill was also passed providing a retired list for the Navy; and two regiments of infantry and two of cavalry were added to the Army. The sum of seven and three quarter millions of dollars was appropriated to meet the claims of the creditors of Texas who may hold bonds for the payment of which the revenues of the State were pledged. By a bill for the protection of emigrant passengers, the owners and masters of vessels bringing emigrants to this country are required to make better provision for their comfort, and to make themselves responsible to a greater extent for their health. A private Company was authorized to build a line of Telegraph from the Mississippi to the Pacific, receiving from the Government, in aid thereof, the right of way two hundred feet in width. The Postage Bill has been amended by the addition of a provision for the registry of letters containing money, in accordance with the suggestions in the annual report of the Postmaster-General. An appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars was made for statuary to be executed by Hiram Powers.—A debate of considerable interest took place in the Senate upon a bill introduced by Mr. Toucey, of Connecticut, authorizing the transfer to a United States Court of any proceedings that might be com-

menced in State Courts, under authority of State laws, against officers of the United States while acting in the execution of laws of the General Government. The passage of the bill was resisted with earnestness, especially on the ground that it was designed to aid in the execution and enforcement of the law for the restoration of fugitive slaves—a design which was vindicated by its friends, on the ground that it had been rendered necessary by the action of several of the States in making laws to prevent the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. Senator Seward, on the 23d of February, spoke against it, resisting it as one of the usurpations of slavery, to which of late we have become accustomed, and pointing out the extent to which it encroached upon the rights and powers of the individual States, which had been jealously guarded by the founders of the Republic as essential to the protection of personal freedom. The law, he said, was an innovation upon the legal system of the country, and would involve even its friends in evils infinitely greater than they imagined. The bill was eventually passed in the Senate, by a vote of 29 to 9, but was not acted upon in the House of Representatives.—In addition to the laws enacted, several joint resolutions of considerable public interest and importance were appointed. One of them, approved on the 15th of February, authorized the President to confer the title of Lieutenant-General by brevet, in a single instance, for eminent services. The President, in accordance with the intent of Congress, conferred the title upon General Scott.

On the last day of the session the President transmitted to Congress a very large collection of diplomatic correspondence relating to a conference of American Ministers held at Ostend in October of last year, with regard to the foreign policy of the country, and especially the purchase of Cuba. The documents are quite voluminous, and, although they are highly important, it will be impossible in this place to do more than state their general tenor. The first letter in the collection is from Mr. Marcy to Mr. Soulé, dated July 23, 1853, directing him to urge upon the Spanish Government the cession or sale of Cuba; and to protest against any interference on the part of other European powers; and suggesting that Spain might profitably grant Cuba a more independent government, retaining some commercial advantages for herself. On the 2d of July, Mr. Marcy had written to Mr. Buchanan complaining of the conduct of Great Britain in maintaining large fleets on the coast of Cuba, and directing him to endeavor to induce the British Government to abandon any arrangements into which it might have entered with Spain detrimental to our interests in regard to Cuba. On the 11th of March, 1854, Mr. Marcy instructs Mr. Soulé to demand redress from the Spanish Government for the *Black Warrior* outrage; and, in a letter dated the 17th of the same month, fixes the indemnity at \$300,000. On the 3d of April he writes that fears are entertained of a design to introduce a new system of agricultural labor into Cuba, and gives Mr. Soulé full powers to negotiate for the purchase of the island. On the 16th of August the Secretary suggests a meeting of Messrs. Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé, at some convenient point, for the purpose of adopting measures for a perfect concert of action in aid of the negotiations in progress at Madrid. This conference was commenced at Ostend on the 10th of October, and was

transferred to Aix la Chapelle in Prussia, continuing until the 18th, the day on which the official report of its proceedings and conclusions is dated. The three Ministers, in this report, state that they have arrived at the conclusion that an immediate and earnest effort ought to be made to purchase Cuba from Spain at any price not exceeding a maximum sum not mentioned, but which subsequent indications prove was one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. The proposal, in their judgment, ought to be made in such a form as to be laid before the Supreme Constituent Cortes, which was then about to assemble; and all our proceedings in regard to it should be, they said, open, frank, and of such a character as to challenge the approbation of the world. The Ministers proceed to state the various reasons, growing mainly out of its geographical position, which convince them that the United States ought to purchase Cuba with as little delay as possible. It is next urged that the commercial nations of Europe would be greatly benefited by a transfer of Cuba from Spain to the United States, inasmuch as their commerce with the island would be greatly increased; and the dispatch next urges at length the benefits which Spain herself would derive from the proposed sale. Two-thirds of the purchase-money, employed in the construction of a system of railroads, would stimulate beyond calculation the industry and prosperity of the country; and the remaining third would satisfy the demands now pressing so heavily on her credit, and create a sinking fund which would gradually relieve her from the enormous debt which now paralyzes her energies. Cuba, in its best days, never yielded to the Spanish exchequer more than a million and a half of dollars annually; and her expenses have of late so largely increased as to create an annual deficit of six hundred thousand. Under no probable circumstances can Cuba yield to Spain one per cent. upon the sum the United States are willing to pay for the island. But it is furthermore urged that Spain is in imminent danger of losing Cuba without remuneration. The oppression of her government has created a feeling which will inevitably lead to insurrection, and, in case of such an event, in spite of our Neutrality Laws, it will be impossible to prevent the people and government of the United States from taking part in such civil war. And, finally, after we shall have offered Spain a price far beyond its value, and this shall have been refused, the question will remain whether Cuba, in the hands of Spain, does not endanger our internal peace, and the existence of our Union. If so, the Ministers urge, we should be justified by every law, human and divine, in wresting it from Spain, if we possess the power.—The President did not deem it advisable to follow the course indicated in this dispatch; and, in consequence of this hesitation, Mr. Soulé, in a letter, dated December 17, 1854, resigned his office as Minister at Madrid, saying he had no alternative but to take that step, or linger in languid impotence at the capital.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 16th of Feb., but the advices are without special interest.

From the *Sandwich Islands* we learn that the new king has ordered the discontinuance of the negotiations which were commenced by his predecessor for the annexation of the islands to the United States. At his reception, on the 16th of January, he addressed the officers of the English,

French, and American vessels of war, and declared that they represented the three great maritime powers of the earth—the three greatest supporters of his kingdom.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Our last Record mentioned the resignation of Lord John Russell from the Ministry, which he justified in the House of Commons, by saying that he could not conscientiously resist the resolution for inquiry into the conduct of the war, of which notice had been given by Mr. Roebuck. The resignation was announced by the Earl of Aberdeen, in the House of Lords, on the 26th of January. The Earl said he was not aware of all the motives that had prompted it; he knew that Lord John had been dissatisfied with the conduct of the war two months previously, but supposed he had waived his opposition. In the House of Commons, on the same day, Lord John Russell spoke at length upon the subject, the main point of his remarks being that the Duke of Newcastle had not met with cordial acquiescence his suggestions looking to a more vigorous prosecution of the war. Lord Palmerston, who followed him in debate, thought he should have resigned sooner, so as to give the Ministry an opportunity of supplying his place, or else have remained, and shared the fate of the government with which he had been connected. Mr. Roebuck then rose and made his motion for a Committee of Inquiry, which he supported briefly, and was followed by several speakers on both sides, Mr. Sidney Herbert making the most elaborate attempt to vindicate the government. The debate was then adjourned until the 29th, when it was renewed—Mr. Stafford leading off with a detailed and very touching narrative of what he had himself seen of the results of mismanagement in the army of the Crimea, and of the sad scenes that had met his view there. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton also spoke eloquently in support of the motion, insisting that the expedition to the Crimea had been undertaken in utter ignorance of the country they were to invade, the forces they were to encounter, and the supplies they might expect. Mr. Gladstone followed, censuring Lord John Russell for abandoning the Ministry at so critical a moment, after he had himself written to the Prime Minister that he had abandoned the views he had formerly pressed on the Cabinet in regard to the conduct of the war. As for the inquiry proposed, he did not believe it would benefit the army, or tend in any degree to alleviate the evils complained of. The disorganization of the army, he thought, had been exaggerated, although he admitted the defective administration of the war departments at home. Mr. Disraeli renewed the attack, declaring that the blame of acknowledged evils ought not to be thrown upon the Duke of Newcastle alone—the whole Cabinet was responsible. The course of Lord John Russell he censured as being akin to what in the eighteenth century would have been styled a profligate political intrigue. Lord John replied to this, denying that there had been any thing in his acts to which such a term could be applied. Lord Palmerston accepted the issue made by Mr. Disraeli, but said that a resolution of inquiry was not a frank or proper mode of declaring lack of confidence in the Ministry. If it were adopted and carried out, it would set a dangerous precedent—and the country would be disappointed if it were not. Several other members spoke briefly, and, upon a division, there were for Mr. Roebuck's mo-

tion, 305; against it, 148; majority against the government, 157. Of those voting with the majority, 99 were members who had previously been Ministerialists; 84 Ministerialists, 47 of the Opposition, and 64 who had paired off, were absent. On the 1st, Lord Palmerston announced that the Ministry had resigned. The same announcement was made in the House of Lords by the Earl of Aberdeen, who took occasion to say that he was not surprised at the result; serious misfortunes had occurred, and it was perfectly natural that the censure they involved should fall upon the Government. But the sufferings of the army had been greatly exaggerated, and, instead of seeing any cause for discouragement in the present condition of affairs, he indulged sanguine hopes of ultimate success. The French Emperor was still able to send large reinforcements to the Crimea; a treaty with Sardinia would place 15,000 Piedmontese troops under Lord Raglan's command; and an understanding had been had with Austria which engaged her military aid if peace were not restored. The present want of the country was a strong Government, and he trusted such a one might be formed. The Duke of Newcastle followed in a full and not unsuccessful vindication of his own zeal and devotion to the service—denying that he had withheld due deference from Lord John Russell's suggestions, or that he had shown any desire whatever to retain office if it could be better filled. The Earl of Derby spoke sarcastically of the internal dissensions in the government which these events had revealed, and said he had been invited by the Queen to undertake the formation of a Cabinet, but had not succeeded in doing so. On the 5th, the debate was still further continued, Lord John Russell making a full reply to various imputations that had been made public against him, and especially to the charge that he had at any time been anxious to retain office in the Cabinet, as the Duke of Newcastle had intimated. Considering, he said, that he had been Prime Minister for five years and a half, and that he had consented to take a subordinate position in Lord Aberdeen's ministry, he thought such an intimation, especially from the Duke, was entirely misplaced. He admitted freely that he had made a mistake in not resigning at an earlier day—at the moment, indeed, when he became satisfied that the war was not conducted in a manner which he could defend. But having committed the error of remaining too long, he could not admit that he ought to have staid still longer, and awaited the result of the motion for inquiry; for that, he said, would have involved a still greater error—an error of morality. Mr. Gladstone replied to a portion of Lord John Russell's remarks, and disavowed emphatically any belief in the charges of political treachery or cowardice that had been brought against him. These discussions were continued until the 9th, when it was announced in the House of Lords by the Earl of Granville that Lord John Russell had attempted the formation of a Ministry but without success, and that Lord Palmerston had then been invited to undertake it and had succeeded. The principles of his Cabinet would be identical with those of the late Government. The Duke of Newcastle was succeeded by Lord Panmure in the War Department, and the Earl of Clarendon would still remain in charge of the department of Foreign Affairs. This arrangement, however, proved to be but temporary. When it was ascertained that the

inquiry authorized by Mr. Roebuck's resolution was actually to be instituted, Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert withdrew from the Ministry. Mr. G. C. Lewis succeeded as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord John Russell took the Home Department, intending first to perform the duties of Envoy to Vienna, to which he had been appointed. We have no space for a sketch of the debates on the occasion of this change.—Joseph Hume died on the 20th of February, at the age of seventy-nine.—At the Lord Mayor's dinner on the 6th, Sir Charles Napier made a speech, declaring that he had been dismissed from the service, vindicating his conduct in the Baltic, demanding a committee of inquiry, and stigmatizing the treatment he had received from the Admiralty as insulting to the last degree. Admiral Berkeley in taking notice of this speech in the House of Commons, gave a decided and distinct denial to every material statement which Sir Charles had made.—The Earl of Elgin was cordially welcomed in Scotland on his return, and made a striking speech at Dunfermline on the 2d. He said he returned with stronger faith than ever in his countrymen's power of self-government, and with a profounder conviction that the English constitution was the most nearly perfect in the world. In England the head of the state represents the national unity, while in the United States he represents a party; and while in England an unpopular Government can be overthrown at once by a simple vote of censure, in the United States it must be endured four years.

THE CONTINENT.

Very few incidents of importance have occurred on the Continent during the month. In *France* the camp at Boulogne is to be increased to two hundred thousand men; its officers have received orders to march at short notice. Rumors are afloat that the Emperor intends to proceed to the Crimea in person for purposes of observation.—In *Germany* affairs are still in doubt—Prussia maintaining her equivocal position, declining to pledge herself to act with the Western Powers, and still insisting upon being admitted to share in the conferences at Vienna. Hanover has pledged herself to act with Austria; but Bavaria refuses to declare her intentions.—In *Spain* the Cortes are still discussing the new Constitution. A motion declaring that all public powers emanate from the nation was rejected, on the 1st, by a vote of 214 to 18. Espartero has made an appeal to the country, insisting on the necessity of maintaining order and regularly paying the taxes. Mr. Soulé, the American Minister, had an audience of the Queen, on the 31st of January, and took leave.—From *Russia* reports are received of active efforts on the part of the Government to push on preparations for the war. Immense supplies have been ordered to be ready in the early spring, and the total forces in the field amount to six hundred and ninety-five thousand men.

From the *Crimea* we have no intelligence of special interest. Active operations on the part of the Allies against Sebastopol have been entirely suspended by the severity of the weather. The condition of the English army, in point of health and comfort, has been somewhat improved, but it is still far from satisfactory. The Russians make frequent sorties, which are marked by increasing boldness and vigor, but have been hitherto without much success.

Editor's Table.

THE SELF-MADE MAN—Who is he? What is he? and what his true position for good or for evil among the powers of the age? In laying this subject for dissection upon our Editorial Table, it is first of all important that we should see clearly what is before us. The phrase is an ambiguous one. It may include characters alike in some outward traits, yet essentially and widely different. In one import of the term, we can not help regarding the self-made man as the great nuisance of the age. For the sake of truth, then, as well as to avoid giving unnecessary offense, it becomes proper to define him with the utmost strictness. The language is often employed to denote not so much the inward state or culture, as the outward manner through which it has been attained. In this sense, it would represent nothing essential, nothing strictly entering into that peculiar spiritual constitution which it is our object to describe, and to which alone, in logical strictness, the term in question may be rightly applied.

To clear the field, then, it may be necessary, in the first place, to determine who the self-made man is not. The name is sometimes given to the truly noble individual who has received an education in the schools, but through pecuniary means acquired by his own exertions, or through the still harder struggle of patient privations for so honorable an end. This is not the self-made man. The term so applied is a gross misnomer, denoting a mere accident of life instead of essential character. This essential element of the spiritual state does not depend at all upon the fact of a man's having gone through college, as the phrase is. He may have had this advantage, and yet come forth one of the most odious specimens of the mischievous genus. He may have gone through college, and yet have been *made*, or *made himself*, through the newspaper, and the political debating club, instead of close converse with those studies which bring the individual mind in communion with the best thinking of the race and of the age. Our colleges are beginning to turn out a good deal of this self-made article. He may, on the other hand, have never been within the walls of a literary institution, and yet be possessed of an extensive, a thorough, and, at the same time, a most conservative culture, in all respects the opposite of that obtained by many a one who flaunts his bachelor's or master's degree.

Again, the term is sometimes applied to one whose education, or mental culture, has come through strictly *private study* without the aid of schools in any way. But neither can this mere accidental circumstance give us the essential difference of which we are in search. The culture thus acquired may, in truth, have come from *without*, just as much as though it had been obtained through the drill of the recitation-room, or the discipline of the office. A well-selected course of reading may have brought such a one in closest connection and sympathy with the best thinking of the best and most cultivated minds. It may have moulded his spirit into a catholic communion with such thinking, and thus produced in him that essential feature of soul which distinguishes between the true conservative and the mischievous self-made man in the worst aspect of the character. The one thus educated may have well used his

"private judgment" in procuring from the best books the best outward teaching. And this was pre-eminently the case with the oft cited and wrongly cited Franklin. This remarkable man was most remarkable in this, that his mind had been formed by closest converse with the best thinking and best writing, of the classical age of English literature. Franklin, although he lived in a revolutionary period, was eminently conservative in his modes of thought and feeling. Not that he was an admirer of aristocracy; for we know that all his tastes were republican; but in the higher and purer sense of the term he was conservative in all that respects those long settled ideas of government, those fundamental moral truths, and above all, those social and domestic institutions, which had grown out of the very constitution of humanity. There never was a man, we say it boldly, whose well-cultivated common sense would have more heartily despised that gabble about "ideas," and "movements," and "radical reforms," which characterizes your modern self-made railer at Society and the Church. Franklin is often claimed as an example of the uselessness of classical education; but any one who carefully examines his literary history must see that the legitimate inference from it is all the other way. It is true, he had not received such education directly, and yet he possessed its benefits in a more substantial manner than many who have graduated with college or university honors. The predominant conservatism of his literary tastes led him to see where the true excellence lay, and hence those efforts to form his style after the most classical English models—we mean those who were themselves most familiar with the sound thinking, the clear, manly, lofty spirit of the ancient classical authors. The admirer of Addison and Butler would never have been found among those "movement" men who now so falsely claim him. With all his well-known hatred of domestic oppression, he would have abhorred the doctrine of "woman's rights." His philanthropy would have held no fellowship with Garrison abolitionism. Although not distinguished for evangelical views in religion, he would have stood aghast at Parker, and found himself utterly puzzled to know what to make of New England and German transcendentalism. He knew too well what human nature was, and what it most needed, to believe for a moment that any of the "new phases of faith" that come floating up from these "children of the mist" could ever exert a moral power to be compared with that of the old homely "doctrines of grace." He was too truthful a spirit to have condemned Paine as he did, and yet to have had any respect for that deeper and more poisonous unbelief, that more faith-destroying denial of a personal Deity which is now openly vented in the lecture-room of the Young Men's Association, or finds a free passage in the columns of the widely-circulated daily newspaper. He was too honest a man to have understood why the Age of Reason should be banished to some obscure hole in Chatham Street, while a book of Mr. Newman, or a discourse on the "Mistakes of Jesus," or rank atheism in the form of German philosophy should command the most respectable publishers in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. Simple republicanism he loved with all his soul, but socialism,

Fourierism, all that beastly herding together of men and women to which we may apply the term communism, would have been an abomination to our republican sage. The pretended reasoning and the unhealthy sentiment of the school that supports it, with all its kindred ideas, would have been utter loathsomeness to the sound common sense, the conservative historical knowledge of such a mind as that of Benjamin Franklin.

But it may be said that such a man is, after all, self-made, because his selection of books, his choice of teachers, and thus, in some measure, the determination of the ideas suggested or received, may certainly be called his own. So it might seem on a superficial view of the case, and yet even here there must be the conservative character as a condition precedent. This is a state of mind rather than the possession of any certain dogmas or ideas. It is, in other words, the simple love of truth in distinction from the love of originality, or the vain conceit of "thinking for one's self." This love of truth will guide him, like an instinct, to the best sources of truth. Once upon the track, every step becomes more and more sure. One good book will lead him to another. That docility of soul which is the surest foundation for subsequent mental independence, as well as mental greatness, will be sure to bring him and keep him in the stream of soundest authority. And so his education is from *without*, however he may have come by it. Place such a mind in the most extensive library, and leave it to its own free roving. Order will soon arise out of the apparent chaos. He will soon get upon the track of catholic truth, because its consistency is in harmony with his own inward spiritual tastes. He will soon begin to separate the chaff from the wheat, the precious from the vile. He loves truth however old, and this preserves him from being led away by that apparent originality, but real monstrosity, of error, which is its great charm to the opposite state of soul.

There is another and modern example that is sometimes cited, but with still less propriety. The renowned Hugh Miller is brought forward as a fair specimen of the self-made man. Any one, however, may disabuse himself of the absurd notion, by merely comparing Hugh Miller with known examples of men among ourselves who are undoubtedly entitled to the name in all the merit or demerit of its most radical significance. How striking the difference between the sound, clear, conservative, religious, Bible-loving Scotchman, and the men whose idea the term most readily calls up! Who would venture to compare this sober believer in the soberest dogmas of the sober Church of Scotland with the apostles of the so much talked of Church of the Future? What sympathy has such a mind with the orators of Woman's Rights Conventions, and Hartford Conventions for discussing the claims of the Scriptures, and Conventions of Spiritual Rappers, and all other conventions that have grown out of what are called the "movements" of the day? Besides, we may say of Hugh Miller, as we said of Franklin—Although his education was of the most *private* kind, in one respect, yet it was, after all, by communion with the best outward teaching. He was a man *made from without*, notwithstanding his hours of study were snatched from the labors of the quarry, and his school-room was the shanty of the stone-mason. There was first of all among his teachers the old conservative Church of Scotland. Her catechisms

were his first text-books; her faithful catechising ministers his first instructors. This basis of truth once securely laid, he had an anchor that would hold him fast, or bring him back, however wide his after roamings. The next educational influence was his well-selected course of reading, as so graphically set forth in his own autobiography. His early training gave him a right start here, and then the causes we have already mentioned secured, *for such a mind*, that his way would become clearer, firmer, safer, at every step in his moral and intellectual progress.

We might dwell upon other uses of the phrase. There is the self-made man in business, the maker of his own fortune, as he is styled. All credit be awarded to him for the example he gives the world of energy and successful perseverance. But he is not the character of which we are in search. He is not our self-made man. But where, then, is he to be found? If not Franklin, or Hugh Miller, or such a man as Astor or Girard, who and what is he? We beg the reader's patience. The man is a reality, a most mischievous reality. He is in the midst of us, doing his work of spiritual disorganization. The males and females of this noxious species are daily vending a spiritual poison more hurtful to the souls of men, especially the young, more injurious to the ultimate health of society, than all the bad liquor that is retailed from the dens, and cellars, and bar-rooms that the righteous Maine Law is soon about to close. The name of this self-made man is not one but legion. He is to be found in almost all the departments of life—in the office, in the lecturer's desk, in the editorial closet, in the school-room sometimes, and occasionally even in the pulpit. We have dwelt long enough on the negative side; let us proceed to describe him positively. He is the man who boasts of having done all his own thinking, who utterly despises that teaching by authority, which, when made the beginning of education, either religious or secular, will ever be found to be the surest foundation for clear, manly, independent thought in all after-life. He is the man who professes to have thought out of himself, and *by* himself, and *for* himself, and *in his own right*, all the difficulties in morals and politics, to have solved all the hard problems in theology. He is the man who claims to reopen all questions, and to regard nothing as settled. With him any established opinions are but fetters on the human mind. The world has been all wrong; but instead of the humbling feeling such a conviction of human weakness ought to produce and would produce in the truly thinking soul, it only fills him with the inflating conceit that the rectification of all this error, the enlightenment of all this ignorance, is his allotted mission. Society has failed, the State has failed, the Church has failed, and now he, modest man, would try alone. They have rather covered the earth with darkness; it is his office to dissipate it. Truth has not yet been found in a search of six thousand years; it is his mission to draw her up from the dark well in which she has lain so long concealed. This is the man; and in this sense of the term so carefully defined, may it be truly maintained that the individual who has *thus made himself*, has made a very narrow, a very conceited, and a very mischievous thing.

Directly opposed to this is the conservative mind, and the conservative man. As his name implies, he is for *holding together* all the world has ever learned. The conservative loves to think with

others as far as he possibly can. He loves to hold with the wise and good of past ages. He may not be able always to do this, for he acknowledges the infallibility of nothing human; but when compelled to differ, it is with pain and great reluctance. He loves to think with the most serious minds that have represented the unearthly teaching of the Church; he loves to agree with the soberest intellects that have adorned the State. If he finds the course of his own speculations leading in a different direction, he would examine and re-examine opinions apparently the most plausible, rather than hold them at such a sacrifice of communion with the head and heart of all past humanity. He holds to the noble aphorism of Burke, "The individual indeed is weak, but the race is strong." He knows from history that each age has its immense amount of froth, and scum, and useless debris, borne down by its swollen torrent, and yet that every age leaves its small *residuum* to be added to the general stock of human wisdom. It is this he reverences; not that noisy, empty, explosive effervescence, which never can be rightly estimated until it has passed away—not the "*spirit of the age*," but the higher, the more abiding, the more divine *spirit of the ages*.

Hence we may boldly assert what will strike some minds as a paradox. The radical may wonder at it as a sort of invasion of a prescriptive right, and yet it is none the less certain, that the conservative is the true humanitarian, none the less certain that radicalism, or this so-called self-culture, is the grand disorganizer. The reason comes directly from our fundamental definition of the man. The state of soul which constitutes him what he is, is the most intense form of selfishness. And hence that monstrous result which some chapters in modern history have so strikingly shown—a movement commencing with the cant of fraternity and philanthropy, yet ending in a demon cruelty, of which, had not the experiment been tried, human nature might well have been thought incapable. The actors were doubtless sincere in a certain sense; they doubtless believed in their "mission" as patriots and reformers; and yet it is none the less certain that they knew no more of themselves than Hazael did when he said to the prophet, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" We may well ask—Are the same species of men now on the stage of action any more to be trusted?

But let us proceed to some of the distinctive traits of the character we are discussing. In the first place, then, we say, that our self-made man may be known by his intolerance. This, too, may sound paradoxical; and yet who that studies him well can doubt its most literal truth? Experience here most abundantly confirms the conclusion which might have been derived from the elemental analysis of the character. If you wish to find bigotry of the rankest kind, go to the men who are making the age ring with their talk of progress and new ideas. If you wish to find the narrowest intolerance toward all other men's thinking, go to those who are claiming for themselves the widest license to depart from all doctrines that have been held most sacred among mankind. If you wish for examples of coarse vituperation, of bitter railing, of impudent impeachment of other men's motives, go to those who are the most keenly sensitive lest their own claim to the most disinterested philanthropy should be called in ques-

tion, and who erect themselves into martyrs on the least appearance of opposition to any of their favorite dogmas.

And here, too, the explanation of the paradox is found in the same elementary constitution of character. The self-made man's opinions are *his own*. He has made them; he has begotten them; he has nursed them; he has thought them all out, and without any external aid. He has got them neither from books nor from the schools. Hence, whoever calls them in question is invading a private right, an individual peculium, and he turns upon the assailant with the growl of the mastiff; he denounces him with a wrathfulness to which the hottest war of ecclesiasticism can hardly be compared. The world has experienced the evils of spiritual despotism; it has yet, perhaps, to try that harder experiment, the tender mercies of an infidel radicalism, when it has become the predominant influence in society. The true conservative, on the other hand, belies his fundamental character, if he be not long-suffering toward error, and charitable even to the intolerant. He knows too well with what effort truth is gained and error shunned. He sees too keenly the difficulties that hang round all those questions which the self-taught radical disposes of so flippantly. He understands too well that all such questions have two sides to them, and that the plausible aspect that presents itself to the man who does all his own thinking is in most cases the same that has ever deceived this class of minds. Their strikingly new and original truths are ever old errors coming over and over again, although perhaps in ever-varied and deceptive forms.

The self-made man boasts of his independence. It would be easy to prove him the veriest slave. His avoidance of any thing like settled truth through fear lest he should be regarded as not thinking for himself on all subjects, puts him under a servile yoke which has all the constraint without any of the dignity of true authority. The conservative, on the other hand, can afford to maintain a settled dogma; he has the moral courage to say things that are not original; he can afford to hold trite opinions, if they are but sound and salutary. In his eyes truth loses none of its beauty through age. The purer, the brighter, the holier it becomes, in proportion to the number of souls it has guided to the haven of spiritual rest. The conservative can afford to have a creed. His maligner knows nothing of the hard thinking, the mental throes through which the mind may have been brought to repose upon it. He treats lightly the symbols and confessions of the Churches, and sometimes he is joined in this by the man who would even be esteemed orthodox and evangelical; but neither of them has any true conception of the real nature of the authorities they so love to revile. To such men the Confessions and Articles of sober Christendom are nothing more than results of individual thinking; and hence their foolish clamor about the *right* and freedom of private judgment. One man's opinion, they say, is as good as another's. Besides, thinking is a *right* instead of a high and responsible *duty*, with truth, however obtained, for its only aim. It is a *right*, say they, like the right of speech, or the right of the press, or the right of suffrage. It is a right, and therefore every man has a right to think as he pleases, whether he thinks right or not. He has a right to be absurd, if he fancies he can be original in that way. Thus

viewed, to be sure, nothing could be more preposterous than to have one man's thinking controlled by another's thinking. But the intelligent conservative knows better than all this. He sees in the common symbol or confessions of the Church of which he is a well-instructed member, the collective instead of the individual mind, and therefore he reverences even where he does not deem them infallible. They are the religious thinking of the ages that has assumed these outward forms. They are the thinking of the most pious, the most wise, the most learned, ever converging to a communion both of idea and expression on the great truths presented by revelation. They are like the old melodies which were never made by any individual composer, although he may have arranged them and given them their artistic form, but have grown out of the heart of the nation, no one knows when nor how. Who that has a soul to his ear would not feel how much better their music than that which is manufactured expressly for the orchestra? He is the true re-former who revives these old harmonies. He is the true re-former who stamps anew, bright and clear, the old coins whose image had become obscured through abuse, or debased by a corrupt authority. Or, to change the metaphor, he is the true re-former who digs up old truths, who restores them to their true place in the catholic thinking, and cleanses them from the rubbish under which they may have been buried in the world's false progress.

To the conservative mind such articles and confessions, thus representative of the best thinking of the ages and of the Church, are *prima facie* evidence of truth. He most rationally takes them as starting positions, to be called in question only when another and higher authority imperatively demands that he should do so. More truly independent than the radical, he yet loves to think as the best in the world have thought before him. It gives him pain when compelled to differ from them. He shrinks from that in which the other man finds his supreme pleasure. To him there is darkness, and skepticism, and almost despair, in the thought that all are wrong while he alone is right, if, indeed, in such circumstances, he can bring himself to believe that right and truth are attainable by the human mind.

The difference between the two characters is a moral one. It springs from the presence or absence of the humanitarian spirit. It is all the difference between the pure love of truth and the love of opinion. Clear, certain, established truth, in respect to the great relations of the soul to other souls, and to the Father of spirits; this is the rest, the beatific vision for which the conservative longs, and which he prizes above all progress. It is such truth he loves all the better for its being old. Its preciousness is in proportion to the number of dark souls it has enlightened, the number of weary souls it has refreshed. He loves truth for its own sake; but he despairs of finding it, if it has not yet been found, or revealed to the world. If now six thousand years, at least, since the creation of man, the very prime articles of moral and political philosophy are unknown; if, eighteen hundred years after the Light Himself has come, the question may yet be asked, What is Christianity? he has no hope in any individual discovery; no faith in any individual solutions of the great problems of the ages.

The reader, of course, can not fail to see that our remarks are not applicable, or intended to be ap-

plied, to physical discovery, but to the great truths of mental, moral, political, and theological science. Here steamboats, and telegraphs, and even printing-presses, give one age no advantage over another. Here arise the great questions with which the best minds of the world have been ever intently occupied—the great questions on which revelation professes to have come to our assistance. And now to think of a man ignoring all this, either because he knows no better, or because he chooses to make a merit of it, and gravely telling his readers, or an audience like himself, that in one or all of these departments he has thought out for himself what all other minds had failed to see before; that the world and the Church, for example, had been all darkness heretofore in respect to the right idea of moral obligation, or the nature of sin, or the true idea of punishment; that men had never possessed any proper notion of the nature or end of Government; that the nations had remained profoundly ignorant of the laws of social organization until Fourier revealed it to them; that Christianity had never been understood until the days of Maurice, and that the Bible had remained a dead letter until some modern interpretation unlocked its secret cabala, and revealed its long hidden cipher.

The most melancholy part of the spectacle is the unconscious ignorance often exhibited in respect to what has been done before by stronger and better minds in all these departments. A man writes a book, for example, on the "Nature of Evil," or he tries his hand, nothing daunted by a thousand failures, on the awful question of its "origin." To one familiar with the history of this question it is quite clear that he has explained evil only by denying its existence. He, however, is sure of having "solved the problem." He is quite certain he has made predestination as plain as the drawing of a lottery, and original sin as easy to be understood as a bond and mortgage. He has found out the radical error of the Church, and right where St. Paul, although he meant well and had some glimpse of the truth, did not fully understand himself. But the real wonder is his perfect ignorance of the fact that the world has been told all this before, many times before. What is there in it all which one schoolman has not dreamed of, and another schoolman abundantly refuted. We make bold to affirm that it can all be found in Thomas Aquinas, either as answer or objection, and plenty more of the same kind beside. And so we may say of the most acute productions of our self-taught metaphysics, or self-inspired transcendentalism. The latest New England speculation was refuted by Anselm one thousand years ago. Go to the Astor library. Turn over the clasped pages that have slumbered for centuries, and you will find it all. Make allowance for the difference between the modern pretentious style and the concise technical logic of the old scholasticism or the old mysticism, and it will be seen that every thought which the modern writer puts forth, all his "keys" and "problems," his new discoveries in Christianity, his metaphysical eclecticism, all thought out by himself and bran-new as he supposed them to be, may all be found substantially, somewhere in these old worm-eaten, dust-covered memorials of controversies which the world can never settle, yet never suffer to repose.

This unconscious ignorance is absurd enough; but there is an absurdity beyond it all, when such

writers, and such lecturers, gravely talk of their being martyrs—martyrs for their new ideas forsooth—and complain of the persecution they encounter from an ungrateful world and a bigoted Church. With what modesty, too, will they not sometimes compare their opponents to Scribes and Pharisees, thereby hinting at no very obscure parallel between themselves and the Saviour of the world! They work no miracles it is true, but then the higher rationality of their doctrines gives them a better claim to the world's deference than those bare dogmas of authority which demand so unphilosophical a support.

But what then of the Protestant Reformation? it may be said. We have already characterized it. It was an age in which old truths were brought to light and re-established as old truths. It was a most serious age; it was a modest age; and in all these respects, especially in the latter, it differed widely from our own. Not less foolish than the opposing radicalism is that conservatism which would deny the present century great and peculiar merits in some most important departments of knowledge. But, certainly, modesty is not one of its excellences. In the Protestant Reformation there was deep earnestness; there was keen excitement; there was intense thinking on fundamental truth; there was a wide waking up of the human soul; but it was because of all this deep earnestness that there was no time or thought of boasting. It was a true reforming age, and had work to do which would not allow it to be forever talking about itself, and "its mission," and keeping up an eternal din about what it was going to do, and contemptuously asserting its immense superiority over all others, and foolishly maintaining that in coming to its birth time had actually made a leap and released it from all connection with the past. We are only asserting what every one at all acquainted with the history of that period knows to be true. The reader is left to draw the only inference that can be drawn in its bearing upon our own age. In all the voluminous theological works of the Reformers there is not so much talk of high views, and deep views, and new views, as in one modern sermon. All the writings of every kind during that remarkable period, and, we may even say, the century that followed it, would not present so much of this frothy self-laudation, as may be heard in one Hope Chapel meeting of "strong-minded women" and "self-made" men.

Editor's Easy Chair.

JOHN did not send Jemima a Valentine this year, as he has been in the habit of doing. Jemima was surprised; and when he came in the evening, she displayed a little natural displeasure.

"Why have I not received a Valentine?" she asked, at length; and hinted darkly that she feared the faithlessness of man.

"My dear Jemima," said John, "it is a vulgar thing. How could I send you what Sambo was going to send to Miranda? I am very sorry, but every boot-black now sends a Valentine to every chamber-maid, and I have too profound a respect for my Jemima to insult her by doing what every bumpkin could do."

John thus expressed the philosophy of the decline of the honor for this happy festival. Every few years the ardor revives, and the postman groans

under the sweet missives, as tables are said to groan under the delicacies of the season. It is a sad defection. All youths and maidens naturally sigh. John secretly curses Sambo; and Jemima wishes Miranda wouldn't. It is a decline in which we are all interested.

Our elegant young friends in the city have long since outgrown this weakness, however. They remember to have read of this festival, and to have sent pictorial sugar-plums, at an earlier day, to the queen of the moment. They are astonished now, being nineteen years of age, that they could ever have condescended to such folly. Life is a draught so soon drained! They are content to quote Ophelia now, when Valentine's Day comes round, and to suffer silence in their muse. Sambo can send a Valentine, Miranda can receive a rose. What Sambo can send, and Miranda can receive, is not for John and Jemima. It is hard, because it cuts them off from a good deal. But they resign themselves with pure heroism, and endure like martyrs.

There are certain things, to be sure, which an irrevocable fate will not allow them to avoid. They are compelled to breathe the same air, to see the same sky, to smell the same odors, and to hear the same sounds as Sambo and Miranda. There is no exclusiveness of the senses. It is amusing to see John's inability to perceive that a gentleman shows himself, not in what he does or avoids doing, but by the *manner* in which he does or refrains from doing. A gentleman is not an affair of fine broadcloth and small boots. He is a being who wears coarse clothes and large boots, if necessary, in such a way that your exquisite pedestals, dear Adonis, seem to be trivial and feeble. If all the Sambos in creation make a vulgar bow, bowing does not thereby become vulgar; but when Sir Philip Sidney salutes a friend, the act is a most graceful and courteous recognition.

It is hard for Adonis to learn this. He will not believe it. Adonis tries to be fine by not doing what his valet does. But he can not help it. He must eat and drink, and sleep, and talk, and love Venus. His French valet does no less. When will Adonis learn that if he be a gentleman, and his valet only a valet, there can be no more real resemblance between them than between a star and the sun, which are both light-giving bodies.

Ah! gracious reader, forgive a grave old Easy Chair, that moralizes even on St. Valentine's Day. It will be long past when you hear this moralizing; gone with the summer walks and the remembered dances of years and years ago. Such distance is there in a few days! So far and so fatally a little time severs us from what we believed to be immortal!

These happy holidays belong to youth in this country, and youth enjoys them with a half shame and a doubtful glance over the shoulder, and seems a little ashamed to enjoy. This, too, is an affectation that we have carefully imported from England, and it is also deeper and sadder than an affectation, for it is grounded in our national character. The affectation comes from an imitation of the English habit of not suffering the conversation to rise above the level of the lowest capacity, which—if we may believe Mr. Willis, whom the English have never forgiven for what he saw and said in England—is the grand principle of British conversation. This was a fineness of observation, a subtlety of criticism, which we do not pretend to justify. We beg indignant John Bulls not to break the legs

of our Chair. We are not responsible for the remark.

Contemporary with this, of course, was the insolent indifference which the American Adonis conceives to be the height of elegance. Where general social stupor reigned, there was a natural torpidity of manner. Gradually this grew into a desire to avoid all appearance of excitement. Hence came the indifference, and hence, in due season, the affectation of indifference.

These are all presumptive results, based upon the Willis theories of English society. If those theories are false, or foolish, it makes the task of defining the origin of the well-bred young American dullness more difficult.

But, whatever be its origin, its influence is plain. Enthusiasm—ardor of every kind—is not the thing. Bumpkins have had holidays, but what will the gentleman do with a holiday? Peasants dance with vigor; will the gentleman forget himself into enjoyment? In the South, in Italy, upon sunny days, the bright-jacketed *contadino* dances the Tarantella or the Saltarella with his dark-eyed partner. Eyes flash, feet twinkle, bosoms heave, and graceful hands play in the sparkling air. It is a movement and a melody which are not forgotten; which forever restore Italy to the most treacherous memory, when they are seen and heard. The air, the sky, and the scene, have each their part in it. The waters of the bay, and the fragrance of the orange groves, and the glistening of the olives, have their share in the Tarantella and the Saltarella. Manliness and agility unite in the man; picturesque beauty and bold grace in the woman. A handsome Italian peasant dancing is sculptured on memory like a faun upon a vase.

Behold the American Adonis! With what grave sadness, with what sweet melancholy, he moves through the swift waltz! The solemnity of life strikes him at that moment! The profound grief of many misdeeds confounds him. Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of Fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of Hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, ponder the dancing of the American Adonis.

You will not wonder, when you see him, that our fairest festivals languish, that the postman groans under no sweet messages, and that the good Bishop Valentine sways his mild crozier over heretics. But looking away from him, even into the national character, you find a deeper and more real gravity, a sombre dullness, which sufficiently explains the gloom of our holiday calendar.

It is hard for us to enjoy. We do not taste the exhilaration of wine, which the Temperance Society holds to be its worst foe, but we get drunk. We can not have cheap pleasures. We estimate delight, as we do a dinner, by its cost. Charles Lamb entertained upon toasted cheese and gintoddy. But we must have the rarest game and the costliest wines. Therefore we meet less frequently, and we treat our enjoyment as we do our best furniture. Once in a while we take off the covers, and then sit dismally still lest we should soil the damask. Epaminondas—that sharp observer of men and manners, and our special friend—says that in Germany he has so often seen a man with his pipe and mug of beer and newspaper, and his *frau* with her knitting and coffee, sit for a long evening and listen to the best music, performed as

we can not hear it even by engaging front seats at a premium, and all for a mere song, that he pities his friends who pay heavily for the privilege of sitting solemnly in good places for poor sights and sounds.

The Germans are much inferior to the independent American citizen in many things, but the capacity of enjoyment is not one of them. That is one of the things in which Europeans generally are superior to him.

But it is foolish to rail at it; it is foolish to make fun of fate. National character is not to be laughed into a radical change. Manners may change, and morals may yield to sly satire and delicate reproof, but complexion remains the same. Into the Italian music you can not import the grave splendor of the German, nor can you kindle the latter with the airy sparkle and the passionate touch of the south. The Yankee can not play. If he goes to Rome and tries the Carnival, he flings handfuls of blinding *confetti* at every passenger, supposing that to be the fun. He does not know that the Italian used to fling a handful of light sugar-plums to his mistress upon the balcony, to attract her attention before tossing her a bouquet; and that the grim Englishmen and sad Yankees have spoiled the sport and the poetry by the baskets of lime with which they shower blindness upon Rome.

Jonathan must let the *fêtes* and holidays go. They have their gentle laureates, who have embalmed their memory in poetry and prose—which is, perhaps, almost as fine a pleasure as the festivals themselves. All the rites of rustic England live for us in Gay; and Charles Lamb is at least Arch-Deacon of Bishop Valentine. Only let the children enjoy while they may. Be as little surly as possible when they are noisy and romping in their games. There is sweeter music in the boy's loud shout in the nursery—in which it sounds as if the wardrobe had tumbled into the bedstead, and both had simultaneously smashed in great agony—than in the hushed sob of the mother at your side and the unnatural silence up stairs.

Ah! if we can't be merry, let us be as merry as we can.

MR. MUMM, the great lecturer, stepped in the other day, and wished us good-morning. Mr. Mumm has a pleasing air of importance. He has a genial patronizing air which seems to say cheerfully to every body, "You didn't know I was Mumm—the eminent Mumm—did you?"

But he has a right to put his hands in his pocket and laugh at the world. Mumm is in demand. Mumm has innumerable invitations to lecture. He makes his choice among all the leading lyceums. He views life from the lecturing point of view. All the world's a lyceum, and all the men and women merely audience. He districts the country. He has his beat, his parish, let us rather say his diocese.

A mild diocesan is Mumm. He fulminates no anathemas; but gently, and with regard to the weaklings of his charge, he gets off his smooth sentences, his calm platitudes.

Sitting in this Easy Chair, we can smile at Mumm, and crack jokes, that go off without much report, about Mumm's head. He smiles too, and receives his nightly fee. Perhaps several men could be hired as butts at a liberal salary. At least it is unfair to make them so before you have concluded a bargain. In the case of Mumm, you never know distinctly whether you or he is the mark of a butt. He has such a placid way of

taking your thrusts, that you feel your own breast to see if you are yourself wounded, and remember vaguely the ingenious headsmen of the Sultan who removed heads so smoothly that not until a sudden movement made it fall did the victim know that he was headless.

Mumm has just returned from a long tour, and he exasperates Adonis—who passes for a man of talent, upon the score of a kind of supercilious sarcasm in which he indulges—by talking rather loftily of his success.

"My dear Mumm," says Adonis, "do you know the difference between you and me?"

Perhaps it would not be difficult to interpret Mumm's smile, but he says placidly:

"No; I wish there were no difference. It grieves me to be different from my dear Adonis."

"The difference is, that you have given your guage to the public and I have not. Every body knows just what you can do. Now they don't know but that I am capable of Miltonic or Shakspearian performances. At least, dear Mumm, I have the advantage of obscurity."

"That is true," replies the lecturer, musing, "that is very true. Perhaps I have made a mistake. But, dear Adonis, I can advise you one thing very sincerely."

"Well?" said Adonis, serenely triumphant.

"Never give your guage to the public, and you will be sure of its good opinion," says Mumm.

Adonis trips gracefully away, and Mumm answers his lecture invitations.

We turned to read some of the anonymous letters which are sent to us by the indignant gentlemen who do not chance to agree with us in our comments upon life around us—letters which frighten us so much, and inspire such admiration of the courage of their authors; for, of all heroes, certainly the writer of an anonymous letter is the most remarkable—when Mumm looked up and said, in effect:

"The truth is, that the popular lecture is an American and a Yankee institution. In Europe they have learned lectures, and college lectures, and occasional lectures before lyceums of workingmen; courses of lectures before Academies of Science, Literature, and Art; but there is nothing corresponding to our popular lecture, which is delivered a hundred times in a season, from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, which is by far the best paid literary work, and by which a reputation may be made.

"The lecture with us takes the place of the theatre in Europe. The theatre is not indigenous in America. The managers are usually foreigners, and the actors and the plays are the same. We hear London jokes, and Cockney slang, and a general humor which would seem to imply some knowledge of London for its full enjoyment; and we have French vaudevilles, in which the delicate wit of the Gaul suffers in the English as Ariel suffered in the pine, and which shrinks and shudders outside of Paris. There has never been an American theatre. Americans have written plays which have been popular—but the sceptred pall has passed us by. The whole spirit of the drama with us is foreign.

"But the lecture has all the freshness and success of a native growth. It began some twenty or thirty years ago in New England. The vicinity of Boston was first lighted by this rising power; and Boston, with poetic gratitude, now furnishes a

greater proportion of the best and most popular lecturers than any other city. Most of the young professional men, and all who love the Muses, try it, at least. New England is dreadfully beleaguered. Every evening of the week usually brings some 'entertainment' of the kind, as it is courteously termed. The Mercantile Library of Boston, like an immense corporation doing a tremendous business, runs, as it were, two express trains of lectures during the week. The huge Tremont Temple is crowded, and all the noted men of the moment pass in review before the sad, hard eye of Boston and its neighborhood. It is not often deceived. It has had such long experience, and is so impervious to quips that would set a Western audience into roars of hilarity, that, while it cheerfully welcomes, that sad, hard eye discreetly measures, every aspirant.

"I should say," said Mr. Mumm, probably remembering some joke of his own which hung fire, "I should say that the New England audience was blasé.

"Yet nothing," he continued, "can be pleasanter than to watch the differences of audiences. There are always two sides to a lecture—the lecturer's and that of the audience. The elders go to judge—but they are also judged. The youth go to admire—but they are in turn admired. Some audiences are sensitive as a young girl. They betray the slightest emotion, as her cheek flushes and pales with flitting feeling. They smile where even I, Mr. Mumm, hardly expected a smile; and to every well-directed joke they pay the homage of the loudest laughter."

"And tears?" interrupted we—

"Are rarely shed in the lyceum," responded Mr. Mumm.

"Yet," said he, after a pause, "I am not sure that silence is not the best applause.* An audience will often laugh at a joke when they care nothing for the lecture, as in the dullest political speech they will cheer any favorite allusion. To hold a hundred or a thousand people eagerly interested, 'breathless,' as the enthusiastic newspapers say the next morning, is a satisfaction which only the speaker or singer can know. To sway them magnetically to and fro; to make them half-draw their swords, as Hungarian orators have done; or to listen to the clank of chains, with Patrick Henry; or to throw rings and ribbons into the charity-box, as with Whitfield and Bossuet—these are the rare and lofty triumphs of oratory; these are the incidents that elevate eloquence to a fine art.

"Some of our lecturers have made the great mistake of supposing that success was sure, if they could only make the audience laugh. They have disproved their own theory by not being asked again. In every audience there is a nucleus of sense and judgment which passes the final decree. The Rev. Dr. Azote comes up to the lecture-desk wrapped in a prodigious mantle of theological fame; but the wise men yawn and sleep in their hearts, and the Rev. Dr. Azote is immensely complimented, and is not asked next year. Dr. Azote's 'solempnity' does not impose upon the lyceum. Young Farr Niente, who came home from Europe yesterday, goes out to the Codtown Literary Institute this evening, and lectures upon the present state of the war, with a general glance at history

* "Mr. Mumm has some dreadfully dry lectures."—*From private correspondence of Amanda M—, in —, State of —, addressed to this Easy Chair.*

and a theory of the future. Farr thinks it is rather a brilliant thing, although he threw it off one morning between the third and fourth cigars. But the sensible young men of Codtown don't happen to agree with Niente, and he is cheerfully paid, praised—and dropped. It is the same with Rident, the funny man, who was droll for an hour. The next morning the shoemaker asked the baker what the lecture was about. 'Well, I declare I've forgotten,' said the baker. It is prophetic; and Rident arrides the baker no more.

"A lecture," continued Mr. Mumm, holding fast to the arm of our Easy Chair, so that polite escape was hopeless, "is neither a sermon, nor a speech, nor an essay. It partakes of the pith of a sermon,* the fluency of a speech, and the ease of an essay. But it must hit a hundred audiences and please all. It is not the easiest thing to write; and a man used to writing to be read will be surprised to find how much he must change and modify—how he must heighten his lights and deepen his shadows before the work is appreciated as he wishes it to be.

"It is my opinion," said Mr. Mumm, as if he were about saying a pretty good thing, "that a lecture is like a picture which must be painted up to the general tone of the gallery, in which it is hung. When it is finished in the studio, it may fail of its proper effect in the exhibition; and as the artist is admitted upon 'varnishing day' to paint up his picture, or paint it down, as may chance, so ought the lecturer to have a rehearsal or two, not of friends—those inconsiderate flatterers—but of strangers. Let him go quietly out to the dullest village he knows and try his weapon. If the audience goes out, or goes to sleep, or talks loud, there is one verdict. If it whispers and yawns at intervals, there is another. If it rustles, that is good. If it is still, without sleep, and scrapes its feet a little at the end, that is best of all, and the lecture will do.

"Lecturing is becoming a profession," said Mr. Mumm, jingling the loose coin in his pocket. "I said that no literary work was so well paid. A man writes a single lecture, and delivers it forty, fifty, or a hundred times. He receives emolument, therefore," said Mr. Mumm, slowly, as if calculating. "During all this time he is traveling, and may do nothing else, if he has nothing else to do. If he has, it will be hard to find the time to work. Fragments of days, sudden odd hours after long travel and fatigue, and subject to the irruption of committees, are not the best times nor conditions for working. But he sees many people and many things in the most intimate and agreeable way. If he is fond of incense, he has a chance of snuffing it. If he thinks he is a great man, and that every body in the reading-room of the village tavern is looking over the top of the paper, and nudging his neighbor with the hot whisper, 'That is MUMM!' he has one chance of being undeceived. If he listens slyly, he will overhear, 'And who is Mr. Mumm?' On the whole, I consider lecturing good to bleed a man's vanity. The newspapers have a chance at him. 'Mr. Mumm, of whom we have heard such astounding reports, will probably not set the river on fire. His voice is monotonous, his manner uninteresting, and his matter trivial. The stalwart stomachs of a Codtown audience require something stronger than *sweet froth*.'

"When you open the paper in the morning, it

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is not so pleasant to suppose that the other people are looking over the top of the sheet, having just read the notice of last evening's lecture, and saying, 'that's MUMM!' It is not so pleasant to be Mumm the next morning.

"Then time goes in lecturing, and valuable time. I, Mr. Mumm, who am married, hear plaintive requests from Mrs. Mumm, when I return after a month's tour, that I would stay at home a little.

"My dear Mrs. Mumm," I always say, with, I hope, pardonable levity, 'I *do* stay at home a little; and a very little, my fond Amelia Jane,' I exclaim, clasping that person to my bosom.

"But if I were a bachelor even, I should regret this constant travel in winter. A lecturer becomes a Bedouin, a 'vagrom' person, a tramp; and his mind tramps too. He loses the good habit of regular work. He feeds upon a gentle excitement. He strikes for immediate and palpable results—forgetting that the foundations of great works, like those of great temples, are laid out of sight. He wants applause, or admiration, or, at least, appreciation. This, I mean, gets to be the tendency.

"But it is hard to make lecturing a profession, because the public is capricious. It tires of its favorites. They must retire and refresh. They must not try to live always in its eye. Besides, it summons lecturers to look at them. Having walked across the street upon your elbow, you are mentioned in the papers—and the Codtown Literary Institute immediately invites you to lecture. You appear, and discourse upon the esoteric doctrines of Plato. The Literary Institute is indignant, for it wanted you, somehow, to walk on your elbow in the lecture. The Literary Institute always wants a man to do in his lecture the particular thing which made him famous enough to be asked.

"Ah! well, I am afraid that even I, Mr. Mumm, am sometimes only invited as a phenomenon.

"This caprice is not unnatural when you consider that the lyceum is usually a resort for amusement. It is the theatre, the opera, the assembly, the exchange of the town. Girls go there to flirt; young men go to help them. Mothers go because they want to break up the intolerable monotony of staying at home, and fathers go because their wives do. If you can amuse, you are fortunate; yet, if you only amuse, you have not succeeded. Under cover of your fun you must say what you have to say.

"Meanwhile the lecture is growing to be one of the great powers of this country. The lecturer is a preacher, with perfect freedom to make fun or to draw tears. The audience sit before him willing and open-hearted, not mailed in the sense of habit and a tacit resistance as in church. People go to church, and expect to hear trite moral truths put in a commonplace way, and they curl up easily in the corner and doze pleasantly through the sermon. But the same truth flashing and sparkling in the lecture-desk, comes home with a force they had not dreamed of. It takes them unawares. The appeal is from man to man, and as man to man, which it is not always from the pulpit.

"It is remarkable, also, that the men who are the most popular and the most eagerly sought as lecturers, are those who have been marked a little, either in the pulpit or out of it, for freedom and generosity of thought and the warmest sympathy with all humane movements. It shows that the public mind is alive and throbs with noble emotion. But the audience grows also in its re-

quirements. It insists upon a constantly higher excellence in the lecturers. The standard rises, and the man who pleased last year will not satisfy this season, unless he does better than then.

"In fine," said Mr. Mumm, "to hear a thinker tell his thoughts, and a traveler his travels, and an observer of life and society his criticisms, is among the purest of social pleasures, because it is man imparting his individuality to man. Nor will the fame of one consume that of another. Doe need not be jealous of Roe; there is plenty of fame for every body who can make a name, just as there is plenty of light for any number of dark holes. If the mammoth cave should be suddenly opened and light let in, the air of Kentucky would not be a shade darker. There is light enough, and fame enough, and love enough, for all objects.

"True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

"And yet," said Mr. Mumm, after a pause, "those lines were written by Shelley, who despaired, when he heard some cantos of Byron's *Don Juan*. He knows now that it is as true of fame as of love, and that the *Cenci* and the *Odes*, the *Alastor* and the *Adonais*, are not less dear because *Childe Harold* is fine and *Don Juan* the saddest and most sparkling social epic of its era.

"But I forgot that I was not in the lecture-desk," said Mr. Mumm, releasing the arm of the Easy Chair.

WE lately rolled our Easy Chair into a railroad car, and saw more sights and went farther than we had paid for. For we went back into the past century, and saw groups with which the old novelists were familiar; scenes that are rare with us Americans, and which recall Fielding, Smollet, and the *Beggars' Opera*. It is by such odd and out-of-the-way incidents that the *actuality* of the old authors is proved. Their *reality*, of course, is self-evident. A man who reads Goldsmith's essays observingly, is surprised to find how entirely different in the details London life is from our own. And yet he will understand the jokes, and sympathize with the general spirit of the scene. Few men in Boston, or New York, or Cincinnati, or New Orleans, have ever met such a charming vagabond as Goldsmith's friend, the poor player, in the park. And yet what man in all these cities, who observes life and the play of character, does not know him perfectly well? As for his little man in black, he is one of our especial friends, and we mean to introduce him, in good time, to the other friends of this Easy Chair.

But this time our adventure is with a party of players, which we met in the cars, genuine "play-actors," traveling together, not strolling about the country with a covered wagon, as in last century times, and yet "strolling" as much as was possible in cars.

We were scarcely seated before we knew our company. They occupied about a quarter of the car, and talked constantly with a loud laugh in their voices, not as if any thing in particular amused them, but as if they had a habit of jollity. One voice was sweet; the others were coarse and hard. The sweet voice was called "Miss Beverley," and they were all named just as players should be, precisely as Cairo looks as a city of the Arabian Nights ought to look. There were "Miss Beverley," and "Mr. De Wolfe," and "Mr. Mortimer," and "Frederick," and "Julia." It was hard to

say whether these names were real or only translated from the stage. There is some subtle magic by which a player's life is just reversed. Seen by daylight it is tawdry, and glittering, and pallid, like his cheeks and dress. But by lamp-light, and upon the stage, it becomes harmonious and proper.

Miss Beverley, and Julia, and the other ladies were quietly dressed. Their kid gloves were soiled, and their collars were not fresh, and their mouths were not beautiful. But there was nothing flashy nor obtrusive in their appearance. "Miss De Vere" had a low brow and serpent eyes, like the model *Grazia* in Rome, and could have well done the Lady Macbeths and Queen Catherines. Miss Beverley, with her sweet voice and sparkling eye, would have brought down the house as Julia or Rosalind. Miss Julia could have filled all parts equally well.

But the gentlemen were very fine. Mr. De Wolf had a smooth black hat with the under part of the rim roughed up, and a cloak draped Hamlet-wise upon his shoulders. Mr. Mortimer's black eyes languished in a jungle of hair curled by the barber into resistless ringlets; and all the gentlemen wore impressive buttons and heavy chains—generally not gold—while full fancy trowsers and gay cravats completed the effect. Sing, O Muse! that their cheeks had the chalky pallor of old and dry rouge-beds; that there was a general odor of pomatum and essential oils; that the hair of each was curled and glistened; that their fingers had a slightly "grimé" aspect; and their feet were large enough to support any possible future corporeal increase.

They had pet dogs and Guinea pigs, which ran about the cars, making friends every where, climbing up and leaning over, nosing about for choice bits of cake, or standing, suppliant, upon hind legs and eating peanuts.

The lively players did all the talking in the car. Solemn students of newspapers glared up from the other end, and evidently wondered what wild race was defying the respectable and grim Yankee silence. Yankees in a railroad car always seem to be going to their own funerals. It is so very fast and very solemn a business. But the merry Thespians babbled on like children. They had nothing to say, but they said it cheerfully.

"Miss Harcourt will never die of consumption," said Mr. Mortimer, alluding to her power of sustained conversation.

"No. Your lungs are too strong for that," replied the fair Harcourt, with the air of repartee.

The general company took it at her own estimate, and laughed gayly at Mr. Mortimer's discomfiture. But no one laughed so much as Mr. Mortimer himself.

"Now don't," said he, "don't be so drefful smart;" and another peal greeted his witty rejoinder.

They were well called players, for every thing was play. They talked all at once, and laughed at the cross answers.

"Oh, dear me! I must stop, or my tongue will drop out," said Miss Julia, throwing herself back.

"No fear of that," said Frederick; "your tongue is hung in the middle."

There was immense hilarity at this burst, and De Wolfe threw pieces of cookey at the ladies

with—"I beg your pardon, I forgot to offer you the cake."

So the happy hours and smiles flew by, and we looked at the troop, and tried to determine the probable distribution of parts.

"Who," said we, "who can be the great tragedian, the Mr. Folair of this dramatic company?"

"D———!" There came a furious torrent of oaths which sufficiently answered the question. The incautious Frederick had risked an inquiry of Mr. Mortimer's whereabouts the previous morning, and that gentleman retorted in a way that was very expressive of his general estimate of Frederick's character, but hardly conveyed much information.

"Ho! ho! that's gentlemanly!" said Miss Beverley.

Mortimer only turned round and shook his fist at the unhappy Frederick, who had entirely withdrawn from conversation.

But the little gust whiffed by. The sun shone again, and even the thunderous Mortimer smiled. Miss Harcourt studied the cover of one of Dewitt and Davenport's novels, and read out the list of new publications. Mr. De Wolfe devoted himself to the young Emily, who hugged the most cottony of the lapdogs to her bosom. The gentlemen sat upon the arms of the seats and chatted at large. The car was made a booth, a barn. It was any thing but New England and a railroad.

Yet we thought of old actresses and sighed. Here went the light-hearted company undreaming of the future, untouched by the past. The house was pretty good last night. Perhaps it will be better to-morrow. It was a troop of gentle, social outlaws, strutting in pomatum pride and gewgaw glory. "The times" tighten or relax, but they are unaffected. Mr. Mortimer or Miss Julia leaves the company, goes to the South or the West. The remainder laugh at them with the lips, but their eyes drop an honest tear of regret for them. The Thespians are out of place and lost. The American's plan of life has not included them; and they serve only to show some idle passenger how true old stories are, and how unchanging are certain characters.

Yet how often in the midst of a comic actor's greatest triumph the mind wanders to his future; and—if it be a woman—how the face saddens in its smile! As we sat gazing at Miss Julia, and heard the really sweet voice of Miss Beverley, we could not but recall an evening of our youth, when we saw in London the farewell and charitable benefit of an old actress.

She had seen seventy years, and for more than fifty of them had been a hard worker in the theatre. She was a good stock actress of available talent, and the Green Room tried to sustain a tradition of her descent from Betterton. At length she became too infirm for longer service, and after fifty years of labor in amusing the public, she had only a prospect of immediate starvation. So several of the influential London theatre lovers arranged a complimentary benefit. The poor old actress had been very ill, and it was feared that she could not perform. But she defied the doctors, and resolved to die, if it must be so, at her post.

The evening came. It was in the height of the London season, and old Drury Lane was crowded with such an audience as now rarely assembles there. The play was Sheridan's *Rivals*, and the

old actress was to take her favorite part of Mrs. Malaprop.

She came on, led by old Farren, himself half paralytic, and the house rose as they advanced down the stage. Tears were in the eyes of both of them. There was something pleading and pitiful in their aspect as they stood there hand in hand and bowing to the tumultuous crowd before them. There was no pleasure, there was nothing but sadness in the old faces. "Thank you," they seemed to say, "but what is it now?"

The play proceeded. It was too touching to be funny. The *Rivals* was never before so seriously received. Helen Faucit was Julia, and her tenderness toward Mrs. Malaprop was evidently real, as if she felt in her heart, "This may be my future." We were all glad when the curtain fell, and the play was over, and we were to have Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris.

But before they came, the audience called for the old actress. The house shook and roared with applause and impatience. But the curtain did not rise. The tumult became fearful; until suddenly the prompter's bell was heard. Then, in profound silence the curtain rose, and revealed a group upon the stage. In the centre, facing the audience, sat the old actress, with old Farren leaning over her on one side, and all the company of the theatre gathered beside and behind her chair. The house shouted, and rose, and roared again, and heaps of bouquets were piled upon the stage. But the old actress did not smile, nor bow. Her eyes were closed, and her head lay gently upon one side. She was utterly exhausted and had fainted away. The actors gathered the flowers and placed them in her lap, and strewed them about her feet.

The spectacle lasted but for a moment; then, amidst the pitying stillness of the vast audience, the curtain fell slowly, and for the last time, over the old actress; and within a few days she died.

After a weary life she had at least the pleasure of an ovation of the kind she loved. But you, O Miss Beverley, and ye, O Julia and Miss De Vere, will your sweet voices, or your low brows, secure you even as much? How lavishly you bought from the fluent young peddler the thimbles that grow on trees,* and the lickersome candy and cookey. The gallant De Wolfe gayly tossed the cake about. The sun shone and ye were making your hay. Blihe Thespians, remember the evil day and the falling of the curtain; reflect that even Dumas's comedies have an end, and that the sad face of the old actress said so piteously, "Thank you, but what is it now?"

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WE delight in these famous "league-boots" of ours—paper-soled indeed—with which we traverse, in a day or a week, wide-away countries; making naught of a trip on water in the storm-days of February, and caring not one iota for all the mud and slough in which the poor Crimean adventurers struggle and grow hungry, despair and die.

We go from Balaklava to camp—always in our paper-soled boots—as dry as the maiden-slippers which, in the carnival of the year, have pattered their waltzes out upon the *parqueterie* floors of the Parisian Hôtel de Ville. We nudge the old sergeants—off duty—who smoke their pipes on the sunny side of the hospital at Scutari, and listen to their prosy stories of the campaign; and in the

* *Vide* the peddler's card.

next hour we clink our glass—wet with Inniskowen—against the brimming one of Russel of the *Times*. Anon, we hob-nob with the body-servant of the one-armed Raglan, and watch him as he stirs up the camp-bed of the old general, and receives his orders for a “curry” and a “grilled fowl” at noon.

We listen to Bulwer Lytton in the “House,” most anxious to be orator, as he was once to be poet, but lacking, with his thin face and fine voice, the “presence” of a man who makes his spoken opinions weigh like the stroke of a hammer. We see dark-eyed Disraeli, with his impetuous language and flashes of satire, out-matching altogether the novelist Baronet, and launching out strains of invective which, however you may disapprove, will win and keep your ear until, with a euphonious period—like the last fire-flash of a rocket—he closes and “subsides.”

We hear good Mr. Stafford, who, in the opening of the year of desolation, wrote so many letters for the dying soldiers in the Turkish hospitals, now telling the story of what he saw to a House which forgets eloquence, and business even, in the heart-touching tales of an eye-witness.

We see all London agog with a ministerial crisis, and knots of people, on the Square of the Royal Exchange and on the door-steps of Thread-and-Needle Street, discussing eagerly the great war-grief which is hanging now more heavily than ever over the hearts and homes of England. And it has ceased now to be only a grief which enters into private houses, and which brings tears to families of mourners: it has spread to the proportions of a national woe and shame; and England, that was so grand and proud in her strength, has been driven to the reluctant confession that, with all her wealth, and all her civilization, and all her practical ability, there are yet other peoples in the world who can more than match, even upon her own ground of practical economy and effective military execution.

It is not the money only, or the lives, which Great Britain has recklessly swamped in the South Russian campaign; she has swamped, besides, a very great measure of that national influence to which she has heretofore laid claim by a sort of prescriptive right. A country which can make its manifestoes effective in no better way than she has done in the Baltic or on the Euxine, must needs have a new interpretation put upon all her future manifestoes; and it is ten to one if the world tremble at them so much as they once did. The truth is, Great Britain has made too great a stride toward liberalism in her Government, to admit of a resort to that energy and unity of administration which belongs to an Imperial despotism; and, on the other hand, she has not yet purged herself enough of old-time privileges of caste and prescriptive worship of titles, to admit that vitality of administration which characterizes a people utterly free from aristocratic dogmas, and which calls men to places of trust for their practical capacity, and not for their position on any feudal roll.

If we might broach so sober a subject in this place, we should say that the faults of the war were working a revolution in England; and that, with the *Times* for a leader, thinking men are perceiving, and acting upon the perception, that their army system is a very expensive nursery for the younger sons of nobles, and that it is time now to cut off the premium which has been paid these many generations to aristocratic names and to

their Moloch of primogeniture. Is not this the real tendency of the questions at issue between the administration and the country? And to cope energetically with the representatives of despotism in Europe, must not England make herself and her fighting sons either more free or less free?

But we are trenching on the province of the political papers, and must sidle away to the unimportantancies which mark the European life and which make up the talk at the tables.

WHILE so near to our mention of the fatuity of English hereditary privilege, we make a merit of citing a piece of barbarity which belongs to their kindred “antiquity” of “Church and State” dispensation.

Our authority lies in Paris journalism, and is confirmed by “foreign correspondents” for our home papers.

A poor gentleman, of British birth, living in Paris, lost, not long ago, a little child. Cold and fever, and maybe want of somewhat of the luxuries of life, made way with it, and brought desolation to the islander’s home. A few friends, Americans among them, offered their services in forwarding the last sad arrangements before the child should be dropped forever in the stranger’s grave.

A poor woman—a neighbor—stole a few hours from her labor for that mournful office which comes immediately after death—the making ready for the grave. She did it quietly and quickly. Nothing was neglected; and the child looked “well” as it lay ready for burial.

The same good neighbor sent a little boy next day to know if any thing further was wished; and the boy, with the grave curiosity common to us all in such times, wished to see the dead child. He came to the coffin, looked over, dropped upon his knees, and, after the manner of his religion, said a prayer.

It was enough in itself—simple and true as was the manner of it—to consecrate the burial, and to draw Heaven’s mercy upon the dead one.

But the mother, reared in the faith of another church, wished naturally enough that the holy offices might be filled by a Protestant clergyman of her own church.

Appeal was made through a friend, to the chaplain of the British Embassy; and at the same time a hint was dropped of the narrow circumstances of the family, and of the expenses which sickness had brought in its train.

The rosy-faced chaplain, very pompous in his manner, never made bargains; if it was desired that he should attend the funeral, he would be ready the next day at eight.

The next day a thick snow was falling; but the little child was made ready—the last look taken—the coffin closed. A humble bier bore the body away, with a few mourners in the train. By appointment with the friend who had gone for the clergyman, they were to meet over the grave. But when the little convoy arrived there was no clergyman to be found. The attendants were waiting—patiently at the first; but another funeral was expected; the burial could not be long delayed; so at length the body was lowered, and the ground closed over it.

The father met his friend at the gate; but no clergyman was with him. His story was this: he had called according to appointment upon the chaplain; that official had appeared in his robes,

but objected strongly to the flimsy one-horse cab in which he was to drive to the grave-yard. By dint of urgency, however, this objection was overcome, and they set out—the clergyman in very ill-humor with himself for the degraded task he had undertaken.

They had driven half the distance, when the horse missed footing and fell; the carriage was broken by his fall.

The friend had set off immediately to find another coach; but owing to the icy state of the streets the stable-keepers near by one and all refused the drive. The friend returned to the chaplain, quite at ease in the cab, and implored him to go on with him on foot to the burial-ground—the distance not being greater than to his own door. The British chaplain, however, was shocked by the demand: he “never walked;” all the urgency of the friend was unavailing. The chaplain, however, did not scruple to demand and to pocket a fee of a guinea—“his usual fee on such occasions.”

He generously proposed, moreover, if the weather was fine, and nothing prevented, to say prayers at the house of the parents on the next day.

The next day, indeed, he sent his servant with his card, with the announcement that a wedding was coming off, which would forbid his attendance; but he should have no objection to make an arrangement for some future day.

The guinea disturbed the chaplain's conscience.

And all this while the poor child's body, with the hearty prayer of the neighbor's boy sanctifying its grave, was resting calmly where they laid it, in a corner of the great field of Montmartre.

The name of this precious chaplain of the British Embassy—who never fails an invitation to a dinner or a wedding—is given as the “Rev. Dr. Hale.”

Like the staff in the British army, the staff among the British clergy, as a general thing, know better how to adorn a dinner, than to do their duty.

FROM one crime to another the transition is easy. The scene is still in Paris. The name of the criminal is, or was, Arsene Rémond Lescure. He was twenty-seven years old, and was tried in November last, before the criminal court of the Seine, for his participation in at least three murders, and frequent robberies. A girl of the name of Montagu, his mistress, was tried with him as an accomplice, but—whether winning by her tears upon the sympathies of the jury, or by her weakness upon their mercy—she was acquitted.

Lescure was born in Paris, and was bound out at an early age to learn the trade of a tailor. He succeeded very well at this, and bore the reputation of a good workman, when, one day, the conscription for the army changed his lot, and made him a soldier. He showed spirit and energy, and speedily rose from the ranks to the place of sergeant. At Nancy, where he was quartered some time after, he was guilty of some act of brutal violence toward one of his men, which occasioned him the loss of his grade. He was constantly in difficulties with his officers from this time forth until his dismissal from the army in the year 1852. Returning to Paris, he brought with him the girl Montagu, and led a disorderly life; sometimes working at his former trade, but oftener hanging about the low ball-rooms and drinking-places on the outskirts of Paris, and associating very intimately with a certain Gousset, a *concierge* of the Rue Neuve des

Petits Champs, who bore a strong personal resemblance to Lescure.

It was observed by the lodgers in the house, that these two men often entered late at night, bringing with them large packages, which disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. At times Gousset passed the night away from home altogether; on which occasions he told his wife, who acted as porter in his absence, that he “went fishing” with Lescure, and being belated staid with him over night.

In March, 1854, there was found upon a waste plain in the neighborhood of Paris, the body of a man who had been strangled by a cord passed several times tightly around his neck, and abandoned at a little distance from the high road. Upon investigation, it was found that the man was named Bonhomme, and that he had been in possession of certain jewels and moneys at the time of his death, of all which he had been rifled.

Certain circumstances appeared to direct suspicions against the *concierge* Gousset; his rooms were searched, and an inquiry set on foot, but none of the missing jewels were found, nor any evidence sufficient to warrant his being brought to trial.

Not a very long time after, an industrious carpenter, Chauvin by name, who worked in the environs of Paris, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared upon the day following the one on which he usually received his week's salary. It was known that he had attended a ball at a barrier of Paris on the night before his disappearance; that he danced with a girl named Montagu; that the same night he had been seen walking in her company; but the most active investigation could not discover any trace of the missing man; nor did a most searching inquiry to which the girl was subjected bring forward any criminating evidence against her. She admitted having been in his company; she described circumstantially the place and time of their meeting and of their parting; none of his money or effects could be found upon her; it was not even positively known that he was dead.

Hardly had the rumor of this sudden disappearance ceased to be talked of, among those who had known Chauvin, when a telegraphic message was sent up from Sens to the prefect of Paris, informing him that a fearful murder had just been committed in the outskirts of that city, and that suspicion rested upon two unknown persons who, it was supposed, had gone up by a night train to Paris.

The victims at Sens were an old man and his wife, who kept together a little ale-house and billiard-room, frequented by laborers and cartmen. Upon a certain Sunday morning it was observed that the shutters of their shop remained closed. A neighbor, who had knocked vainly at their door, prying in through a hole in the shutters, was shocked to see the old man who kept the shop lying lifeless upon the floor of the billiard-room. The alarm was at once given, and, on forcing an entrance, it was found that both the old man and his wife had been foully murdered, and all the money and valuables of the establishment carried off.

Gousset, the *concierge* already spoken of, was a relative of the murdered man at Sens. It was found, besides, that he had been upon a visit to that city at the date of the crime, but was there

no longer. It was conjectured that he was one of two unknown men who had taken passage in a night train, at a station four miles away from Sens, for Paris. Through their disguise, or by neglect of the officials, these men had not been identified on their arrival.

Upon application at the house of Gousset, it was learned that nothing had been heard of his whereabouts. A close watch being kept up, however, a message from him was intercepted a few days after, informing his wife that he had arrived and was staying at a certain house in the suburbs. The police presented themselves at the place designated, and found that Gousset had left. A bundle of half-made clothing, for which he had engaged to call again, was all that gave a clue to him.

Not many days after report came to the police that two suspicious men had taken lodgings in a house upon Montmartre. A bevy of officers approached the place just as one of the suspected persons was leaving; a violent struggle, on his part, to escape seemed to confirm suspicions, and he was arrested. Ascending to the chamber which the men had occupied, an officer found the door closed; and, as he forced it open, he heard the report of a pistol, and found the other lodger quite dead. The body was speedily recognized as that of Gousset, who had anticipated justice by committing suicide.

The arrested man was Lescure. He was arraigned for trial, as we have said, in November last, in company with his mistress, the girl Montagu.

From the revelations made by the last, upon this trial, the actual murder of Chauvin the carpenter was made certain, and his body discovered in a deserted quarry-pit near to Paris, with a cord about his neck, seeming to show that he was the victim of the same murderers who made way with Bonhomme. Her testimony, moreover, implicated Lescure in the crime; and she avowed that it was only her fear of his brutality which had forbidden her before from bearing the same evidence.

Lescure persisted in asserting his innocence; and he charged all the alleged crimes upon Gousset, who had committed suicide. Notwithstanding the direct testimony of various witnesses, he solemnly swore that he had never visited Sens, and that the witnesses had been deceived by the strong resemblance existing between Gousset and himself.

Before the Court, when asked at the close of the trial if he had any thing to add to the defense made out by his advocate, he replied that he had nothing.

Thereupon the judge condemned him to death.

Lescure grew pale, and passing his hand in a disturbed manner over his forehead, passed out of the Court chamber to the prison of Roquette.

An appeal was made, at his instance, against the finding of the Court, but was rejected.

After this he grew sullen and moody in his cell, and attempted to starve himself; but upon the representations of the parish priest, or from the pains of hunger, he broke over his resolution, and, with renewing strength, seemed to gain a hope of ultimate pardon, or at least of some commutation of his sentence. He avowed a great horror of dying on the scaffold. He even professed sincere repentance for such crimes as he might have committed; and made some revelations with respect to accomplices in his various robberies, which were the occasion of further arrests.

Finally, on the 31st of January, 1855, at seven o'clock of a cold, snowy morning, the Abbé who officiated at the prison chapel announced to him that his last hour was come. The guillotine had been erected at midnight on the high road before the prison gates.

Lescure exclaimed "My God!" and gave way for a moment to utter prostration. Recovering, however, he swore frightfully against society, his accusers, and the Court which had condemned him.

Being partially calmed by the Abbé, he followed him to the prison chapel, and went through the last religious ceremonies with an air of penitence.

He passed from here into the area of the prison, where the executioner arranged his toilet, by removing his coat and vest, rolling his collar low down upon his neck, and binding his hands tightly behind him by a leathern thong. He asked permission to say a word to those about him, who were mostly men of the police, or employés of the prison.

He protested again solemnly his innocence, and assured them that his accusers had been misled by his resemblance to the dead man Gousset. He even looked about appealingly, as if even at this late hour he had hope of pardon.

It was now within three minutes of eight, the time fixed for his execution. He walked with firmness out of the prison gates, and kissing the crucifix which the Abbé extended before him, ascended the steps of the scaffolding which supported the instrument of death.

A corps of two hundred soldiers of various arms were drawn up at a little distance around the guillotine, and behind them a motley crowd of perhaps a thousand spectators. In a moment he was thrown down in proper position, and his head almost in place, when, to the astonishment of the throng, he gave a sudden side-spring, raised his brawny shoulders, seized the hand of the executioner in his teeth—lacerating it severely—and for a few seconds in which the fearful struggle lasted, seemed to defy the efforts of the attendants. But other officials having come to the aid of the executioner, the poor wretch was thrust under the fatal knife, and with a crash it fell—putting an end to all his fears and his crimes at a blow.

At the risk of giving a very sombre tinge to the pages of this month, we must attach to this sad story of crime another almost as dark in its coloring, about a favorite paragraphist of Paris, Gerard de Nerval, who on one of the bitter mornings which closed the Paris January, was found hanging by the neck to a window-grating, in one of the most obscure streets of the city, quite cold and dead.

Did he himself choose so strange a place and time to finish his *feuilleton* career (giving thus a rich subject for Guinot and Gautier, and the rest). or was he the victim of a crime?

Even now the question is not wholly determined. There was, indeed, nothing about the man to tempt assassination for robbery's sake; and his irregularities of life (with which his life was full) were of too gross a level to expose him to the vengeance of any rival. But, on the contrary, it was observed that the body, swinging as it did upon the outer wall of a crazy old hotel, was dressed as usual, even to the hat! Could a man commit suicide with his hat on? The question has been mooted by the journalists, not so much in its rela-

tions to etiquette (as the reader might suppose) as to mechanical laws. We can not learn that any definite decision has been arrived at.

But who was Nerval? We will tell all we know. He was a man of forty and odd years, born in Paris, under the name of *Labrunie*. His father was an army surgeon, who wished nothing more than that his son should accomplish himself in hospital practice, and in deft management of the scalpel. But the son, Gerard Labrunie, loved poetry more than his father's physic, and so came to make stolen visits in the corners of journals, under the name of Gerard de Nerval. His grace of expression, and his dainty fancies, soon made his papers remarked, and he received a rare and welcome aid in the voluntary praise of Goethe, whose *Faust* had been rendered into French by the son of the surgeon.

All this while he was scarce eighteen, and enrolled in the classes of the College Charlemagne. His vacations were spent in this time at the home of an uncle, who lived in the little village of Ermonville: here Gerard lent himself to the village frolics with the warmth of young blood and the dreams of a poet. He danced with the village girls; he made madrigals, in which some bare-ankled Sylvie became a nymph; and he astounded the village curé by the richness and the wantonness of his muse.

Once when they danced in the season of the vintage, Gerard coquetting with his Sylvie, there appeared upon the lawn a strange girl, with light complexion and hair, whom they called Adrienne, and with whom Gerard, as the special ornament of the fête, danced again and again, feeling his blood run high when the flaxen ringlets of the fair Adrienne touched his cheek, and listening to her voice when she sang an old song of melancholy and of love in the dusk of the evening, with an earnestness which, they say, never wholly left him till it ended on the window-grating, where he hung in January.

The girl Adrienne, true to a good romance, was of a noble family, and had come for the day only from a neighboring chateau, to have her last familiar look at the world; for within a month, the story ran, she was to enter a convent, and her flaxen ringlets were to give place to the cap of a novice.

Gerard de Nerval brooded over the memory of that dance upon the lawn—of the golden curls which waked wild dreams in him—of the low voice, plaintive and soft—of the moon rising over the towers of Ermonville—of the rustle of the night-air in the elm-trees—of the dew gathering into crystal drops upon the grass!

But the chateau gates closed upon the figure of Adrienne, and on his next visit she was nowhere to be seen, except by her sister novices.

Meantime Nerval grew mystic over *Faust*, and very dreary, with his memory of Adrienne. The passing years found him a regular *collaborateur* in the journals of Paris. The death of parents brought him a little fortune, which he soon squandered in the purchase of rare and ancient bits of furniture, such as a carved bedstead, which at one time had served the queen of France, or a jeweled watch of some old date, whose only value lay in its history. He stored these quaint purchases in various garrets of the town, which he rented for the purpose, sometimes passing the night in one, and sometimes in another; but oftener wandering

widely from home and from sense, he lingered for days together in the worst haunts of the city.

Always, as his friends say, there seemed to float tenderly over him the memory of the figure of Adrienne; and with all his waywardness was blended a refined sensibility, which made friends cling to him even amidst his vices.

One day—it was now many years after he had passed his autumn vacations at Ermonville—he was startled by the sight of Adrienne (or so it seemed to him) upon the stage of a metropolitan theatre.

Could it be so? He went to Ermonville to inquire among those who knew her; but he gained little satisfaction. Her religious life had, indeed, taken a bad turn; she was no longer a nun. She had, doubtless, broken away from the cruel restraints around her, and meeting no sympathy among her natural protectors, had thrown herself wantonly upon the world.

Even now, flaming as he was with the old fire re-lit, Gerard de Nerval did not suddenly venture to approach the lost and found Adrienne. He would write a play for her; he would be present at the rehearsals; he would be thrown near her; he would be happy; the matter would arrange itself; there would be no demand upon his sensitive nature; he would escape the effort of boldness.

So he wrote the play, with Alexandre Dumas to aid him, and he saw Adrienne; but his castle toppled down to the ground. She had learned *fierté*; he was timid and sensitive as a boy. He was really farther from any approaches when in her presence than when dreaming of her in his garret.

She had a hundred admirers—the least of them bolder than poor Gerard. He lamented his weakness, and he nursed it. He strolled by night around the house where she slept; he drank deeply, and wrote drunken madrigals about her, which pained him when he was sobered. His little fortune wasted by degrees, and with it his confidence grew ever less.

Finally, with only a bit of ribbon, which she had worn, to tie up his bruised heart withal, he started away from France. He traveled through Germany and Switzerland, sometimes without a penny in his pocket, and living upon charity; sometimes finding friends who got him employment, to which he would remain very steadfast for ten days together; then, before they could know any thing of him, he was gone.

In this way he went through Italy and Turkey, writing back letters which had great beauty, and which were published in the reviews of Paris. In some of these he details the strange adventures which befell him in company with a Moslem slave which he had purchased in the market of Cairo; in others he describes, with wonderful force and accuracy, the luxurious modes of the Eastern life, and his periods seem heated with an Oriental blaze.

Yet before he had gone from France, and on his return, his more intimate friends had seen traces in him of the intellectual breaking-up, to which *Faust* and Adrienne had contributed each their share, and which, at the last, very probably occasioned his singular death.

At one time he whispered in confidence that he was the natural son of the first Napoleon; at another he told, as a great secret, the story of his being elected Sultan of the East. Yet all this while

he was making up material for the reviews, which compared well with that of the keenest Paris paragraphists, and which only brought him less of wealth or of renown from a certain over-refinement of style and of thought, which buoyed him always above the tamer level, where the popular *feuilletonistes* made their gains.

Adrienne died while he journeyed in the East, but the ribbon she had worn he cherished still; and there were those among his friends who thought always that from the first sight of her, and the bruised hopes that came in the train of that gay twilight dance, his mad melancholy began.

It was, at any rate, a queer French life he lived; having no home at all—now sleeping in a garret, upon the floor, for fear of doing dishonor to some quaint couch which had borne, in its day, a worthier man or woman—now stopping with a friend—again buying a loathsome bed, at the cost of five sous for the night; and, in summer weather, lying at times under the open sky, upon a shock of grain, in the fields that skirt Paris.

When the officers of the police cut him down, they found in his pocket a fragment of an unfinished paper publishing in the *Review de Paris*, called "Dream and Earnest." They say, moreover, that the cord by which he was suspended was the faded ribbon which Adrienne once wore.

This looks as if it had been suicide.

The poor fellow's body was taken to the Dead House, and for three days lay exposed there, to whosoever might choose to look on the "talented author." Fancy reading one of his graceful stories, and going there with the memory of his pleasing fancies dancing on the brain, to look at the wretched hulk which held them and which bred them!

His friends—only literary friends, however, for long ago he seems to have been deserted by all others—gained a dispensation, in virtue of which he might be buried in consecrated ground; and his body, with Dumas, Gauthier, Méry, Arsène Housaie, and others following after it, was carried to Notre Dame, where it rested a little time (longer, we dare say, than in many years before), and thence was borne on, over the icy pavements, by a long road (past the very scene where Lescure suffered a few days before), to Père la Chaise. There the Literary Fund people had purchased a spot of ground for him to lie upon—the only home he ever knew; and when he quits it we shall all see him.

IN contrast with the dismal things we have put down (for which the journals are in fault, and not we), and the still more dismal actualities which make a cloudy veil for the Crimea, we read stories of strange gayety in Paris palaces and streets. The Imperial receptions have drawn their throng of carriages to the gates of the Tuileries, and their throng of worshipers and wonderers around the Imperial throne of the anxious Napoleon. But whatever may be the throng, that perfect system and organization which seems to run through every representation of French life, whether in camp or in salon, does not admit of confusion or of disorder. Every guest has his or her appointed place, and every nationality has its appointed chamber of assemblage; every carriage has its direction given by a guard stationed, maybe, a half mile from the palace; and whatever may be the delay, the guest may rest always assured that it arises from the throng, and from no want of foresight or of management.

A gossip girl, redolent of her first winter in Paris (we hope she may be as happy always!), writes thus of the receptions:

"Such a world of people! And the toilets were magnificent; not so showy, but *recherché*; the French *do* dress well. It was a morning reception, you know, and the Empress wore a charming light silk hat, with the prettiest flowers (but I *can't* tell what kind) in the world; she wore a light watered silk, of a charming shade, with a single flounce, reaching almost from the basque down; I think she wore a rich lace mantilla. Her form is very graceful, saving the shoulders, which—let the prints say what they will—are certainly round, as round as M——'s. She is not so pretty either as the pictures, looking very thin and ill, and careworn (I wonder if he treats her well?). Yet there is a something about her eye (and you get that in the best pictures) which is very gazelle-like. It has a pleading, tending, look-through-you look, that I should have thought might have carried off the heart of the Emperor.

"Such a face as *he* has! He looks like an elephant; and yet one can't help admiring him, he keeps such good order here in Paris, and things go on so nicely, what with the soldiers, and music, and palace-building; the workmen are so content, never making a row, and things *managing* themselves, as it seems. Oh, I think Napoleon is a great man, whatever you may say!

"But he *hasn't* a good nose; and his color is like a bit of yellow sheep-skin; and his eye, so gray and heavy, with not a sparkle of any sort in it, whether of pleasure or vexation. They tell me it is always so—never pleased and never vexed. What a man to live with, to be sure!

"They say Eugenie loves him: *Dieu le sait!*

"To come back to the reception, it was very funny to see how frightened some people were! And so afraid, too, when they were fairly there, lest their dress was not quite right—looking at each other so curiously as they did, as much as to say—Pray, madame, is that the fashion?

"Of course, rich velvet and lace mantillas were the properest things a body could wear. Mine you know of last winter—well, it has gone to the palace now; but I put upon it first three yards of black lace, half a yard deep, so you would hardly have known the 'old customer.'

"The Empress speaks English very well, you know (isn't she Scotch partly?) and said a word or two, I think, to almost every one. It is funny to see some of our New York beaux (not very *martial*, you know) wearing a sword and cocked hat—as they are compelled to do at these receptions. Such a figure as little Willy — cut! I would give any thing to have D—— see him and put him in one of his queer sketches!

"Then there was old Doctor — (isn't he a clergyman, or what?). Well, he was there, in a blue velvet cut-away, with a little sword dangling at his belt, and a yellow vest, making his scrubby little face look droll enough!

"T—— was in full velvet dress, with collar and sleeves of Honiton, and looked admirably. You know her figure?—they say the Emperor even was waked into looking after her. It is to be hoped she didn't open her lips!

"I was at the ball, too, at the Hôtel de Ville—the most brilliant thing you can imagine. I will tell you all about it in my next."

If her future paragraphs are as *naïvely* uttered

as these, we shall certainly lay them before our readers.

EVEN as we write, some one whispers in our ear a story of a great book-exhibition which that inveterate patron of literary exchanges and international "hyphen," M. Vattemare, is arranging for the coming world's show in Paris; and all in the interest of America. It appears that these seven or eight years he has had at heart the establishment of an American library in the city of Paris; that so, in the centre of Europe and of Old-World learning, the *savants*, of whatever name, nation, or degree, might have in their eye an exposé of the intellectual growth and riches of our great Republic.

The idea was certainly a grand one, and worthier of happier auguries than have thus far attended it. But, at length, one grand object—the appropriation of a proper and elegant hall to the object, in the Hôtel de Ville—has been gained. An accumulation of books, too, numbering some ten thousand, in every branch of inquiry, are now in M. Vattemare's hands, waiting installment.

With the American feeling strong in him, M. Vattemare wants to make this show such an one as Americans may look on boastfully, and such as may retrieve our name and credit in the eyes of those over-ocean people who have rated us simply as the killers of Mexicans, the growers of great wheat-crops, and the blowers-up of huge steamboats!

M. Vattemare proposes that this library installment shall take place at some day near to the opening of the Crystal Palace, with such simple ceremony of commemoration as shall mark the date of the new establishment and call the attention of the reading world. Is it not a matter which comes near to the pride of every thinking Republican of us all? and is it not worth a little effort, to the end that we may wear such face on the shelves of the Hôtel de Ville, as shall gain us the respect of those who read and of those who think?

For ourselves, when we write a book (if we ever do), we will present it, through M. Vattemare, to the city of Paris! Then, what a charm in regaling ourselves (if in future years we travel) with the sight of our offspring, calf-bound and gold-lettered, three thousand miles from home, in the very eye of the great capital of the European world!

We may further hope that such a library may set the French literary chiffoniers right in many points, in regard to which they are now certainly laboring under violent prejudices. We may hope, without exaggeration, to see them recognize the fact that Daniel Webster did *not* write a Universal Dictionary—that Alabama planters do *not* feed terrapins with young negroes—that "Capt Mayne Read" is *not* the daughter of Fennimore Cooper—that the "Reverend Beecher" is *not* Under-Secretary of State, and that "Miss Queechy" is positively *not* the sister-in-law of Miss Wetherel, or the "Lampighter" a shrewd hit at the "foolish virgins!"

Editor's Drawer.

APRIL, "the month of showers, the month of flowers; the month that cheers, the month of tears," is here, and while the young, and some of the old, are making themselves merry at the expense of each other, let us look up the origin of

that custom, "more honored in the breach than the observance," of making the FIRST of April ALL-FOOLS' DAY!

In a sketch of the religion of the Hindoos, Mr. Maurice tells us that "the First of April was anciently observed in Britain as a high and general festival, in which an unbounded hilarity reigned through every order of its inhabitants; for the sun, at that period of the year, entering into the sign Aries, the New Year, and with it the season of rural sports and vernal delight, was then supposed to have commenced." The proof of the great antiquity of the custom of celebrating this day is abundant, and Colonel Pearce, in his Asiatic researches, proves it to have an immemorial practice among the Hindoos. Mr. Maurice shows that the boundless hilarity and jocund sports prevalent on the first day of April in England, and during the Huli Festival in India, have their origin in the ancient practice of celebrating with festival rites the period of the vernal equinox, or the day when the New Year of Persia anciently began. We have a poem which was published in an English newspaper forty-five years ago, entitled

"THE ORIGIN OF ALL-FOOLS' DAY,

Which happened in the Isle of Chiekoeh, on the 7th of the moon Ne-ada, which, in the European Calendar, makes the first of April."

It begins:

"Ye sportive nymphs who on Parnassus play,
Though old as ages, young and ever gay!"

And after the invocation, the poet tells a tale of an Eastern prince who was magically changed into a lake; and there arose a custom, on the part of parents and husbands, of sending their children or their wives to this lake to see the prince, and they always returned having been sent on a fool's errand:

"The daughter goes, no soothing power appears,
And soon returns, dissolved in doubtful tears."

This story got abroad and reached Japan, and traveled into the "islands of the Western world,"

"And thus the legend of two thousand years,
The cause of April All-Fools' Day appears."

So the custom of "making fools" is derived from the East, and in England was all but universal fifty years ago. All ranks and classes, ages and conditions, entered into it with a zest becoming a better cause. Some of the tricks were very silly, such as sending children for dove's milk, or servants to the apothecary's for a grain of common sense. Sometimes every undertaker in town has received an order to send a coffin to the same house, where the family have been first alarmed, and then tormented all day by their arrival. Invitations have brought a hundred guests together to a feast where not one was expected, and many a lover has received the letter he or she had long been looking for; but, alas, it has proved to be an April fool!

But all these are foolish jests compared with the trick which was played about thirty years ago upon the credulous London public. A Frenchman had heard much of their fondness for new things, and the greediness with which they run after every wonder that came along. He determined to put it to a practical test, and at the same time to have the amusement of seeing the result of the experiment. He caused to be inserted an advertisement in the newspapers, setting forth a newly invented mode of taking portraits, which he said was to be done by placing the subject before a mirror, and then, by a

process known only to the advertiser, he would make the portrait permanent upon the mirror. All who desired to see the operation were invited to call the next day at twelve o'clock, at No. 25 in the Strand. This number was a barber's shop opposite the windows of his lodgings, where he sat the next day and laughed at the crowds who flocked in carriages and on foot, to the dismay of the barber, who was amazed at the rush into his humble apartments, and who could make no other explanation of the advertisement than the intimation of its being the First Day of April! But the most wonderful part of the story remains to be told. What this roguish Frenchman announced as a joke, was in a few years reduced into an actuality, and all the splendid promise of the humbug was performed by the most beautiful invention of the age, which has given immortality to the name of Daguerre. In this art of sun-painting, the subject is placed before a mirror, and the image is fastened there: the very thing which was selected as the richest joke of the day.

We are happy to say that the custom is fast disappearing from America, and we presume it is less common now than formerly in England. April is no fool of a month.

"To see thee smile all hearts rejoice,
And warm with feelings strong;
With thee all nature finds a voice,
And hums a waking song.
The lover views thy welcome hours,
And thinks of summer come,
And takes the maid thy early flowers,
To tempt her steps from home."

DR. FRANKLIN, we know, was somewhat of a wag as well as a philosopher. We have before us a letter of his, written from Paris, in 1779, when he was seventy-three years old, to his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Bache, whom he calls his *dear Sally*, in which he speaks of himself in this humorous strain:

"The clay medallion of me you say you gave to Mr. Hopkinson was the first of the kind made in France. A variety of others have been made since of different sizes; some to be set in the lids of snuff-boxes, and some so small as to be worn in rings; and the numbers sold are incredible. These, with the pictures, busts, and prints (of which copies upon copies are spread every where), have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon; so that he durst not do any thing that would oblige him to run away, as his phiz would discover him wherever he should venture to show it. It is said by learned etymologists that the name *doll*, for the images children play with, is derived from the word *idol*. From the number of *dolls* now made of him, he may be truly said, *in that sense*, to be *i-DOLL-ized* in this country."

The old philosopher had a vein of sarcasm as well as humor about him; witness the following question and answer:

"*Question.* I am about courting a girl I have had but little acquaintance with—how shall I come to a knowledge of her faults, and whether she has the virtues I imagine she has?"

"*Answer.* Commend her among her female acquaintance."

His daughter had written to him to send her from Paris some lace and feathers, which extravagance, on her part, he says—"disgusted me as much as if you had put salt into my strawberries."

And he adds: "As you say you should 'have great pride in wearing any thing I send, and showing it as your father's taste,' I must avoid giving you an opportunity of doing that with either lace or feathers. If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care *not* to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail."

Writing to Mrs. Catherine Greene, he begins: "My dear old friend: don't be offended at the word *old*. I don't mean to call you an old woman; it relates only to the age of our friendship." And then he goes on to tell her that he hopes the war is nearly over; "for though the wickedness of the English court and its malice against us are as great as ever, its horns are shortened, its strength diminishes daily, and we have formed an alliance here (in France), and shall form others that will help to keep the bull quiet and make him orderly."

While he was one of the American Commissioners in Paris, and the war still going on in this country, he received a secret proposal to make peace. The offer he believed to come from the British ministry, and it proposed to give offices or pensions for life to "Franklin, Washington, Adams, Hancock," etc., and to make these persons or their descendants "peers of the realm," if American peers should ever be created. Franklin replies to this infamous overture in terms of warm and honest indignation; but can not close without his own pleasantry. "You will give us *PENSIONS*, probably to be paid out of your expected American revenue, and which none of us can accept without deserving, and perhaps obtaining, a *sus-pension*. *PEERAGES!* Alas! Sir, our long observation of the vast servile majority of your peers, voting constantly for every measure proposed by a minister, however weak or wicked, leaves us small respect for that title. We consider it a sort of *tar-and-feather* honor; or a mixture of foulness and folly, which every man among us, who should accept it from your king, would be obliged to renounce or exchange for that conferred by the mobs of their own country, or wear it with everlasting infamy."

Dr. Cox, lately of Brooklyn, has a mind of extraordinary make, and the brilliancy of his corruscations is unsurpassed by those of any man living. He baffles all attempts at reporting; and the best things he has ever said fall to the ground for the want of a painter capable of catching a sunbeam or a streak of lightning. His written performances bear no comparison to his oral. With an inventive word-faculty exceeding Carlyle's, and a far happier arrangement, with a slight impediment in his speech that always gives piquancy to what he is saying, he never fails, when speaking *extempore*, to keep the attention of his audience, either in the social circle or the crowded hall. He is as well aware as any other man of his peculiarities, and is quite as willing to speak of them. When it was told him one day that the Rev. Caleb Colton had said that Dr. Cox would be a very great man, if it were not for his *Coxisms*, the Doctor replied, "Very likely; if it were not for my Coxisms, I should be the Rev. Caleb Colton!"

We remember hearing him in a speech on the Church of Rome. He had inveighed with great power against the Pope, and suddenly checking himself, he said, "But I am sure I wish him well; I wish him *b-b-better!*"

When Dr. Cox was presiding over a great ecclesi-

astical meeting, one of the rural clergy was speaking in terms of contempt of Doctors of Divinity. Dr. Cox called him to order, saying, "The brother should not speak disrespectfully of Doctors of Divinity, he does not know to what he may come himself!"

One of the Doctor's peculiarities is a habit of using a free sprinkling of Latin in his public discourses and prayers, of which a thousand specimens could be given; but we recall nothing more characteristic than his invocation—"O Lord, thou art the *ne plus ultra* of our thoughts, the *sine qua non* of our blessings, and the *ultima thule* of our desires." To turn these expressions into equally epigrammatic English would be impossible, however pedantic the Latinity of the prayer may appear.

JONES, the chorister in one of our Eastern churches, is very fond of getting up new music, and tinkering the hymns to suit the tunes. He thinks that words are nothing, the notes are every thing. He gave a grand concert about the holidays, professedly for the benefit of the poor, really to the honor and glory of Chorister Jones. On one of the anthems he had laid himself out, and wishing to make it a permanent piece of music for Sunday morning, he adapted to it the words of one of Watts's Psalms:

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast.
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!"

Taking the music and the words to the minister, he said that he wished to alter the last two lines for the sake of more elegant expression, so as to read:

"Oh, may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin!"

The minister has a streak of humor in him, and not wishing to offend the conceited music-man, expressed his approbation of the new version, and then added that he would venture to suggest yet another change, so that the verse will read:

"Oh, may my heart go diddle diddle,
Like unto David's sacred fiddle!"

Mr. Jones accepted the amendment, but dropped the anthem altogether.

This psalm-tinkering has been carried to such a frightful extent, that now it is as hard to tell the true reading of one of Watts's or Wesley's Hymns as of a play of Shakspeare. And the worst of it is, that the best hymns are tinkered the most, their beauties ruined, and the wretched ones, unfit to be put into any Christian book, are preserved with pious care, as if it were sacrilege to do them the justice of capital punishment. Thus, in the *Village Hymns* we have a composition of which the following is a fair sample:

"Oh, how the resurrection light
Will clarify believers' sight;
How joyful will the saints arise,
And rub the dust from off their eyes!"

The book goes through hundreds of editions, and such stuff is treasured as if it were a gem. We commend it to Jones and his minister.

To watch the operations of our own minds is what very few of the multitude pause to do. Coleridge says, "If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose are you a man at all?" "Of all animals," said the same philosopher, "man alone was endued by the Creator with self-consciousness." A wide-awake man is not always the most conver-

sant with what is going on in his own mind, and a man asleep is sometimes keeping up a wonderful thinking. Locke says, "When we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it, while we sleep; and from the moment wherein we leave off to think till the moment we begin to think again, seems to have no distance. And so, no doubt, it would be to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep only one idea in his mind without variation and the succession of others."

But now that we are among the philosophers, read what Malebranche says: "It is possible that some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years, or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute as an hour, a week a month, or a whole age."

And Todd adds, that "if Locke's theory be correct, it follows that time will seem long or short, just in proportion as our thoughts are quick or slow. Hence he who dies in the very morning of life not unfrequently lives longer than another who falls at threescore and ten. Hence, too, the prediction of the prophet may be literally true, 'The child shall die an hundred years old.'"

Even the Orientals imagine that time in paradise flies swiftly, and Todd cites the illustration of Addison "In the Koran it is said that the angel Gabriel took Mohammed out of his bed one morning, to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of, and, after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Koran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mohammed on his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel carried him away, before the water was all spilt!"

And that is a very beautiful thought of Tom Moore:

"Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each into endless years,
One minute of heaven exceeds them all."

So Emerson says: "The spirit sports with time—

'Can crowd eternity into an hour,
Or stretch an hour out to eternity.'

We are often made to feel that there is another youth and age than that which is measured from the year of our natural birth. Some thoughts always find us young, and keep us so."

A WESTERN correspondent writes to the "Drawer" of a sad blunder, showing that the best *signs* fail sometimes. He says that old Mr. Spoon kept a cake and beer shop in the village, and made a fortune in the business, leaving his money and the stand to his only son, who has long been flourishing on his father's profits, and turning up his nose at the baking business as altogether beneath a sprig of his quality. As soon as the old man was fairly under the sod, the rising son fitted up the shop on the corner, put in a show-window, through which a heap of bills and shining gold was seen, and over the door he spread a sign in handsome gilt letters, BANKING HOUSE. He was now in a new line adapted to his taste and genius.

One day as he was lolling over the counter, a stranger drove his horses close to the door, and called out to the new broker:

"I say, Mister, got any crackers?"

Spoon (very red and indignant): "None at all. You've mistaken the place."

"Any cakes, pies, and things?"

"No, *Sir*" (accompanied by a look intended as an extinguisher).

Stranger (in turn growing red): "Then what on airth makes you have BAKIN' HOUSE writ in sich big letters over your door for? Tell me that!"

The difference between *baking* and *banking* was not so great as young *Spoon* supposed.

"It's awful hot," said the client, as he stepped into his lawyer's office. "What do you keep it so all-fired hot for?"

"Because I bake all my bread here," replied the lawyer.

Another from the same region of country sends us the following, which is not bad:

"The 'Sons' of Temperance had a grand turn out. In their beautiful regalia they made a fine show, marched through the village and into the church. It was a cold day, and while the exercises in the house were in progress, a smart rain set in, which froze as it fell, covering the steps of the church with a sleet more slippery than glass. A crowd of boys stood on the outside to see the procession come forth with music and banners. The men in front, with some caution, managed to get down safely, with only a slip here and there, till at length a very short "son," with very short legs and long regalia, a doughty round figure and one of those unfortunate red faces which the most temperate of men do sometimes wear, stepped forth bravely, and apparently strong in the faith that his feet would never slip, now that he was in the path of the faithful. On the top step his feet shot out ahead, and he came bumping down step by step to the bottom, to the infinite amusement of the boys, one of whom cried out, "I say, Jim, I guess that fellow's just *jined*."

To which Jim replied: "I call *him* the *setting son*."

Not bad, was it, for two boys out West!

"THE death of an old man's wife," says *Lamar-tine*, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its care and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered—as if one wing of an eagle was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which might have smoothed his passage to the grave."

OUR landlords are getting mighty particular about their tenants, as well as their rents. If a body has half-a-dozen children, and of course more need of a house than if he had none at all, he is very coolly told that he can not have the premises.

"Have you children, madam?" inquired one of these sharpeners, of a lady in modest black who was looking at one of his houses just finished and in perfect order.

"Yes," said the gentle mother, "I have seven, Sir, but *they are all in the church-yard*." A sigh and the dew of a tear gave impressiveness to the

painful remark, and without further parley the bargain was closed. Her little flock were waiting for her in the *church-yard* around the corner, and were delighted to hear that she had found a snug house so speedily. The landlord says he shall never trust a woman in black after this.

JOE DOVETAIL had a wife, a strong-minded wife. She looked upon Joe as a sort of necessary evil, treating him very much as the lady did her husband on the North River steamboat, who ventured to object to some of her arrangements for travel, when she shut him up suddenly by telling him in the hearing of a dozen passengers, "Why, what is it to you? if I had known you were going to act so, I wouldn't have brought you along." But Joe and Mrs. Joe Dovetail never traveled. They were always at home, though Joe was rarely seen there or elsewhere. She had long trained him to the habit of retiring under the bed when company called, and so familiar had he become with that retreat, it was a question whether, in default of personal service, a warning to a militia training would hold him, unless left under that bed, as being his "last usual place of abode." During the stay of Mrs. Joe's friends, he occasionally thrust out his head, like a turtle, but one glance of the loving eye of his spouse would send him under with cold shivers running up his back. One day, as she was hob-nobbing over the fire with a friend and a social glass, Joe thrust out his figure-head, and defied the shakes and frowns of his wife, till growing valiant and desperate, he sung out—"My dear, you may shake your head just as much as you please, but, I tell you, as long as I've got *the spirit of a man*, I will peek."

"I CALLED at Doctor Physic's office one day," writes a Philadelphia friend, "and found one of the most noted of our sexton-undertakers lying on a settee, waiting for the return of the doctor. The easy familiarity of his position, and the perfect at-homeativeness indicated, led me to say:

"Why, Mr. Plume, have you gone into partnership with the Doctor?"

"Yes," he replied, as he raised himself up; 'we've been together some time—I always carry the Doctor's work home when it is done.'

"I ADVISE tapping," said the Doctor, after having exhausted all the powers of his healing art on the case. The father of a family, a hard drinker, was bloated with the dropsy to the size of a barrel. He had drunk nothing but whiskey for years, but the doctor said he was full of water nevertheless, and advised him to be tapped. The old man consented, but one of the boys, more filial than the rest, blubbered badly, and protested loudly against it.

"But why don't you want father to be tapped?"

"Cause nothing that's tapped in this house ever lasted more than three weeks."

The same doctor had another patient of the same sort, and when he found him near his end, he sought to break the news to his wife in a gentle way, by telling her that her husband would probably soon be in the *world of spirits*.

"And won't he be glad when he gets there?" she said, "for sure he never could get enough here."

Is there a better specimen of *punning* than is found in the last two lines of Hood's "Faithless

Sally Brown?" Indeed the whole stanza is perfect. Ben was a sailor:

"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befell;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell."

A GENTLEMAN stepping on board the boat at the Brooklyn Ferry, a short time ago, stumbled against the pail which, as usual, a woman was using in cleaning the floor when the people were flocking into the cabins. A by-stander remarked,

"He has kicked the bucket."

"Oh, no," said another, "he has only turned a little pail."

That is better than the noted one of Charley Lamb, who, on being pointed—or rather having his attention turned—to a church spire in which several gentlemen were said to have dined, remarked that they must have been sharp set.

Most of the conundrums are plays upon words, and some say the worse they are, the better. We never understood why. Here are two or three as good as new:

When two men are running a race, which one has no legs?—The one whose legs are a head.

What slight difference is there between a duck with one wing and a duck with two?—Only the difference of *o-pin-ion*.

THE Scotch parson was betrayed into more puns than he meant to make. When he prayed for the Council and the Parliament, that they might hang together in those trying times, a countryman standing by cried out,

"Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; it's the prayer of all good people."

"But, my friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does; but I pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," the inveterate fellow sung out again, "so it's only a strong one."

IN the old town of Windsor, in Connecticut, is a tomb-stone bearing this quaint inscription:

"HERE LYETH EPHRAIM HVIT,
SOMETIMES TEACHER TO THE CHVRCH OF WINDSOR,
WHO DYED SEPTEMBER 14, 1644.

Who when Hee lived, we drew our vital breath,
Who when Hee died, his dying was our death,
Who was the stay of State, the Church's staff—
Alas! the times forbid an Epitaph."

IN Springfield, Massachusetts, is a grave over which is written,

"HERE LYETH THE BODY OF MARI,
THE WIFE OF ELIZUR HOLYOKE,
WHO DIED OCTOBER 26, 1657.

She that lies here was while she stood
A very glory of womanhood;
Even here was sown most precious dust,
Which surely shall rise with the just."

HORNE TOOKE, on being asked by George III. whether he played cards, replied, "No, your Majesty; I can not tell a knave from a king."

SPEAKING of cards reminds us of what Sir Walter Scott said was the shrewdest reply he ever heard. Doctor Gregory, of Edinburgh, was a witness on a trial of vast importance, to prove the in-

sanity of a very distinguished man. It was shown by his counsel that that he was very skillful in playing cards.

"And do you seriously say," said the learned counsel to the doctor, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires in a superior degree memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time a deranged man?"

"I am no card-player," replied the doctor, "but I have read in history that the game of cards was invented for the amusement of an insane king."

WE never had sympathy with the spirit that makes light of old maids. The most of those whom it is our joy to know are lovable people, as all loving people are. Hence we can not imagine any thing more despicable than to put up such an epitaph as this, which is copied from an old newspaper (1750):

"*Epitaph on a talkative Old Maid.*

"Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talked till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath."

Or this:

"Here lies, return'd to clay,
Miss Arabella Young,
Who on the first of May
Began to hold her tongue."

IN the New England Primer (Boston, 1691), is the following quaint heading to one of the chapters, a short catechism for children:

"SPIRITUAL MILK, FOR AMERICAN BABES,
Drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments, for their Souls' Nourishment. By JOHN COTTON."

Lord Lindsay, in his *Lives of the Lindsays*, ascribed to his kinsman, the elder David, a posthumous work under the title:

"The Heavenly Chariot layde open for transporting the New-borne Babes of God from Rome infected with Sin, towards that Eternitie in which dwelle Righteousness; made up of some Rare Pieces of that purest Golde, which is not to be found but in that Richest Thesuarie of Sacred Scripture," etc. Imprinted at Sanct Androis, by E. Raban, Printer to the Vniversitie, 1622."

Three years afterward a similar work was published, with this title-page:

"The Godly Man's Journey to Heaven, containing Ten severall Treatises, viz.: 1 and 2. An Heavenly Chariot; 3. The Blessed Chariotsman; 4. The Lanthorn for the Chariot; 5. The Skilful Chariot-driver; 6. The Gard of the Chariot; 7. The Sixe Robbers of the Chariot; 8. The Thret Rockes layd on the Way; 9. The only Inne God's Babes aime at; 10. The Ghosts of the Inne. By Maister D. Lindsay, Minister of God's Word at Leith. 12mo. London, 1625."

SOME curious particulars might be collected respecting quaint texts and sermons, such as that of the Dean of St. Stephen's, when Vienna was relieved by King John Sobieski of Poland, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John" (St. John, i. 6); and that of Dr. South before the Merchant Tailors' Company: "A remnant shall be saved," Romans, ix. 27.

About the year 1640 a controversy occurred in London, which called out a variety of pamphlets; several of the titles are annexed:

"Messe of Pottage, very well seasoned and

crumbed with Bread of Life, and easie to be digested, against the Contumelious Slanderers of the Divine Service. A Pottage, set forth by Gyles Calfine. London, 1642, 4to."

"Answer to lame Gyles Calfine's *Messe of Pottage*, proving that the Service Booke is no better than Pottage, in comparison of divers Weeds which are chopt into it to poyson the taste of the Children of Grace, by the Advice of the Harlot of Babylon's Instruments and Cooks. London, 1642, 4to."

"Answer, in Defence of a *Messe of Pottage*, well seasoned and crumb'd, against the last, which falsely says the Common Prayers are unlawfull, and no better than the Pope's Porrage. London, 1642, 4to."

"Fresh Bit of Mutton for those fleshly-minded Cannibals that can not endure Pottage; or, a Defence of Gyles Calfine's *Messe of Pottage*, against the idle yet insolent exceptions of his monstrous Adversary. London, 1642, 4to."

About those days and for many years afterward, running down through Cromwell's time, we have much of this sort of nomenclature for books and also of people. The first name on the list of Cromwell's Parliament was Praise-God Barebones. Others quite as peculiar were given to children by the Puritans in Old England and New. It was not an unusual thing to confer upon a child a whole text of Scripture. A good old lady died, within our circle, not many years ago, who was familiarly known as Aunt Tribby, but who was baptized with the more extended title of "Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-heaven Crabb." In their fondness for Scripture names, some parents have not been sufficiently discriminating; one we remember, in Vermont, having named his son Most Noble Festus. Another, having complimented the four evangelists by naming a son after each of them, called his fifth "Acts of the Apostles," as he did not wish to be partial.

General Taylor said it was unwise to name a child after a living man, as it was quite uncertain what he might turn out to be; and on the same principle, he thought it unsafe to honor a general until after the war was over. We perceive that our English friends have not adopted this sagacious suggestion, but are already naming their children after the heroes of the Crimea. One little Bull already rejoices in the euphonious cognomen, Raglan Inkermann. The Countess of Trapani, in Naples, has lately honored the great event of the present year, by naming her new-born daughter, Maria Theresa Ferdinanda Immaculate-Conception Sabatia Luciana Philomena, the Queen of the Two Sicilies being her sponsor.

BUT let us get out of these quiddities and close by singing a song, perfect in its kind, characteristic of the time. It is from a work entitled *An Hour's Recreation in Music*, by Richard Alison, published in 1606:

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly Paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, that none may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry

"These cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow;
Yet these no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

"Her eyes, like angels, watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry."

AN up-country reader and writer says: "Our people were afflicted badly with an organ-ic fever. Some of them had been "to" Albany, and were so much astonished with the magnificent organ peals in the church which they attended, that nothing would do but we must have one of our own. To pay three or four thousand dollars was, however, quite as much of an impossibility as to do without, or to build a pyramid. At last they heard of a small second-hand organ, quite out of repair, which would be put in order and sold for five hundred dollars. They bought it. The gem of an organ was set up in our neat little church. The long expected day for its first performance arrived. It was a summer Sabbath, and among our people was a lady from the city with a pet boy of three years old, who had often seen and heard the music-grinders in the streets with a monkey to amuse the children. Instantly, as the organ opened its throats, the boy turned and looked into the gallery. Then he stretched his neck; then he mounted the seat.

"'Sit down,' said his mother. 'Sit down, I say!' she repeated.

"'No I won't,' said the anxious child, 'I want to see the monkey!'

"The remark was heard by all the good people in the vicinity, who were thus reminded that our organ sounds more like a street-machine than one of the noble instruments they had heard of in Albany."

"THE good time coming," which the prophets have been promising, is just at hand. We feel quite certain of it. And the doctors, not of the law nor of theology, are to bring it in. The pills are to do the business. We find an advertisement in all the papers headed "UNHAPPINESS," and are there assured that to secure its perfect cure the unhappy individual has but to take *Brandreth's pills*. But there are some who prefer homœopathy, and we have a book of prescriptions, in which the symptoms are described, and the medicines adapted to each case are indicated. Among them we find the following: "For anxiety of mind about business or the soul's salvation—*sulphur*."

These assurances that the sources of misery may be dried up by the free use of Brandreth's pills under the old practice, or of sulphur under the new, will be a joyful announcement to all the wretched sons and daughters of men. Whenever we "feel bad," without looking into the cause, we have only to look to the cure, and dispose of the matter at once by taking a pill; and even anxiety of mind about this world, or the world to come, is to be cured by swallowing a few grains of brimstone! *Vive la bagatelle!*

HEAR an old veteran, of seventy-five years of age, in a communication to "The Drawer:"

"Having a little business, I was called to the place of my nativity not long since—one of the numerous pleasant towns on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut river. There the sober and saddened summer-light of 1779 first broke upon my now dimmed eyes. After I had finished my busi-

ness, I walked a mile to the burying-ground; first casting my eyes around to discover, if I could, the earliest stone or stones. I think I succeeded, for I found red sandstones as far back as 1650. By scratching away green moss and mould, I managed to make legible a good many names. There were 'Ralph,' 'Rufus,' 'Edith,' 'Matilda,' and from these names I inferred their Norman and Saxon descent. Pursuing the same course of thought, I looked for the old Puritans. I soon found 'Preserved,' 'Recompense,' 'Tribulation,' 'Overcome' (a fact), 'Hope,' 'Patience,' 'Charity,' etc. 'Now,' thinks I to myself, 'I will look for the veterans of the old French War and the Revolution.' I soon found 'Sergeants,' 'Ensigns,' 'Lieutenants,' 'Captains,' 'Majors,' 'Colonels,' and 'Generals'—a noble company of heroes—to say nothing of 'Drummers,' 'Fife-majors,' and 'Corporals.' An imposing stone proclaimed one to be a branch of nobility; it bore only the name—

'HUNTER.'

"Passing on, I may say I was literally 'arrested' by one inscription, which ran as follows:

'In Memory of
LIEUTENANT ———:
DIED 1753.
Death and the Grave—
Without any Order.'

"I wish I knew the meaning of this inscription. Should you think my brain so worn by seventy-five years of use as to be unable to comprehend it, please say so, and give me the light of your better judgment."

The idea intended to be conveyed appears to us to be, that Death and the Grave await no "orders" to seize and bear away their captives.

SOMEBODY has been amusing himself and his readers with the following "backward readings," or rather readings that, backward or forward, are precisely the same—that is, have all the letters, and nearly all the entire words:

"Name no one man."

And the other:

"Snug and raw was I ere I saw war and guns."

This last "curiosity of literature," doubtless many a wasted, wounded young recruit, toiling and bleeding in the Crimea, can avouch to be but too true.

It will task the nerves of most readers to avoid laughing at the following most amusing account of the "*Evils of being Near-sighted*," involving also an instance of the whimsical good-nature and politeness of the French character:

"I was passing down Broadway one pleasant morning, when my dog—as I thought, but, alas! it was another's—rushed between my legs, and nearly threw me down. Although naturally, or rather commonly, a good-natured man, I was not, at that precise moment, in my smoothest mood. The tranquil current of my mind had been agitated by more than one circumstance that day, and the little dog rendered me absolutely angry. With an exclamation of wrath I gave this member of the canine race a kick, which sent him howling to the opposite side of the street.

"Sare!" said a tall, swarthy, Frenchified, ferocious-looking personage, bowing until his very mustaches brushed my nose; 'you 'ave kick my dog! What for you 'ave done dis for, eh?'

"My dear Sir," I exclaimed, terribly discom-

posed, 'I beg ten thousand pardons! I really thought it was my own dog.'

"Ah! you t'ought it was *your* dog, ah? No, Sare! it was *my* little dog zat you 'aves kick!"

"Sir, I am exceedingly sorry; I mistook him for my own dog. I assure you I *thought* it was my own dog at the time."

"But, by gar, Sare, dere is not de *resemblance* dere. De one dog is of ze *white*, and de oder dog is of ze *black* color. Besides, Sare, de one 'aves got ze ear ver' wide, and de oder ver' short. Yees; and ze one 'aves got de tail ver' moch, and ze oder 'aves *lose* de tail ver' moch! Dere is not *r-r-e-z-e-m-blance*, Sare! Non!!"

"But, Sir, I am near-sighted; my eyes are impaired. I could not see the difference between the dogs."

"The foreigner looked steadily in my face for a moment, but perceiving nothing there but truth, his countenance became calm and comparatively pleasant.

"Ah! you 'aves den, Monsieur, ze vision not very fâr, eh?"

"I assented.

"Ah! den zat is all de apology zat I shall demand;" and, with a graceful adieu, he passed on.

"How fortunate for me," soliloquized I, "that he was a Frenchman! Had he been one of 'our folks,' I might have figured in the gutter before I could have an opportunity to explain, or excuse myself. My apology would have been laughed at by a Yankee. 'Alas!' sighed I, pausing, and wiping the glasses of my spectacles, 'who ever pitied a near-sighted man?'"

WE scarcely remember to have read a more simply-touching record, in a long time, than the following description, by the author of "*Europe in a Hurry*," of the death of a banjo-player attached to a company of sable melodists, recently at San Francisco, from the Atlantic States. The sketch is from a new but promising magazine, "*The Pioneer*." We annex a single extract—a fair "sample" only of the beauty of the whole:

"You'll never see the like of poor Tom Briggs again! He was different from most other players, Tom Briggs was. They seldom take any pride in their business, and are generally satisfied with any cheap instrument which they can get. But Tom was very particular. He never stood upon the price of a banjo, and when he got a good one, he was always studying some way to ornament it, and improve it.

"He had a light one, and a heavy one, for different kinds of work; and he played so strong, that he had to get a piece of steel made for the end of his finger, as a sort of shield, like, to prevent his tearing off his nails. He was very fond of playing the heavy one; and when we were coming up the coast (it is one of his brother-players who is speaking), he would sometimes strike his strongest notes, and then turn round to me, so proud, and say:

"Ah, Eph! what will they say in San Francisco, what will they think, when they hear the old Cremona speak like *that*!"

"It didn't make any difference even when he took sick. He played away all the same. Only after he got here to 'San Fran.,' he could play only the light one. He used to have it hanging against the wall, so that he could reach it in bed. Most any time you went in, you'd hear him talking to 'the old Cremona,' as he called it, and making it

talk back to him. But by'm-by, he got so weak he could scarcely hold on to it; and I have sat beside his bed and watched him till the sound became so faint that it seemed as if he and the banjo were both falling into a dream. All the while, though, he kept a good heart, poor fellow! and we kept encouraging him along, too; and every now and then he'd raise himself up and say:

"Ah! how I'll make 'em look around when I get strength enough once more to make the old banjo speak!"

... "But at last, he felt that he was gone: and after some straight, sensible talk, he told us when he died, to take the two banjos and pack them up carefully, and send them home to his father and mother. An hour before he went, he asked me to hand him his banjo. He took hold of it and looked at it for a moment, as if he was looking at a person he was going to part with forever, and then he tried to strike the chords. But he could merely drop the weight of his thin fingers on them. There was no stroke to his touch at all. He could just barely make a sound, and that was so fine that it appeared to vanish away, like the buzz of a fly. It was so dim, that I don't believe he heard it himself, and he dropped his hand as if he gave it up. Then he looked at me as if he understood every thing in the world, and shaking his head, said:

"It's no use—hang it up, Eph; I can't hit it any more!"

"These were the last words that poor Tom Briggs ever spoke!"

MANY a reader, if he has arrived at the mature age of manhood, will recall to mind some remote Sabbath-scene, kindred to *his* feelings, on reading the following:

"I shall never forget a scene in which deep pathos was a principal characteristic, which I once saw at a country church in the interior of the State of New York. A pious clergyman, whose three-score years and ten had turned his hair to snow, and given to his limbs the tremulousness of age, was to preach his farewell discourse to his little congregation, over whom he had presided for nearly half a century.

"The place itself, and the time, were accessories to the 'abiding effect' which was left upon the minds of all who were present.

"It was the afternoon of a mild day in October, and the sere leaves of the trees which shaded the church were falling in slow eddies by the opening windows. After recapitulating his long labors among his congregation—his "teachings publicly, and from house to house," like Paul; the number he had married, christened, baptized—after these affecting reminiscences, which touched an answering chord in the bosoms of all his hearers—he adverted to that day wherein all the actors in the drama of life must enter at the last scene, to complete and make up the sublime catastrophe, and warned them to prepare for its momentous solemnities.

"For myself," said he, "I can say, standing upon a narrow point between two worlds, that I account myself as nothing until I was my Saviour's, and enrolled in the register of the Redeemer."

"Here, raising his trembling, attenuated hands to heaven, his dim eyes streaming with tears—for although he had all along struggled successfully with his emotions, his feelings now entirely over-

came him—he repeated these lines in the most melting cadence:

"'E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, trembling tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

"The look which followed these touching verses—the subdued emotion, the pious hope, the spiritual fervor which beamed in the countenance of the venerable father—will never be banished from my memory."

"POLITE and elegant to the last!" was our thought as we read the following in a miscellaneous column of the London "*Dispatch*" weekly newspaper:

"In the year 1792, Lieutenant Campbell, of the Middlesex militia, was found guilty of forgery, and as the penalty then existed, he was condemned to die for the offense.

"On the eve of his hanging, he sent invitation-cards to many of his brother officers, couched in the following language:

"Lieutenant Campbell's compliments to ———: he requests the pleasure of his company to-morrow morning, to take a cup of chocolate, and to do him the honor to accompany him to Tyburn, to be present at his execution."

Now, if this had been an invitation to attend a marriage in state, could it have been more "*cavalierly*" penned?

ALTHOUGH it is quite certain that the Chinese fowls known as *Shanghais* have fallen into some disrepute, from the alleged fact that they

"Grow largely to legs,
And eat up their own eggs,"

yet they are not without their defenders, even after they are dead and gone. For example, read the subjoined affecting notice of the death of a Shanghai rooster, from the pen of his former afflicted owner:

"His voice, when heard amidst the crowing of other roosters, was like the trombone in an orchestra of violins, or the gigantic bass of rumbling thunder amidst the hum of a dozen spinning-wheels:

"Farewell, faithful servant! a lasting farewell;
From thy fate let all roosters take warning:
No more will thy voice, in a long and loud swell,
Awake us to get up and go to work about half-past three o'clock in the morning!"

From this last line, which is liberally constructed so far as "any quantity" of "feet" are concerned, we infer that the Shanghais, among their other defects, are somewhat too *early* risers to suit the "generality of customers in general."

ANY one whose memory can go back some twenty years ago, will recognize the condensed picture which we abridge below, of what was then "*The Ancient and Modern Book-auctioneer*."

The "Ancient Book-auctioneer" had an "apartment" on the ground-floor of a store on Broadway, or in the near vicinity of that great thoroughfare, on a cross-street. That was the Temple of the "Intellectual Knight of the Hammer." His stores were all well-thumbed; a stray work of the mod-

erns, in faded, garish gilt binding, was only rarely to be seen.

Here sat the "Ancient Book-auctioneer," on a tall, three-legged stool, "knocking off" (what a desecration of genius and intellect is that word!)—*knocking off* philosophy, poetry, science, metaphysics, cataphysics, geology, mineralogy, syntax and prosody, with no more immediate idea of what he was doing than if he were an automaton figure (like Maelzel's Chess-Player) with a small hammer in his hand, moved by cunning machinery, adroitly concealed below. But listen to him for a moment: what time he addresses seedy literateurs of the last century—embryo authorlings—idlers of all and every grade—respectably-dressed mechanics and ill-dressed laborers—sickly students, with pale countenances, and learned *savans*, in quest of some rare work. Hark, for a moment, to the Ancient Book-auctioneer:

"Gen-tell-men! here's a copy of—a mag-nificent copy, gen-tell-men—of Plutarch's Lives. 'Poor old Plute,' we used to call him, I remember, in college. 'Twas a way we had; boys will be boys, you know, gen-tell-men. We did so with all of 'em. Wenus we called 'Weeny'—Apollo, 'Poll'—and Cicero, 'Cis?' Well—how much for our old friend 'Plute?'—sometimed called Pluto—one of the very biggest of the heathen gods, who came down to earth in the shape of a most tremendous Tom-cat! How much, gen-tell-men, for our old college friend Plute, or Pluto? How much 'm offered for Plute? Say ten dollars to start him, gen-tell-men!"

The Ancient Book-Auctioneer embodied the very romance, the poetry of the literary or intellectual rostrum. His admiration of Milton approached idolatry. You might revile all the saints in the calendar, and meet only his calm rebuke; but doubt the infallibility of the Bard of Paradise, and the vials of his wrath were immediately poured out. Milton was a "stock-book" with him. One night some unlucky wight bid *sixpence* for it.

"SIXPENCE!" shouted the Ancient, "for the legacy of the sublime MILTON!—S—I—X—P—E—N—C—E! Boy, put out the lights! No more sales to-night! No premises in my possession shall ever shelter an audience who can stand tamely by and permit such a literary sacrilege!"

And out the lights went, sure enough, and the grumbling auditory groped their way to the street.

THERE is something a little ludicrous in the straits which an Old Bachelor may be put to, when we find him, in the absence of other companions, making love to his tea-kettle:

"I have been so often and so unprofitably in love, I have serious thoughts of paying my addresses to my *Tea-Kettle*. I have found her a very warm friend. She *sings*, too; and you know how fond I am of music. She sings a very cheerful tune: I have heard a voice a thousand times more unpleasant than hers. On a winter's night, after a well-spent day with a volume of old poetry—Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser—a volume of Dr. Johnson, or a new novel; when the wind is blowing and pattering the rain against one's window—then sweet is the song of the kettle—much sweeter to a studious man than a crying child or a scolding wife. However, I must consider seriously before I offer her my hand—lest she should *burn* it!"

A VERY beautiful illustration of the *External In-*

fluence of the Sabbath is contained in this brief isolated passage, which we find in a "lower depth" of our capacious "Drawer."

"Every Sabbath morning, in the summer time, I thrust back my curtain to watch the sunrise stealing down a steeple which stands opposite my chamber window. First the weather-cock begins to flash; then a fainter lustre gives the spire an airy aspect; next it encroaches on the tower, and causes the index of the dial to glisten like gold as it points to the gilded figure of the hour.

"Now the loftiest window gleams, and now the lower. The carved frame-work of the portal is marked strongly out. At length the morning glory, in its descent from heaven, comes down the stone steps one by one; and there stands the steeple, glowing with fresh radiance, while the shades of twilight still hide themselves among the nooks of the adjacent buildings.

"Methinks, although the same sun brightens it every fair morning, yet the steeple has a peculiar robe of brightness for the Sabbath."

On the beautiful Lake George, or "Lake Horicon," as the late Colonel Stone named it, is a charming scene called "Sabbath-Day Point." There is a similar "point" in the mind of all who look upon nature in its loveliness on a bright Sabbath-day in Spring.

A WORKMAN at a Lunatic Asylum in England, left a chisel, more than three feet long, on a recent occasion, in one of the wards. A furious patient seized it, and threatened to kill with it any one who approached him. Every one then in the ward immediately retreated from it. At length the attendant opened the door, and balancing the key of the ward on his hand, walked slowly toward the dangerous madman, looking intently at it. "His attention," said the attendant, "was immediately attracted. He came toward me, and asked:

"'What are you doing with that?'"

"'I'm trying to balance this key on my hand,' said I, 'and I can do it; but you can not balance that chisel in that way on the back of your hand.'"

"'Yes, I can,' said he; and he immediately placed it on the back of his hand, balancing it carefully, and extending it toward me.

"I took it off very quietly, and without making any comment upon it. He seemed a little chagrined at having lost his weapon, but he made no attempt to regain it, and in a short time all irritation passed away."

BY-THE-BY, "speaking of *chisels*," that was an affectionate way of applauding an actor, when on the stage, which was adopted in the case of a popular performer at New Orleans, the younger Placide:

A lady, a great favorite with the New Orleans public, was performing on the same evening, it being for her "benefit." At the close of the performance she was called out, and bouquets, and other and more costly tokens of approval, were liberally bestowed upon her. Nor was Mr. Placide not remembered. He was enthusiastically applauded in an after-piece; and while he was engaged in his part, amidst applause, something very bright came whizzing and flashing upon the stage, passing only a little distance above his head, and going through a scene in the rear of the stage, and disappearing from view.

"Turn him out! turn him out!" said a hundred

voices at once; and the vociferators looked up to the quarter of the house whence the missile, or whatever it was, had proceeded.

But at length all was still, and the play proceeded to the end without interruption. The man who had created the disturbance was removed (struggling, to be sure, but simply remonstrating, without other resistance).

As Mr. Placide was in his *un*-dressing-room, preparing to leave the theatre, a man appeared at the stage-door, inquiring for him.

"Show the gentleman up," said Mr. Placide. And up he came.

"Play-side," said he, almost with tears in his eyes—for he was in a maudlin mood—"Play-side, you have always been a very great favor-ite of mine—always. Now I've been cruelly treated here to-night, and I was determined not to go home till I had seen you, and *told* you about it—for, Play-side, you have always been a great favor-ite of mine."

"But, my friend, what is your cause of complaint? Who has insulted you?"

"Well, you see, when I see 'em throwing flowers, and diamond-pins, and little pocket-books down to that pretty Mrs. H——, thinks I, I'll throw something to Play-side, for he's *my* favorite; and I *did* throw it!"

"What was it?" said Placide, having an inkling of a curious explanation.

"Why, it was *my best chisel*! I'm a cabinet-maker, and I'd had it put in first-rate order, and 'twas handy in my pocket; and I sent it, 'cause you was always a favor-ite of mine, Play-side! If it had been three times as good a one you should ha' had it, 'cause you was always a favor-ite of mine!"

Placide says that he likes cordial applause, but he doesn't want it to come "full chisel!"

"WE know not *what's resisted*," says Robert Burns, speaking of those who may never, by sad reverses—by want—have been *tempted* to do a *mean* or *dishonorable* action, which nothing could excuse, and which Burns never for a moment contemplated. The "resistance" of which he spoke was the resistance which *Feeling* offers against Honest Pride.

The Scottish poet Thom, a hand-loom weaver in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, was "hard beset" by poverty. He is out of employment, and sets out with his sick wife, with an infant, and two older, but also small children, to seek the means of keeping them "safe from hunger" by honest labor. On their sudden journey—for they have been "turned out of house and home" at a moment's warning—they set forth at nightfall on a sour, disagreeable November day. Poor Thom is a cripple, having had his ankle broken by the carriage of an English earl. Seeing a "comfortable-looking steading" by the roadside, "'twixt the gloaming and the mirk," he seeks shelter, but is "denied the hospitality of even an out-house and straw." He returns to his little family without; the "wee things," weary and way-worn, "travel and foot-sore;" and one little thing, who was "stupid and wesome-like," had fallen asleep. He announces to his weeping wife the result of his application, and then goes on to say:

"Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down

beside them. My head throbbed with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation; and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind; inclosed; prisoned in misery; no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me, what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour!

"Here let me speak out; and be heard too while I tell it; that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits; when Despair has loosed Honor's last hold upon the heart; when transcendent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust; when every unsympathizing on-looker is deemed an enemy; who *then* can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never hear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse; a chain with one end fixed in Nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny."

Doesn't this touching passage remind one of the admirable satire of Dickens upon "*Duty to Society*," alway owed, but never paid in any other coin than punishment and wrath:

"Oh, ermined Judge! whose 'duty to society' is now to doom the ragged criminal to punishment and death, had'st thou never, MAN, a duty to discharge, *in barring up the hundred open gates that wooed him to the felon's dock, and throwing but ajar the portals to decent life?*"

"HAVE you ever included," writes a lady correspondent, from Richmond (Virginia), "the following lines, by Miss Hannah F. Gould, in your pages? If you have not done so, they will be found most acceptable to many a reader of your 'Drawer.' I think them very beautiful."

They *are* so; but we take the liberty to correct one line, to the form it bore in the original, which is misquoted. The piece was entitled

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been, to be no more;
Of me, my frame, the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame!

Literary Notices.

THE most important publication of Harper and Brothers, during the past month, is the *Statistical Gazetteer of the World*, by J. CALVIN SMITH, which is now completed in one large octavo volume, forming a copious repository of geographical knowledge, brought down to the latest dates, and especially full on the United States and British America. A gazetteer of this kind has been a desideratum for some time past, so great has been the progress of geographical discovery, and so rapid the development of regions and countries which have been almost called into existence within a few years, and assumed a place among the nations of the civilized world. The introduction of steam and electricity, as mediums of communication between distant places, has changed the relations of society, opened new fields for commercial enterprise, greatly enlarged our stock of international information, and rendered unavailable the standard works on geography and statistics on which we could heretofore rely without error. The present volume is the first to embody in a compact form the facts which have been scattered through a variety of works, and many of them too rare and expensive to permit their being consulted by the mass of readers. It presents the most important results of the late census of the United States, Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, furnishing complete returns of the social, agricultural, and industrial statistics of the people. The elaborate works that have recently been published on various specialities of geographical science, have been diligently consulted by the author; their essential points have been preserved, and their facts arranged in a convenient and lucid method. In treating of the countries of the Old World, the latest census returns have been employed, free use has been made of the researches of standard writers, and no pains have been spared to glean every particle of information which libraries could furnish; while, in regard to the Western Continent, personal recourse has been had to original sources of information that have not before been collected and arranged in a systematic form. By a skillful typographical method great economy of space has been attained, enabling the editor to offer a vast amount of facts without crowding the page, confusing the eye, or preventing the utmost facility of consultation. The type is of a medium size, but so clear and legible as to cause no inconvenience; the paper is of a substantial texture, and of unspotted white in its complexion; and the binding of the massive volume presents a workmanlike union of beauty and strength. It is believed that this gazetteer—which reflects so much credit on the diligence, sagacity, and knowledge of the editor, Mr. J. Calvin Smith—will be found indispensable, not only in the libraries of schools and other literary institutions, for occasional reference, but as a constant companion on the table of the merchant, the student, the editor, the artisan, and the professional reader, as well as in every family collection of standard works.

Questions of the Soul, by J. T. HECKER (published by D. Appleton and Co.), is a statement of the answers presented by the Catholic Church to the religious inquiries proposed especially by the thinkers of the Transcendental school, represented by Emerson, Carlyle, W. H. Channing, and several popular modern poets. The interest of the

volume consists chiefly in its free discussions of topics of current interest, especially of those connected with social reform and progress. The writer strenuously maintains the importance of ecclesiastical authority against the latitudinarianism of the times; but aims to produce conviction by appeals to the imagination rather than by force of logic.

The Country Neighborhood is the title of a novel (published by Harper and Brothers) founded on incidents of Southern life, and illustrative of many striking features of society in the interior districts of that region. It deals in forcible contrasts of character, which it sets forth in high-wrought language—the style partaking more of the fervor and luxuriance of the tropics than of the severe precision of a colder clime. The plot includes several situations of exciting interest, portraying the lurid exhibitions of unbridled passion, in the form of vengeful and insatiate hate, combined with pictures of the most attractive features of feminine loveliness. A vivid imagination glows on every page of the story, and sometimes wreaks itself in an excessive intensity of expression.

Redfield has issued an edition of *Satire and Satirists*, by JAMES HANNAY, a series of lectures discussing, with considerable vivacity and point, the characteristics of the most celebrated satirical writers of ancient and modern times. The writer is never profound—his apparent originality often fails to prove genuine—but he is seldom dull, sometimes eloquent, and occasionally hits upon a vein of striking and suggestive remark. The principal persons that figure in his pages are Horace, Juvenal, Erasmus, Boileau, Dryden, Swift, Pope, and Byron. His volume is not one of great pretensions, but may furnish an hour of agreeable reading.

The Story of the Peasant-Boy Philosopher, by HENRY MAYHEW, is an ingenious and highly successful attempt to popularize the principles of natural science in a manner adapted to the comprehension of the youthful mind. It is founded on the early life of the celebrated shepherd-astronomer Ferguson, explaining, under the garb of an agreeable fiction, the methods by which he was initiated into a knowledge of physical laws. It is not often that the attempt to beguile the irksomeness of study by the charms of a narrative is so skillfully accomplished as in the present case. However nicely the pill is sugared over, most children will retain the sweet and leave the medicine. Such experiments may serve to while away a tedious winter-evening; but, in general, they impart as little substantial instruction as the merest fiction. It is an old saying that there can be no royal road to science; and the wisest teachers have usually refrained from trying to conceal the difficulties of the path by covering them with flowers. This little work of Mr. Mayhew's, however, is an exception to the general rule. It is happily conceived and ably executed. His exposition of the principles of science is simple and attractive. In a style that is a model of descriptive composition for juvenile readers, he elucidates the methods of astronomy and mechanics, connecting the exact results of calculation with a pleasing dialogue, and just enough of a story to keep curiosity awake. He has judiciously avoided every thing that approaches to the detestable cramming system, always aiming to in-

spire the pupil with a love of the research in hand, and to tempt onward his uncertain steps from one attainment to another, until he almost unconsciously finds himself in possession of an ample fund of knowledge. This is in accordance with the processes of nature, and guarantees the excellence of the work. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Father Clark, or the Pioneer Preacher, is an interesting narrative of the adventures of one of the earliest religious pioneers in the valley of the Mississippi. He was a man of remarkable eccentricity of character, though of devoted piety and unquenchable zeal. The author has collected a variety of amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the personal peculiarities of "Father Clark," and of the primitive condition of society at the period of his labors. The volume is the first of a contemplated series, and gives favorable promise of its attractive character. (Published by Sheldon, Lampont, and Blakeman.)

The Physical Geography of the Sea, by M. F. MAURY, U. S. N. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The high scientific fame of the author will be enhanced by the issue of the present volume. It forms the natural sequel to the "Wind and Current Charts," that have so widely attracted the attention of both the philosophical and the commercial public. They were designed to collect the experience of every navigator as to the winds and currents of the ocean, and present the results thereof to the world in a convenient and instructive form. The practical success of these charts was immediate and complete. By the knowledge which they furnished the remote corners of the earth were brought closer together, in some instances by many days' sail. The passage to the equator alone was shortened some ten days. Before the preparation of the charts the average passage from New York to California was one hundred and eighty-three days; but, following their guidance, navigators have reduced the average to one hundred and thirty-five days. But, besides the maritime observations on which these charts were founded, a more extensive system is now in operation, which promises to result in a new department of science—the physical geography of the sea. This term includes a philosophical account of the winds and currents of the ocean—of its depth and temperature—of the wonders that are hidden in its bosom, and of the phenomena that are exhibited at its surface. The economy of the sea and its adaptations—its salts, its waters, its inhabitants—also pertain to the subject, and are amply treated in the present volume. The discussion, it will be perceived, is of a unique character, and opens details that are rarely touched in the records of science. In the hands of Lieutenant Maury it assumes a popular interest, no less than scientific importance. His descriptions of the phenomena of the Gulf Stream, of the Currents of the Sea, the Salts of the Sea, and other cognate topics, are singularly graphic in their style, besides containing a rich fund of curious and valuable information. It is rarely that a treatise on any branch of physical science is so attractive in its details or so fruitful in its instructions as the volume before us. It can not fail to awaken universal interest and admiration.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, by AGNES STRICKLAND. The fifth volume of this series (published by Harper and Brothers) continues the romantic biography of Mary Stuart, and pleads with earnestness and emphasis for a favorable

judgment on the character of that unfortunate queen. Miss Strickland writes with exuberant feminine sympathies, but her glow of feeling has not enticed her from the careful research which is the first duty of the historical writer. She has faithfully consulted the contemporary documents pertaining to the subject—her opinions are sustained by a plausible show of authorities—and, if she does not always exhibit a rigid, judicial impartiality, she makes a skillful use of the evidence before her, but without permitting the zeal of the advocate to impair the honesty of the chronicler. The narrative in this volume, as usual, is flowing and graceful, and, in the long run, both piques and rewards the curiosity of the reader.

Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems, by HEW AINSLIE. (Published by Redfield.) The admirers of Scottish poetry will find much in this volume to gratify their taste. Its author, as he informs us in his neat preface, has long been a truant from the walks of literature, and now returns, in the "autumnal gloaming of life," with an offering in his native tongue, gathered in part during a long residence in the Far West, but every where glowing with native Scottish enthusiasm. Most of the pieces here printed betray a genuine poetical temperament, an impassioned love of nature, refined domestic sentiments, and an easy flow of versification. A glossary, on the margin of the page, will prove a great convenience to readers not familiar with the Scotch idiom.

The new Pastoral, by THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. (Published by Parry and M'Millan.) A succession of agreeable pictures of American rural life and scenery compose the substance of this latest production of a favorite native poet. It is a more ambitious performance than any of his former poems, and we think will not detract from his well-earned reputation. Many of its strains suggest a reminiscence of Cowper, whom Mr. Read resembles in his natural descriptions of rural scenes, his pleasing domestic allusions, and his vein of tender and pensive sentiment. The volume is not remarkable either for originality or vigor; but its fidelity to nature, its freedom from forced and gaudy coloring, and its general healthfulness of tone will commend it to the approval of judicious readers, and insure it a permanent place in American poetry.

THE London journals announce several rumors of interesting books that are expected to make their appearance early the present season. Among these, we notice a collection of his best narrative poems by LEIGH HUNT, the ever-youthful veteran of literature, who so well preserves the freshness both of his intellect and heart at an advanced age. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING and ROBERT BROWNING are each preparing new poems. Mrs. Browning's, it is understood, is a narrative poem; but no further details in regard to its character have as yet transpired. Miss JEWSEURY has a novel on the eve of publication. A volume of *Selections from the Writings of THOMAS CARLYLE* is said to be preparing by one who will do his work with taste and discrimination. The closing volume of GROTE's *History of Greece* is nearly ready for the press. A new English version of *Herodotus*, by the Rev. G. RAWLINSON, assisted by Colonel RAWLINSON and Sir GARDNER WILKINSON; Vols. IV. to VI. of Dean MILMAN's *History of Latin Christianity and of the Popes; Kempe Viser: Songs about Giants and Heroes*, translated from the

Danish; and *Songs of Europe*, by GEORGE BORROW, Esq.; and, by the same author, a sequel to *Lavengro*, entitled *The Romany Rye*—are announced by Murray.

THE Russian War has called forth several volumes of new poetry. Among them is one by GERALD MASSEY, entitled *War Waits*, which exhibits the characteristic inequalities of that versatile but uncertain genius. It is thus spoken of by a leading critical journal: "Gerald Massey's descriptions of the scenes and events of the war are spirited, but at the same time so crude and irregular that they can not have more than a passing interest. Vigor without refinement, and genius without taste, will never achieve enduring success in poetry, though it is the fashion of the literary criticism of the day to depreciate and despise art in composition. So much flattery has been heaped on some of the young poets who have lately appeared that, we fear they will give little heed to the warnings and counsels of a severer taste. Time will test the real worth of works now inordinately praised. Of the poetry that passes under our review very small is the proportion that will live among our standard literature; and this not from want of genius and feeling, but of art and labor in composition."

OF recent English books, *The Life of Etty*, by ALEXANDER GILCHRIST, possesses considerable interest to art-students and the admirers of that distinguished painter; but is sadly disfigured by the affectation, pomposity, and Carlylese jargon of the writer. He is handled gently by most of the reviewers, but the *Athenæum* tells the truth about him with sufficient explicitness:

"The friends of William Etty have been unfortunate in their choice of a biographer; Mr. Gilchrist has undertaken a task which he is not qualified for, and the public, no less than the artist's memory, are no small sufferers through his incompetence. The author's style is hard and unintelligible, and his language—as in the opening paragraph of the second volume—not always grammatical. His punctuation is very erroneous throughout, and his use of italic and capital letters almost ludicrous. But the chief objection is to his style, and the manner in which the painter's letters are broken up and interpolated with foolish comments."

The first and second volumes of the *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery*, by JOHN HOLLAND and JAMES EVERETT, have been issued by Longman, bringing the biography of the poet down to the year 1812—the year after the publication of the "World before the Flood."

"His biography," says a London reviewer, "is that of a patriot and a Christian, as well as of a poet and a man of letters. The memory of such a man the world would not willingly let die, and the appearance of the present memoir has been looked for with much interest. Nor will the reader be disappointed. The biographers seem to have been intimately acquainted with the subject of their memoir, and display for his character a genial sympathy and a reverent admiration. The chief fault of the book, we fear, will arise out of the very excess of the esteem in which the memory of 'the bard of Sheffield' is held by his friends."

The History and Poetry of Finger-Rings, by CHARLES EDWARDS, is favorably noticed by *The Spectator*. It remarks:

"This volume is one of the best American books that has appeared of late. It is true that the subject is limited, perhaps narrow; for the history, archæology, uses, curiosities, and sentiment of finger-rings, with the addition of personal anecdote or gossip, do not seem to promise much. Mr. Counselor Edwards, of New York, has, however, made an interesting book. He has collected an immense number of widely-scattered facts, arranged them well, and presented them concisely, constantly authenticating his statements by reference to authorities. It has the least of verbiage and the most of matter in a brief compass of any American books that we have met: the author's profession probably has contributed to this result. The most obvious fault of Mr. Edwards is insufficient discrimination as regards his authorities."

THE Venerable JULIUS HARE, Archdeacon of Lewes, died during the last month, at the Rectory, Herstmonceux. It may almost be said that the venerable archdeacon was better known in England than in Sussex—in Europe than in England. His literary reputation is founded, to a considerable extent, on his share in giving an English dress to the great German writer who revolutionized Roman story; and it is probably as the translator of Niebuhr that he is best known to the world. Seldom, however, has there been a more original or profound thinker than the Archdeacon of Lewes. Even when taking an active part in the questions of the day, he appeared to regard events with the calm impartiality of a historian treating of some by-gone age, or, rather, of a philosopher considering the policy of a foreign country. In the Church of England he was regarded by many, and was named in the celebrated "Edinburgh Review" article, as the leader of a party. "The Church of England is not high or low, but broad," said the "Times" once in a leading article; and it was as the leader of "The Broad Church" that Archdeacon Hare was designated in the northern quarterly. That this was a leadership which the archdeacon would have been the first to repudiate, we may confidently affirm. It was evidently always his wish to belong to no party, but to join with all parties in the Church of England in every good work. He was best known in this country by the admirable gems of wisdom entitled "Guesses at Truth," written in connection with his brother, the late CHARLES HARE, and by his "Life of Sterling," which so aroused the wrath of Carlyle as to provoke him to a rival biography. The following lines addressed to his memory have a melancholy interest, both on account of the subject and the author:

JULIUS HARE.

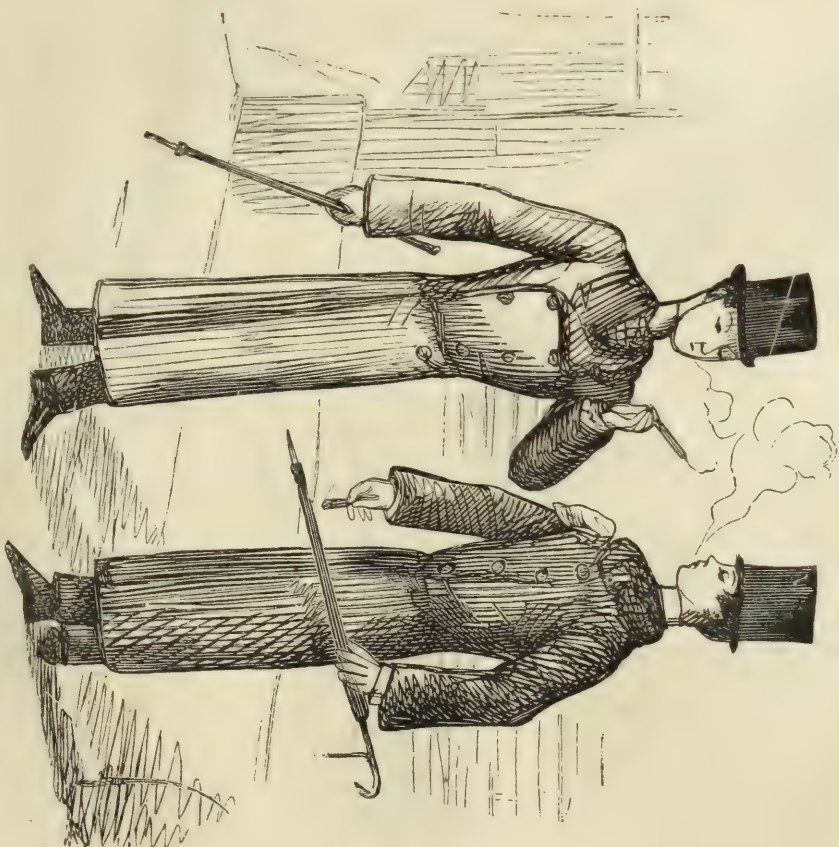
Julius! how many hours have we
Together spent with sages old!
In wisdom none surpassing thee,
In Truth's bright armure none more bold.
By friends around thy couch in death
My name from those pure lips was heard.
O Fame! how feeblér all thy breath
Than Virtue's one expiring word!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



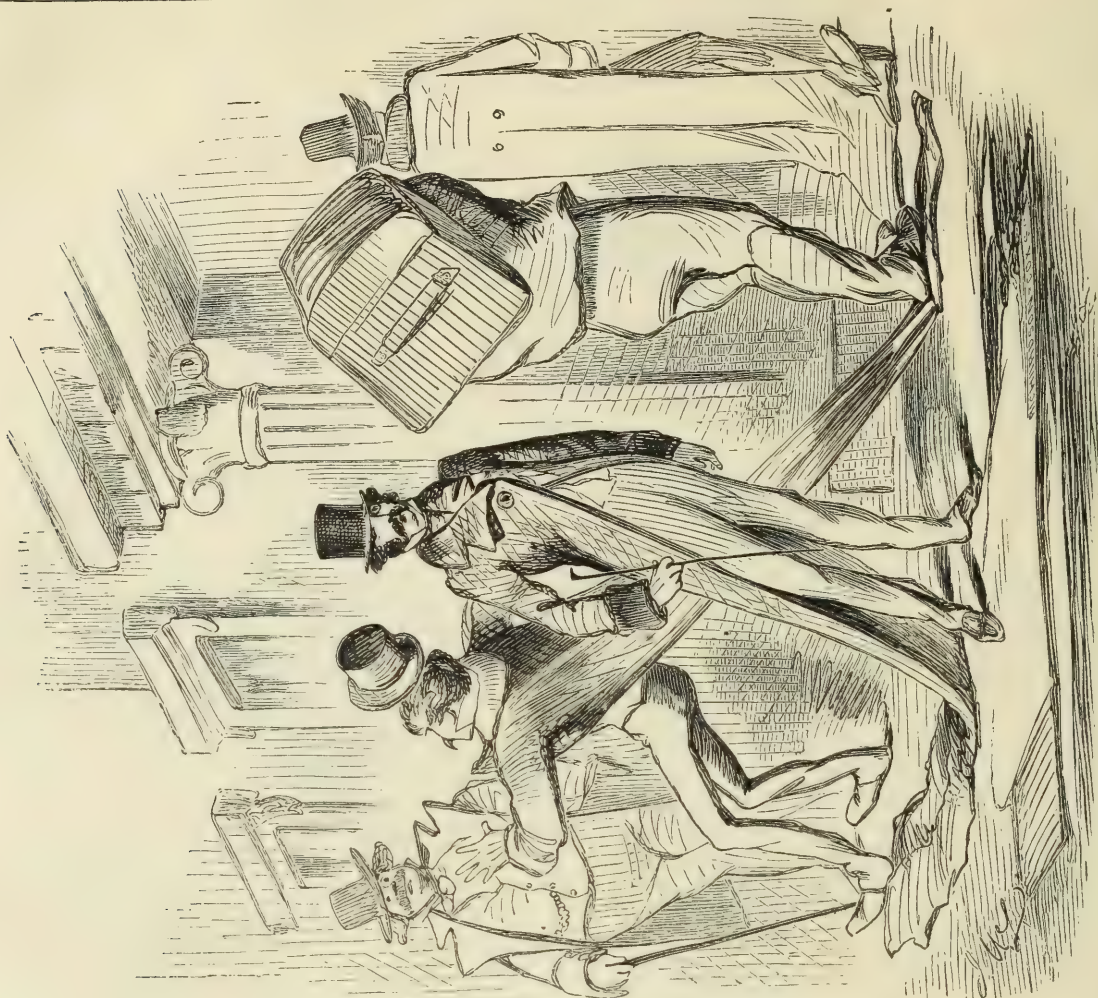
A HARD CASE.

STERN PARENT.—"There it goes into the fire; and don't let me see any more pipes or tobacco in the house."
AGGRIEVED YOUTH.—"But what's a fellow to do, when all the men of his own age smoke?"

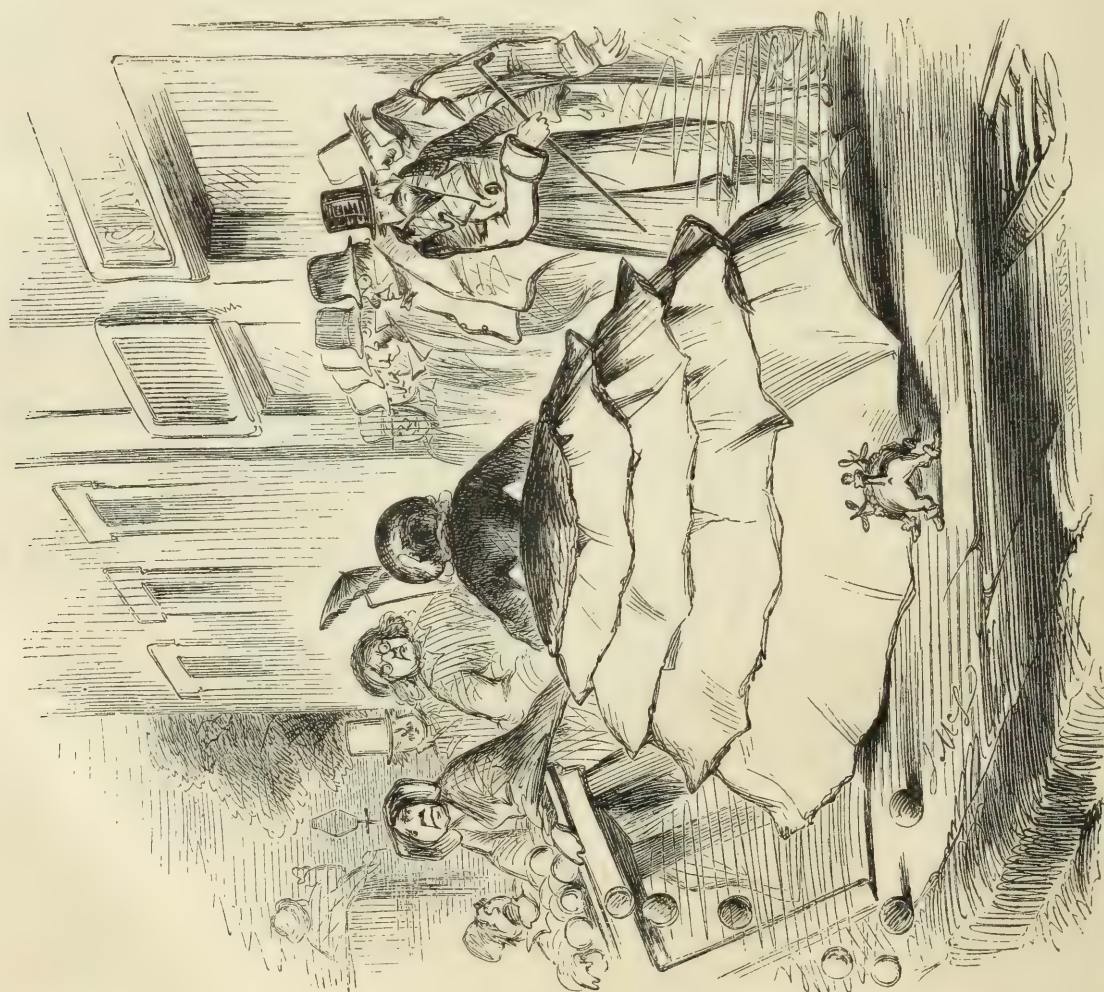


GREAT BOON TO THE PUBLIC.

FIRST SWELL (who has just come out in the Costume of the Period).—"I say, Gus, this is about the thing. What shall we do now?"
SECOND SWELL.—"Well, a—, a—, I was a-a-goin' to show myself in Broad-way. Come along, Old Fellow."



SPRING FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.



SPRING FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

Fashions for April.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal-street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.

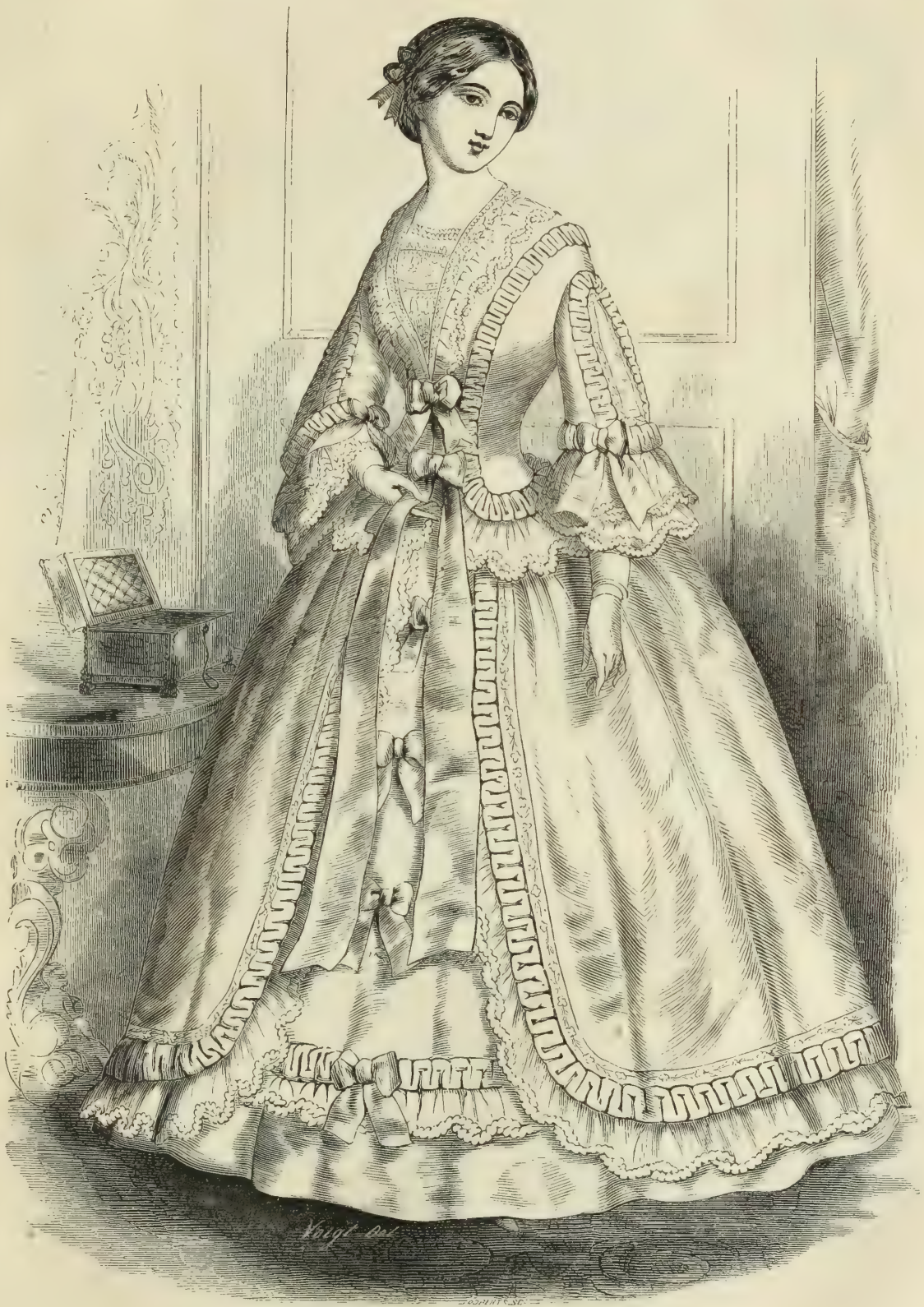
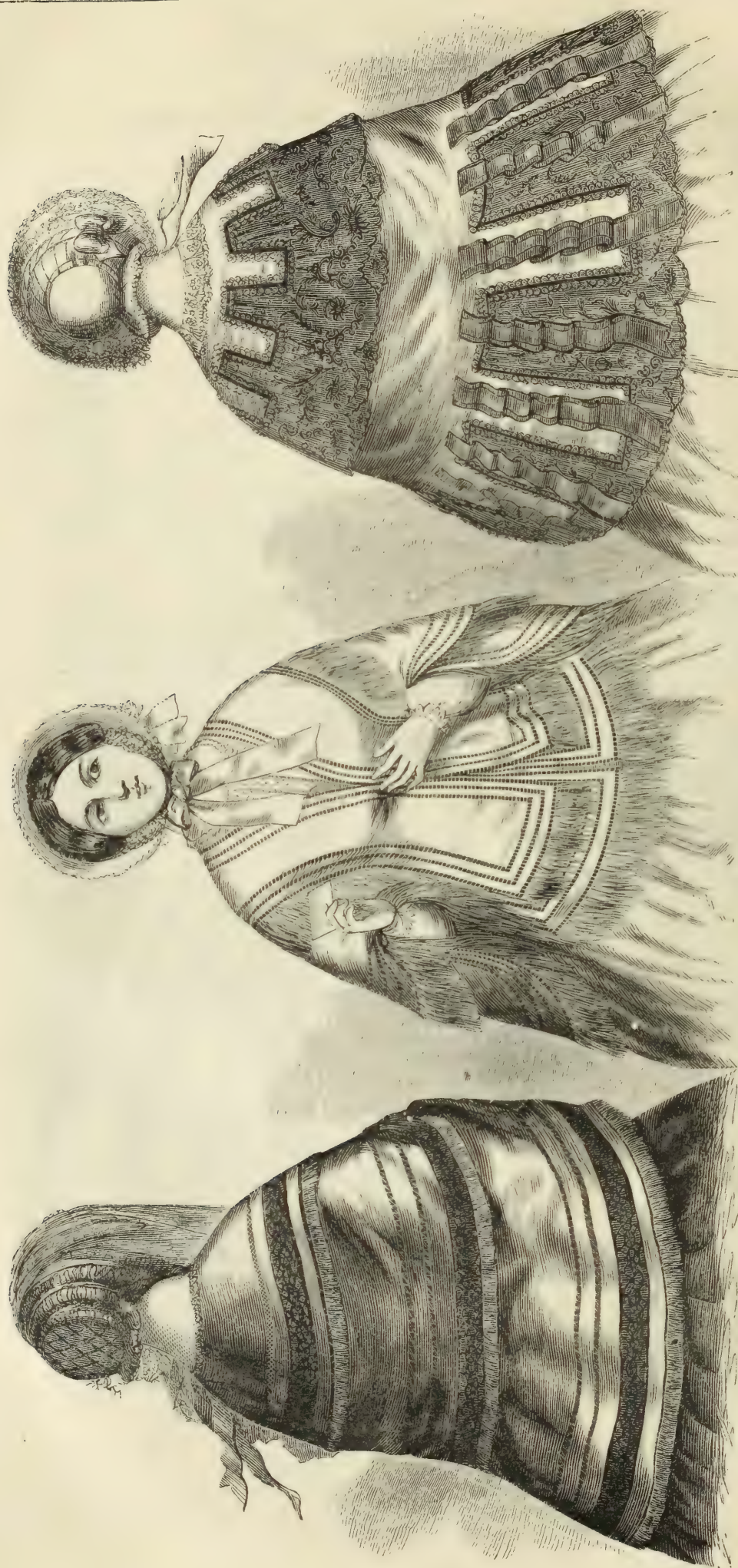


FIGURE 1.—MORNING ROBE.

THE above chaste design for a Morning Robe sufficiently explains itself. The material most appropriate for its fabrication is an embroidered cambric muslin; but the same style, with the exception of the *jupe*, may be produced in various other materials.

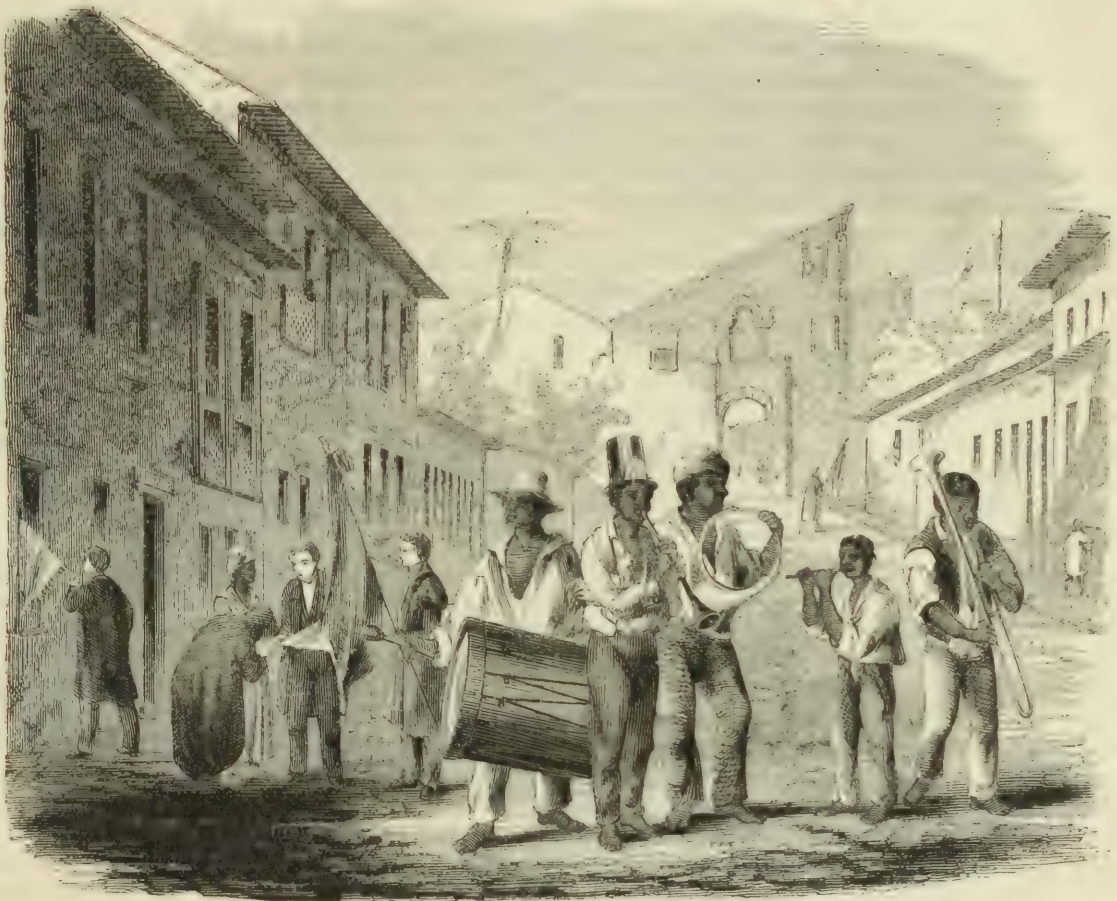


FIGURES 2, 3, 4.—MANTILLAS.

We here present illustrations of the newest styles of Parisian Mantillas. It is only necessary, by way of explanation, to observe that the central figure has double tabs, the upper one being a continuation of the *berthe*.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LX.—MAY, 1855.—VOL. X.



COLLECTING ALMS FOR THE HOLY GHOST.

SKETCHES IN BRAZIL.

BY THOMAS EWBANK.

FESTA OF THE HOLY GHOST.

FORTY days after Lent the most popular of the Brazilian festivals takes place—that of the Holy Ghost. It is celebrated for several days, in the Lapa, Rita, and Santa Anna churches—three competing establishments. Each has sent out a band of collectors, who, for five weeks, will canvass and recanvass the city, suburbs, and surrounding country. They have already visited the shipping in the bay, with their cry, “*Es-molas para Espírito Santo!*” Musicians always attend them; commonly negroes. The Lapa troop is composed of white barbers, who to a man are reputed as expert handlers of violins and bugles as of lancets and razors. They are hired at a higher rate than their sable brethren.

The first time my attention was called to

them I was engaged in writing, when Dona H—— came running up stairs, to urge me to descend. “Quick! Here’s the Holy Ghost coming up the Cattete. Don’t you want to see him?” I am sure no one could be more startled at such an announcement than I was, nor at the unaffected simplicity with which it was made. I went down, and looking out of the open window, asked, Where? “Gone into that venda” (a grocery, half a block off), “but will be out directly,” replied half a dozen voices. In a little while a negro band, consisting of two French horns, three drums, a clarinet, and a fife, emerged, and recommenced a waltzing air in the middle of the street. Next appeared four white men, in red albs over their ordinary dress. Two had small crimson banners, on each of which was a figure of a dove in a triangle. Another bore a little silver bird on a stand resembling a chamber candlestick. Like the banner-men, he

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also carried an alms-dish. The fourth bore a capacious bag.

The minstrels, except when they leave it—as just now—to take a drink, keep the middle of the street, and regulate their steps to the progress of the alb-men on the side walks; now creeping, anon standing, and then dashing onward; the music rising with their motions. The collectors call at every house, but have occasion to knock at few, as the music draws the inmates out. Yonder a lady is throwing back a pair of latticed blinds; a banner-man flies over, and burying for a moment her face in the flag, she adds a contribution to his dish. Next door a cluster of girls have got the little bird among them, and return it with *vinetems*. A neighbor now takes a flag in, that every member of his family may perform an act of devotion by kissing it; and there, a Mozambique fruit-woman bathes her face in its folds—her offering, two oranges, is dropped into the bag, the receptacle of donations other than money—no, not for all such, for the musicians have now come up, and, as I live, the clarionet player carries a live rooster under his left arm, the gift, probably, of some dealer in poultry. Of course it would not do to put it among eggs, bread, fruit, and kindred quiet things. Nothing is refused, from bank bills to a banana, or half a yard of ribbon as a streamer for a banner staff.

It is our turn now: one of the embroidered treasures comes in at the window; all the ladies save one shrink from it, but old Senora P—— gives it the kiss of reverence. In her zeal, poor soul, and under the popular belief that it is a powerful charm, she used it far too much like a pocket handkerchief, rubbing her eyes, face, neck, and bosom with it. I now perceived that every Romanist female does not care to become too intimate with such things; and on a subsequent day I both saw and felt the cause. The central part of one I myself took in was stained and stiff with grease, perhaps the accumulation of years from perspiring faces, black and white. Pompey took the oleaginous ensign to the kitchen, that Chica, the old black cook, might wipe her face with it.

The troop now passed on. The minstrels struck up a fresh air that set young feet a-tripping. The rooster actually crowed an accompaniment. How the negro managed to carry it without its interfering with the free use of his fingers was strange. Before he came up I thought he was playing on bagpipes. Independent of the exhilarating fife and drum, and rousing trumpets, the scene is a stirring one. The collectors, with their banners fluttering over their heads, and their albs streaming behind them, are running hither and thither, crossing and recrossing the street as devotees appear at windows and door-hatches; while their brethren with the little bird and bag are as busy answering calls made on them.

Specimens of the official advertisements from the daily papers are subjoined:

"The Board of the Brotherhood of the Divine Holy

Ghost of the Parish of St. Anna participates to the respectable public that the Feast of the Divine Holy Ghost will begin on the 31st inst.; St. Bartholomew's on the 1st *proximo* (June); and that of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph on the 2d of June, with all splendor and religious pomp compatible with the means and zeal of the administrators. On the third day of the Feast of the Holy Ghost there will be fire-works, such as have never before been exhibited, and superior from their magnitude and novelty of their mechanism. On Sunday, June 7, the Emperor elect of the Holy Ghost will take possession, which act will be followed with a *Te Deum* and sermon. At night there will be the Empire and the Auction. We beg the brethren and the pious to concur, with their alms and their presence, to make more brilliant acts so worthy of our religious regard.

"JOSE J. G. FERREIRA, *Secy.*"

The Emperor is a boy elected annually, and crowned in the church. His "empire" is a portion of ground adjoining the church, and fenced in for spectators, including the stage erected against the church, on which he sits enthroned, to preside over the auction and amusements. Formerly an Empress of the Holy Ghost sat by the Emperor, with little maids of honor to wait on her. Such is still the practice in the interior.

"The Brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of the Convent of Friars of the Carmo, in the Lapa do Desterro, inform the public and devout persons, that on the 22d inst. begins the *Novena* of the Ritual, and on the 31st the Feast of the Holy Ghost. On the 1st proximo the Feast of our Lord of the Paces; and on the 22d, that of St. Anna and St. Joaquim—all of which will be celebrated with appropriate magnificence. Every night there will be music and an auction. On the last one, beautiful fireworks."

"The Chairman and Directors of the Divine Holy Ghost of the parish of St. Rita inform the respectable public that to-day, 22d inst., will begin, with much pomp and decency, the *Novena* and Auction. They hope the brethren and the pious will contribute, by their presence and their alms, to the brilliancy of the Feast."

I thought of accepting this last invitation, but F—— said, "It is a long way to go, and there will be a poor sale to-night. Wait till the great day of the feast; then almost every person sends a present to the Holy Ghost, and there will be a *Bom Leilão*—a good auction." After tea, however, I felt inclined for a walk, and bent my steps to the city by lamplight. Calling at T——'s, Messrs. C—— and M—— readily joined with me in a visit to the neighboring shrine of Santa Rita. A day view of this old structure and the adjoining fountain is subjoined. To have been in character with our visit, it should have been a night scene.

As we drew near, the church tower was seen decked with colored lamps, and the white front red as blood with the glare of flambeaus in the little triangular largo. The scene which then burst on us was more suited to the suburbs of Tartarus than the court-yard of a heavenly lady. Nine young negro-heads, soaked in tar and tallow, and stuck on poles let into the pavement, were blazing before the church, amidst the shouts and laughter of a crowd of men and boys, both black and white. The air was suffused with smoke, whose dense curling volumes appeared white in the universal darkness overhead—the sickening odor, hissings and spurtings of bursting blisters, the grinning visages of the restless throng—now lost to sight, and anon lit up with fire, as the wind affected the flames. There is



CHURCH OF SANTA RITA.

but one place which such a scene could call to mind. But lest the reader should denounce the goddess of the place a she-Moloch, delighting in roasted skulls, he is informed that the festival torches—"Cabeças de Moleques"—are spherical masses of oakum saturated with pitch and kindred matters.

We passed into the fane, between two armed soldiers at the door. Hung round with showy tapestry, it was brilliantly lit up. The Lady's altar was a sheet of light. At a table on the floor sat a committee in albs, bartering "blessed pictures" for *vintems* and *patacas*. There were three qualities and sizes—quarto, octavo, and duodecimo. When a contribution was laid down, the chairman, eying it, spoke to the brother at his right, who then drew from a drawer a print of the proper value, while the treasurer, at his left, added the money to a pile on a silver tray. As usual at festivals, two centurions, with fixed bayonets, stood by to

guard the treasure. Senhor M— procured for me one of the paper gems; printed in red ink, it represents a dove and triangle within a nimbus, and over them an old man, with a long beard, looking out of a cloud.

After looking round awhile, we crossed the floor and passed—as did most of the visitors—through an open door into an adjoining apartment, and found ourselves in a crowd. The room was long and narrow, and the benches on both sides jammed with men and boys. Against the left wall sat three brethren in official robes, and before them a table, upon which stood, between three-branched candlesticks, one of the portable symbols of the Holy Ghost carried by street collectors. Between the benches a short brother, in a crimson alb, was walking to and fro, and addressing the congregation with perspiring fervor. Every moment he kept applying a handkerchief to his streaming forehead. As he drew near I perceived that he was descanting on a

sugared cake which he held up on a salver. We were in Santa Rita's auction room, and this gentleman was her salesman. The cake was knocked down—the purchaser handed a bill to the auctioneer, who hurried to the table and returned with the change and a small print—such as were being disposed of in the church—every purchaser at the auction receiving one gratis.

Several large frosted cakes were put up, but the sale dragged heavily. The salesman was far from being No. One in the profession—he lacked volubility and wit. A laugh was now and then elicited, but seldom by his own jokes. He was much annoyed by young fellows predisposed to fun, and determined to enjoy it—they tried his temper severely. There was, in truth, something about him that whetted humorous appetites, as he came puffing along, holding up the salver to every face that looked like a buying one, and repeating, with a supplicatory tone and look, "*Hum milreis—hum milreis—hum milreis, Senhor.*" His head, half isolated from his body by the alb, and nearly denuded of hair, with his glistening face, was incessantly drawn this way and that by bids which he could find none to acknowledge. At length a quiet-looking young man made an offer, and was declared the purchaser. The article was handed to him—and, lo! he had no money! The enraged knight of the hammer seized him by the collar, and led him to the managers at the table amidst roars of laughter. As he had no means of payment, nothing could be done but to reprove him and let him go. A gentleman took the lot and paid for it—or, rather, exchanged money for it.

Nothing sacred is *sold*, only exchanged. We, of course, would consider these transactions "cash sales;" for the terms are cash on delivery, and delivery immediately.

Every eye was again turned to the recess or niche behind the managers, to see what next would be brought out, as pastry was evidently becoming dull. An officer, in a black gown and white tippet, who seemed to have charge of the goods, handed forth something, which the chairman no sooner passed across the table than there arose such a "clucking!" It was a live hen. Grasped by the thighs it appeared to sit quite comfortably on the auctioneer's hand. It was struck off at fifty cents; double its market value. Next came a superb white chanticleer—the signal of a general crowing and clapping of elbows in imitation of wings. One or two young men were natural ventriloquists; the cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-ing came in at the street door, then out of the church, and anon was under the managers' table! The merriment was universal. The fluttering bird brought 1260 reis.

A large custard was now tried, and the buyer turned out to be the one that had no money: he said he would call to-morrow for it! This gave rise to a general screech, and led to a scuffle between the bidder and the bantered salesman. The dispute was ended by a higher bid; but when the article was offered to the new bidder, he said it was too hard baked, and would not take it! The vender became furious; but recovering himself, he said it was too hard for such fellows' teeth—meaning too costly for their pockets. The fillip was applauded, and the lit-



AUCTION IN SANTA RITA'S CHURCH.

the man, tickled with the hit, threw back his head, and laughed louder and longer than any one else.

He next brought round a folded paper and put it up, contents unknown. He refused to break the envelope, or say what the contents were. It brought 300 reis, and proved to be cold roast-chicken. Three "*Mucaás Americana*" (Newtown pippins) brought thirteen cents each. A lady informs me she has known fifty milreis, or twenty-five dollars, given for an apple at this feast—the competitors showing in this way their attachment to the Church. Other matters were put up; but I got tired, and left the auctioneer trying a large plum-cake, over the frosted top of which he kept drawing his hand, as if stroking the back of a pet bird or rabbit.

Most of the articles sold at these ecclesiastical auctions are purchased at wholesale prices by the managers, and thus retailed at profits varying from 50 to 500 per cent.—the donations brought in by collectors not being sufficient, nor always suitable. One of the best specimens of the salesman's eloquence is the following scrap, translated by an accompanying friend:

"Twenty-five—thirty—thirty-five vintems for this blessed cake; blessed by the Holy Father Xavier Maria Luiz Oliveiro. Who bids more? Thirty—Ah! the good-will of Our Lady be with you, my friend. Forty are bid!—only forty vintems for food which will purge all diseases lurking in him that eats it. The saints befriend you, Senhor. Forty-five! Who is the next bidder? Who? Forty-five! Allelulia! Fifty vintems are bid—it is enough—and" taking the money "may your victuals be always as sweet as you'll find this, Senhor!"

No females were present. Though respectable families are invited, it was obviously no place for ladies. One of my companions belonged to the Church, and, in answer to my inquiries, said the place was wholly unfit for respectable females to appear in. Of this evening entertainments the following puff was inserted in one of the daily papers:

"MR. EDITOR—The auction of the Divine Holy Ghost, in Santa Rita, to be continued to the 3d *proximo*, is very interesting. The select company that assembles there, the order and decorum with which the auction is conducted, reflect credit on the provider and managers. Permit me to invite, through your columns, all devotees of the Miraculous Holy Ghost to attend, with their families, in order to increase the brilliancy of this devotional exercise. UM DEVOTO."

The same paper had the following notice to sporting devotees:

"The Brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of San Gonçalo (a small village across the bay) will hold the Feast of the Holy Ghost on the 31st instant with all possible splendor. Devout persons are invited to attend, to give greater pomp to this act of religion. On the 1st *proximo* the feast of the Most Holy Sacrament, with a procession in the evening, a Te Deum, and sermon. On the 2d, the Feast of the patron San Gonçalo; at three P. M., there will be brilliant horse-racing, after which a Te Deum and magnificent fire-works."

As I shall not have an opportunity to pay a visit to Gonçalo, I may as well remark here that

he is a popular friend of Portuguese and Brazilian elderly single ladies. Young ones invoke him too, but in a petulant spirit. Their staple address is:

"San Gonçalo of Amarante,
Match-maker for old women!
Why don't you marry young ones?
What harm have they done you?"

The Carmelites at the Lapa Church surpassed St. Rita's managers in external display. The front of the place was covered with festoons of colored lamps, cords stretched from the roof across the street bearing flags and tapestries. A handsomely draped stage for the auction was fitted up at one side of the doorway, and at the other a band of musicians sat. A fifty-foot mast, painted red, bore "the flag of the Holy Ghost." The fire-works were not confined to blazing skulls of negroes; for on high poles were secured other victims—men and women—who, like those at an *auto da fé*, were waiting to be consumed. But after all, the festival was not very attractive during day or night. The auctioneer had neither tact nor wit, so that his sales dragged most heavily. He and the musicians performed alternately. The board of managers, I understand, were sensible of the deficiencies of their salesman, but knew not where to get a better. The poorest of artists he was; to use a native proverb: "a John Lopez—neither vinegar, honey, nor Malmsey wine—nothing."

All concede that the brotherhood of Santa Anna bears off the palm. This church stands on one side of the Campo, a wide, open square, and is represented in the following illustration; the flag-staff and flag of the Holy Ghost in front, a portion of the pyrotechnic poles with figures mounted on them, the auctioneer and empire fenced in, etc. Before noticing them, let us glance at the establishments of lay-showmen, who are always welcomed here by their ecclesiastical brethren: both parties being mutual aids to each other. Here are

"1. *The beautiful Dog of the North*—the Phoenix of Europe. Madame Neif has the honor of requesting ladies and gentlemen to attend early to enjoy the brilliant spectacle of 'The beautiful Dog of the North,' as she can remain only a short time. The exhibition is in one of the tents in the Campo of Santa Anna, every evening during the Feast of the Holy Ghost.

"2. *Theatro Magico*. Phantasmagoria and natural magic.

"3. *Theatro do Bom Gusto*. Posture-making, tumbling, lifting weights.

"4. *Tourinhos Mechanicos*. Punch and Judy and other puppets.

"5. *Trabalhos (feats) do Senhor Otto Motti*."

The precocious poodle of the advertisement was a gamester, a canine *roué*; he played at cards, spelled out ladies' names, and did many other wonderful things.

There were three more booths, in one of which sword-swallowing and drawing ribbons from the mouth were the chief feats, except that the performers rinsed their parched throats with fire. In another were ground and lofty tumbling with rope-dancing.



FEAST OF THE HOLY GHOST AT SANTA ANNA'S CHURCH.

The feast opened on Sunday, the last day of May. It was dark before I reached the place. The illuminated tower and steeple of the church sparkled in the distance as with strings and wreaths of diamonds. Bengola and other lights were streaming upward, and inverted cones of rockets—a dozen from one stick—were every few moments sent aloft; while bombs exploded with reports loud as from the heaviest ordnance; the church-bells pealed away, the drums, cymbals, and trumpets of the showmen helped them. Opposite the show-booths were others for the sale of wines, cigars, pies, and other refreshments. One poetical proprietor informed visitors, in the following verse, that his place contained every thing that could be wished for by those who love to taste and suck good things:

“Quem bons potiscos
Quizar chucar,
Pessa que tudo
Selhe ha de dar.”

Avenues were formed by colored women seated on the grass, each with a basket of fruit, cakes, or doces, lit up with a paper lantern. Here were “Holy Ghost rusks,” gingerbread, and scores of other articles thus designated, being stamped with a dove in honor of the festival. The noise, bustle, and excitement of the scene made a perfect Bartholomew Fair. The ground was alive with people, who kept moving hither and thither like a colony of ants in commotion.

But let us turn to the church, and try to get through the crowds in front of the stage erected against one side of it, and communicating with its interior. This stage is very artistically got up. At each end an angel holds a lamp, while chandeliers, vases, and blue and crimson tapestry enlighten and decorate the whole. “The Emperor of the Holy Ghost,” seated on a throne, presides, and really acts the part to admiration. The little fellow is about ten years old: he wears a crown; a wide frill adorns his neck and rests on an ermine tippet; his coat, vest, small clothes with strings at the knees, white stockings, and buckled shoes are those of adults two centuries ago. When crowned, he sits at the altar till his chaplain performs mass. The board of managers and a number of ladies are sitting near him. The band is playing a lively air, and see! the little monarch points with his gilt sceptre to a side-stand—a signal for one of his secretaries to hand him a paper of sugar-plums. He wears “the sash of the order of Christ.”

There is probably some alliance between these juvenile monarchs and the “Boy Bishops” of the middle ages.

Soon as the music ceased, out sprung the auctioneer, dressed in motley! A young man of twenty-five or six, a genuine droll—a Brazilian Grimaldi. In disposing of a large rusk his antics elicited shrieks of approbation. After disposing of several more, and handing to each

purchaser, with the change, a sacred print, he disappeared, and in a twinkling reappeared in a striped close-fitting dress like harlequin's, with bells sewed on the front and side seams. Making a profound reverence to the Emperor, he introduced, in a comic dance, a large white rooster to



THE AUCTIONEER.

the audience. Holding it in a natural position by its legs, he made it scream by pulling down the tail feathers, and soon knocked it down to a laughing buyer, with a fine rich woodcut of a dove in a triangle thrown in. A quick broker, he put the first bid on himself, and struck off the lots at the first or second advance. He kept the company in the best of tempers, and there was no putting a joke upon him. Some one attempted this when he took hold of his



THE GENERAL.

"silver quizzing-glass," which hung by a ribbon low as his knees, and applying it to his eye, thrust his whole face through it. It was an open ring cut out of a sheet of tin. His postures and his manner of using it were irresistible.

Retiring, he came out next in the worn-out dress of a general with enormous epaulets, and performed a comic dance, the music accompanying him. With every change of the step he changed the figure of his magic hat. One moment a regular *chapeau de bras*, the next a Bishop's mitre; now a Phrygian bonnet; now a Quaker's castor; anon an inverted truncated cone; and last of all, a perfect cone with asses ears, in which form he fell to business, and disposed of, in quick succession, fowls, pigeons, pies, rusks, custards, and confectionery. To find a bidder, he occasionally used his mammoth eye-glass. After disposing of a dozen pair of pigeons, the musicians played a popular overture; and thinking I had seen enough, I turned to leave, when a sudden shout announced his reappearance. He was in a white and scarlet dress, mounted on high stilts, and danced a polka on them to perfection. With a hen in one hand and his eye-glass in the other, he



AUCTIONEER ON STILTS.

placed his arms a-kimbo and in other positions. Without hesitation he came down eight or ten steps into the "empire," and traversed it for bids, stalking among the crowd like a heron or flamingo among penguins. For fun and drollery no actor among the showmen could surpass him. He had one drawback. His voice was hoarse and cracked.

Before I left he appeared in a night-gown and night-cap, which last he changed into various standard coverings for the head, and generally by hitting some one with it. The worst thing about him was his cruel treatment of the fowls and pigeons, which he whirled and jerked about him without the least regard to their sufferings. The latter suffered in silence, while the screechings of the former added to the general merriment. He is said to be a professional buffoon, employed by this church on its chief festivals.

Fire-works. In pyrotechnics Brazilian artists are, I suppose, equal to those of any country, China perhaps excepted. While they excel in staple "*fogos*," they have a variety which, though of ancient date, I have seen nowhere else. Admitting of endless applications, and opening a new field for our artists, a few specimens from this exhibition may as well be given. But first let us read the official announcement:

"*Espírito Santo de Santa Anna.* This evening, June 2, will be given, if the weather permits, a grand display of artificial fire-works, of every variety and color—all made by the famous artist Bernardino José da Cunha. The attention of the respectable public is solicited. All are invited to enjoy the spectacle, and at the same time view the Empire, which is fitted up in a style surpassing that of previous years."

Here were forty poles varying from twenty-five to fifty feet in height. Against some were fixed wheels, wheels within wheels, suns, moons, stars, cones, polygons, vases, baskets, and forms various as produced by a kaleidoscope. A row of splendid archways of fire arose, and over them, in words of flame, "*Louvoures ao Divino Espírito Santo.*" But these are more or less akin to similar things with us. It was the human figures on the top of the poles, and the movements imparted to them, that constituted the novelty.

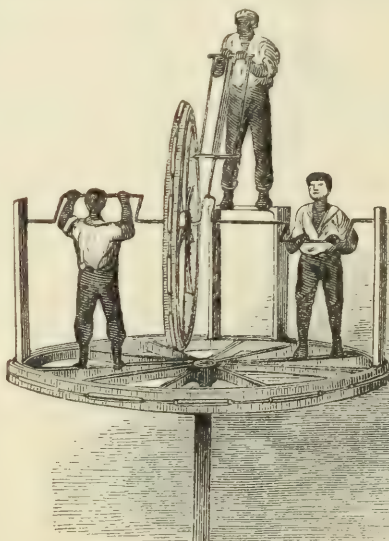
They were as large as life, dressed in character, and so well got up, that at a short distance all might be taken for living persons. A few feet off, the illusion was very strong. They represented barbers, razor-grinders, wood-sawyers, tumblers, rope-dancers, ladies, and ladies' maids, etc., etc. The ablest tailors and mantua-makers could not have dressed them better. Workmen wore roundabouts and caps; gentlemen were in blue coats, striped pants, and black neckcloths. The barber's shirt bosom was figured, the collars projected fashionably, and his cravat was tied *à la mode*; he wore white jacket and pants, an apron and highly polished shoes, with a razor in his hand, and a comb behind his ear. One lady is dressed in spotted pink, with frills, sash, kid gloves, and every thing else to correspond. She is ready for a pirouette when the general dance

begins. Had I not examined one or two before they were raised from the ground, I could hardly have believed that all of them, their silk hats and bonnets, coats, vests, polished boots, fine linen, leather caps, vails, muslin de laines, etc., were nothing more than *colored paper*, supported on delicate wire frames; the faces were masks.



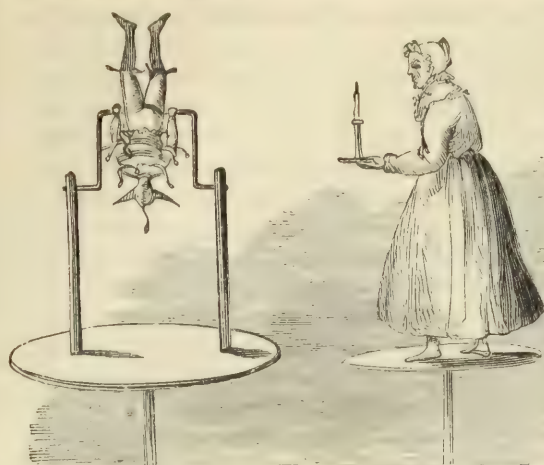
RAZOR-GRINDER.

A slight reference to the mechanism by which motion was imparted to them will be sufficient. The base on which each figure stands is a horizontal wheel, some ten feet over. Its axis coincides with that of the pole, upon which it is made slowly to turn by a band of small rockets going round its periphery. Suppose on the upper side of one of these wheels two upright posts, supporting the ends of a horizontal crank-shaft, on which is a small vertical wheel. Imagine a man standing on one foot on the larger wheel and the other foot on the crank, and you have one form of the popular razor-grinder. He appears to turn the wheel with his foot, and holding the instrument to the surface, a stream of fire flies from it as from a dry grindstone.



WOOD-SAWYER.

The movements of the wood-sawyer and the rest were produced in the same or in a similar



TUMBLER.

CHAMBER-MAID.

way. At ten P. M. the display began, and continued till twelve. The place was as light as day with artificial flames. On one pole two gentlemen raised their hats and bowed to each other; close by them, a chamber-maid waited with a candle in her hand to show them to their apartments. A lady on another moved her hands, as if to join them to a dandy on a neighboring pole, and whirled away in a cotillion. A tumbler stuck fast in a summerset, and remained in an inverted position to the close, when, with the rest, he vanished in a flash—not an atom of him left. The wood-sawyer and his African assistants worked away; I was afraid his arms would be jerked from his body. The razor-grinder's wheel flew round, and his foot rose and fell with the treddle at a preternatural rate. Occasionally his grindstone lacked moisture, and then he spat jets of liquid fire on it; his face glistening with sweat or varnish. While admiring his ardor I felt a slight movement at my coat pocket. It was picked. Five seconds had not elapsed since I felt my pocket-book in it. Turning quickly round, my eyes met those of two young fellows looking innocent as doves. One of them had it. They had, I presume, seen me take it out repeatedly. It contained only memoranda and sketches—chiefly of the auctioneer and empire. I had been often reminded of pickpockets at the feast, and had no money or watch about me.

Having a long walk before me, I left ere half the figures on the poles were in motion. In passing the Lapa Church I observed mechanical devices resembling windlasses or wheel-work in motion on a few poles. Over an illumined doorway an angel unfolds a scroll, exposing the words "*Gloria ao Divino Espirito Santo.*" The auctioneer was inviting bids for a fowl; his audience were chiefly negroes and low fellows. T—— told me he stopped a moment in passing, and that the language of the dull brute was abominably indecent.

The fête was kept up by the Santa Anna Church for eight days. On the last day the Emperor for the next year was elected. The same boy was chosen. He is the son of an apothecary, who is fond of the honor, which costs him five hundred dollars a year—so it is said.

The concluding official advertisements were as follows:

"It is communicated to the respectable public, and to the brotherhood of the Divine Holy Ghost of Santa Anna, that on Sunday, 7th inst., there will be celebrated a Te Deum and Sermon, when the re-elected Emperor will take possession. At night the Auction and Empire.

"J. J. GOMES FERRERIA, Secy."

"*Divino Espirito Santo de Santa Anna*: On Sunday, 7th, the ceremony of the Emperor of the Holy Ghost taking possession will occur on the afternoon, with a Te Deum and Music. Signorina Cardiani [an Italian Cantatrice] and other artistes will perform gratis. The Empire will be illuminated at night. There will be an Auction, Music, and splendid Fire-works."

In the same paper the booth and showmen advertise their attractions. On the evening of the 7th the Campo was in my way home from Mataporcos. The auctioneer wore a court dress, his hair powdered, a long queue, etc. He was in high glee—sold a basket of fowls and pigeons in no time. I left him dancing a polka on stilts. The Italian performers had got through their parts before I arrived. The showmen were doing a good business. The wide steps to one booth, where "the diverting scene of the monkey in a sack" was announced, gave way under the crowds waiting for admission.

Of tradesmen's advertisements relating to festivals the annexed is a sample:

"*Notice to the Illustrious Preparers of the Festival of the Holy Spirit*: In Silversmith Street, No. 78, may be found a beautiful assortment of Holy Ghosts, in gold, with glories, at 80 cents each; smaller sizes, without glories, at 40 cents. Silver Holy Ghosts, with glories, at 6½ dollars per hundred; do., without glories, 3½ dollars. Holy Ghosts of tin, resembling silver, at 75 cents per hundred."

SAINT GEORGE.

Corpus Christi is a great day with Romanists every where. Here the Emperor, his court, senators, and soldiers, join in the procession. It is the only occasion on which *St. George* appears in public. Mounted on his charger, he, in his official character of "Defender of the Empire," takes the precedence. Prince and people walk behind him. As the Church's champion he heads her squadrons too. Not having been so fortunate as to find the door of his residence once open during repeated visits, I must attend, if only to become acquainted with a character so popular with Protestants and Papists as this chief of dragon-killers.

The morning papers announced that "The Board of Directors of the Brotherhood of the Glorious St. George invite the brethren to attend at his chapel at 9 A. M., to accompany him in the Procession of the Body of God. The Image will pass through Theatre Square, Piolho, and Cadeia streets, to the Imperial Chapel, and return through Dereita, Alfandega, and Fogo streets, to his chapel in Rue do Lampadoza."

The Brotherhoods generally are notified in the papers. The Capuchins advertise "a rich canopy and custodia (a cupboard for the Host), lately arrived from Rome." It is to be exposed for veneration to-morrow at their establishment on Castle Hill for the first time. Other professors are on the alert. The showmen in the

Campo offer the following attractions. I quote the *Diario* :

"In the Barraca of Good Taste there will be an extraordinary Divertissement on the day of the Body of God.

"In the Theatro Magico, a Representation in Three Parts: Part 1. *The Passion of our Lord*, viz., The Birth—St. Joseph—Garden of Olives—Holy Magdalen—The Tortures—St. Peter—Our Lord of the Paces—St. George—The Crucifixion—St. John Baptist—The Resurrection—The Holy Virgin. Part 2. *Cosmorama Views*. Part 3. *Diverting Phantasmagoria*: The Sorcerer—Flying Death's Head—The Parisian Galatea—The Changed Head—Don Quixote—Walking Woman—Garden of Love and The Monster. To conclude with

"THREE CATS DANCING THE POLKA."

Of religious plays and interludes by which this day was celebrated in the middle ages, "The Passion of our Lord" was one; The Creation, Deluge, Susannah, Dives and Lazarus, Burial of Christ, and scores taken neither from the Old Testament nor the New, were others. Even the whiskered artists are not wholly novel, though the part assigned them may be. They were anciently made to act an easier part in France. At Aix, on the festival of Corpus Christi, the finest tom-cat of the country, wrapt in swaddling clothes like a child, was exhibited in a magnificent shrine to public admiration.

The day is not designated, as with us, *Corpus Christi*, but "*Corpo de Deos*," and is celebrated, in the language of the Calendars, "By a solemn procession of the *Body of God*, with the assistance of their Imperial Majesties and court." Under the date of the 14th inst., "Procession of the *Body of God* in the parishes of St. José and Candelaria." On the 21st inst., "Festival and procession of the *Body of God* in the parishes of St. Rita, St. Anna, and the Gloria," etc. This is the uniform language of the Church and people, though it sounds strange in ears not used to it.

The streets were thronged with people hoping against hope; for the sky was lowering. The early morning promised a splendid day. The Corcovado, in verdant vesture, and set off with the bright ethereal ground behind him, reared his head in glorious relief, as if he, too, had donned his best in honor of the festival, and was waiting for it to begin. Within an hour he shrunk out of sight; for the smiling heavens put on a face of sorrow, and at length burst into tears. A drizzling rain set in, and continued with little intermission through the day.

As St. George is the only saint that goes through the streets on horseback, and that only once a year, I determined, notwithstanding the unpromising weather, to call upon him. Reaching his shabby quarters in the Rua Lampadoza—a poor neighborhood—I found a troop of cavalry in front, waiting to escort him to the Imperial chapel in Dercita Street, where the Emperor, ministers of state, the legislature, judges, provincial governors, and the elite of the army and the church were ready to receive him. A native of the East, his fane reminds one of Arabian palaces with exteriors indicative of poverty's abodes. Here is neither steeple, tower, nor clock; no vestibule, railings, steps, nor even flagging, to separate its precincts from the com-

mon carriage-way, so that a cart may as easily be turned in it as round the corner. The front elevation resembles the gable-end of a barn—no higher, wider, and hardly more tasteful. The sill is, of any thing, below the wet and clammy pavement. All things look mean about it—even to the red curtain that hangs between the door-jambs. It is faded, worn out, and borrowed from a sister saint—"Luzia"—whose name is wrought on it.

Like others we push it aside, and entering, find the place a mean one; the walls rough, and rafters bare, the damp floor giving way under one's feet, while bits of old carpet covered the worst spots. Passing by a committee busily employed in "exchanging" penny portraits of the saint for milreis brought in by devotees, we discover George himself, standing in full dress against the wall, waiting for the weather to clear up. Females crowd to kiss his hand, courtesy to him, and some sit down in front to admire him. He wears a plumed helmet, a cambric tippet frilled round his neck, a crimson tunic with skirts reaching to his knees, black leggins or boots, with large spurs; his feet are already in the stirrups, which are attached to his thighs instead of the saddle. He grasps a shield in one hand, and a baton in the other. A mantle lies ready to throw over him when mounted. A short sword is at his waist, and muslin frills at his wrists. His stature is that of an ordinary sized soldier, but his ruddy, smooth face, without beard, whiskers, or mustache, is not much like a warrior's. His horse is in a neighboring stable. His helmet, corselet, and armlets, were of pasteboard, colored in imitation of steel; the shield was made of tin-plate.

At two P. M., no signs of the weather improving, the troops, including the mounted guard of honor to the saint, were dismissed, and the procession given up. I called at the Imperial chapel on my way home, and found it crowded. Two rows of Imperial halbardiers, extending from the entrance to the altar, had just formed a clear passage for a miniature procession. The organ was playing and eunuchs singing, and so foul was the air that two negroes dropped and were borne out as dead. I found it impossible to remain in five minutes without approaching the door for fresh air. The programme was at length arranged: first came chanting eunuchs, the brotherhood with candles, priests, and canons; the Body of God under a canopy; the emperor with a lighted candle; ministers of state and others, with their sons in court costumes, strongly reminding one of Tom Thumbs in morris dances. Then followed the guard with their burnished spears. In this order the whole passed three times up and down the floor, and so wound up the official ceremonies of the day.

I subsequently called with a friend on the "Defender of the Brazilian Empire," and was not a little surprised to find him stowed away in a dark closet, and stripped as clean as if a troop of Ishmaelites or Camanches had met him. He had not a rag to his back. As his

equestrian attitudes required something more than a stiff statue, I now saw how the positions of his limbs were varied. He was sitting on a trestle, and is made, in all respects, like a jointed doll. His present charger, a present from the Emperor, the sacristan denounces as "a wicked beast," for dishonoring the saint last year by kicking and shying, so that but for Our Lady's aid, he would have been thrown to the ground! The image is an old one, of hard and heavy wood; its weight about 300 or 350 pounds. It is always mounted in the church. One horse was trained to kneel till it was properly adjusted to the saddle.

In reply to a remark about the saint's nudity, the zealous sacristan almost shed tears while telling us that the church was too poor to buy him any clothing. "We contract," said he, "with an armador to dress him on his festival, and that is all we can do." It was suggested that, as Defender of the Country, he was as much entitled to army-pay as Saint Antony. "Si, senhor." It was a national shame to leave him thus neglected—"Si, si, senhor"—adding, "In Lisbon the saint receives the salary of a Lieutenant-Colonel, and his chapel there is very rich."

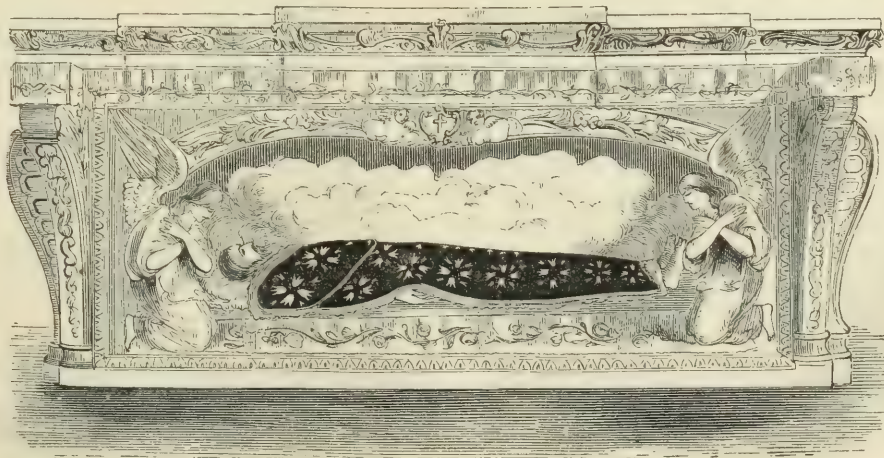
THE BURIAL OF GOD.

"The Burial of God" was celebrated in two or three parishes on subsequent days. I witnessed a portion of the proceedings of each. Passing the Candelaria Church I entered and found it thronged. The panel front of Our Lady's altar was removed, exposing "a Dead Christ" within, as represented below. I got up to the place as a gentleman, who had just saluted the image, arose and drew back. A negro girl dropped on her hands and knees, crept to it, and repeatedly kissed the hand, showing, meanwhile, the soles of her muddied feet to every eye. She rises, drops a *vintem* into a mammoth silver salver, overflowing with coin and bills—courtesies, and retires. Two white lads, ragged and dirty as clam-boys, speak a few words to each other, cross themselves, fall on their knees, and creep forward together; one waits till the other salutes the hand, and then wriggles himself forward to take his turn; each drops in

a *vintem*. Next comes a lady with a female slave behind her; drops on her knees, and for half a minute prays and crosses herself, rises, drops some *vintems*, and goes away. She won't kiss the hand on which so many black mouths have been rubbed—and she is right, for I've seen enough diseases on black faces here to justify her.

I was about to leave, when a feeble and purblind old *negra* crept forward to the feet; putting in her head, she pressed her lips to them a dozen times. Then turning to the hand, she fondled it, kissed it, laid her left cheek on it, then her right one, then drew both sides of her face over it, and again rested them on the open palm. She seemed unwilling to give place to others waiting. I think some one gave her a hint, for she reluctantly rose, put a copper acknowledgment in the salver, courtesied three times down to the floor, and went her way. She was succeeded, while I remained, by a score of devotees of both sexes, of whom half were whites. On mentioning her case to a devout lady, I was told she most likely had some troublesome disease in her face, which she, in common with thousands, believed would be expelled by placing it in contact with the hand of the holy image. Although mid-day, there were probably a thousand candles burning, and all in costly candlesticks. Both blacks and whites thronged about the prone image. Before I left, three ladies knelt and kissed the wooden hand immediately after it had been touched by negro lips.

The enterprising brotherhood of "Bom Jesus" held their fête not far off. Half a dozen mustached, bare-headed soldiers paraded before the door, handling and puffing cigars, recalling to mind old match-lock heroes blowing their lints preparatory to firing off their pieces. Pushing the crimson screen aside, the place was lit up more brilliantly than a ball-room at midnight. Two of the candelabra at the altar were a couple of brethren in albs, who stood as steady almost as the gilt wooden and plated ones. Here was more bowing, kneeling, courtesying, kissing, and leg-making going on than in the Candelaria, though no image was placed within reach of the worshipers. For want of one they kissed the floor, steps, carpeting, and penny



A DEAD CHRIST.

pictures on the walls. A gentleman—I was told he was a dry-good merchant—between thirty-five and forty years of age, rose from his knees near me, went directly to the right wall, and put his mouth to something on it; next crossed himself, went to the railing, then knelt and kissed the step—not the altar step, but one where the nave is separated from the choir or chancel; getting up, he made a leg and crossed over to the opposite wall and kissed something there, four or five feet above the floor; and standing on his toes, his neck stretched to the uttermost, he attempted to reach a higher object with his lips. The objects of his worship were coarse prints of saints. Next two negroes drew up through the middle of the audience, and kissed the floor, then the step. Three white men and one woman followed them. The filthy condition of the soles of the negroes contrasted strongly with a pair of new pumps a dandy of a man turned up a little way from them. At one time five men and two women were before me with their mouths on the floor: I had rather have seen them in any other position.

Not feeling much edified by these groveling scenes, I turned toward the Paula. The steps in front swarmed with negroes selling fruit and dozes to exhausted worshipers. The altar was as gorgeous as that of the Carmo; but the greatest novelty were the contents of two silversmiths' shops, piled on tables at each side of the altar, and guarded by musketeers. Here were trays, ewers, basins, pitchers, and other things, besides some large caldron-looking vessels, whose use was not apparent. Of trays alone I counted over forty, most of which were not less than three feet long, and of proportional width. What this meant I could not imagine, not dreaming that the whole could belong to one church; but it was even so. The Paula Brotherhood is very wealthy, and surpasses others in this branch of devotion.

I next strolled up Castle Hill, to witness some new performances announced by the Capuchins. Seventy or eighty persons, mostly women and children, were waiting for the service to begin. Suddenly the profound silence was broken by a loud hammering that knocked all meditation on the head—carpenters fitting up a scaffold for musicians, six of whom soon came in, with a bass-viol, two violins, a couple of flutes, and a clarionet. One of the preachers emerged from the vestry. Bless me! I exclaimed to myself, how like the pictures of his class I have seen! There is something unpleasant to Protestant feelings in his appearance, independent of a coarseness that of itself is any thing but agreeable. A shaven crown, a reddish peaked and matted beard, uncovered neck and exposed sternum, bare legs, and feet pushed into slipshod wooden slippers, large and hairy hands, and his only garment a brown serge gown, tied round his middle with a cord, from which hangs a string of beads. Then there is the ugly hood or cowl flapping behind, turned back like the hinged cover of a coffee-pot or tankard.

The music struck up, and two Capuchins be-

gan a chant, during which the people knelt, and the friar just described got into a box-pulpit, which, like all pulpits here, is so placed that the speaker does not lose sight of the images, or turn his back to them or the altar. As the chanting ceased he rose to speak, and every now and then broke into long wailing ejaculations of "*Madona!*" "*Nossa Senhora!*" "*Sangue!*" "*Mizercordia!*" "*Feridas!*" etc.; turning occasionally and pointing to the images. As he warmed, his gesticulations became energetic. He leaned over the edge of the box till his wide-spread hands nearly touched the shoulders of devotees below him; then stepping back, he threw his head, his eyes, and, to the uttermost, his arms up to the ceiling—the very action of a nurse lifting an infant from the floor, and holding it at arms' length above her. There was one novelty in his manner which struck me rather favorably, viz.: as he finished each telling passage, he sunk—and not ungracefully—into his seat, where he remained half, and sometimes a whole minute, till fresh ideas rose in him. He rarely spoke five minutes without sitting down; occasionally he gave out a sentence in that position, with one hand on the edge of the pulpit and the other applying a handkerchief to his perspiring face; but the instant a new view of the subject, or a touching thought occurred, he started up, and put it into glowing language, *i. e.*, if one might judge by his excitement. I suppose his hearers were affected, though they gave no visible sign of being so. Possibly the indifferent Portuguese in which these Italian apostles are said to deliver themselves, diminishes the effect of their elocution. He had no book nor notes about him.

I began to tire, and thought of leaving; but after another short chant, another friar stepped into the speaking-box, older and stouter than his predecessor, with a darker beard and fairer skin; his action was confined chiefly to his head, combined with a singular habit or power of drawing down his neck into his body, and suddenly pushing it up again. Seated or standing, his head rose with his ideas and his voice—now buried

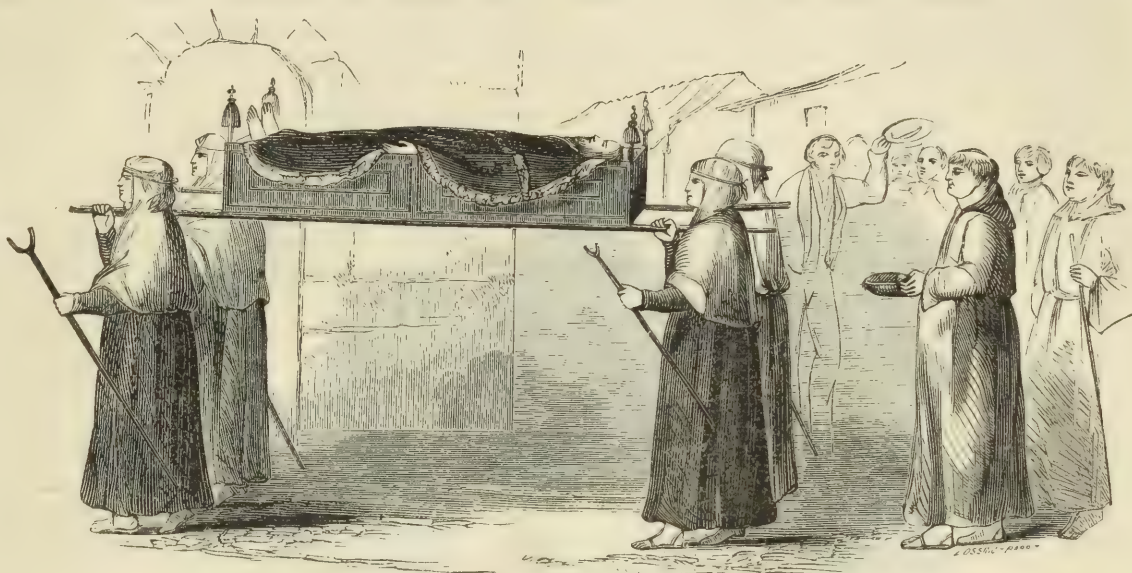


THE CROSS-BEARET.

beneath his cowl, now half a foot above it, and still rising.

A slight rain was falling, which I preferred encountering to remaining longer. As I came in sight of Derieta Street the sound of music came up, and shortly after appeared, some two

hundred feet below, the Mizeracordia Procession of the Burial. I reached the Hospital in time to witness its order and arrival. The unpleasant weather had reduced the number of spectators. The performers were drabbed, and seemed anxious to get in-doors.



THE COFFIN.

First came a man with a powerful *matraca*; then a young monk in a white hood and tippet, both in one—the latter went all round him, and reached to his elbows: the former was bound round his head with a new $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch hempen rope. He carried before him a black wooden cross, over the transverse bar of which a white cloth was thrown in the form of the letter M, to signify death—*Morte*. The cloth is supposed to be the one in which the body of Christ was enveloped by Joseph of Arimathea. A number of monks, draped like the cross-bearer, follow. Then came brothers in white gowns, bearing candles; and after them *angels*—children, chiefly girls, dressed as such, with wings and a colored gauze cloud attached by wire to the shoulders of each. Next three women (or men disguised as such), representing “the three Marys.” They were concealed in gowns and hoods, with their faces bent toward the ground, and had a mournful appearance. A large ring of silver was attached to the head of each, to signify a halo, or nimbus.

The coffin, more like a French bedstead, came next. It had four short posts and feet, with panels richly carved and gilt. On a mattress lay a “Dead Christ”—one of those exposed in churches, or, as it is here named, “The Body of God.” The whole was borne by four monks on two staves, whose ends rested on their shoulders. Each carried a pronged stick to support the load, at intervals, when all stand to hear an angel-chant. They wore hoods, and tippets, and hempen cords by way of ribbons. The canopy was borne high over the coffin by men in the same style of mourning.

More angels, led by brothers, came next, followed by the tallest of their number, a girl of fourteen, who mounted a pair of steps, and, chanting, opened a white cloth, the handkerchief of Veronica, whom she represented. She performed the part exceedingly well, notwithstanding the thick drizzling rain. Stepping down, the brother took up the steps, and all went forward again. Now came brothers, monks, and candles; angels, monks, and brothers; and then “*Nossa Senhora*,” erect, large as life, in purple dress, silver rays on her forehead, and standing on a stage richly paneled, and set off with cypress but no flowers. Borne, as the coffin was, on men’s shoulders, she might be seen over the heads of the people a mile off, by far the most conspicuous member of the Pomp.

The band of music, more brothers in white albs

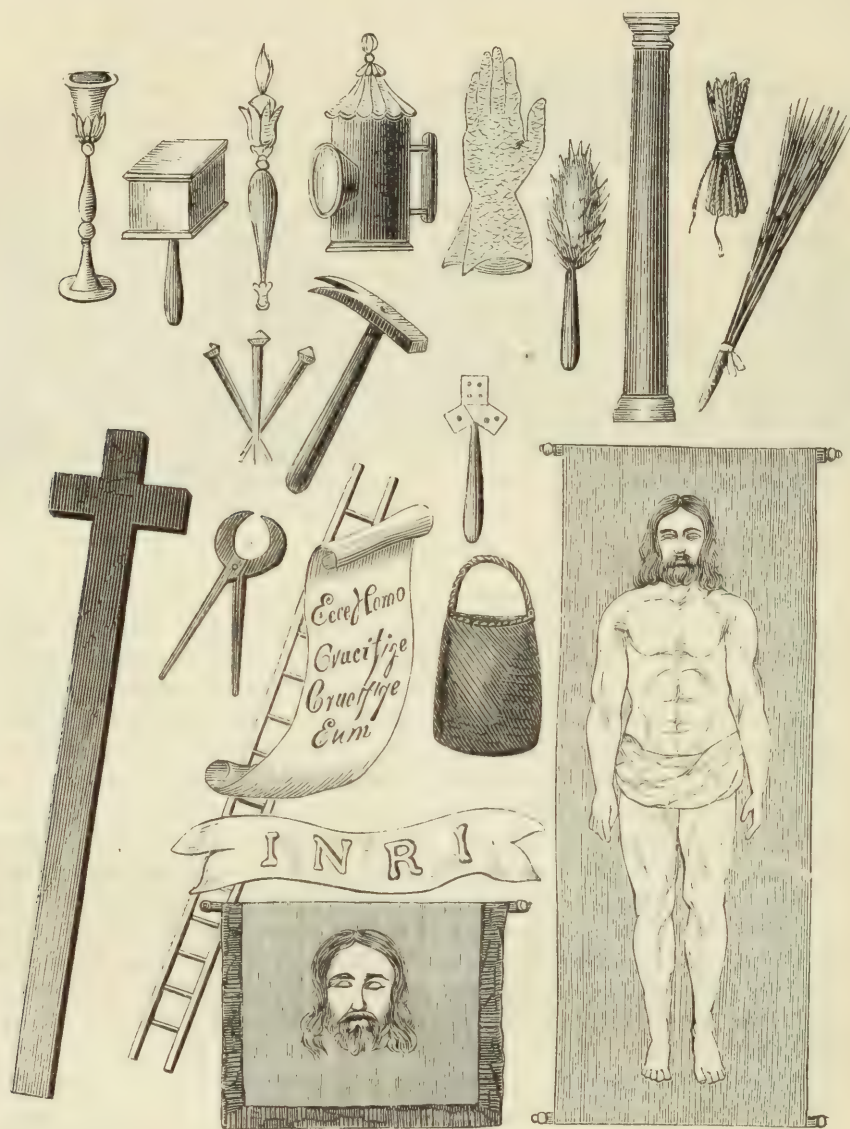


THE ANGELS.

and bearing candles, came next, and last of all the soldiery. In the hurry to get out of the rain, Nossa Senhora was nearly knocked off her base. Her head came slap against the door-jamb, in consequence of the bearers on one side not lowering her from their shoulders in concert with their comrades. She passed through at a low angle with the horizon. After the doors

were closed, the leader of the "Pomp" once more worked his *matraca*, whose sounds died gradually away in the extensive interior.—The soldiers now put on their caps, and, with reversed arms, were marched to their barracks.

Some of the implements (in miniature) carried by the angels are figured below.



The rain so increased that no one supposed any other pageant would take place. The Carmo one did not; but the Paula brotherhood, who excel in these things, after waiting in vain till six o'clock for clear weather, determined not wholly to disappoint the public, the angels, and themselves. Arranging matters as well as they could, in large apartments connected with the church, the Pomp emerged from the side passage, where the waxen Ex Votos were, on the front stoop or platform, and pacing slowly along it to the main entrance, turned in, proceeded toward the high altar, and thence, through a side-door, into the interior again.

Of the last spectacle of the kind I ever expect to see I shall preserve a few particulars, although, excepting the superior style in which it was got up, it differed little from that of the Mizera-

cordia. The managers being wealthy and ambitious of outshining other establishments, their angels are allowed to be the handsomest, and, with their saints, to have the best fit-outs. While others can hardly draw an audience, they command full houses.

The church was darkened—the glimmering of a solitary candle barely preventing persons from running against each other. Only when a new-comer, or one whose patience in waiting was worn out, pushed the crimson screen in the door-way momentarily aside, did sufficient light flash in to enable us to distinguish the faces of those close by us. The place was three-fourths full of people (no females), all moving and muttering like so many discontented phantoms. The greater part had been thus employed between three and four hours.

At last the sound of a distant rattle came

from the interior; it drew nearer, ceased, and soon after was heard as if in the street, when those with umbrellas rushed forth and met the bareheaded musicians and soldiers stepping out of the side-passage upon the platform or long stoop, along which the troops formed a passage to the church door. Soon there came forth a swarm of candle-bearers, who, with undignified speed, hastened in again through the front door for shelter. They were followed by a monk in a white long gown and hood—the latter bound round his temples with a half-inch rope—bearing a black cross, on which a towel formed the letter M, as in the Mizeracordia spectacle. More candle-bearers, then brothers and a legion of angels; over the heads of several their guardians held umbrellas. Next, a neat pedestal was brought forth and placed on the flagging. An angel came, and, being lifted up, chanted a strain on the sufferings of the Saviour—unfolding from a roller, as she sung, a piece of white muslin, full six feet long, on which was depicted a full-length figure of Christ dead. This she turned gracefully round that all might see. Her voice was sweet and plaintive, and the little performance quite affecting. Veronica's handkerchief took a likeness only of the Saviour's face, but the cloth his body was laid in received an impression of the whole. It was a copy of the latter that the little songstress unrolled before us.

She passed in and made way for the Coffin, or Golden Bed, as some call it, upheld by monks in white hoods and cassocks. "A dead Christ" lay on it. It was partially covered by a rich counterpane. "The three Marys" followed weeping, dressed in long russet gowns and close hoods, and handkerchiefs in their hands. Their halos seemed made of bobbin wire, and might any where else have been taken for the frames of caps or bonnets. Next came Saint John and Mary Magdalene; she is one of the preceding trio, being twice represented. In the Carmo procession the *Prophets* always attend as mourners.

Next three suspicious-looking, bare-armed chaps in steel caps drew up—Roman executioners. Behind them walked the centurion in gorgeous array; golden helmet, scarlet tunic, a staff surmounted by an eagle, and every insignia of an ancient military officer. The character was well conceived, but spoiled by attempts to make it gigantic. The person of this actor was swelled by stuffing, and, from the vibration of the upper part, his head was clearly within the breast of the figure; the face was a mask. The helmet and metal ornaments were too heavy to be controlled by the artificial neck and shoulders. He passed quickly, as if desirous of escaping observation; but his sight was defective: he stumbled on ascending the only steps at the front door, and would have fallen but for St. John, against whose back he staggered.

Flocks of angels now flitted past us. Ere they had disappeared the image of "Our Lady"

was out on the stoop, and exposed to the rain. Similar in size and outline with her sister of the Mizeracordia, she was beautifully carved, painted, and arrayed. Between the rays of her crown were seven stars. Diamonds and other gems formed her frontlet. Her robe was purple velvet, with gold stars wrought on it. She stood on an elaborately ornamented platform, which rested on the shoulders of men draped like the coffin-bearers. Aware of her being the most attractive person in the Pomp, the managers allowed her to remain full five minutes in the storm. Nothing common is put on her. Her dress and jewels are of the most costly material.

Parents commonly send a confidential person with their angels, who is careful not to lose sight of them, on account of the jewels on the persons and dresses. The breast-piece of one was almost covered with diamonds. A doctor last year decked out his daughter so gorgeously, and chiefly with borrowed gems, that he would not trust her even in the vestry without an attendant. If a father belongs to the brotherhood, he can accompany his child in the procession. If not, no. It is a rule that none but a church brother must lead an angel.



BOJESMAN AND LION.

THE LION AND HIS KIND.

UNTIL within a few years past, very little has been known of the history and habits of the most notable members of the feline family. Every thing relating to the tiger—except as an animal killed in the chase, or as a captive—is still unreliable. The constant emigration of our adventurous citizens to the wilderness of our vast continent, has recently made us acquainted with the cougar—the largest of the cat-family known to America—while the prowess of Cumming has unfolded the haunts of the

lion to the gaze of the civilized world. Speaking, therefore, with authority regarding these two animals, we can devote more space to their description than to those of inferior importance. The Western Continent has been exempted by Providence from animals of the most destructive kinds, as the lion is a native of Africa, and the tiger of India; the ounce, the ocelot, the leopard, the lynx, and the cougar are more diffused, but are never met in sufficient numbers to occupy a prominent place in natural history. In the development of our paper, we have endeavored to use the most popular names, and have proceeded in our descriptions from the smallest representative of the felines up to the acknowledged head of the family; and, by common consent, the noblest beast that lives.



THE DOMESTIC CAT.

The Household Cat—the only domesticated representative of the feline race—is a universal favorite; it is so neat in its habits, so beautiful in form, graceful in gesture, and so useful withal; for without the cat, our houses, in many cases, would not only become uninhabitable on account of vermin, but it is safe to say that sections of country would be overrun with rats, and rendered unfit for the residence of man. Although the cat is not distinguished for its intelligence, still, when closely observed, it will be found to possess great sagacity; but it seldom exerts its faculties except for selfish purposes. The cat, as a general rule, shows no attachment to persons, only to places; yet it is one of the few dumb creatures that take an interest in their young after they are able to provide for themselves. In European countries it is quite common to hear of eccentric individuals who make companions of cats, and in England wills are not infrequent, which provide for these feline favorites after the testator is in the grave.

The cat, long as it has been domesticated, retains, in a remarkable degree, its instinctive passion for hunting; and a tame cat, once adopting a wild life, is more destructive, its size considered, than any other animal; and, after one or two generations, its progeny assumes a bluish-gray color, which no doubt is the appearance of the original type. Tame cats frequently abandon the ignoble labor of destroying rats and mice, and take to the hedges and neighboring woods, and bring home woodcock, part-

ridges, quail, and other game birds; and in England they have been trained to become most successful poachers upon the preserves of the wealthy landholder.

The most remarkable illustration of this habit is given in an account of a cat owned by a gentleman living on Elk Run, in Virginia. It would seem that the plantation was much infested by snakes, which were protected by stone fences and thorn hedges. The cat having killed one of the reptiles, it devoted its energies to their extermination. In time it extended its field of operations to the adjoining woods, distant perhaps a mile, and would often return home with a snake many feet in length in its mouth.

The fondness of cats for certain sweet-scented herbs is well known, valerian being their favorite perfume. They are also highly susceptible of every change in the atmosphere, becoming gloomy and hypochondriacal in damp and rainy weather, and buoyant and playful on bright and sunny days. As an inmate of the family circle, they are never objected to by the most careful housekeeper; and the fat and pampered grimalkin, as it lies curled up on the hearth-rug, or reposes in the luxuriously cushioned chair, sheds an air of comfort and quiet about its vicinity that is felt by the most casual observer. The voice of the domestic cat is peculiar; and unlike all its species, in being very flexible, its cry frequently approaching the tones of the human voice. It was these mysterious sounds, joined with its unsocial characteristics, that made the cat an object of superstitious veneration among our ancestors; at the present day it holds an envied place at the fireside, and divides with the faithful dog the attentions and caresses of the social circle, from which all other quadrupeds are rigorously excluded.

The Wild Cat is common to almost every country, and is celebrated for its ferocity; it is distinguishable from the domestic cat not only by its superior size, but by the shortness of its tail, which shows that it is of another species. In the



CATS' TAILS.*

South and West it is still very numerous in the forests and swamps, and affords much sport for the hunter. We question if it was ever tamed, or made to show the least indication of friendship for its captors. We had, for very many weeks, caged in a room that we almost constantly occupied, a full-grown animal, which had been raised from a kitten in captivity—in all the time that it was in our possession, we never remember looking up but the cat had its malignant eye upon us, and greeted our observation by a growl of defiance or a snarl of hate. The wild cat makes its nest in hollow

* 1. Tail of Domestic Cat. 2. Tail of Wild Cat.

trees, near the ground, and is so ingenious in disguising its location that it is rarely discovered. It is very successful in its search for food, and every species of bird and small quadruped becomes its prey. When it once discovers a drove of wild turkeys, it will keep in their vicinity until the young and inexperienced are destroyed.

In hunting the cat, the creature has been known to display a great deal of intelligence in its efforts to escape the hounds. It will, when hard pressed, run up and down the trunk of a tree several times, and then, climbing to the topmost branches, take a flying leap to an adjoining monarch of the forest, and thus endeavor to destroy the trail. As a last resort for safety, it will take to some gigantic and heavenward-lifted limb, from which it will look down upon the dogs below, and snarl and growl defiance. Tormented by an occasional discharge of bird-shot, it will finally leap from its airy perch into the very jaws of the hounds, and throwing itself on its back, do more hard fighting with its claws and teeth, in a given length of time, than any other animal in the world; and give the spectator a realizing sense of the tremendous exaggeration of the Western bravo, who, among other things, professes himself perfectly able "to whip his weight in wild cats."

We had an acquaintance, some years ago, who, upon a business trip, left the crowded streets of New York, and threaded the then half-wild wastes of Northern Mississippi. While riding along, he heard in the road what he supposed to be a stray kitten, and upon examination discovered, among some dried leaves, a juvenile wild cat, that could scarcely walk. Without reflection, he transferred the little creature to his coat pocket, where it kept up its cries. Suddenly the gentleman was startled by a growl in his rear, and to his horror he discovered the infuriated mother, fierce with rage, and ardently bent upon avenging the attempted abduction of her young. Striking spurs to his already jaded horse, he dashed along the road as best he could, the while finding it perfectly impossible to pull the kitten out of his pocket, so firmly did the young imp fasten its claws to the lining. Each moment seemed more imminent with peril; twice did the "varmint" nearly succeed in fastening upon the haunches of the horse, but, as good fortune would have it, the appearance of a plantation, and the sound of dogs, alarmed the cat, and she beat a retreat. It was many months before our friend got entirely over his "scare," and was relieved of dreams that he was pursued by a dread phantom that resembled that terrible cat.

In the early settlement of Kentucky, a school-master was sitting alone in his log-cabin, when he was surprised to see a large cat enter his premises. Ignorant of the prowess of the animal, he shut the door, and commenced the attack. The battle was long and bloody, the man being nearly torn into shreds; and when discovered in the morning, he was found with his hands upon the cat's throat, his knees upon its

haunches; the animal dead and stiffened by cold. The victor, in his terror, had probably remained in the position described the livelong night, his muscles paralyzed, his nerves shattered; and never, through a long life, did he entirely recover from the terrible encounter.



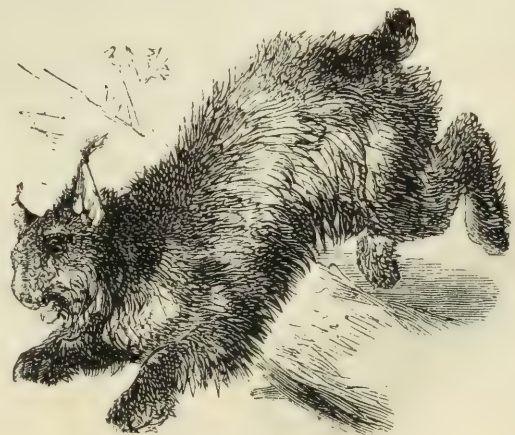
THE OCELOT.

The Ocelot is the tiger-cat of Peru and Mexico. It is beautifully marked, and is altogether a very attractive and playful little animal. It is quite common among the Indians in a half domesticated state; and is often led about the streets by a string, and, thus feebly guarded, offered for sale. Its principal food, when wild, is the monkey, which it rivals in activity and stratagem.



THE CARACAL.

The Caracal of Asia and Africa, and the Lynx of North America, are animals strongly resem-



THE LYNX.

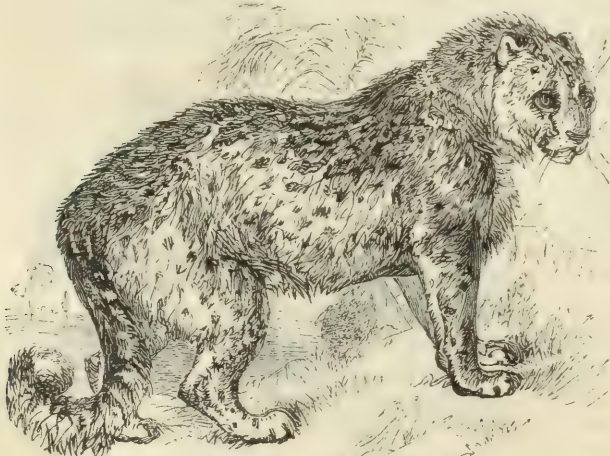
bling each other in appearance and disposition. They are both perfectly untamable, and seem to be designed by nature to keep within bounds the numbers of the smaller animals of the forest, acting the same part on land that destructive fish do in the sea. The skin of the lynx forms an important article of commerce, many thousands being annually imported into England by the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Chetah is one of the most beautiful animals, not only of the feline family, but of the world, and is common to India and Africa. In the former country they are domesticated, and trained to pursue and bring down game. It is the custom to take them hoodwinked upon the field, where they are brought as nigh as possible to the place where deer and antelopes may be feeding; the eyes of the chetah are then exposed and directed toward the game. The moment that the animal understands the wishes of its master, it leaps from the cart, and creeps along as it does in its wild state, hiding behind intervening bushes and stones, precisely like a cat when attempting to catch a bird. Nearing the vicinity of



THE CHETAH.

the unsuspecting herd, it singles out its victim, reaches it by two or three tremendous leaps, and brings it to the ground.



THE OUNCE.

The Ounce is a native of India, and until recently was confounded with the leopard. It is easily distinguished from that animal by its rough exterior and bushy tail, but many naturalists still contend that it is the leopard, its peculiarities arising from its being an inhabitant of mountainous regions. Nothing is known of its natural history.

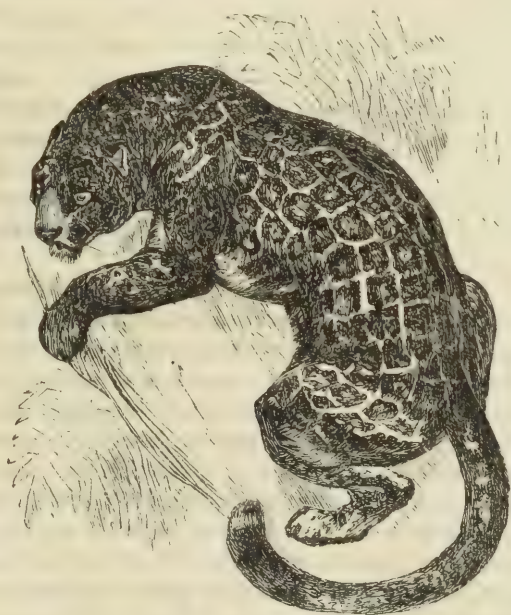


THE LEOPARD.

The Leopard, though smaller than the tiger, when wounded is considered but little less formidable by its enemies. The usual method of capturing it is in traps. People having the greatest knowledge of its habits refrain from confining it in a cage, but fasten it by a thong around the loins, and a chain attached to a post, just as they are every where represented in Pompeian paintings. In this state of semi-confinement the animal best displays its wonderful grace and action. The leopard is without difficulty trained to perform many feats, and seems to be the most sportive of its whole family. Among the branches of trees, while at their play, they spring about so swiftly that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. In-

dividuals have become quite celebrated for their intelligence and good-nature. An Englishman in India owned one, named Sai, that went at pleasure about the house, and seemed to find the greatest amusement in looking at the street scenes out of a certain window. If the children of the family wished to occupy his place, they unceremoniously thrust him aside. He was full of play, and was by no means averse to a practical joke, such as knocking over his attendant if he got asleep, or perhaps jumping upon the back of the servants as they would be stooping down to clean the floor. Sai was passionately fond of lavender water, a predilection accidentally discovered; on one occasion, while his master was pouring some lavender water on his handkerchief, Sai, who was sitting by, tore it out of his hands, and continued rolling over with it until it was reduced to fragments. Before

his social qualities were known, he escaped from the yard where he was kept, and rushed round the ramparts, creating consternation in his course. The castle gates were closed, the officers, who had doors to their apartments, shut them, and the sentinels, who had none, ran away. The playful creature was thus left to complete his frolic by himself; and at last permitted his keeper to quietly lead him back to his cage. Saï was finally carried to England. On the voyage he got ducked in the sea, which seemed to nearly break his heart, and he suffered terribly from sickness. His daily allowance of food was a parrot a day, hardly enough to keep him from starving. On his arrival in England he was presented to the Duchess of York. One morning his new mistress called to see him, and he appeared playful and in his usual health, but at evening he was found dead. Saï, after he once became civilized, showed for his benefactors all the affection and faithfulness of a dog, and illustrated, in a most remarkable degree, that in natural disposition the leopard is far less cruel than the other representatives of the feline family. The Romans, in celebrating the feast of Bacchus, used to have a pageant, drawn through the streets, consisting of a pair of leopards attached to a car, in which rode a human representative of the infant god.



THE JAGUAR.

The Jaguar is a native of America, and very closely resembles the leopard. It follows in the track of wild herds of cattle and horses, and thus finds its principal subsistence. Its mode of killing its prey differs from that of the other *felidæ*, which is to seize by the throat. The jaguar, on the contrary, is said to spring upon the back of its victim, and, by its arms and with a sudden jerk of the head, dislocate the neck. Its strength is sufficient to enable it to drag the body of a horse a great distance. Unlike the other members of the cat family, it readily takes to the water, and not only swims rivers, but is successful in catching fish in shal-

low water, of which it seems to be very fond. It is related that, many years since, a jaguar took possession of the church of Santa Fé, and killed the padre. The priest's absence caused suspicion, and a coadjutor went into the church, but, to the people, was as unaccountably delayed as his predecessor. After some time another priest entered the church, and was instantly attacked by the jaguar, but he managed to escape and give the alarm. No one now could be found brave enough to enter the building, so the people unroofed a corner of the church, and shot their enemy from a safe distance.

A jaguar penetrated a squatter's hut in search of food, and the wife, the only human occupant at the moment, leaped for safety into a large store-chest, fastening with a spring, which obliged her to keep her fingers between the lid and the side of the chest, lest she should be suffocated for want of air. The jaguar soon discovered the hiding-place, and tried to push his head into the chest, but he could not raise the lid, nor could his paws obtain entrance. Presently he discovered the woman's fingers, and began to lick them with his rough tongue. Not being able to accomplish any thing at the side of the box, he jumped on the top, and by his weight broke his poor prisoner's fingers. For a long time he continued his efforts to obtain his prey, but at last, finding all of his endeavors useless, he went away. The woman at daybreak released herself and alarmed the neighbors, and, on the return of the husband, a search for the jaguar was commenced, which resulted in finding a pair, together with their cubs. It is hardly necessary to say that these "varmints" were summarily dispatched.



THE COUGAR.

The Cougar is the American lion—at least it bears a closer resemblance to that noble brute than any other of the feline family, for it is destitute of the stripes of the tiger, the spots of the leopard, and the rosettes of the jaguar; but when full-grown possesses a tawny-red color, almost uniform over the whole body, and hence the inference that it is like the lion. Some naturalists call it the puma; the Anglo-Americans the panther, or "painter," as it is gener-

ally termed in the back-woods. Cougar is a corruption of the Mexican name, and such we please to term it. The animal is remarkable for the extensive range of country which it inhabits, for it has been found in all the intermediate space between Paraguay and the great lakes of North America. In form it is less attractive than the generality of its species, there being an apparent want of symmetry; for it is observable that its back is hollow, its legs short and thick, and its tail does not gracefully taper; yet nature has invested the cougar with other qualities as a compensation, the most remarkable of which is an apparent power to render itself quite invisible; for so cunningly tinged is its fur, that it perfectly mingles with the bark of trees—in fact, with all subdued tints—and stretched upon a limb, or even extended upon the floor of its dimly-lighted cage, you must prepare your eye by considerable mental resolution to be assured of its positive presence. We knew a party of hunters, on the prairies of Louisiana, who spent a portion of a day under quite a small and perfectly leafless tree, and never suspected, until it leaped to the ground, the presence of an immense cougar, that was all the time a few feet above their heads in the naked branches; and then so quiet were its movements that the interruption would have passed for a *fleeting shadow* of the sun, had not the animal been discerned as it moved away upon the open plain.

The cougar, which is not unfrequently killed in the Southwest and in Texas, seldom measures more than six feet in length; and fortunately—for they are very destructive—they are but seldom seen in any inhabited part of our continent; but we notice that one was recently slain in California which measured nine feet, including the tail, which is about one-third of the whole. Their habits are exceedingly solitary, and they never approach the residences of human beings except when impelled by hunger—preferring the most retired passes in the mountains and the deeper gloom of the swamps. Hunting only for game in the night, and possessing, as we have already stated, an extraordinary power of concealment, they are strangers every where, and their appearance throws neighborhoods into excitement, for the mystery attending their movements ever exaggerates the idea of their power to injure and destroy.

The cougar reaches the top of a tree with almost the ease of a bird—depending upon his claws to retain the momentum in his favor gained by his first spring. Selecting a lower limb of some gigantic tree that overhangs a watering-place, or a “salt-lick,” if one be in the neighborhood, he lies extended along his perch, looking—upon the most critical examination of a spectator—more like a line of dried moss, or an excrescence on the bark, than a blood-thirsty beast of prey. Here he keeps his vigil—his eyes alone are moving; but even their fires are partially quenched from observation by silken lashes, which, like the lantern of the thief, darken

the light that it may not betray. Most animals of the forest drink at night, and at particular places; thus finally the deer, the elk, or even the lordly buffalo appears, and ere it has slaked its thirst, the cougar has dropped from his nestling-place and descended as quietly as a dried leaf upon the neck of his victim. But now all is changed—the cougar instantly becomes the active fiend—his claws and teeth sink into the quivering flesh, and away flies the fated victim with the speed of an arrow. In vain it rushes against the trunks of trees, or scours through the inhospitable cane-brake to brush off the destroyer—the cougar has fastened himself with the tenacity of death, and even as the wild race continues, drinks up the warm and throbbing blood. Life, tenacious as it is among the ruminants of the forest, is soon sapped by the remorseless appetite of the destroyer; and as the victim falls and expires, the cougar stealthily extends himself along the body, suspiciously glances around, as if challenging a dispute for the prize, and then satisfies for the moment his insatiable appetite.

Excited now, rather than appeased, he rushes back to his eyrie, resumes his watching, and darts down again upon some helpless animal, accompanying his acts with ten-fold ferocity—blood rather increasing than appeasing his lust. Thus passes the night, until the butcher is literally covered with gore. The first streak of the morning sun that illumines the horizon sends him to his hiding-place. With the stealthy, cowardly step of the midnight assassin and murderer, he seeks obscurity, and calms his passions by cleansing his soiled coat of every stain, and at the close of the labor sinks into disturbed sleep, to resume his work again when the darkness of night rests upon the earth.

There are times, however, when a destroyer more terrible than the cougar himself is on his path. The hunter has brought the well-trained dogs to assist him on the scent, and already the deep bay of the excited hound is yelping forth the desire for blood. The wild beast—a short time before so relentless, so powerful, and in his domain so apparently omnipotent—feels that his doom is sealed. Strange as it may be, he has an instinctive dread; the lord of the creation is upon him; the breath of powder unnerves his muscles of iron; and the cougar flies—flies with even more terror than the helpless deer that has suffered in his grasp. As a last resort, he mounts a tree; the unerring scent of the dogs shames the sight in its knowledge, and betrays the presence of the now immolated destroyer. The sharp ringing of the rifle is followed by the body of the lifeless cougar coming helpless to the ground; for, with all his power, he yields to the fiat which gave man dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the face of the earth.

It is a singular fact regarding the cougar that his flesh is used by some people as an article of food, and it is represented as tasting, under the charms of the culinary art, like any thing

but "cat." In stock-raising countries, where the cougar is most frequently found, its thefts are mostly confined to stealing young heifers for food.

A poor fellow, living on the prairies of Opelousas, who was suspected of such acts, was once surprised with various quarters of supposed beef hanging pendent from the rafters of the veranda of his house; nay, more, it was smoking upon his table, and giving out any thing but unsavory fumes. Upon being charged with taking what was not his own, he showed first his title to what he possessed in the characteristic document of an old rifle, and as dress makes the animal as well as the man, he farther confirmed his rights by exhibiting the skins of two large cougars, which belonged not to the drove of the servile brutes of the *vacherie*, but to the wilds; and were the property of the hunter who possessed the strong arm and unflinching bravery to slay them, and set the mark of ownership where by nature all was free and untamed.

A hunter on the Rio Grande, who was invariably unsuccessful, became so much annoyed by the taunts of his companions, that he determined to adopt the Camanche Indian fashion of hunting, and accordingly dressed himself in a deer-skin, and ornamented his head with huge antlers. Thus equipped he sallied out, and took his place at a favorite "stand." A few moments only elapsed before a cougar, perched in the limbs of the tree above, thinking that he saw "a sure enough buck," leaped from his airy abode plump on the hunter's back, at the same time burying his claws and teeth deeply into the dried skin. A yell of fright and astonishment greeted the cougar, such as never before was heard from the throat of living venison, and dropping his game, the animal and the hunter took different directions, it being a matter of uncertainty, even to this day, which of the two was most alarmed.

An American lady, Mrs. Jane Swisshelm, furnishes the world with a description of the cougar that is thrillingly interesting. She says that at a certain time past, her husband bought in Arkansas a cougar, six months old, which had been caught while a kitten in the woods. The creature was brought home, and remained a prisoner four years, at the end of which time he died. Tom, such was his name, was nine feet in length, of a gray color on his back and sides, and nearly white on the belly and throat. His back was generally perfectly straight, his form symmetrical, and his movements lithe and graceful. If in exceeding good-humor he would purr; but if he wished to intimidate he would raise his back, erect his hair, and spit like a cat. In the twilight of the evening the animal was accustomed to pace back and forth to the full extent of his limits, ever and anon uttering a short, piercing shriek, which made the valley reverberate for half a mile or more in every direction. Mrs. Swisshelm says these sounds were the shrillest, and at the same time the most mournful she ever heard. They

might, perhaps, be likened to the scream of a woman in an agony of terror.

The natural ferocity of the panther was at length so far subdued, that his fair mistress sometimes ventured, when he was in good-humor, to stroke his head and feel his paw. On one occasion, indeed, when he had broken his chain, and all the men in the house, with the exception of Mr. Swisshelm, had fled to the barn for safety, she seized him by the collar as he took refuge in the dining-room, and held him until her husband took effectual measures to secure him. At length, however, the lady was thrown from a carriage, and so severely injured that she was confined to her bed several weeks. She says:

"When we appeared on crutches we inadvertently went quite near the cougar, and were warned by a low growl that he was regarding us as his prey. We turned and found him crouched within five or six feet of us, ready to spring—his eyes green and blazing, and the tip of his tail moving from side to side. We kept our eyes fastened on his; there was no one within call, and we tried to make him remember us by talking to and naming him.

"Tom—poor Tom!" but Tom's eyes lost none of their fire, and the tail kept up its regular motion.

"Then we tried to intimidate him, as we had often done before, by assuming a voice of command. 'Tom! Tom! Down Tom!' but Tom kept his hostile attitude, and we—in doubt as to whether his chain was long enough to reach us, or strong enough to resist the spring we saw he intended making—kept our place and tried to stare him out of countenance.

"After what appeared to us a long time, trusting to the power of the eye to keep him still, we set our crutches, and still speaking to him, threw ourselves backward a step. The instant we moved he sprang, but the chain held him, and being too short, he rebounded against a post, and fell to the floor some eighteen inches from where we stood."

It is no wonder that a woman possessed of such nerve should become a champion for her sex.

The Royal Tiger is a native of Hindostan, and although it has been hunted from time immemorial by the native princes, and in recent times by numberless Europeans, still nothing is known of this most formidable animal beyond the incidents connected with its destruction in the jungles. No one has followed it to its den, or watched its nocturnal adventures. Its habits remain, therefore, matters of speculation.

The ferocity of the tiger's disposition has been exaggerated; but although capable of being made quite gentle, they are unreliable in their habits, and apt at any instant to attempt the gratification of a blood-thirsty disposition. Keepers of menageries, however much confidence they may feel in the friendship of the "king of beasts," are always nervous about the tiger, and cautious in their movements. We think it was Van Am-



THE TIGER.

berg who was unexpectedly set upon by a tiger, when the lion came to his rescue, and actually threw the tiger down, and held him fast until the man escaped. The circumstance is still familiar with the public, where the "Lion Queen," at Wombwell's menagerie, England, fell a victim to the sudden irritability of the tiger. While going through the daily performance, and in presence of hundreds of spectators, this young lady was forced to chastise the tiger for some disobedience of orders, when the animal suddenly turned upon her and grasped her throat, and although, when she was rescued, no perceptible injuries were visible, yet life was extinct. In a wild state the tiger is more dreaded than the lion, for he is constantly disposed to destruction, and has been known to put whole flocks of domestic animals to death after his appetite had been gorged to repletion.

The tiger grows to an immense size, and is sometimes heavier than the largest lion. His strength seems amazing. A peasant in the Sundah Rajah's dominions, had a buffalo foundered in a quagmire, which could not be removed by the united strength of many men. Upon going for more assistance, the party on their return were surprised to discover that a tiger had pulled the buffalo out of the mud, and throwing it across his back, was bearing it away to his den.

Tiger-hunting is pursued in the East on the back of elephants, and every thing depends upon the firmness of these naturally timid animals, particularly when they meet the tiger. The manner of training them is difficult, and is managed as follows: A tiger deprived of his teeth, claws, and with his mouth sewed up, is fastened to a stake by a strong rope about thirty feet long. The elephants in training are then urged on to the attack; the tiger springs upon their trunks with the greatest ferocity, and is beaten back, or thrown into the air upon the formidable tusks.

In this way the elephants, escaping injury, are deceived into a false confidence, and afterward face the wild animal with the same courage as they did the one so cruelly deprived of the power of effective defense.

Captain Basil Hall, while in India, witnessed very many of these tiger-fights, and describes one where the animal was urged into the netted court of the exhibition by a handful of lighted squibs and crackers. On reaching the centre of the ring, he was greatly bewildered by the shoutings, drummings, and shriekings which, coming from the spectators, resounded on every side; and was farther put out by the evolutions of some donkeys within the ring, to the tails of which were fastened blown bladders filled with dried peas. On finding all retreat to his den cut off, the tiger flew at the wooden figure of a man that had

been stuck up in the ring, and twisted its head off in an instant. Discovering the cheat, he first tore the image to pieces, and then made a dash at the netting in front of his cage, up which he scrambled until his fore paws were already on the roof, and in another half-minute he would have been among the assembled crowds. Fortunately a brave lad, about twelve years of age, had perched himself on the cage, and the moment the infuriated tiger showed his head above the ropes, the boy, with a short club, struck him such a rap on the nose that the animal fell back head over heels into the inclosure. After long badgering the order was given to put the tiger to death. One of the native chiefs discharged a great number of arrows into the animal's body, so that it bristled all over like a porcupine's. At last, the English officers, disgusted at his lengthened tortures, begged leave to try the effect of a musket-ball, which laid him dead instantaneously, although several arrows had previously passed entirely through the tiger's body without producing any visible effect.

A gentleman who participated in a tiger-hunt kindly furnished us a detailed sketch, from which we make the following extracts. After describing the hunting party, as it set out for the jungle, he says: "A quarter of an hour brought us to the place where the tiger was first seen; and sure enough in the vicinity lay the remains of the poor brute the animal had carried off. While we were contemplating the gnawed and half-consumed body, one of the elephants that had lingered behind began to trumpet aloud with his trunk, a sign that he perceived the vicinity of the tiger. It was plain, therefore, that we were near the foe, and that he was concealed in the thicket. Cautiously we urged our elephants toward the jungle, the footmen meanwhile keeping up a continual hallooing, which, with the trumpetings of the half-frightened elephants, caused the welkin to resound with a commingled noise

sufficient to daunt even a tiger, in all the consciousness of his solitary dominion and untamed ferocity. A few moments were thus anxiously spent, when one of the old hunters suddenly cried out 'Sher! sher! bah! bah!' when we saw the jungle violently agitated all along the straight line leading toward the swamp; and a couple of rifles were discharged from the gentlemen on the nearest elephant, which served to produce a more rapid advance of the moving body, when in a moment, breaking cover, out the tiger sprang into the clear swamp and made for the opposite wood.

"On went the crowd in pursuit, the Europeans urging their drivers to get the elephants into a run; three shots were fired, but apparently without effect, before the tiger reached 'cover.' The hunters soon crossed the swamp, and the beast was again roused. Shot followed shot in quick succession, until at length every thing except the report of our arms was as still in the jungle as if naught but the hand of Nature had ever ruffled its surface. Captain Angew, my companion, exclaimed, 'By Jove, he is hit and fallen! in with you after him! Twenty rupees to the man who first draws his body forth!' This last sentence was uttered in Hindoostanee, and our footmen spread themselves about in all directions, each anxious for the honor of the discovery, as well as impelled by the hope of reward. To our former well-organized system of action succeeded a scene of hurry and confusion, overweening confidence, and careless movements, which baffles description. A few moments were occupied by this species of search, when a low growl, followed by that subdued noise which all the feline tribe are accustomed to make when irritated, suddenly struck our ears, and the footmen commenced scattering in all directions. A poor servant, belonging to a gentleman of the party, was running away in great confusion, when he was encountered by the enraged monster, and before any of us could collect our confused senses, he was seized by the tiger with both teeth and claws, and desperately wounded in the neck, shoulder, and breast. The tiger, however, was too much alarmed to attempt to bear off his prey; but abandoning it he moved, with great rapidity, toward that part of the jungle most clear of the fugitives, which, by good luck, led back to the swamp.

"Back again we all followed, and the elephants having by this time become familiarized with the tiger's appearance and smell, with admirable sagacity, now began to understand the object of the morning's excursion; and, putting out their strength, they advanced with so much speed that we were up with the enemy before he got half way across the swamp. I had just raised my rifle to my shoulder, and was on the point of pulling the trigger, when, good heaven! I saw him suddenly turn, and with two or three bounds, as quick as lightning, he literally flung himself through the air, and alighted on the upper part of the neck of an elephant, and

there attempted to cling with teeth and claws. The elephant roared, and shook his head with frantic motion, while the whole of us who were surrounding him, were fearful of discharging our pieces, in consequence of the danger our friends on his back were in, of receiving their contents. The tiger was at length shaken off, after having almost torn the poor animal's trunk from his head. The moment that he was on the ground a couple of rifle-balls entered him, one in the shoulder and one in the breast. Streaming with blood, and desperately wounded, the animal then rushed upon the elephants; in the second charge, he actually buried his claws in the huge saddle of the animal on which we were seated, and I shall never forget the sight of the savage as he hung suspended from its back. I looked over the edge of the howdah in which I was seated, and caught sight of his eye-balls, rolling as if in a sea of blood, so suffused did they seem with mingled pain and rage. One of my fellow-companions had the honor of giving him the fatal shot, the ball hitting the forehead and entering the brain. The footmen had kept out of the way during the conflict, but they now all hastened to the spot where the tiger lay, carried him to the edge of the jungle, and laid him on the grass. He was a full-grown royal tiger, measuring four feet seven inches from the nose to the insertion of the tail at the rump. Unlike the miserable wretches we see in our menageries, with collapsed abdomens, loose skin, and dull, dirty, ill-defined colors, his belly was round, large, and well distended, the muscular development in his shoulders and thighs magnificent, and the stripes were as clear and vivid as if the fleshy integuments they covered were still boiling with the intemperate spirits to which they are said to owe their brilliancy. The poor man who was wounded, died soon after he was borne to the native hospital. We rested from the scene of our labors a couple of hours, made a plentiful repast of cold meats, cheese, bread, and bottled porter; and amidst the heartfelt thanks of the villagers of Dongerthal, and the loud congratulations of all the sporting men attached to our force, we entered camp with our magnificent trophy just as the sun was declining in the west."

By the common consent of naturalists and historians, the Lion stands as the head of the feline tribe; recent discoveries, however, are calculated to give the noble animal a distinct place in the creation, and disconnect him from the association. The lion possesses great individuality; he is the most noble of all brutes, and can not with strict justice be confounded with the tiger, leopard, and ounce—species which seem to be the least removed from the lion, yet are so little distinguishable from each other that they have often been confounded together by travelers and intelligent classifiers. Buffon—who was one of the most agreeable of enthusiasts—gives a description of the lion which is so calculated to raise the animal in your estimation, that if one were to read it on Mount



THE LION.

Atlas, or in the desert of Sahara, and then unexpectedly encounter the animal in his native haunts, so far from retreating from his presence, he would approach and cultivate his acquaintance. The occupation of Algeria by the French, and the inroads into the wild regions of Africa by Cumming, have conjointly been the means of obtaining really authentic histories of the lion; and although his race furnishes many very exceptionable specimens, still, as a whole, the lion has risen in public estimation, and now possesses more real interest than he did when only viewed through the eulogies and exaggerations of half-fabulous records.

The habits of the lion are interesting. They associate in couples, display great attachment for each other, and with the greatest care rear and protect their young. The male lion, in defense of his family, will, with the coolest indifference, face a thousand men. The magnanimity of his disposition is proverbial, and no anecdotes are better authenticated than those of his sparing his human foes at the very moment of victory. It is quite common in Southern Africa to meet with natives who have been wounded by lions, and who have escaped death solely by the mercy of the beast. A boor, in attempting to mount his horse, was thrown to the ground by a lion. The animal merely stood over him, lashed his tail, and growled at the man's friends, who were at a safe distance, and then slowly and dignifiedly commenced a retreat.

The strength of the lion is almost fabulous: he has been known to leap a wide ditch with perfect ease while holding a full-grown heifer between his teeth, and there is nothing living that can receive with impunity a blow of one of his paws. He instantly tears down the buffalo and giraffe, and will make equal battle with the rhinoceros and elephant. In fact, so tremendous, and so compact, is the dread machinery with which nature has provided him, that

he overcomes almost every beast of the forest, however superior in weight or stature.

The lion never drinks except before the moon rises, or after it sets. He approaches the fountain as if deeply conscious that he is happy in possessing the cooling draught. Extending himself with ceremonious precision upon the ground, he stretches out his powerful arms before him, and brings his chest close to the ground; these things being accomplished, he gives a few laps, and then rests as if to more perfectly enjoy the luxury. Cumming relates that he has often heard them lapping within twenty yards of where he was encamped, yet, from their tawny color, he was never able to distinguish their outline. This confirms the general idea that the lion has no scent; for he would not approach so near an enemy, if he

were warned, as in the case of other animals, by the, to them, infection of the air. Nature has given the lion the protection of perfectly harmonizing with the dried grass of the plains and the burning sands of the desert; and thus compensated him for the lack of a sense so common to inferior animals.

One of the distinctive traits of the lion is his voice. All others of his ascribed species are *silent* and *stealthy*. The lion, on the contrary, announces his presence by a challenge that makes the earth quake, and carries terror for miles around. As a general rule, the lion is heard throughout the entire night; at the approach of darkness the sighing moans commence, and, but for the occasional interruption of a distinct roar, continue until break of day. Lions have their separate districts, and allow of no intrusion; but there are times when an unusual drought occurs—then two or more strange troops meet together at the same fountain. On such occasions, if it be a cool, frosty night, the voice of the lion is heard in its perfection. Every member of each troop sounds a bold volume of defiance at the opposite parties, then all join together, and each individual seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity of his power of voice. If these challenges result in bringing two strange animals together, a battle ensues, which seldom ends without the death of one of the combatants. The nervous susceptibility of the lion is displayed in the fact that, in hazy and wet weather, contrary to his usual custom, he can be heard in subdued growls throughout the livelong day, complaining of the depressing influence of the atmosphere, and no doubt expending, at the same time, a commendable degree of ill-nature upon the solicitous inmates of his domestic hearth. The lion's notes seem to embody the language of the vast forests and deserts in which he delights to dwell. He gives vocal expression to the mysteries of his strange

haunts, and tells of love, daring, success, and defeat, in the wonderful modulations of his orchestral voice. A lion troop is an opera in which the instruments are attuned by nature; the theme destruction, defiance, victory, death. Hence there come the low, deep notes of sorrow, like the wails of mothers over the slain; then the deep-toned, solemn roars follow in quick succession, like the rapid discharge of heavy artillery—growing louder and louder, they seem to engulf the surrounding world, and threaten to shake the elements into chaos; then follows the finale of sobs, of groans, so appalling, because so indicative of human woe.

The lion is supposed by naturalists to have the average life of thirty-five years, yet this seems very inconsistent with the well-known fact, that one was kept in the Tower of London over threescore years and ten, and no one knew the age of the animal when it was first made a prisoner. By a kind arrangement of Providence, lions and other destructive animals are never numerous. A certain area is necessary for their support, and they destroy each other if the prescribed limits are interfered with. Gerard, the French lion hunter of Algeria, calculates that there are thirty lions now living in the colony, and that the Arabs pay an annual tribute of twenty-five cents to the government, and an average of two hundred and fifty cents to the lions, in the destruction of their horses, mules, sheep, and camels; so it would seem that the reign of the king of beasts, like that of all other kings, is rather an expensive luxury.

In the life of the great missionary, Judson, occurs a story of a starving lion, which has all the elements of a fearful tragedy. Confined in prison by the Burman authorities, Judson was electrified by the news of a British victory over his oppressors. This increased the severity of his treatment. Just before the war between Burmah and the English, the king had received a present of a majestic lion, which had become a pet in the palace, particularly with his majesty. After the defeats of Bandoola, some of the courtiers discovered the fearful resemblance between the king's favorite and the insignia on the British flag, and the regal beast was looked upon as a demoniac ally of England, and he was finally cast into prison. The cage was newly ironed and barricaded, as if some unusual resistance might have been expected. And now commenced to the unhappy prisoners with whom Judson was confined a new and fearful scene of misery. The unhappy men had seen their own friends starved, and beaten, and smothered, and strangled to death, and then dragged by the feet from the door, and thrust like dogs into some shallow pit, or left to be devoured by jackals—and they thought they had gained a familiarity with every species of wretchedness. But there was something almost supernatural in their new horror of a starving lion. Day after day the noble beast writhed in the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and bruised and bleeding in his fearful struggles, while his roarings seemed to shake

the prison to its foundations, and sent a thrill of indescribable terror to the hearts of its occupants.

The jailer said that it was the British lion ineffectually struggling against the prowess of the conquering Burmans. Sometimes, after dark, a compassionate woman would steal to the cage, and thrust a mouthful of food between the bars, but it was necessarily a trifle to the powerful beast, and only seemed to increase his ravings. At other times, one of the keepers would throw water over him, which would be greeted by almost human shrieks of pleasure, though it only seemed to lengthen for a little his term of suffering. At last the scene was over: the skeleton of the unhappy beast was dragged from its cage, and buried in the earth.

In endeavoring to perfectly comprehend the habits and natural history of the lion, Cumming's adventures in Africa are calculated to give the most vivid idea. He presents many new pictures, all of which elevate the king of beasts in the reader's estimation, and involuntarily suggest a comparison between man and the lion, as a destructive animal. The noble quadruped pursues his way through the interminable wilds, kills from necessity, and, having satisfied his hunger, leaves the remains of his repast for the weaker animals that follow in his path. Wantonness or cruelty he never displays; on the contrary, he has mercy upon the weak, and disdains to strike a blow, except for the benefit of his own existence and those dependent upon him. Cumming, on the contrary, stalks through the wilderness more blood-thirsty than a thousand lions—he seems to literally revel in blood; without any other reason than to gratify his destructiveness, he disfigures the vast plains with the mountain carcasses of elephants and giraffes; antelopes, gnooks, zebras, and buffaloes fall before his pestiferous saltpetre, as if he were a breathing pestilence. At nightfall, the wolf and the jackal swarm on his track, and screech and yell as if the fiends were unloosed; at day-break, the eagle and the vulture darken the air over his head, and gorge their unholy appetites in the victims of his prodigality of God's life. Surely the lion, by comparison, is the being of humanity, and his bloody deeds pale before the records of his Christianized rival, as a destroyer on the face of the earth.

DARIEN EXPLORING EXPEDITION,*
UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUT. ISAAC C. STRAIN.
BY J. T. HEADLEY.

I WILL now transfer the course of the narrative to the proceedings of the advanced party, which left the main body on the 13th of February.

Breakfastless, but full of hope, the four adventurers set out, and after making a *détour* in the forest to avoid undergrowth, again struck the river, where the walking was good. Truxton's camp was in sight, and Strain hailed it to bid the party keep the bank. Following this

* Concluded from the April Number.

bank until it became scarped and impassable, they took to the forest, and although still attempting to keep the river in sight, were at length forced from it by the denseness of the undergrowth. After an hour's journey they saw the river again close upon their right, and supposing that it was a sudden bend, regained the bank, which was clear and sloping, and followed it for nearly a quarter of a mile, when they found by their old trail that it was the same ground they had already passed over, the river having made a turn upon itself. This was very discouraging at the outset; and hearing the voices of the main body ahead, already following on, and unwilling to discourage them in their march, Strain struck into the forest, and making a wide *détour*, regained the river, and by rapid traveling left them far behind.

About noon they halted for an hour to allow Mr. Avery to rest, but, with that exception, marched steadily during the day, and made about fifteen miles on the course of the river. At dark they encamped, and kindling a fire to intimidate wild beasts and keep off alligators, laid down to sleep. With so small a party, and traveling rapidly, they did not think it worth while to appoint a watch.

The next morning (14th), at earliest dawn, they were afoot. Having obtained no food the day before, there was no delay in cooking and eating. Writing by the dim dawn the note, formerly alluded to, to Truxton, Strain gave the order to march, and the four pushed on. They were, however, soon forced from the river by the undergrowth, and after a march of about two hours, found themselves in a dense thicket, where it was necessary to cut every foot of the way for some two hundred yards. During the time they occupied in making this distance they rarely if ever touched the earth, so matted and close were the standing and fallen branches and bushes. It was painful work, and not without danger; but they cut and floundered through. Emerging into the more open forest, they found themselves in an almost impassable swamp. Struggling through this as they best could, they saw a large body of water, and Strain, in attempting to approach it, became so effectually *bogged*, that it was with great difficulty he extricated himself. The order to countermarch was then given, and after incredible labor they reached the river about noon, and at a point only about 200 yards below the camp from which they had set out some seven hours before. This was disheartening, but they pushed on for two hours longer, when they halted for an hour's rest.

Strain now felt quite discouraged; for, at this rate, the party would perish before it could get through. He determined, therefore, again to try a raft, and finding on the beach some driftwood sufficiently dry to float, he halted at four o'clock and commenced collecting timbers, cutting cross-pieces, and getting vines for lashings. This was slow work, as they had nothing with which to cut the hard logs—

that were in some cases imbedded in the earth—except the *machete* (a sort of cutlass of good steel and highly tempered). Still, by working hard, they had by dark collected enough logs to float two or three men. They then began to look around for some food, not having tasted a *mouthful* since the night previous to leaving the main body, two days before. Having obtained a few acid nuts, they made a fire, spread their blankets, and were soon fast asleep on a hard clay bank, with a brilliant full-moon shining down upon them.

At daylight they were hard at work upon the raft, and by ten o'clock had logs enough lashed together to support two persons. Wilson and Strain then got upon it, and pushing off, slowly floated down the river; while Mr. Avery and Golden followed along the bank.

At noon another large log was secured and lashed to the raft with strips of canvas torn from Strain's haversack, and the whole party embarked. But the weight was too heavy, and the crazy structure sunk until the water was knee-deep above it. They, however, kept on, but in a short time struck a rapid current which swept them upon a sunken snag. In a moment the logs parted and one broke entirely loose. All was consternation, when Strain cried, "*Silence!*" and sitting down on one log, threw either leg over those each side and kept them together. For a few minutes there was great danger of losing all their arms, and even their lives; and nothing but the presence of mind and coolness of every man saved the raft from entire destruction and in deep water, while, owing to their debility and the weight of their accoutrements, swimming was out of the question.

Landing below, where the current was not so strong, they repaired the raft, and floated sluggishly on till nearly sunset, when they struck upon a shoal. Unable to force the raft over this, they were compelled to take it to pieces and float it down, log by log, to a shelving clay beach, where they could reconstruct it. While getting the raft over they discovered a species of clams—said to be nearly identical with the "Little Neck clams" of New York—one hundred and twenty of which made quite a supper, after their hard day's work. While sitting on the bank they saw a shark, some five feet long, attempting to swim over the shoal; but all attempts to get his body for food proved abortive.

The next day, by nine o'clock, the raft was repaired, and the four again embarked; Strain with neither pantaloons nor drawers—nothing on, in fact, but a shirt—bare-legged, sat exposed to the full rays of a tropical sun, and with the rest not much better protected, drifted lazily down the sluggish, tortuous current. At noon, however, they struck another snag. While working hard to extricate themselves, a heavy-rain shower came up, which drenched them thoroughly. Soon after another snag was struck, which caused a delay of two hours. Near sunset they came upon a shoal, and swinging off met a swift current, and were

dragged by its force under some overhanging branches, which swept Mr. Avery and Golden off into deep water, while Strain, with Wilson, whose leg was nearly broken, hung on, and were carried upon a snag in deep water. In endeavoring to cut loose, they lost a macheta. But Golden, finding his leg not broken, plunged to the bottom, and fortunately recovered it. At length, getting loose, they paddled ashore, and as it was already nearly dark, they encamped for the night. Mr. Avery had all the matches upon his person when he swam ashore, consequently they were wet, and no fire could be obtained. This was the more disagreeable, as their clothes and blankets were all soaked with water. Although the weather was mild, they seldom suffered more; for the cold wet blankets chilled them through and through. Weary and exhausted, they could get no sleep. Wilson and Golden lay growling at each other all night.

In the morning they woke thoroughly chilled and sore from the effects of sleeping on the hard clay bank and in wet clothes. They had determined to abandon the raft, as the snags and shoals were too frequent; and spreading their blankets in the sun, remained in camp till they were dried. They employed the time, however, in cutting down a large tree with hard nuts, the kernels of which being extracted supplied them with four days' provisions, that is, the means of sustaining life, for their hardness and tastelessness hardly entitled them to the name of food. While thus occupied, they discovered a saw-fish, about two feet long, working his way up the shallow water, apparently to enjoy the warmth of the sun. Strain shot him with a revolver, and then jumping upon him succeeded in capturing him. Divided between the four, he was but a scanty breakfast, but the meat was sweet and palatable. They started at half past twelve from "Saw-fish Camp," but after making two or three miles were obliged to encamp, as both Mr. Avery and Strain suffered extremely from sore legs. Exposed as they had been to the sun on the raft for two days, Strain's, which were utterly unprotected, were burnt to a blister in many places, while the undergrowth and vines scratched and irritated them to such a degree, that it produced a fever, which was followed by a chill. This looked discouraging enough, especially as they saw no more indications of approaching the Pacific than two weeks before. The bright hopes with which the men had set out began to fade, and they lay stretched about the bank, saying but little, but looking moody and desponding. Strain spent the long afternoon pacing slowly up and down the pebbly beach, pondering over the condition of his men, and vainly endeavoring to come to some conclusion respecting the future. However, with steel and powder, they succeeded in obtaining a fire, which, sending its bright light through the forest, imparted a little more cheerfulness to the scene.

At half past seven next morning they set out, and moved slowly down the left bank. Hearing a heavy report, they thought it was a gun

from the main body, and were much surprised at the rapid progress it had made. About ten, after marching some three miles, they halted on a shingle beach, where Mr. Avery was taken extremely ill with severe vomiting and retching. While halting another gun was heard, supposed to be from the main party, which Strain answered, hoping that they might come up, as he intended to leave Mr. Avery with them and push on. At sunset, Mr. Avery showing no signs of recovery, they went into camp No. 6. Fish were abundant in the stream, but they had no hook to catch them with, and so made their supper on hard nuts.

The next day (Sunday) Avery was better; but convinced that he would embarrass the march, Strain was anxious to leave him with the main party, and fired signals to bring them up, but received no answer.*

The next day they started early, but Avery's knee pained him severely. At times, exhausted with pain, he would cry out, "Oh, Captain, hold on! hold on!" Strain would then stop and wait for him to limp up, but never went back. The necessities of the case were too stern to admit of a backward movement. Thus painfully marching—around swamps, through thickets, still on, toward an ocean that seemed infinitely removed—the half-naked, half-starved group cut their toilsome, disheartening way. At half past four they encamped on a shingle beach, having made about eight miles.

The following morning they started early, but were compelled to halt frequently for Avery, who would be left far behind, his extreme suffering causing faintness and sickness at stomach. He, however, bore up nobly; and, as Strain in his report says, "He comported himself in the most manly manner; and few men, I believe, even when marching for their own lives and the lives of others, could have done better than he, with boils on all parts of his person, and five on one knee." Strain killed a fine wild turkey during the day, which gave them a good supper, though, when divided among four hungry men, the portion that each received appeared small. They also found an abundance of acid palm-nuts.

Next day the marching was more open and easy, and they were fortunate enough to find clams. About 5.15 P.M. they encamped on a wet sand-beach. In cutting down some guinea-grass to protect them from dampness, Strain narrowly escaped being bitten by a large snake of the adder species; his macheta cleaving the reptile just as he was about to strike. Every night a stick was set on the shore to see if there were any signs of tide. The eagerness with which this was inspected every morning showed the longing of the men for this indication of the proximity of the ocean. In the morning they thought they discovered a slight fall in the water, but found afterward that they were mistaken.

* Truxton's party at this time were lying in the camp where they had halted on the first night after Strain had left them, and the supposed guns were falling trees.

The day following (February 22) the marching a part of the time was tolerably easy, but Wilson and Golden began to show signs of debility. Strain, nearly naked, went ahead and cleared a way with his cutlass. On finding the bushes too thick, he would plunge into them head foremost to break them down, trampling them under foot for those behind. During the day he killed another adder coiled to strike, but did not tell his men of it, lest they should become alarmed. Golden carrying no fire-arms, was often ordered forward to cut a path, but to-day he gave out completely, and when given the cutlass and directed to go to work, he laid the instrument down on the ground, then stretched himself beside it, and wept like a child. Destitution and toil were telling on him. He was a fine, splendid-looking young man, only twenty-two years of age, and brave as a lion; but this was a form of evil he had never dreamed of.

The next morning they proceeded on their journey through the woods and along the banks until one P.M., making about five miles, when they halted, as Strain had a most painful boil on his right instep, which prevented him from marching or wearing any boot. He was, moreover, suffering severely from a fall into a deep ravine the day before. Near the camp, where the river runs S.S.W., a small stream (the Uporganti) comes in from the N.E. This encouraged the belief that they might still be upon the Iglesias, as a small stream is shown on the map, coming into that river four miles from its mouth, and another about eleven miles above. About four o'clock, as they lay stretched around on the bank of the river, they were startled by a heavy booming sound, like that of a gun, which they thought at once came from Darien Harbor, the "El Dorado" of the expedition. The delusion for a moment made every heart bound.

In the morning (February 24) Strain made a moccasin from a leather legging which formerly belonged to Truxton, who had proposed to boil it down and eat it. The former, however, prevented him, saying they might yet need it for moccasins. So it turned out, and but for this very insignificant circumstance, it is very doubtful whether Strain could ever have got through at all, and consequently the whole party would have perished. On such simple suggestions, growing out of the knowledge of a backwoods life, the fate of scores of men often depends. Slinging his spare boot to his blanket for future service, Strain gave the order to march at half past six, fondly hoping to reach Darien Harbor before night, but having traveled with great pain some eight miles, and seeing no signs of tide-water, at five o'clock encamped on a sand-bank. Having passed during the day two or three rapids with some ten or twelve feet fall, they consoled themselves with the reflection that this accounted for the absence of tides. During the day Strain killed a bird about the size of a partridge, which they ate raw. I find the following recorded in the journal:

"*Saturday, February 25.* Slept well last night, the camp being free from mosquitoes. Set out at eight A.M., and found bad walking all day, both in the forest and on the beaches which we met. In the former we had to cut our way, while the beaches were so steep that we had sometimes to cut steps to crawl along, and even then we were in constant danger of falling into the river, which I did on one occasion.

"Encamped about six P.M. on a mud bank, having made about six miles. During the day's march we found about thirty-two clams, which, divided, gave us something to support life, as the acid nut-skins are less ripe than some miles above, while their kernels are so hard as to be almost inedible in the existing state of our teeth, which have been deprived of their enamel by the use of the acid.

"Saw several turkeys, but could obtain none, owing to the state of our fire-arms, which had become almost useless. My carbine, which was the best in the party, being loaded with difficulty, and requiring two men to fire it, one to take aim and pull the trigger, and the other to pull the cock back, and let it go at the word, invariably destroying the aim; under these circumstances I am not ashamed to say that I fired several times at turkeys without success."

"About sunset we saw a wild hog, weighing some 300 pounds, which came rushing toward us as if intending to attack, but paused about twenty yards distant. Considering the ferocity of this animal, and the state of our fire-arms, I should have hesitated in attacking him had we not been so pressed for food; but it was a matter of life and death in either case. I took deliberate aim at his body behind the shoulders, and with the assistance of Wilson fired my carbine, wounding him severely. I feared firing at his head, lest I should miss him altogether. After receiving the ball he paused a moment, as if uncertain whether to attack, after which he rushed off rapidly some fifty yards, when he was seized with a coughing fit, and slackened his pace to a walk. Handing my carbine to Wilson to reload, I followed him into the jungle, but soon lost him in the darkness of the forest. I am inclined to believe that this animal was not the peccary or wild hog of tropical climates, but one of the domesticated species, which, either in his own generation or that of his progenitors had become wild, because I do not think the peccary ever grows so large. His color was black, with white spots. I passed an almost sleepless night in regretting that we had not obtained him, for at this time food was our only thought, except to push through and obtain assistance for those behind."

The next morning (Sunday) they started early, but the long absence of food had so debilitated them that the marching was slow and difficult. They could make but short distances without being compelled to halt for a long rest. This tattered, skeleton group of four, stretched silent and sad in the forest beside that mysterious, unknown river, presented a most piteous

spectacle. It is very doubtful whether the men ever would have started again but for the orders of their commander. As they staggered up to a jungle, Strain, after exhausting himself in clearing a path, would order the men to take their turn; but so feeble and dispirited were they, that often nothing but threats of the severest flogging could rouse them to make another effort for their lives. At length their attention was arrested by the cry of a wild animal. It proved to be the howling of a monkey, and the men, elated at the prospect of food, cried out, "*There's a monkey, Captain, shoot him!*" "Cut away," replied Strain, thinking that the noise would excite its curiosity to come nearer. He was right, for the creature kept leaping from tree to tree, until at length it sat crouched on a limb directly above Strain, who was lying upon his back on the ground.

His carbine being damaged, he took the Sharpe's rifle belonging to Avery, and shooting nearly perpendicularly, sent a ball through the monkey's neck. The rifle, however, being loaded with stronger powder than usual, recoiled, cutting Strain's eyebrow and seriously endangering the eye itself. The monkey, after receiving the wound, made off. Strain, though bleeding freely, fired again. His distrust of the rifle, however, distracted his aim, when he drew a pistol and shot the creature through the heart. She fell over dead, but her tail would not uncoil, and she hung suspended from the limb. Strain then turned to take care of his eye, saying to the men, "If you want that monkey you must cut down the tree." Though tired and feeble, they attacked it with a will, and notwithstanding the trunk was three feet in circumference, and they had only a cutlass to work with, soon had it down. This monkey was a prize. She was soon cut up, and portions of her crammed into a tin kettle, which was placed over a blazing fire. Each one took turns at the pot, and they kept it up till midnight, when the animal was nearly all devoured. Weighing some twenty pounds, she gave about *five pounds to a man*. The starved men, however, were not satisfied, and demanded that the skin should be cooked. But this Strain, with that foresight which again and again saved his little band, refused to give up, saying he should yet need it for lashings in making a raft.

This feast was on Sunday night, and the next morning at ten o'clock they pushed on; but the thick undergrowth was almost impassable, and after cutting for seven hours, making only three quarters of a mile per hour, they encamped on a damp clay bank.

During the day they crossed several deep ravines, down the steep banks of which they were compelled to slide, and then cut steps in the opposite sides, up which to climb to the top.

The course of march was generally southerly. The journal at this place remarks, that then, and for some time previous, "our bodies were literally covered with wood ticks, and we were obliged to pick them off morning and evening."

During the march Strain shot three small hawks, upon which they made their scanty supper. They suffered severely from mosquitoes during the night, but at eight in the morning were again afoot; and proceeding about two miles over some hills, discovered a considerable river (the Iglesia), entering from the northeast. After making in all about six miles, they encamped at six in the evening.* Their only food this day consisted entirely of acid nuts, which were gradually wearing away the teeth.

Having suffered less than usual from mosquitoes, Strain roused his little party at daybreak, and by six o'clock they were again cutting their slow and almost interminable path to the Pacific. After making some six miles they encamped on a bank of rock and indurated clay. During the day they had nothing whatever to eat, and when they halted the whole party were thoroughly worn out. They were too tired even to kindle a fire, but lay down in the darkness and slept on the cheerless bank of the stream. Strain now began to think of another raft, as all were so thoroughly debilitated, and so covered with boils, sores, and scratches that they could not much longer cut their way through the jungle.

Mr. Avery was almost disabled, while the men were becoming daily more and more discouraged. Golden—who was a fine, hale young man when he left the *Cyane*—was fearfully attenuated, and his spirit so utterly broken, that when ordered to do the least work he would lie down and weep bitterly. For several days Strain could make him march only by threatening to tie him up and flog him: then his dread of physical pain overcame for the time-being his debility. Had he not resorted to this expedient, he would have been obliged to leave him to perish, or remain and perish with him. Strain had once or twice thrown out a hint of his intention to build another raft; but found the two men violently opposed to it, as the danger they had incurred on the last completely intimidated them. But finding the river bends deeper, free from rapids, and comparatively free from snags, he determined to carry out his design at all hazards, especially as he felt convinced that the condition of his foot would not permit him to march more than two or three days longer. The constant irritation, produced by contact with bushes and vines, was rapidly extending the inflammation from the ankle, down the instep and up the leg. At first the men were disheartened; but when told that they need not get on the raft, but might keep along shore in sight, while he and Mr. Avery managed it, they were better contented.

That night being unmolested by mosquitoes

* Says Strain in his journal: "I may remark that our time was *estimated*, as my pocket-chronometer had stopped soon after leaving the main body; probably owing to the dampness of the climate, which affects every time-piece not secured by a hunting case. *Then*, it almost appeared to me that time had refused to register the tedious hours which we passed in the wilderness. On some occasions almost all men become to a certain extent superstitious."

they had a quiet rest, and, though without food, began early in the morning to collect sticks for the raft; but the general debility, and want of proper tools and lashings, made their progress very slow, and it was sunset before they had enough brought together and lashed to float two persons. In the evening Mr. Avery and Strain obtained some hard nuts and a small quantity of palmetto, which was all the food they had eaten for two days.

Says Strain in his journal: "This was the second time during the expedition that I really felt voracious; and before obtaining the nuts and palmetto, I found myself casting my eyes around me to see if there was nothing that had been overlooked that could allay my hunger. Without a fire, which at this time we never lighted unless we had meat to cook, as we wished to economize our ammunition, we laid down and slept near our raft."

The next day Strain and Avery got on the raft, and the two floated slowly down the stream, while Golden and Wilson forced their way along the shore. Thus, two on the raft and two on shore, they proceeded day after day—an occasional halloo, to ascertain each other's whereabouts, alone relieving the monotony of the hours. In making the bends sharp paddling was necessary, which, in their debilitated condition, was very exhausting. The second day they found a dead iguana, with the head eaten off. This they cooked and divided among them. The two men roasted the skin and chewed that. This miserable raft consisted of six half-decayed, broken trunks of trees lashed together with monkey skins and vines. Strain, half-naked, and with his legs dangling in the water, sat on the forward end to steer, while his companion occupied the hinder part to assist. Now a tree in the distance chock-full of white cranes, and again a panther gazing on them with a bewildered stare, or young tigers, were the only objects that relieved the noiseless and apparently endless solitude. To pass away the time, Strain one day made Avery tell his history; at another time he would narrate from Don Quixotte some amusing story. At length starvation produced the same singular effect on them that it did on Truxton and Maury, and they would spend hours in describing all the good dinners they had ever eaten. For the last two or three days, when most reduced, Strain said that he occupied almost the whole time in arranging a magnificent dinner. Every luxury or curious dish that he had ever seen or heard of composed it, and he wore away the hours in going round his imaginary table, arranging and changing the several dishes. He could not force his mind from the contemplation of this, so wholly had one idea—food—taken possession of it. The animal nature, deprived of its support, was evidently closing with resistless force over the soul, and in a few days more would completely force it from its crumbling, falling tenement. On the 4th of March, however, as they sat on shore eating a portion of a dead,

tainted lizard, Strain heard a sudden roaring behind, and on looking up stream saw a rapid which they had just passed in smooth water. He knew at once that they must have floated over it at high tide, which now ebbing revealed the rift. It was clear they had at last reached tide-water. This was Strain's birthday, and he was looking out for some good luck. He, however, did not mention his discovery to the men, lest there might be some mistake. But they soon discovered it themselves, and cried out in transport, "*Oh, Captain, here is tide! here is tide!*" That night Strain could not sleep until the time for flood-tide again arrived, and at eleven o'clock he took a fire-brand and went down to the shore to see how it was going. The doubt was over—they had reached the swellings of the Pacific, and hope was rekindled in every bosom.

The time after this passed wearily. When it was flood-tide they lashed to the shore, and as the ebb commenced cut loose and slowly drifted down stream. At every turn they strained eagerly forward, hoping to get some look-out, or see some signs of civilization; but the same unbroken wilderness shut them in. Having ascertained how high the tide rose, Avery would take the Hudson River as a gauge, and prove conclusively that there was no great occasion for hope, as they were yet probably at least a hundred and fifty miles from the sea.

Anxious to get forward, they could not spend time to hunt; and a half dozen kernels of the palm nut, hard as ivory, would often constitute a meal. At length, on the 9th, Strain saw that food must be obtained, or the men would sink and die without making farther progress. He therefore put Golden in his place with Avery on the raft, and taking Wilson with him struck into the woods to forage. Only *four cartridges* were left to them; and as Strain turned away with the rifle, Avery exclaimed, "*For God's sake, Strain, don't shoot at any thing less than a turkey—remember there are only four cartridges left!*" After beating about for some time and finding nothing, he came upon a partridge sitting on a limb. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and he drew up and killed it. His conscience smote him the moment he had done so, as on that single cartridge might yet hang the lives of all the party. At length, however, he came upon a grove of palm nuts. By tightening his cartridge-belt around him, and filling his flannel shirt above it with nuts, he soon had all he could carry, and turned back to the river. But the two got entangled in a swamp, and were wholly exhausted before they could extricate themselves. Wilson then began to beg for the partridge; but Strain told him it was for the party, and must be divided equally. The man at length fell down, and said he could and would go no farther without that partridge. Strain then threw it to him, saying "*Take it,*" and sat down on a log to see him devour it. The starving wretch tore it asunder; but still, feeling that his commander needed it as much as he did, said, "*Captain, do*

you want the blood?" "No," replied the latter. "*Do you want the entrails?"* "No." He then flung him a piece of the bird, and gorged the rest. At length they reached the river, and kept down the bank. About three o'clock, Strain was startled by Wilson's exclaiming, "*My God, Sir, there is the raft!*" and sure enough, there it was, deserted and floating quietly in the middle of the river, awaiting the action of the tide (it was then slack water) to determine its course.

The sight of that abandoned structure at first struck like an ice-bolt to the heart of both, but a single glance showed Strain that the blankets, spare arms, etc., had been taken away, and another, that about eight feet of rope, which had been used to lash the logs, was left untouched, while one of the paddles still remained. He concluded at once that the party had either obtained assistance and left the raft—in which case they would not require, and would probably neglect, the lashings—or that they had been murdered by Indians, who had left the raft adrift for the purpose of entrapping the remainder. In answer to Wilson's anxious inquiries, he frankly told him his conjectures. "Well, Sir," replied Wilson, "if there be Indians about, you have three cartridges left, and are certain of three men, and I think with my *machete* I can give an account of two more." This was the ring of the true metal, and pleased Strain much. While awaiting the progress of the raft, which drifted slowly toward their side of the river, they passed their leisure time in eating nuts. Finally, seeing it foul of some drift-wood about one hundred yards below, they after some difficulty got upon it, and proceeded with the

current down the river. Strain, however, first made a thorough examination, to see if there was any blood or other evidence of a struggle upon it, or a note from Mr. Avery which might unravel the mystery.

After drifting half an hour they saw a clearing on the left bank; and soon after, in passing the mouth of a small stream on the same side, discovered two canoes approaching rapidly from below.

Not feeling assured that the three paddlers were not Indians, who might prove hostile, as they were colored and spoke loudly in a dialect which, at a distance, he could not understand, Strain determined to keep them at arms' length until assured of their peaceable intentions. He accordingly hailed when they came within rifle-shot, and asked who they were and where they were going. They replied, in Spanish, that they were friends, had just taken off his companions, and brought a letter to himself. True to his naval principles, never to let an enemy approach too near without declaring his intentions, Strain sat across the log and hailed as though he trod the deck of a man-of-war. These two skeletons on a mass of drift-wood thus demanding explanations, were very much like a shipwrecked mariner lashed to a spar bidding a vessel stand off till she showed her colors. When convinced, however, of the peaceable intentions of the natives, they gladly abandoned the raft and entered the canoe. Finding that the boatmen had tobacco and a pipe, Strain immediately borrowed them, and, for the first time since the 4th of February, enjoyed the luxury of a smoke.

It was just dark when they reached the village of Yavisa. The excitement was over—the



ARRIVAL AT YAVISA.

immediate necessity of effort past, and Strain's over-tasked nature gave way. He could no longer walk, and was helped by two men to the house of the Sub-Alcalde, where he met Mr. Avery and Golden. When the commander of the United States Darien Exploring Expedition entered the Alcalde's house, his uniform consisted of a blue flannel shirt, one boot, and a Panama hat, neither of which articles was in a very good condition.

Perhaps, in justice to Mr. Strain, I ought to say that he does not accept of my method of accounting for his inability to walk; declaring, by way of proof, that, having often heard of the effect of sudden unexpected deliverance from death after a long and painful suspense, he had the curiosity, when the canoes were approaching the raft to take him off, *to feel of his pulse, and found it was not quickened by a beat!* He therefore naturally enough concluded that it was his cramped position in the canoe that caused his weakness. I am not disposed to differ with a man who pursues knowledge under such difficulties; but he evidently labors under the hallucination that he had *some blood to quicken*. The fact is, he *was drained dry*—soul had taken the place of blood, and kept the body alive. The terrible demands on this were now partially released; and with the yielding of the will nature quietly sunk away.

Having obtained from the Alcalde a petticoat, Strain sat down to supper, and ate as a man will who had for forty days never but in one instance ceased to feel the pangs of hunger. But while Strain gave the reins to his own appetite, he cautiously restrained the men. Wilson yielded to his wishes; but poor Golden, after making most pathetic but vain appeals for more supper, then another glass of brandy, and finally for a cigar, sobbed himself to sleep in the corner where a bed had been prepared for him. He was exceedingly debilitated, and had become perfectly childish and almost idiotic from suffering, and Strain feared that bad effects might ensue if he was permitted to eat as much as he wished. But the latter probably could not perceive the propriety of this, especially when he saw his commander, after refusing him more food, turn from an enormous supply to refresh himself with five or six cups of chocolate.

Before Strain's arrival Mr. Avery had learned that Her Britannic Majesty's steam-sloop *Virago* was at Darien Harbor, but would sail in two or three days for Panama, and suggested the great importance of the former proceeding at once and obtaining from her the necessary supply of provisions and money, offering at the same time to return with the provisions and canoes for the main party.

As he supposed that the men and officers with Truxton had followed his instructions and continued their downward march, Strain believed they could not be far distant; and hence, though most anxious himself to relieve his party, assented to this proposal. Sending, therefore, for the Jefe Politico and Alcalde, he presented

his passports, and requested that four canoes should be engaged as soon as possible, and that provisions, medicines, and all the minor luxuries of spirits, fruits, molasses, and tobacco, should be provided. Every thing was promised, though at such exorbitant prices as soon exhausted his limited means. Having done all he could that night, he was assisted by a Mr. Norriga to the house of his uncle, the priest who had offered beds to Mr. Avery and himself. Says the journal:

"*Friday, March 10.* At early daylight I was awakened by the crowing of numerous cocks which shared my apartment; and this pleasing evidence of civilization soon recalled me to a consciousness of my position and what yet remained to be done before my whole party could enjoy the same luxury. I arose at once, and went to visit the two men whom I had left at the Sub-Alcalde's, but soon found that I had yet a penalty to pay for outraging nature through my diet past and present."

He was seized with the most violent pains, and lay upon his hammock all day rolling in agony. Notwithstanding his severe sufferings, he still planned for his comrades, and aided by Mr. Avery, the Jefe Politico, and Mr. Norriga, managed to provision the party which was to return for the remainder. In the evening, somewhat relieved, though still exceedingly weak, Strain, assisted by the Padre, went down to the river, and took leave of Mr. Avery and Norriga, who, availing themselves of the coolness of the night and bright moonlight, soon after started up the river.

A canoe was to have been ready for himself at the same time, but could not be obtained, and he was forced to wait till morning. The following is from Mr. Strain's journal:

"*March 11.* At early daylight I was awake and prepared for a start; but hearing no intelligence of the canoes, I walked over to the Sub-Alcalde's to see how the men had passed the night. I then met a Mr. Lucre, who had recently returned from Panama, and who had arrived during the night from Santa Maria de Real, a village some distance below. He was the first really white man I had met, and by his conduct certainly supported the dignity of his caste, and presented a strong contrast to the grasping, avaricious negroes, and half breeds of Yavisa, who, availing themselves of our necessities, had imposed upon us at every turn.

"Finding it impossible to obtain a canoe in this village, he proposed to take me to Santa Maria in his own, which was very small, while the Jefe Politico, Mas Carinas, accompanied us in another small canoe, in which he carried my two men. Mas Carinas and Norriga were the only two men whom I could exclude from my heartfelt anathema, as I shook the dust from my feet and embarked at Yavisa, as the parish priest and his whole flock were the most arrant cheats I had ever met with in any part of the world.

"It is true that we have no right to expect

the highest standard of morality in a frontier village in a wild country, but these people certainly carried the privilege of geographical position to an unjustifiable extent, and were, moreover, utterly devoid of the quality of personal courage, which is found elsewhere in similar situations.

"During my protracted journey in the wilderness, I had frequently, in the spirit which actuated Alexander Selkirk,* wished myself once more in a position to be cheated, and if I had selected from a minute map of the world, I do not believe that I could have had any wish so thoroughly gratified as at Yavisa.

"Our little canoes were laden to within a couple of inches of the water's edge, and as the tide turned soon after we left, we made slow progress, but after some four hours' hard paddling we arrived at the mouth of the river Tuyra of geographers, whence we ascended it about half a mile to Santa Maria, the residence of Mr. Lucre, where we were most hospitably entertained. As he had some medicines and ointment, our sores and boils were first treated; after which a pretty little woman, the daughter of the Jefe Politico, Mas Carinas, to whom Mr. Lucre was allied, in accordance with the custom of the country, prepared for us an excellent dinner, of which we partook thankfully. After dinner, finding that I could not be prevailed upon to pass the night, Mr. Lucre lent me his own canoe, and assisted by Mas Carinas and the Alcalde, I engaged three bogas on reasonable terms to convey me to Chapigana.

"At 5.30 we embarked, and I found that attention to my comforts had extended beyond the door of my hospitable entertainer, as a platform of boards was extended along the bottom of the canoe, upon which we could repose, as it appeared to us, luxuriously. Santa Maria de Real, as has been already mentioned, is about half a mile from the junction of the rivers Tuyra and Chuqunaqua, and contains, I should suppose, about six hundred inhabitants. The style of building is similar to that of the Indian villages on the Caledonia, which we passed on the second day of our journey, although the houses are inferior in size and stability. Two small rivers enter at this village, and the houses are irregularly scattered along their banks, and that of the Tuyra. Large canoes trade between this place and Panama, where they exchange live stock, timber, and plank, for cottons, Delft-ware, cooking utensils, and cutlery. The village has no priest, and the incumbent of Yavisa performs service there as well as in Chapigana and two other villages, Molincea and Pinogana, which are situated on the Tuyra above Santa Maria. With a strong ebb-tide we paddled rapidly down the Tuyra to its junction with the Chuqunaqua, and thence down the united streams, which at this place becomes very wide, though it retains the tortuous character which distinguishes its whole

length above Yavisa. At the junction there is a fine view of the Pine Mountain, which rises abruptly from the flat wooded plain which intervenes, to the height of some 2000 feet. After our long confinement in the forest, where our view was constantly limited by the forest growth, it was an intense pleasure once more to see high land and enjoy a distant view, and I thought I should never tire of gazing on this high and isolated mountain. Beyond it, I was informed, there formerly existed an Inca city, or as the natives term it, a City of the King, while on this side was, during colonial times, a Spanish town of considerable importance, which sprang up rapidly near the mines of Espirito Santo, and as rapidly decayed when the mine was closed by order of the King of Spain, after it was found to have attracted the cupidity of the English Buccaneers.



PINE MOUNTAIN.

"In the beautiful moonlight, and with an occasional glimpse of the Pine Mountain, we drifted and paddled until about 10 P. M., when meeting the flood-tide we tied up to a tree, and each of my bogas addressed themselves to sleep; with me the attempt was nearly a failure, as I suffered such intense pain from my boils and the wood worms (*Guzanos de Monte*), that until nearly morning I found sleep to be impossible. My two men, too, suffered from the same causes, and about midnight we abandoned the idea, and made a late supper on some boiled salt beef which I had prepared at Yavisa.

"At the same place, in anticipation of this journey, and with direct reference to our raven-

* "Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place."

ous appetites, which it appeared no amount of food could satisfy, I had some salt pork boiled also, and although I paid very liberally for the cooking, the beef only was returned to me, the pork having been confiscated as a perquisite of the cook.

"I had also purchased a turkey at the cost of three dollars and three quarters, and afterward paid one dollar for cooking the same, but was informed on the morning afterward that it had been eaten by the cat. The skeleton was shown to me, which proved conclusively that the meat of the turkey was gone; but as the depredation had been committed in the house of the Padre, who had considerable influence over the natives, whom I might have occasion to employ, expediency alone prevented me from inquiring whether the cats on that portion of the Isthmus used knives and forks.

"At a late hour weariness overcame the sense of pain, and I fell asleep, and awakened early in the morning to find the canoe under way, and near Chapigana, where we arrived about 6 P.M. I soon discovered the house of Mr. Hossack, a Scotchman, who had for a long time resided in that place, and from whom I received a kindly reception. From the river to his house I made my way with great difficulty, as the beach was covered with sharp stones, which cut my bare feet very severely. Golden had to be carried by two men, as he was too much debilitated to walk.

"By Mr. Hossack I was informed that the *Virago* had sailed for Panama two days before, and that she would return on the next Thursday. He also informed me that the engineers of the Atlantic and Pacific Junction Company, had a dépôt of provisions on the river Savana, at its junction with the Lara, where I could obtain all that was necessary for my party. I requested him to use his influence to obtain a canoe and bogas to convey me at once to this station, but found that none would venture, owing to the strong trade-wind which was blowing across the harbor.

"The day was passed in patching up our dilapidated physique, and in obtaining news; and it was then I learned, for the first time, that our long absence was generally observed, and had caused much uneasiness.

"Unable to write myself, I requested Mr. Hossack to communicate the intelligence of our arrival to his friends in Panama, to prevent unnecessary uneasiness among those who had friends in the party.

"*Monday, March 13.* A little before daylight we started in a large canoe, belonging to Mr. Hossack, and with three bogas, for the Savana; with a fair tide we passed across the broad estuary, which is by some considered the river Tuyra, and by others called Darien Harbor, and passing the mouth of the Iglesias and Arcti, on the left bank, entered the Savana, which we ascended until about half past 2 P.M., when we arrived at a penal establishment of New Grenada, which had been recently established,

in order to assist Mr. Gisborne and party in the prosecution of their survey."

A few hundred yards above the Presidio stood the English dépôt occupied by the naval engineer, Mr. Bennett. He was an Irishman, tall, well-formed, and with a manly, noble presence. Strain, reduced by long starvation from one hundred and forty-five pounds in weight to *seventy-five*, covered with sores, and clad in such habiliments as the negro Alcalde at Yavisa could furnish him, presented the appearance of a common beggar rather than that of the Commander of the United States Exploring Expedition. As he approached he accosted a negro servant of Mr. Bennett, and inquired where his master was. The negro pointed to where he sat by a table, engaged in making drawings, surveys, etc. As Strain drew near, Mr. Bennett accosted him rather sternly, saying, in somewhat repulsive tones, "Well, Sir, what do you want?" The latter replied, "I am Lieutenant Strain, Commander of the United States Darien Exploring Expedition." "*My God!*" exclaimed the warm-hearted, noble man, as he caught him in his arms, and pressed him to his bosom, while the tears rolled down his cheeks: "Ah," said he, "we had given you up long ago as lost." He immediately ordered dinner; and, while Strain was eating, told him that he must remain there and recruit, and he himself would go back after his comrades. This was the more generous, as he was very lame from the effect of a large wood worm which had been extracted from his leg. Strain, of course, declined the offer. He then supplied him with provisions, brought out nearly all the clothing he had, saying, "Take these to the poor men;" forced on Strain his poncho, turned his medicine chest, and pockets too, inside out. Not content with this, he ordered a bed placed in Strain's canoe for him, stowed away books, cigars, indeed every thing his noble heart could suggest for his own comfort and that of his men. At five o'clock in the evening Strain, who, while the fate of his comrades remained uncertain, seemed impervious to fatigue, started back for Yavisa, where he arrived on the 15th. Going ashore, he ascertained that two of the men dispatched with Mr. Avery had returned. He immediately sent for them, and inquired the cause of their desertion. They replied they were out of provisions. This he knew to be a falsehood. Disgusted with their cowardice and knavery, he told them that he would not pay them one cent for their services unless compelled in course of law, and would then do it under a solemn protest, and refer the matter to their superior authorities. This threat he fulfilled religiously.

The next day the two bogas, who had returned from Avery's party above, sent him a note from the latter, dated March 13th, stating that he had already passed the place where they had constructed the raft on the 2d of March, but had seen nothing of the main party.

He complained bitterly of the indolence and

cowardice of the bogas, whom he found great difficulty in keeping with him by threats and promises, but remarked that he hoped that day to find the party, and that he and Norriga would not return even if all the men left them. At the same time he urged Strain to follow him up without delay. Upon the reception of this intelligence, he was somewhat undecided for a time as to how he ought to act, but finally determined to wait the return of Mr. Avery, or of his party, in the event they should return without him. As his letter stated that they were still advancing, and already near the point where they might reasonably expect to meet the main body in their downward progress, he had little doubt but Avery would be successful, which would make another party entirely unnecessary. Even if he did fit out another party of natives, they would be no more likely to advance than that now with Mr. Avery; and should he accompany them up, and they insist upon returning before reaching the main body, a loss of time would be involved which might prove fatal to them. It was on this day that the *Virago* was expected at Darien Harbor from Panama, and, as a last resource, he could apply to her commander, and obtain men who would not be arrested by common obstacles. Still, while awaiting momentarily the arrival of Mr. Avery with intelligence, and perhaps with the missing party, he felt averse to leaving Yavisa, and determined to delay at least until next morning, before taking any definitive action. Upon one point he was determined—that if Mr. Avery was forced to return unsuccessful, the safety of his men should not be intrusted to the cowardly natives, but that he would obtain a party of English to accompany him, or, failing in that, would demand an escort of troops from the Granadian Presidio on the Savana, who by their muskets and bayonets might force the bogas to do their duty.

The day passed most anxiously, but as none of Avery's men returned, he augured favorably. The journal says here:

"*Friday, March 17.* Before daylight I was awakened by the Padre, who announced Avery's return. In answer to my first question, 'Have you brought the party?' he replied, 'One of them. I have brought Parks.'" He had passed the point where, on the 14th of February, the advance party had constructed the first raft, and discovered a cross on the bank, from whence was suspended a letter from Mr. Truxton, to which allusion has already been made in the record of the main party, where a copy is given.

Having read the letter, and discovered that the party were retrograding, he went into camp for the night, intending to follow them up the next day. This was the 14th of March, one month after the advance party had passed this point, and eight days before it was left by the main body under Mr. Truxton. On the morning of the 15th Mr. Avery, accompanied by Mr. Norriga and two bogas, in a small canoe, attempted to ascend the river in pursuit

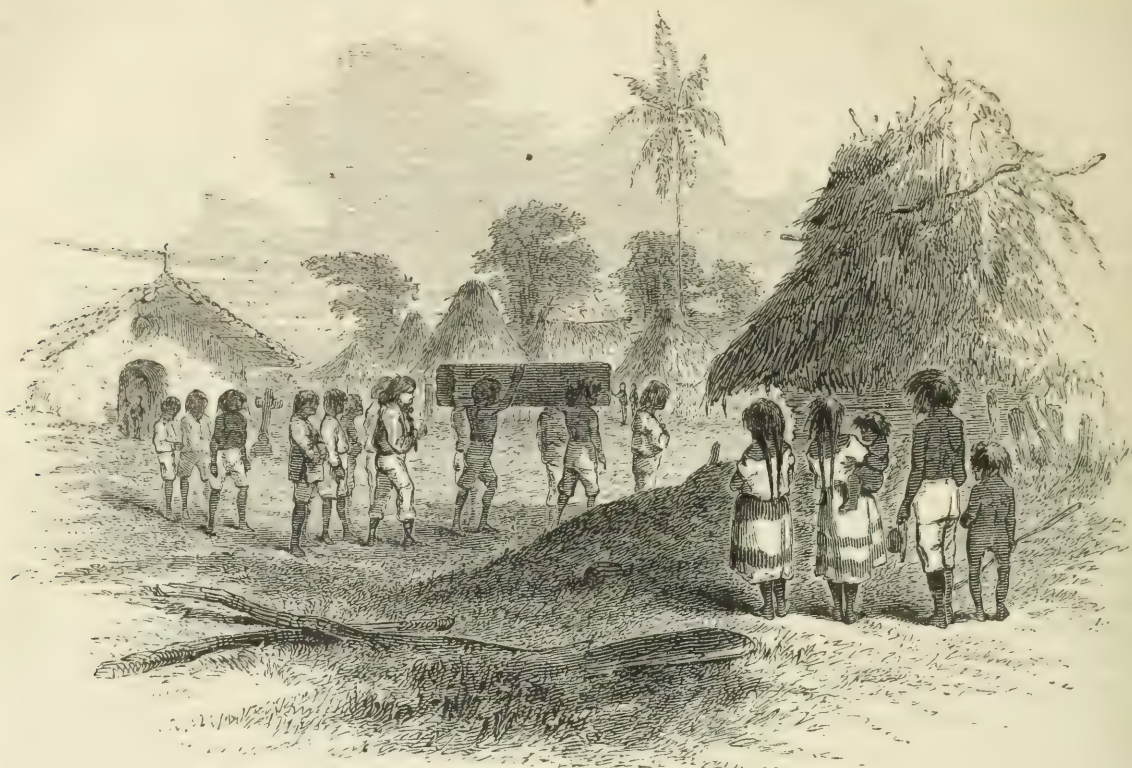
of the party, but meeting a log, about two miles above Holmes's grave, which extended across the river, as they erroneously supposed, they returned to the other men, who refused to go further. Every effort appeared to have been made to induce the natives to proceed, but fear of the Indians had obtained such a firm hold of their minds, that no inducement could be offered sufficiently tempting. Double pay for every day's additional service was offered them, double pay for the whole journey, with a handsome present to each boga upon their return to Yavisa, if they would only proceed up the river one day longer.

Their avarice, though great, appears not to have equaled their cowardice; and with gloomy anticipations, Mr. Avery hastened down the river to report his failure, and to obtain more men and further instructions. They started on their return from No. 2 Hospital Camp, and passing rapidly over the raft journey of the 15th of February, heard at meridian a call on the right bank of the river. Landing, they discovered Parks, who, it will be remembered, strayed from the main body on the 5th of March. He was unable to move, and slightly delirious, but gave what afterward proved to be a tolerably correct account of the condition of the party up to the 5th of March, when he lost himself in the forest. Of his own wanderings he gave no very distinct account, nor could he state how many days he had been absent from the party. From the 5th of March until the evening of the 14th he appeared to have been lost in the forest, and absent from the river; upon his return to which, the evening before he was found, he stated that he had drank six quarts of water, and laid himself down to die. For want of food he said that he did not at first suffer, as he had palmetto when he separated from the other two men, and cut down the palm-nut trees with his knife. His knife he finally broke, after which he obtained no more food, but could not remember how long that was after he was lost. His whole body was covered with wood-ticks, which were removed by Mr. Avery, after which he was oiled, to soften the skin, and relieve the sores.

Food was given him in small quantities, of which he at first wished to eat voraciously, but his hunger being soon appeased, he never asked again for it, although constant in his demands for water. He did not know Strain, but called every body Captain Strain. When brought into the presence of the latter, he got up by the side of the house, and, leaning against the wall, exclaimed, "Oh, Captain, Captain, give me some water!"

"What do you want?" replied Strain. "Oh, it is too late!" he replied, and sunk down and never spoke again, though, at the time, no one thought him dying.

Thoroughly alarmed at hearing that the main body had attempted a return—which Strain feared would terminate in a perfect route, and most disastrously to the lives of all—he only



FUNERAL OF PARKS.

awaited until daylight to demand from the Alcalde a second force, to be placed under his own command, and with positive instructions, under the severest penalties known to the rude law of that region, not to leave him until they had overtaken the party. By dint of threats and exertions, he obtained the necessary orders from the Alcalde upon the local authorities of Yavisa, Pinogani, and Santa, to supply the requisite number with all dispatch, and immediately proceeded to the hire of five canoes. Says the journal:

"While arranging this important business, I was shocked by receiving intelligence of the death of Parks. I had left him but a few minutes before, apparently asleep, and though delirious he appeared strong, and was no more emaciated than the members of my own party. Ordering that a coffin should be made, and a grave dug, I charged Mr. Avery and the Padre with the care of his funeral, and prepared to set out immediately down the river to meet the *Virago* and ask their assistance, as I feared to intrust the safety of the party above to the cowardly natives, who might again return before reaching it.

"The *Virago*, I knew, ought to have returned on the day before, and I had determined, if by any chance she should have been delayed, to ascend the Savana to the New Granadian Presidio, and demand from the officer in charge a sufficient guard of soldiers to insure the obedience of the bogas whom I had requested to be drafted for the expedition. I hoped that military discipline might have repaired to some extent inherent cowardice, and that the bayonets of the troops would appear more formidable than the remote danger from the Indians. Un-

willing to delay one moment longer than necessary, I left instructions with Mr. Avery to embark the provisions and medicines which I had brought up, and set out as soon as the natives should arrive from the various adjoining villages. Meanwhile the Jefe Politico, Mas Carinas, arrived, and a demand was made upon me by the bogas who had accompanied Mr. Avery, not only for the pay which had been promised them, but for the extra pay which he offered them on condition that they should accompany him until the party was relieved." The additional pay he refused to give them, and reproached them bitterly for their cowardice and roguery in stealing nearly all the provisions which he had with great difficulty obtained and destined for his own men, whom they had so scandalously abandoned to their fate.

The altercation waxed warm, and Strain's life was threatened; but he presented a six-barreled pistol, and kept them back, while a threat from the Jefe Politico that he would consign them to prison finally restored order.

Uneasy, vexed, and indignant, he finally threw himself into his canoe, and taking advantage of the remainder of the ebb-tide, swept rapidly down the river in search of assistance of such a character that he could risk the lives of his party upon it.

Extra pay and constant urging induced the bogas to pull even after the tide had turned, and when they could no longer make any headway against the current, and were forced to anchor, they had already made some sixteen or eighteen miles.

Immediately after anchoring, Strain was informed by a fisherman that an armed English boat was coming up the river; and soon after,

to his great joy, she made her appearance, moving rapidly with the tide. He immediately got under way to intercept her, and, upon hailing, found that she contained a party from the *Virago*, under Lieutenant W. C. Forsyth, which had been sent to his assistance by Captain Edward Marshall, who, in a very polite note, congratulated him upon his arrival, and requested him to bring his whole party on board his ship. Mr. W. C. Bennett also accompanied the detachment, and it was to his promptness and energy that this timely assistance was rendered; for, as soon as he heard the *Virago's* guns at the mouth of the Savana, he jumped into a canoe, and, paddling himself, hurried down and stated Strain's urgent necessities, which induced Commander Marshall to expedite his expedition so that it left the *Virago* at midnight on the night previous. It is true that the intention to send a party up the Chuquanaqua already existed; but the promptness of Mr. Bennett, and his earnest representations, advanced its departure several hours, and thus saved Strain the voyage to Darien Harbor. The latter immediately transferred his baggage from the canoe to the paddle-box boat, and arrived at Yavisa a short time after dark. He there learned that answers to the call for men had been received from neighboring villages, but that none had yet arrived, though they were expected in the morning.

The next morning they were stirring early, and every effort was made to obtain canoes for the ascent, as they had determined not to wait the arrival of the natives, but to have them dispatched after by the Jefe Politico and the Alcalde. The constitutional tardiness of the natives, increased by a partially-concealed dissatisfaction at the arrival of the English officers and seamen, delayed them for some hours, and it was not till afternoon that, partly by entreaties, and partly by force, they obtained three canoes and put off.

The tide and some fourteen English oarsmen propelled them rapidly up the stream, and they only halted when it became so dark that they could proceed no farther. While at anchor near the bank, an incident occurred which had nearly proved fatal to the expedition and all engaged, and for a moment seemed to indicate that destiny was against them, and that the unfortunate party had been marked for destruction. At eleven o'clock at night, when all were asleep in the boat except the two sentries and Strain, the latter heard amidst the profound stillness a cracking and rending of timber in the woods, which he knew at once to proceed from a falling tree. He first thought it was some distance from the bank, but on looking up to see whether it was likely to strike and bring down any other timber nearer the shore, he saw against the starlit sky, directly over his head, the dark and swaying form of a tree gradually declining toward the spot where the unsuspecting boats lay moored. His first thought was, "My poor men will now be lost!" He, however, never opened his mouth, but watched the descending mass

without moving, as it came directly toward him. Suddenly, as if turned aside by some unseen hand, it inclined to the right, and fell with a fearful crash into the river, a few feet behind, tearing off a piece of the stern of one of the canoes which was moored alongside. Shouts and exclamations followed, and for a moment the greatest consternation prevailed among the seamen, who thought the Indians were upon them; but the voices of the officers, and assurances that the danger had passed, soon restored order. Mr. Avery, who slept in a canoe alongside, had a narrow escape; but fortunately a good wetting was all the inconvenience which any of them experienced.

Next day was Sunday, and all were early at work and advancing up the river. About mid-day they were joined by two canoes containing eleven natives, who had been dispatched after them by the Jefe Politico in Yavisa. At two o'clock they arrived as far as the paddle-box boat could go, and after a hasty dinner, embarked the officers and a portion of the men in the canoes. It was at this point that Strain had discovered tide-water on the 4th of March, during the downward journey.

From this place down to the harbor of Darien, a distance of fifty miles, there is no obstacle to the navigation, and even at the lowest stage of water about two fathoms can be carried. Above this *salto* the same draft might be carried during the rainy season; but the immense quantities of floating timber at that time, combined with the narrowness of the stream and the frequent rapids, will probably prevent the river being navigated even under the most favorable circumstances. The gunner of the *Virago* and eight men were left in the paddle-box boat, Avery and Wilson remaining with them, neither of them being in a condition to render much service, and requiring rest and diet. Still Mr. Avery, with an endurance and spirit which honored him, offered to go on, if it was thought he could afford the slightest assistance. Mr. Bennett had brought his own canoe, so that, with the two owned by the natives, they had now six in all. The largest of these was given to William Ross, and was intended as a hospital. He was accompanied by the paymaster, W. H. Hills. Mr. Forsyth took charge of the canoe next in size to that of the surgeon, Mr. Bennett of his own, while Strain selected the canoe of the lightest draft for himself. The remaining two were managed by the natives, who halted to dine, while the main party proceeded over the rapids, which—the tide being out—were passed with great difficulty. At night, when they encamped, the natives rejoined and encamped near them. The 12-pound howitzer in the paddle-box boat was heard distinctly at 8 P.M. This was Sunday, and the next morning, March 20th, after a hearty breakfast, they started in the same order as on the previous day; but before mid-day, Strain found that the exertion of paddling a canoe was too great for him, and that his feet had become

fearfully swollen. He accordingly ordered the Padron of the natives to put one man in each canoe, both to paddle and steer it, while two English seamen were retained for the sole purpose of paddling. The officers having managed their own canoes thus far, it had a good moral effect, and convinced the natives that the whites were not so dependent on them as they supposed. The dexterity which the English seamen displayed in the management of the boats surprised every one, but was accounted for by the fact that the *Virago* had been for some time under repair in Puget Sound, on the northwest coast of America, where the sailors had frequent opportunities of amusing themselves with the canoes of the Indians, which are much less stable even than those of the Isthmus.

At dark they encamped on a shingle beach, and, after a hearty supper, set the watch, which consisted of one officer and two sentries. The remainder were soon asleep around the watch-fires.

As rapids were becoming frequent, one of the native canoes was detailed to assist the English to stem the strong current, which they did by dragging them over by hand. The other was permitted to go ahead for the purpose of hunting, in which the men were very expert. Passing several well-recognized camps of his downward progress, and intervals which it had cost him days of hard labor to accomplish, they encamped after sunset, the 21st, on the rocky beach upon which Strain had slept the 16th of February, after having abandoned his raft in the morning.

The raft and paddles were still there, and one of the latter, which Strain made with a macheta, was secured as a memento by one of the English officers, and afterward proved useful when another was broken. The abundance of food, two fires, the bustle of many men, and the sound of many voices, was a pleasing contrast to the chilly, foodless, fireless nights which he had passed in the desert. Still there was a "*plus ultra*" which prevented enjoyment, and his silent exclamation was, "Oh that I could bring the remainder of the party to the same degree of comfort, and I should be content!"

At ten o'clock next morning they arrived at No. 2 Hospital Camp of the main body, where, upon the cross over Holmes's grave, Mr. Avery found the letter from Mr. Truxton, informing Strain of his intentions to go back. Landing, Strain examined it critically, but could find no indications of disorganization or route. An old hat and pieces of cloth lay about, but there were two regular camps, with their respective fires, and evidences of an attempt at comfort. The camp of the men was nearest the water, while a path had been cut to the officers' camp, which was about forty feet distant. In the latter he discovered a tree that had served as a target for pistol-shooting, which convinced him that they were neither utterly dispirited or so short of ammunition as he and his party had been. Although the rude attempt to raise the

evidence of Christian burial over one of the men who, in high health and spirits, had left the Atlantic coast, could not but produce the saddest reflections, yet he was already prepared for it, and left the camp with brighter anticipations, from the evidences of continued discipline and organization which he had observed. The native canoe-men at this point remonstrated against proceeding further up the river, but as he indignantly refused even to listen to their representations, they postponed the discussion for a future occasion.

Ascending rapidly, they arrived at the fallen tree which had barred Mr. Avery's upward progress; but, upon examination, it was found that, in falling, the roots had opened a narrow channel between it and the bank, through which the small canoes passed easily. The larger ones experienced more difficulty, but with a half hour's cutting of the bank all got safely through, and the ascent was rapidly continued. As the day declined obstacles became more numerous, and much skill and dexterity were displayed by the natives in passing under and over fallen trees which extended across the river, near the level of the water.

As they continued to ascend they saw small crosses along the banks, erected, according to previous arrangement, by the main party as they descended, to point out to Strain their progress when he should return with assistance. But the signs soon ceased, and although they passed numerous return camps, there was no symbol from which it could be inferred that they had the remotest hope of relief from below. Worn-out belts and cartouche boxes, found in camps on the river, showed that the party were dispensing with all unnecessary weight, while pieces of leather cut from the latter gave evidence that their boots and shoes were nearly worn out. Quills and feathers of the loathsome buzzard scattered along, revealed the character of food to which stern necessity had at last driven them. In the afternoon they arrived at the camp from whence Strain had taken leave of the party, and found that it had been revisited by them, the evidence of which was the remains of a fire and some cartouche boxes which had been discarded. About sunset they encamped on a sloping bank, and passed a night of torture, owing to the myriads of mosquitoes which infested the camp.

This was a sad night for Strain. From the examination of to-day's camp it was evident his command had given him up for lost, and commenced the desperate undertaking of finding their way back to the Atlantic shore. The prospect now grew painfully alarming. Strain could not sleep, but agitated, anxious, and feverish, sat up all night fanning himself. The noble-hearted Bennett kept him company nearly the whole night, and cheered him with promise of assistance to the last. He told him that a fearful and trying day was before him on the morrow—alluding to the revelations which the camps of the men would make. He requested

him also to get a pair of boots of one of the men, and try by degrees to wear them; for, said he, no one can tell how distant the party may be, and when we ascend as high as the boats can go, the natives, you know, will refuse to advance, and, in all probability, the English seamen also, as they have a mortal dread of the Indians. And as Strain turned inquiringly toward him, he added, "*And, you know, when all shall turn back, you and I must shoulder our haversacks and take to the woods alone, till we find your men.*" This noble self-devotion of a stranger and foreigner—this grand, high purpose to cast his lot in with the distressed commander, and save his party, or perish with them—reveals one of those lofty, elevated characters which shed lustre on the race.*

At early daylight, when the sand-flies relieved the night-guard of mosquitoes, they rose to prepare for a day of labor and excitement, as Strain had every reason to believe he should overtake the main body of his party before night. As they were now nearly in the heart of the Isthmus, and might possibly meet Indians, a regular order of sailing was adopted, and the canoes followed each other in close order.

Strain led the van, accompanied by a canoe containing three natives, who, sailing close along the edge of the shore, examined each camp and searched the river bank step by step. At about nine o'clock, Strain was startled by the cry from the Padron:

"*Here is a dead body!*"

For a moment he was intimidated, and shrank back as if smitten with a death-chill, and was on the point of asking some one to land and examine it in his place. He did not know which of his friends or comrades he might find stark upon the beach, and for a moment wished to escape the horrible spectacle. Reflection, however, soon convinced him that it was a necessity which must be met, perhaps even till he had counted up, one by one, all of his command, and, nerving himself for the worst, he shoved his canoe ashore. Birds of rapine and beasts of prey had left little more than the skeleton, but a glance at the linen shirt under the blue uniform of the party showed at once that it was an officer. Upon a closer inspection of the bones and skull, he discerned that it was the remains of Mr. Polanco, the junior Granadian commissioner. The outline of a grave was below, which induced the officers and men who accompanied him to believe that the body had been buried and afterward disinterred by wild beasts; but Strain read the history of the recent tragical events more accurately.

The grave was too short for Mr. Polanco; besides, there was not sufficient evidence that the ground had been torn up, while the clothing, flattened over the bones, showed plainly that they had never been covered with earth. He felt,

therefore, rather than knew, that Mr. Castilla, his companion, lay beneath, and that he, faithful in death as he had been faithful and docile in life, had laid down and died upon his grave. Where he lay there they interred him, sacredly gathering together even the finger bones; and, placing a cross over the joint remains of these unfortunate, educated, and talented young men, before whom but a few weeks previous a bright future appeared to be opening, they continued their journey saddened and subdued by the melancholy spectacle.

The English officers could not witness it, but turned away sick and sad. It was not till after they had left the spot, that Strain mentioned his convictions concerning the grave, lest some one might propose a delay for the purpose of examining it. The dead were beyond reach of human assistance and human sympathy, but to those who remained of his party delay might be death.

At about 10 A.M., a tree was met extending entirely across the river, which had to be cut in two before a passage could be effected. Cheerfully and heartily the English seamen went to work; but the natives, for a long time, hung back, and, after a consultation, declared that they would go no farther.

Grieved and distressed beyond measure by the fearful sight he had just witnessed, and feeling that the skill and dexterity of the natives were becoming every hour more essential to his success, Strain was thoroughly enraged by this despicable conduct. He entreated, upbraided, and threatened by turns, and gave them to understand that, even should they escape alive from his own party of armed and determined men, whose success depended in a great degree upon their assistance, the grape and canister of the howitzer in the boat below would prevent their reaching Yavisa. He wound up his harangue by swearing, with the most solemn oath known to those barbarians—viz., *by the soul of God*—that, even if they should escape these dangers, he would devote the remainder of his life to their punishment. Sorrow and anger combined gave an impressiveness to the solemn oath—especially as he presented a six-barreled revolver to their breasts, declaring that at least six of them should never return. After a short and frightened consultation, they agreed to continue on the remainder of that day. Although Strain hoped confidently that the party would be overtaken before night, he did not accept of these conditions, as he was determined that they should never abandon to a fearful death men whose lives were of so much more value than their own, especially as they had embarked in the enterprise, and by their promises induced him to consume time which was beyond price.

For some hours, early in the afternoon, they lost sight of the return camps, and the English party, officers as well as men, became apprehensive that the party had abandoned the river. But on this subject Strain felt no anxiety, as he knew that they would not dare to leave the

* The reader will be glad to hear that this noble stranger received, in a separate letter from the Secretary of the Navy, the thanks of our Government for his devotion and his services.



STRAIN'S LAST ARGUMENT.

stream, which was their only guide and the only certain source from which they could obtain water. Nearly the whole of this day they fired their muskets and shouted at short intervals, in order to attract their attention should they be pursuing their march in the forest, where it was generally more free from undergrowth than close to the river bank. Late in the afternoon a log across the river compelled them to leave the canoes, which were forced over by the united strength of the party. Here a stench induced Strain to believe that one of his unfortunate companions had been left in the forest; but, after a brief search in the bushes, not finding anything, he pushed on—feeling that, even if his suspicions were true, the poor creature was beyond human relief, and it was those who suffered and yet lived that demanded his utmost efforts. Soon after passing this barrier ashes were discovered, which the Padron, in his scout canoe, pronounced to be less than four days old. When Strain announced this intelligence to the party, three cheers were given by the English seamen, that made the forest ring, and they sprang to their paddles with such energy that the water foamed away from the prows of their canoes as they bounded onward.

Signs of disorganization, however, now became more alarming, and the evidence of extreme debility and starvation more apparent. Buzzard's quills, haversacks, fragments of clothing strewn along, together with the want of order in the camps, and their close proximity, attested that the little band had well-nigh reached

the end of their march. With every fresh symptom of extreme destitution Strain became more painfully agitated, for the dreadful fear that they had been compelled to resort to cannibalism haunted him, and made him tremble to proceed. But nerving himself to the worst, and keeping his forebodings to himself, he pushed on, and soon after announced a camp less than three days old. This was responded to by a loud cheer and a discharge of fire-arms. Even the natives began to feel the excitement, and bent to their paddles with lustier strokes. They had not proceeded far before another camp was found, the ashes of which were declared to be warm; and then the excitement reached the highest pitch. Shout after shout went up, shot after shot rang through the forest, and a common enthusiasm and ardor inspired every breast.

At about sunset the natives, who were ahead in the scout canoe, announced a smoke in sight, and immediately after making a turn in the river Strain discovered five men standing on the shelving beach just out of the wood. He immediately discharged his musket to warn them of his approach, lest the effect of too sudden joy might be fatal; and then cheer after cheer echoed and re-echoed through the forest, as each canoe in succession swept round the point and caught sight of the motionless forms in the distance.

When Strain saw but five men his heart sank with dread, and he exclaimed, "*My God, is that all!*" but the next moment a faint cheer from the forest in the rear announced that others

still remained alive. His canoe swept with a bound to the shore; but before its prow grated upon it he was on the land. His first inquiry of Maury was, "*How many men have you lost?*" "*Five,*" replied Maury. "*I know,*" responded Strain, "*of four, who is the other?*" "*Lombard,*" said Maury." By this time Truxton had staggered up, and, flinging his arms around Strain, exclaimed, "*Oh, Strain, did I do right to turn back?*" Joy at his sudden release from the terrible death that awaited him, relief from suffering and suspense, were forgotten in the single question of duty. "*Did I do right?*" was the only thought, the only question. How that involuntary exclamation honors him—exalts him above all eulogy! *Duty* had governed him from first to last; *duty* occupied him even in the extreme suffering of starvation. So long as we can have such officers to command our ships, our navy will retain her old renown, and whether flying or struck, our flag will still be covered with glory.

One of the men, named M'Ginness, threw his arms around Strain, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "*Oh, Captain! poor Boggs is breaking his heart to see you.*" As Bennett, the noble Irishman, jumped ashore, and saw the hideous spectacle of scarred and almost naked skeletons, he seized each one by the hand, while the tears poured like rain down his cheeks. The Scotch surgeon gazed around him a moment, apparently bewildered, then leaping back into the boat seized a bottle of port wine under each arm, and hastening from the one to the other, said,

"*Take a little of this, my poor fellow; take a little of this!*"

But this spectacle was nothing to that which awaited them at the camp. Several of the poor men there had heard the shouts of deliverance, but the joyful intelligence could not impart strength to their wasted frames. There they lay—lacerated, ulcerated frames of men half-covered with rags. Each turned his eye as his commander approached, but none could get up. Strain first came upon Vermilyea, stretched on his back and emaciated to such a dreadful degree that he did not know him. The latter, however, said, in a feeble voice, "*How do you do, Captain? We are glad to see you back again. We were afraid you were lost.*" Strain, with a breaking heart, gazed on him a moment, when the poor man asked, "*Won't you shake hands with me, Captain?*" "*Yes,*" replied the former. "*I beg pardon, Captain, but I can't get up.*" Strain then knelt down beside him and tried to cheer him, saying he had brought along provisions, a doctor, and every thing needed, and he hoped to see him on his feet again soon. "*I am afraid, Captain,*" he faintly replied, "*I shall never march any more.*" Alas! it proved too true. As Strain rose to his feet he saw a figure sitting a little way off on the ground doubled up against his knees, his pantaloons off up to his thighs, while a part of a shirt, and a palm-leaf hat with but half a rim completed his costume. He was ghastly and frightful to look upon. As he caught Strain's eye he touched the fragment of his hat-brim, and endeavored to smile. The contor-



THE RESCUE.

tions which the effort gave to his almost black and emaciated face rendered him still more horrible. "Who are you?" said Strain. "Henwood," he replied, and again attempted to touch his hat in true naval discipline. "We were getting very uneasy about you, Sir," he added; "very glad to see you back." Strain, horrified and struck almost dumb at the spectacle, replied mechanically, "Well, Henwood, how are you getting along?" "Oh, very well, Sir; but we were very uneasy about you. We are very glad to see you back, because, if you had not come up to-night, there's me, Harris, Miller, and poor Boggs, who could not have gone on to-morrow, Sir." The appellation "*poor*" was applied to Boggs, because he was an officer. The posture of this young man, his emaciated, half-naked appearance, the resigned manner in which he spoke of his fate, together with the ghastly attempt at a smile, combined to render him one of the most strange and frightful spectacles the human form ever presents. Beside him sat another in the same condition, who to Strain's inquiries answered in the same manner. Truxton had by this time reached camp again, and exhausted lay down. Strain advanced a little farther to where Boggs—his old school-mate and fellow-officer—was lying on a ragged counterpane which he had carried instead of a blanket. The poor man had at last yielded to despair, and the presence of his friend failed to rouse him. Strain knelt over him and exclaimed, "Good God! my dear fellow don't think of dying. I have brought plenty of provisions, medicine, doctor, etc. We will soon be on the Pacific. Cheer up, and we will take many a good glass of wine together yet in Springfield!" Finding that he could not rally him, he spoke of the lady to whom he was engaged, of her anxiety and welfare, in order to rekindle hope and effort. "*I don't think I shall die yet,*" replied the sufferer, in a low and feeble voice, but it is fortunate you came up as you did, for they had decided to leave me to-morrow." The perfect composure and resignation which reigned in that ghastly group, gave tenfold impressiveness to the scene. But no description can convey any adequate impression of its true character. The British officers were shocked beyond measure, and the surgeon declared that though he had seen much of suffering, in hospitals and elsewhere, he never before dreamed that men could live and march in such a state of emaciation and destitution.

It is a little singular that every half-starved creature asked first for sugar, though this may be owing to the effect upon their system of the acid nuts, on which they had so long chiefly sustained life. Five pounds of sugar and five bottles of molasses were first served out. The doctor then went round with some soft biscuit.

In arranging the camps that night, Strain ordered the natives to occupy the other side of the river, lest overcome by the importunities of the men, they might give them tobacco and food. After the first slight allowance of food all begged

for tobacco, but this the doctor forbade. Strict watch was maintained over them all night, and the wants of each attended to. Vermilyea was kept alive only by stimulants.

The next morning the men awoke elated, and preparations were immediately made for breakfast. Food, of course, was given out in very small portions, as the least excess might prove fatal. Truxton, however, took Strain aside, and in a wheedling way said, confidentially: "Your restricting the men in their food, and even Maury, is exceedingly judicious, but, you know, with us officers it is very different—give me a little meat." But Strain refused, and in a little while Maury took him aside and said, in the same confidential manner: "It is all very well, Captain, to restrain men, and Trux too (meaning Truxton), *he is shaky, you know*, but I am nearly as well as ever." Strain could not repress a smile, still he refused to be coaxed. However, it is but just to Maury to say, that he was in full as good a condition to gorge himself as Strain was when he ate nearly half his weight at Yavisa. And in speaking of Lieutenant Maury here, it is right and proper to say, that from first to last of this fearful journey, he exhibited all the loftest qualities of an officer and true hero; all the noble feelings of a genuine man, and richly deserves the eulogium pronounced upon him by Strain in his report to the Secretary of the Navy.

The party were three days in regaining the paddle-box. As the men passed their old camps they would talk of the past, and contrast it with the present. Cheerfulness reigned throughout the little fleet of boats, and "*Erin go Bragh,*" "*The White Squall,*" and other naval songs, woke the echoes of the forest as they swept down the winding stream. On the way Strain sounded Maury as to the fact whether they had eaten buzzards. The latter could not deny it; but his disgust at the unclean bird returning with a supply of food, he felt some apology necessary, and replied: "Yes, we did eat them, but perhaps you are not aware there is a great difference between the cock and hen. The one you killed, and we tried to eat and could not, was a cock, and they are very strong. Besides, after all, when men are in a starving condition, a buzzard is better than a turkey, for living on animal food, it is necessarily more nutritious." A hearty laugh exploded the excuse, and no after-defense was made of buzzards.

As they approached the paddle-box, Strain wished to hoist the American ensign, and asked if the one they started with had been preserved. They answered yes. M'Ginness had been intrusted with it, and had carried it to the last. The only emblem of their nationality that remained to them, he had wrapped it round his breast, and though weapons, haversacks, and blankets had been thrown away, he would never part with it. Wounded feet that needed bandaging, and ulcerated limbs, and tattered garments, could not induce a man to devote that cherished symbol to his own use. Without



BOUND FOR PANAMA.

reflection Strain ordered M'Ginness to place it in his boat. The poor fellow hung back a moment, and cast such an appealing look to Strain, that the latter asked him what was the matter. His eyes instantly filled with tears, and he replied: "Captain, I have never parted with this ensign a single instant since you trusted it to my care on the Atlantic coast, and *don't take it from me now.*" Touched by the noble devotion of the man, he replied: "By no means, my brave fellow, shall it be taken from you; display it yourself." His face beamed a smile of thankfulness, and unbinding it with his skeleton hand from the rags that but hardly covered him, he gave it, tattered and torn, to the wind, and three cheers went up from the little fleet. There is a whole poem in this little incident. That flag had been displayed when they marched from the beach at Caledonia Bay, it was now unrolled to announce their deliverance. Once more only was it used, and then to shroud the coffin of one of their number.

Vermilyea never rallied, and died soon after their arrival at Yavisa. On the 29th the party reached the *Virago*. The men were quartered on shore at their own request, and because Strain thought that they would recover much sooner on land than in the confined air of a ship. As soon as he had got them well established he took an open boat, some forty feet long, and three and a half feet wide, and start-

ed for Panama, ninety miles distant, in order to put himself in communication with Captain Hollins, and obtain funds to meet his expenses. Taking mules he proceeded across the Isthmus to Aspinwall, where the *Cyane* lay. The most touching scene followed his arrival on board, for he had long ago been given up as dead. Without stopping to obtain the rest and quiet he so much needed, he returned to Panama, engaged a sloop, and set sail for *Palma*, where he had left his party. He found all doing well except Boggs, who was evidently sinking. Strain's presence roused him for awhile, and he listened attentively to a letter which the former had brought him. He, however, could not rally.

The next day they arrived at Panama, and Mr. Boggs, after giving some directions respecting his affairs, quietly sunk away. Strain then hastened his departure for Aspinwall, and on the 25th of April reported himself and party on board the *Cyane*, which ten minutes afterward flung her canvas to the wind, and was sweeping out toward the Atlantic.

The journal of the intermediate space I have thus briefly passed over is full of interest, and is necessary to the completion of the expedition, but the length of the article has compelled me to omit it in this place. I will only insert the closing portion of Lieutenant Strain's report to the Secretary of the Navy, in order to do justice

to the brave men who composed this ill-fated expedition, in which one-third of those who composed it died from starvation, or from the food they were compelled to resort to in their distress. Says the report:

"This, Sir, terminates the narrative of the United States Expedition to the Isthmus of Darien, an expedition without brilliancy, because without success, and whose reputation depends, in a high degree, upon the fact that it has only disproved a magnificent preconceived theory, whose rise and progress will merit an especial reference in the brief resumé which I propose to append to the narrative.

"In concluding my narrative I would most respectfully call your attention to the subordination and general good conduct of those employed upon the expedition. Greater difficulties, more intense physical suffering, and more discouraging circumstances, have seldom been encountered, and have never, I am assured, been met with greater equanimity, good-nature, and quiet endurance. Although suffering for long periods from scarcity of food, and even perishing for want of it, there was, I am happy to state, developed none of those humiliating instances of selfishness which have so frequently distinguished periods of great distress. I am also happy in being able to report to you that the officers and seamen under my command adopted, and with apparent willingness, a principle of action which was suggested to them at an early period in the journey of the expedition, and that those who survived have nothing to regret or blush for.

"In having the services of passed midshipman W. T. Truxton, 1st assistant-engineer, Mr. Maury, and midshipman H. M. Garland, I was especially fortunate, and to these officers I would respectfully direct the attention of the Department.

"Mr. Truxton, while I was present, was an able and cheerful assistant, and while I was absent he sustained nobly the responsibility which his fearful position imposed upon him. Mr. Maury, owing to his physical endurance, which surpassed that of any member of the party, was enabled to render to the weak and debilitated assistance which entitles him to their and my gratitude, and I feel assured that, even in a profession where chivalry and generosity are characteristic, that few would have deserved so much the high compliment which was paid to him by Mr. Truxton, when making to me his verbal report of the events which occurred in the main body of the party during my absence.

"'Maury,' he said, 'is the only man in the whole circle of my acquaintance, who could have endured so much privation, and passed through so many trials, without displaying a single instance of selfishness.' For my own part, acquainted as I am with all the circumstances, I am at a loss which to prefer, the magnanimity of Mr. Truxton, or the deportment of Mr. Maury, who richly deserved this handsome compliment from his immediate com-

manding officer, whose own conduct was so deserving of eulogium.

[Probably there never was an instance in which an officer, while bestowing upon another the highest yet most richly-deserved eulogy that could be pronounced, unconsciously and unintentionally paid so high a tribute to his own character. The reader will be pleased to know that at the request of the Secretary of the Navy, the gallant Lieutenant Forsyth, mentioned at the close of the report, has been promoted to the command of a ship—a reward well merited.]

"Mr. Garland suffered exceedingly in his own person, but was at all times ready and willing to afford every assistance compatible with his own state of health, as I can testify, and as is fully set forth in the report of Mr. Truxton, which will be found in the appendix.

"You, Sir, are already aware of the assistance rendered to my party by the officers and crew of Her Britannic Majesty's steam-sloop *Virago*, which, pending the action of the Government, I recognized in a letter to Commander Edward Marshal, R. N., which has already been published.

"You, Sir, have already informed me that the thanks of the Navy Department have been communicated to those officers and seamen, and any additional national action which might be taken to call the attention of H. B. Majesty's Government to the generous and chivalrous conduct of Lieutenant W. C. Forsyth, Assistant-surgeon William Ross, Paymaster W. H. Hills (R. Navy), and Mr. W. C. Bennett, Civil Engineer, will be most gratefully received by my party and myself. The foregoing narrative will explain the extent of service which those gentlemen, and certain seamen of the *Virago*, rendered us at no small personal risk.

"I would also respectfully call the attention of the Department to the fact that my entire party were transported on the Panama Railroad free of charge, I having crossed the Isthmus at that point three times, and that upon all occasions we received from Colonel Totten, the Superintendent, Messrs. Monroe, Green, Baldwin, and the various other employes of that Company the kindest possible attention."

EMILY DUNCAN.

LET me give you a story for a spring Number. Use it in May, the month of spring, for it is a story that has no joy in it save the hope of the resurrection. It occurs to me on this still evening, and I have pushed aside all my other papers, and have taken a fresh sheet whereon to write it. Just now, while I sat with pen in hand, slowly working out the problem of a curious trust-deed—a conveyance of property by a husband and wife to a friend, to hold in trust for the benefit of the said "Emily," and just as I had written her name for the tenth or twentieth time, and was writing it again—I paused in the middle, and looked up.

Do you know why I paused? It was because I heard the word—the name—audibly pro-

nounced, and so I looked around to know who spoke. But it was not my wife, who sat quietly at the other side of my table, with her large gray eyes bent down on the pages of a new book which for the time engrossed all her attention; and there was no one else in the room to speak it. It was some one out of the room then, and doubtless out of the world, and I looked out. The lower shutters were closed. The curtains hung over the upper half of the window, but through their parted folds I saw the young moon, calm and placid, in a deep and unfathomable sky; and with dreamy and perfect distinctness I saw— Listen, while I tell you what I saw.

It was a mountain scene, or a view among the hills. A valley sleeping, and houses sleeping on the plain, and trees sleeping, and every thing still, voiceless, motionless in the moonlight, and white snow deep over all. And on the plain a little church, whose spire gleamed in the moon-shine, and raised itself in silvery splendor toward heaven. But oh, my friend, you who sit in your large easy-chair so cozily, so warmly to-night, there was something more than valley, trees, and church, and spire, that I saw so dreamily just now. Beside the church, still on the plain, the snow lay two feet deep over all the ground, white and resplendent. And there were places where the snow lay higher up than in others—little hillocks of snow—rounded up, as if it had fallen more lightly on such places than elsewhere. And on one of those places the snow had fallen very peacefully, for it fell on a brow that was once as pure as winter snow-flakes—on a hushed heart that once knew no load so heavy as to be measured by its lightest fall. And the snow lay with a terrible stillness, a solemn calmness of repose, with the majestic silence of the folded mantle on marble, over the grave of the dead girl that was in years long gone the idol of our village.

It was her name I heard in the air. Who spoke it, it matters not. It was one of the angels of memory, forever near us—thanks be unto Him who made us! forever near us—taking the presence of familiar objects to whisper old stories in our never-wearying ears. And so, to-night, in my city room, I am writing you this story of the village in the up-country, to remind you as well as myself of all her radiant beauty. Was she not beautiful?

I remember one evening, when, with her old father, I saw her coming down the road, just at that spot where the setting sun of June shone through the trees, and poured its splendor on the dusty road. A carriage had passed, and the air was filled with yellow dust, and in it she stood as in a flood of glory. Say you it was but dust that made the glory? Alas for our humanity, it was but so! and she was dust, even as we. Yet she was of angelic mould. Who said God broke it when he had made Eve? It was not so; or angels found the broken fragments and replaced them for at least that once. And yet she fell; yes, fell.

Angels were tempted even within the gates

of pearl; yea even within sound of the musical flow of the river of everlasting life; and angels sinned, and fell. Would you have had her sterner of heart, and stronger to resist, than was Lucifer, the star of the morning?

One winter Sunday the old man came alone to the church door, and sat alone in his pew, and his stout frame shuddered with agony as he stood up in prayer. And all the congregation was silent and full of woe, for all knew that she was lost. It was as if each family had lost a child, so well beloved had she been of all. And when the pastor prayed, humbly and with broken voice, for the deceived, the erring, the wandering, a sob from one who had loved her too well broke the solemn silence, and then a wail of sorrow—that low, hushed, half-suppressed moan of anguish which you have heard—arose in all the house, and the old pastor paused, and wept.

A year dragged its slow length along; and when another winter was on the valley, and when the old man sat in his accustomed chair, gazing vacantly into the fire-light that flickered on his hearth, and when the ruddy embers glowed on cheerful walls all through the valley, and in one large house, a mile down the road, all the young people were gathered for an evening of winter merriment; and while the cold, calm moon, the never-changing, hypocritical moon, that smiles the same on joy or woe, on calm or whirlwind, shone on the cold and quiet country road—she, the gentle child on whom no wind before breathed roughly, clad in thin garments, with a ragged shawl wound around her graceful shoulders and her bare white arms—the beloved child of a hundred homes in that valley, the best adored of an old man's heart, whom God's messengers long waited to take home to Him—she was walking slowly, feebly by houses that would have opened every door to her, by the great house wherein she should have been gayest, brightest, purest of all that night, and whose sounds of joy sank like a weight in her soul, and made her step more feeble, more heavy, by the old church and grave-yard where her mother lay—she thanked God for it, in undisturbed slumber—slowly, painfully on the slippery track of the sleighs, writhing and turning her small feet on the roughnesses on which she slipped, and twice, yes, twice falling in the road, and, nothing heeding it, rising to go on her homeward way, until she stood on the porch before that dear old home, and trembled now, for the first time, lest the home was hers no more forever.

Did I say she stood? When the old man, startled by a feeble rap at the door, went to open it, he found her lying on the threshold with her lips pressed to the worn, old boards. He lifted her, he carried her in his arms into the large room, and fell into his chair, still holding her in his firm embrace. He called her by all the dear names she had answered to in years now gone; he kissed her thin lips, her white and sunken temples, her pale cheeks, and yet she moved not, stirred not, answered no-

thing. She never spake again. Once—and but once, toward the morning after that night, while she still lay in the old man's arms, for there he sat all night long and held her—once she opened her eyes, her soft brown eyes, and gazed with unutterable fondness into his. A dream of peace was in her soul, and as she saw him she smiled, and that smile was the radiant presence of the angel that carried her away.

And when the cold morning dawned on the white eastern hills she lay in his arms, still, calm, beautiful, dead!

We buried her on a Sunday morning. I remember it well. She was brought into the church, and she lay motionless before the pulpit, where she had been baptized just eighteen years before—her calm face upturned to the heaven we trusted she had found. We tried to sing, and did but sob the broken measures of a grand old hymn. We tried to pray, but the pastor's voice was weak, and, in the audible weeping of the congregation, his broken accents were almost unheard. We carried her out to the grave, and when the bearers would have taken the cords to let that precious burden down into its cold, dark place, they trembled and refused the task; and one of them, a young man, knelt on the ground by the low bier and kissed the rough boards that now inclosed the form his arms had longed to enfold.

So it was all over, and that night the snow fell fast on village and field, on house and grave. And to-night—though twenty years have passed since then—to-night I have seen her face, have heard her name, and I write it here, Emily Duncan, the last time, perhaps, that it will be written on earth. Let us trust in God that we shall one day see it written elsewhere in characters of light.

MY CONFESSION.

I HAD always been a passionate boy. They said I was almost a fiend at times. At others I was mild and loving. My father could not manage me at home; so I was sent to school. I was more flogged, both at home and at school, than any one I ever knew or heard of. It was incessant flogging. It was the best way they knew of to educate and correct me. I remember to this day how my father and my master used to say, "they would flog the devil out of me." This phrase was burnt at last into my very being. I bore it always consciously about with me. I heard it so often that a dim kind of notion came into my mind that I really was possessed by a devil, and that they were right to try and scourge it out of me. This was a very vague feeling at first. After events made it more definite.

Time went on in the old way. I was forever doing wrong, and forever under punishment—terrible punishment that left my body wounded, and hardened my heart into stone. I have bitten my tongue till it was black and swollen, that I might not say I repented of what I had done. Repentance then, was synonymous

with cowardice and shame. At last it grew into a savage pride of endurance. I gloried in my sufferings, for I knew that I came the conqueror out of them. The masters might flog me till I fainted; but they could not subdue me. My constancy was greater than their tortures, and my firmness superior to their will. Yes, they were forced to acknowledge it—I conquered them: the devil would not be scourged out of me at their bidding; but remained with me at mine.

When I look back to this time of my boyhood, I seem to look over a wide expanse of desert land swept through with fiery storms. Passions of every kind convulsed my mind; unrest and mental turmoil, strife and tumult, and suffering never ceasing; this is the picture of my youth whenever I turn it from the dark wall of the past. But it is foolish to recall this now. Even at my age, chastened and sobered as I am, it makes my heart bound with the old passionate throb again, when I remember the torture and the fever of my boyhood.

I had few school friends. The boys were afraid of me, very naturally; and shrank from any intimacy with one under such a potent ban as I. I resented this, and fought my way savagely against them. One only, Herbert Ferrars, was kind to me; he alone loved me, and he alone was loved in return. Loved, as you may well believe a boy of warm affections—such as I was, in spite of all my intemperance of passion, isolated from all and shunned by all—would love any one such as Herbert! He was the Royal Boy of the school; the noblest; the loved of all—masters and playmates alike; the chief of all; clever; like a young Apollo among the herdsmen; supreme in the grace and vigor of his dawning manhood. I never knew one so unselfish—so gifted and so striving, so loving and so just, so gentle and so strong.

We were friends—fast, firm friends. The other boys and the ushers, and the masters, too, warned Herbert against me. They told him continually that I should do him no good, and might harm him in many ways. But he was faithful, and suffered no one to come between us. I had never been angry with Herbert. A word, or look, joining on the humor of the moment, would rouse me into a perfect fiend against any one else; but Herbert's voice and manner soothed me under every kind of excitement. In any paroxysm of rage—the very worst—I was gentle to him; and I had never known yet the fit of fury which had not yielded to his remonstrance. I had grown almost to look on him as my good angel against that devil whom the rod could not scourge out of me.

We were walking on the cliffs one day, Herbert and I, for we lived by the sea-side. And indeed I think that wild sea made me fiercer than I should else have been. The cliffs where we were that day were high and rugged; in some places going down sheer and smooth into the sea, in others jagged and rough; but always dangerous. Even the samphire gatherers dread.

ed them. They were of a crumbling sandstone, that broke away under the hands and feet; for we had often climbed the practicable parts, and knew that great masses would crumble and break under our grasp, like mere gravel heaps. Herbert and I stood for a short time close to the edge of the highest cliff; Haglin's Crag it was called; looking down at the sea, which was at high tide, and foaming wildly about the rocks. The wind was very strong, though the sky was almost cloudless; it roared round the cliffs, and lashed the waves into a surging foam, that beat furiously against the base, and brought down showers of earth and sand with each blow as it struck. The sight of all this life and fury of nature fevered my blood and excited my imagination to the highest. A strange desire seized me. I wanted to clamber down the face of the cliffs—to the very base—and dip myself in the white waves foaming round them. It was a wild fancy, but I could not conquer it, though I tried to do so; and I felt equal to its accomplishment.

"Herbert, I am going down the cliff," I said, throwing my cap on the ground.

"Nonsense, Paul!" said Herbert, laughing. He did not believe me; and thought I was only in jest.

When, however, he saw that I was serious, and that I did positively intend to attempt this danger, he opposed me in his old manner of gentleness and love; the manner which had hitherto subdued me like a magic spell. He told me that it was my certain death I was rushing into, and he asked me affectionately to desist.

I was annoyed at his opposition. For the first time his voice had no power over me; for the first time his entreaties fell dead on my ears. Scarcely hearing Herbert, scarcely seeing him, I leaned over the cliffs; the waves singing to me as with a human voice; when I was suddenly pulled back, Herbert saying to me, angrily,

"Paul, are you mad? Do you think I will stand by and see you kill yourself?"

He tore me from the cliff. It was a strain like physical anguish when I could no longer see the waters. I turned against him savagely, and tried to shake off his hand. But he threw his arms round me, and held me firmly, and the feeling of constraint, of imprisonment, overcame my love. I could not bear personal restraint even from him. His young slight arms seemed like leaden chains about me; he changed to the hideousness of a jailer; his opposing love, to the insolence of a tyrant. I called hoarsely to him to let me free; but he still clung round me. Again I called; again he withstood me; and then I struggled with him. My teeth were set fast—my hands clenched; the strength of a strong man was in me. I seized him by the waist as I would lift a young child, and hurled him from me. God help me!—I did not see in what direction.

It was as if a shadow had fallen between me

and the sun, so that I could see nothing in its natural light. There was no light and there was no color. The sun was as bright overhead as before; the grass lay at my feet as gleaming as before; the waves flung up their sparkling showers; the wind tossed the branches full of leaves, like boughs of glittering gems, as it had tossed them ten minutes ago; but I saw them all indistinctly now, through the veil, the mist of this darkness. The shadow was upon me that has never left me since. Day and night it has followed me; day and night its chill lay on my heart. A voice sounded unceasingly within me, "Murder and a lost soul, forever and ever!"

I turned from the cliff resolutely, and went toward home. Not a limb failed me, not a moment's weakness was on me. I went home with the intention of denouncing myself as the murderer of my friend; and I was calm because I felt that his death would then be avenged. I hoped for the most patent degradation possible to humanity. My only desire was to avenge the murder of my friend on myself, his murderer; and I walked along quickly that I might overtake the slow hours, and gain the moment of expiation.

I went straight to the master's room. He spoke to me harshly, and ordered me out of his sight; as he did whenever I came before him. I told him authoritatively to listen to me; I had something to say to him; and my manner, I suppose, struck him: for he turned round to me again, and told me to speak. What had I to say?

I began by stating briefly that Herbert had fallen down Haglin's Crag; and then I was about to add that it was I who had flung him down, though unintentionally—when—whether it was mere faintness, to this day I do not know—I fell senseless to the earth. And for weeks I remained senseless with brain fever, from, it was believed, the terrible shock my system had undergone at seeing my dearest friend perish so miserably before my eyes. This belief helped much to soften men's hearts—and to give me a place in their sympathy, never given me before.

When I recovered, that dark shadow still clung silently to me; and whenever I attempted to speak the truth—and the secret always hung clogging on my tongue—the same scene was gone through as before; I was struck down by an invisible hand; and reduced perforce to silence. I knew then that I was shut out from expiation—as I had shut myself out from reparation in my terrible deed. Day and night, day and night! always haunted with a fierce thought of sin, and striving helplessly to express it.

I had come now to that time in my life when I must choose a profession. I resolved to become a physician from the feeling of making such reparation to humanity as I was able, for the life I had destroyed. I thought if I could save life, if I could alleviate suffering, and bring blessing instead of affliction, that I might some-

what atone for my guilt. If not to the individual, yet to humanity at large. No one ever clung to a profession with more ardor than I undertook the study of medicine; for it seemed to me my only way of salvation, if indeed that were yet possible—a salvation to be worked out not only by chastisement and control of my passions, but by active good among my fellow-men.

I shall never forget the first patient I attended. It was a painful case, where there was much suffering; and to the relations—to that poor mother above all—bitter anguish. The child had been given over by the doctors; and I was called in as the last untried, from despair, not from hope; I ordered a new remedy; one that few would have the courage to prescribe. The effect was almost miraculous, and, as the little one breathed freer, and that sweet soft sleep of healing crept over her, the thick darkness hanging round me lightened perceptibly. Had I solved the mystery of my future? By work and charity should I come out into the light again? and could deeds of reparation dispel that darkness which a mere objectless punishment—a mere mental repentance—could not touch?

This experience gave me renewed courage: I devoted myself more ardently to my profession, chiefly among the poor, and without remuneration. Had I ever accepted money, I believe that all my power would have gone. And as I saved more and more lives, and lightened more and more the heavy burden of human suffering, the dreadful shadow grew fainter.

I was called suddenly to a dying lady. No name was given me, neither was her station in life nor her condition told me. I hurried off without caring to ask questions: careful only to heal. When I reached the house, I was taken into a room where she lay in a fainting fit on the bed. Even before I ascertained her malady—with that almost second sight of a practiced physician—her wonderful beauty struck me. Not merely because it was beauty, but because it was a face strangely familiar to me, though new; strangely speaking of a former love: although, in all my practice, I had never loved man or woman individually.

I roused the lady from her faintness; but not without much trouble. It was more like death than swooning, and yielded to my treatment stubbornly. I remained with her for many hours; but when I left her she was better. I was obliged to leave her, to attend a poor work-house child.

I had not been gone long—carrying with me that fair face lying in its deathlike trance, with all its golden hair scattered wide over the pillow, and the blue lids weighing down the eyes, as one carries the remembrance of a sweet song lately sung—carrying it, too, as a talisman against that dread shadow which somehow hung closer on me to-night; the darkness, too, deepening into its original blackness, and the chill lying heavily on my heart again—when a

messenger hurried after me, telling me the lady was dying, and I was to go back immediately. I wanted no second bidding. In a moment, as it seemed to me, I was in her room again. It was dark.

The lady was dying now, paralyzed from her feet upward. I saw the death-ring mount higher and higher; that faint, bluish ring with which death marries some of his brides. I bent every energy, every thought to the combat. I ordered remedies so strange to the ordinary rules of medicine, that it was with difficulty the chemist would prepare them. She opened her eyes full upon me, and the whole room was filled with the cry of "Murderer!" They thought the lady had spoken feverishly in her death-trance. I alone knew from whence that cry had come.

But I would not yield, and I never quailed, nor feared for the result. I knew the power I had to battle with, and I knew, too, the powers I wielded. They saved her. The blood circulated again through her veins, the faintness gradually dispersed, the smitten side flung off its paralysis, and the blue ring faded wholly from her limbs.

The lady recovered under my care. And care, such as mothers lavish on their children, I poured like life-blood on her. I knew that her pulses beat at my bidding, I knew that I had given her back her life, which else had been forfeit, and that I was her preserver. I almost worshiped her. It was the worship of my whole being—the tide into which the pent-up sentiment of my long years of unloving philanthropy poured like a boundless flood. It was my life that I gave her—my destiny that I saw in her, my deliverer from the curse of sin, as I had been hers from the power of death. I asked no more than to be near her, to see her, to hear her voice, to breathe the same air with her, to guard and protect her. I never asked myself whether I loved as other men or no; I never dreamed of her loving me again. I did not even know her name nor her condition; she was simply the Lady to me—the one and only woman of my world. I never cared to analyze more than this. My love was part of my innermost being, and I could as soon have imagined the earth without its sun as my life without the lady. Was this love such as other men feel? I know not. I only know there were no hopes such as other men have. I did not question my own heart of the future: I only knew of love—I did not ask for happiness.

One day I went to see her as usual. She was well now; but I still kept up my old habit of visiting her for her health. I sat by her for a long time this day, wondering, as I so often wondered, who it was that she resembled, and where I had met her before, and how; for I was certain that I had seen her some time in the past. She was lying back in an easy-chair—how well I remember it all!—enveloped in a cloud of white drapery. A sofa-table was drawn along the side of her chair, with one drawer

partly open. Without any intention of looking, I saw that it was filled with letters, in two different handwritings, and that two miniature cases were lying among them. An open letter, in which lay a tress of sun-bright hair, was on her knee. It was written in a hand that made me start and quiver. I knew the writing, though at the moment I could not recognize the writer.

Strongly agitated, I took the letter in my hand. The hair fell across my fingers. The darkness gathered close and heavy, and there burst from me the self-accusing cry of "Murderer!"

"No, not murdered," said the lady, sorrowfully. "He was killed by accident. This letter is from him—my dear twin-brother Herbert—written the very day of his death. But what can outweigh the blessedness of death while we are innocent of sin!"

As she spoke, for some strange fancy she drew the gauzy drapery round her head. It fell about her soft and white as foam. I knew now where I had seen her before, lying as now with her sweet face turned upward to the sky; looking, as now, so full of purity and love: calling me then to innocence as now to reconciliation. Her angel in her likeness had once spoken to me through the waves, as Herbert's spirit now spoke to me in her.

"This is his portrait," she continued, opening one of the cases.

The darkness gathered closer and closer. But I fought it off bravely, and kneeling humbly, for the first time I was able to make my confession. I told her all. My love for Herbert; but my fierce fury of temper: my sin, but also how unintentional; my atonement. And then, in the depth of my agony, I turned to implore her forgiveness.

"I do," she said, weeping. "It was a grievous crime—grievous, deadly—but you have expiated it. You have repented indeed by self-subjugation, and by unwearied labors of mercy and good among your fellow-men. I do forgive you, my friend, as Herbert's spirit would forgive you. And," in a gayer tone, "my beloved husband, who will return to me to-day, will bless you too for preserving his wife, as I bless you for preserving me to him."

The darkness fell from me as she kissed my hand. Yet it still shades my life; but as a warning, not as a curse—a mournful past, not a destroying present. Charity and active good among our fellow-men can destroy the power of sin within us; and repentance in deeds—not in tears, but in the life-long efforts of a resolute man—can lighten the blackness of a crime, and remove the curse of punishment from us. Work and love: by these may we win our pardon, and by these stand out again in the light.

IMPORTANT TO HUSBANDS.

I AM going to break ground in a totally new question, but with wonder that it has been reserved to me to do so. When I look along a fashionable business-street in one of our large

cities, and observe the temptations presented by mercers and milliners to my friends of the softer sex, I feel that the Maine Liquor Law has at least the objectionable character of being a partial measure. I ask myself, Why should we endeavor to put down only one traffic of a seductive and mischievous kind? There is a Gin Palace, with its baleful attractions, at one corner; but here is a Muslin Palace, with equally bewraying, though not so deadly attractions, at another. Why should the latter be left to beguile the wits of the ladies, while Legislative Acts seek to save the somewhat poorer, but not less heedless, victims of the opposite establishment?

If I am wrong, may all concerned forgive me; but I can not help thinking that the Muslin Palace carries guilt on the very face of it. Given the weak female heart as the subject of experiment, and behold how well adapted is the apparatus brought to bear upon it! The lofty entrance, with plate-glass sides and flanking windows, displaying colored nothings of all sorts of inconceivable forms and incomprehensible purposes—the long retiring vista of counters and tables, attended, not by women, who are perfectly fit for the silly business, but by Young Men—the dazzling mirrors inviting the victims to self-worshipping trials of shawls and scarfs—the soft, winning manners, and insinuating talk of the shopmen, addressed to every whim of taste or tastelessness which they may detect in the votaries—an honest business could not require all this. Were the question only that women should have decent attire, less Circean spells would serve. The object manifestly is to tempt the poor sex into the purchase of habiliments beyond what they need, and of finer kinds than are meet for them; and hence the magnificence of the system and all its insnaring arrangements. The Muslin Palace betrays its character by being a Palace.

The husbands should look to it, engage a Mr. Gough, get up an Alliance, and establish an organ to make themselves heard by. It is very much their concern, both as it affects the solidity of character of their wives and daughters, and their own pockets. I am afraid they are far too insensible to their own woes. Men will pass a seductive bonnet-shop on their way to 'Change every day for a series of years, and no more regard it than if it were a mangling establishment. They reflect not on the tremendous interest which these gauzy, crapy, ribbony bewilderments have for hundreds of the other sex; how their wives have dreamt for weeks of a certain specimen about the size of a tolerable butterfly; how their daughters never pass without snatching a fearful joy; and how these airy insignificances will tell upon their balances in January. There were witchcrafts and philters long ago for entangling the hearts of the fair; and some sages bore us now and then with their fears for the effect of novel-reading upon the female imagination. But charms, philters, chloroform, and ideal Lord Henries,

take on, in my regard, an aspect of perfect innocence, in comparison with the fascinations of those rainbow-like windows into which we see our women gaze day by day, and wish and wish the soul away.

There is something disarming in the very triviality of the things whose subjects they are. To think—while we see men pursuing great honors and gains—of a woman led along in sweet illusion by a bit of lace, or a ribbon, or the half-imaginary thing called a bonnet, melts us like the lisp of a pretty child. Dear, amiable creature! how innocent of her to make all her happiness in life centre—say, in a new *barègue* dress! How helpless, too, about the making and arranging of all those gewgaws upon her person! Half of them probably unsuitable for her in their hue and form—troublesome as encumbrances, rather than really ornamental—but all borne with so meek a submission to what the multitude has established as fashion! To be pleased with such trifles, and patient under such inappropriatenesses and superfluities, may be owned as most engaging. But we must not allow this feeling to carry us too far. We pity the abandoned dram-drinker, while we condemn the selfish taverner who supplies him with the materials of excess. So may we relent over this affecting susceptibility of our lady-friends, but at the same time denounce those who trade upon it. Nor may we look too lightly on the passion itself. The Turk, who is content with a bit of opium, may be said to be an easily-pleased man; but, viewing the consequences, we must at the same time proclaim war against the indulgence. A woman should be reminded that it is bad to give her heart to vanity, and not good to empty her husband's or father's pocket. It is believed in this country that women have souls: we should act accordingly, and try to induce them to think less of the decoration of the earthly tabernacle.

This brings me to the consideration of what many of my readers will by this time be inclined to say—namely, that a Maine Law is not the legitimate way to cure the evil. They will be for leaving Muslin Palaces alone, and trying to elevate women above their temptations. Well, I confess to a great wish to raise the female sex in almost all sorts of ways, as far as they can be raised; and nothing would gratify me more than to see them rendered so enlightened in their minds, and so advanced in their tastes, as to walk past a lace-shop without a sigh, and view an array of fresh spring bonnets with the indifference which the subject deserves. But, alas! my friend, it is a weariful thing to wait for all this. The horse starves while the corn grows. The Muslin Palace, too, is all the time working against your educational influences. It is like John Wilkes telling the gentleman who spoke of taking the sense of the ward upon a particular point, that he would take the *non-sense* of the ward against him, and carry it ten to one. I can see nothing for it but a good hearty persecution—not a restric-

tion of Vanity Fair to particular days and hours, but a condemnation of Vanity Fair out and out—

“Exulting, crushin ’t like a mussel,
Or limpet-shell,”

as Burns . . . It is rather a sore point to come to in a free country, where all people have hitherto enjoyed the privilege of ruining themselves at their own discretion. But what shall we say? We protect minors from premature marriage, and punish a good many eccentricities of the affections which don't much trouble us. Why should we not be allowed to protect the gentle partners of our bosoms from any particular danger or corrupting agency which we see besetting them? No, no; I am clear for a short-hand way of serving the fair: nothing but a Maine Law will do.

Is such a law workable? Obviously ten times more so than a Maine Liquor Law; for while the use of alcohol up to a certain point can be concealed, dress will not exist unless for being exhibited, and there can, therefore, be no difficulty in laying our fingers on the *corpus delicti*. A lady seen proceeding along the street in an immoderate style of dressing, can be arrested as contraband, and reduced to a rationality of exterior, scream as she may. Certain stuffs of more than a fair degree of simple elegance can be forbidden; any monstrous superfluity of flounce, or frill, or trimming, can be cut down. We shall have a law for introducing conciseness into the female figure, and making them convenient to themselves, even against their will. We need not fear much about their will, however, for it is odds that they would be rather glad of a law, however tyrannical, which would save them from the greater tyranny now existing. We must remember that the unfortunate creatures do not overdress themselves from a love of dress, but only because they must follow the fashion. Make Mrs. Black aware that Mrs. Brown, Mrs. White, and Mrs. Green are all henceforth to appear in neat black silk dresses with plain frills, and Mrs. Black will take to the black silk and plain frill with a peaceful and contented mind. Assure any one of the ladies of Dr. Rousem's congregation, that all the rest must appear next Sunday in some rational form of bonnet, and she will conform at once. It will be necessary, however, to execute the law with unrelenting rigor; for evidently, if one here and there were allowed to beflounce herself overmuch, or hold by—say on pretense of wearing out—any of the proscribed stuffs, all her neighbors would immediately feel that, for their own protection, they must return to the old excesses too, and the whole benefit of the law would be lost. As to the number of dresses which should be permitted to any one lady, an easy-working clause is at our service. We have only to restrict them to dresses made by their own industry, in order to insure a sufficient moderation in this respect. Some, indeed, under such a restriction, might be in danger of something like a destitution of clothing

—which, of course, might lead to exhibitions not desirable for the public. But I would meet such cases with a slight relaxation of the law, permitting a provedly handless lady, or one laboring under that fatal disease the *vis inertia*, to receive aid from her well-disposed friends, or from charitable societies.

Here, then, is launched the ball of a new agitation. Ye princes of the Land of Haberdashery, tremble on your thrones, for the beginning of your end has come! Husbands and fathers rally to the charge, if charges ye would escape. View in me your true friend and counselor. Do not think, however, of presenting me with any testimonial! Enough for me the glory of having raised the First Cry against one of the most oppressive tyrannies of the age!

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS.

"THE Duke of Orleans," said Odillon Barrot to the deputies and politicians who had assembled at Laffitte's on the 29th of July, 1830, and were wavering between the choice of a new king and the abolition of monarchy—"the Duke of Orleans is the best of Republics." Forty years previously, the Odillon Barrots of that day had lustily proclaimed that "the Duke of Orleans would be the best of kings;" and might have tried the experiment had their favorite been a man of talent or nerve. In precisely similar language, seventy-five years before, the nobles of France admitted, in private conclave, that "the Duke of Orleans would be the best of regents;" and this time, as in 1830, the Duke having the will and the courage to take what fortune threw in his way, the experiment was practically tested. Nor have these been the highest compliments paid to bearers of the name. During the dreadful winter of 1788, many a poor mechanic and many a starving family in Paris used to cry, in heartfelt gratitude for the bounties of the Palais Royal, "The Duke of Orleans is the best of men."

Romance and history have been searched in vain for a parallel to the fortunes of the house to which these men belonged. Vicissitudes, stranger than fancy ever pictured, have marked its career from its origin down to our times. Contrasts the most startling, reverses the most overwhelming, successes the most wonderful, follow each other with bewildering rapidity in its annals. Rare examples of virtue, coupled with such vices as can not even be named; dexterous cunning, and most egregious folly; inordinate ambition, and incredible carelessness of fortune; the meanest kind of selfishness, and large liberality; undaunted courage, and most pitiable pusillanimity—such are a few of the opposite qualities illustrated in the characters of the Dukes of Orleans. In one respect they resembled each other. All, from first to last, coveted the French throne. Even before the present house existed, Gaston of Orleans conspired against Louis XIII. Philippe, the first of the present line, was at least jealous of his

brother. The Regent conspired against Louis XIV., and was accused of plotting mischief against his heir. Another Duke of Orleans was the acknowledged chief of the enemies of Louis XV. Philippe Egalité voted for the death of Louis XVI., and was openly nominated for the vacant throne. Louis Philippe, his son, associated with the conspirators who sought to overthrow Louis XVIII., and gained the throne by the downfall of Charles X. His sons are now secretly conspiring against Napoleon III. No family can be mentioned which has been so constant a foot-ball for fortune. An Orleans once reigned in France: the same man lived to want a single servant. An Orleans was richer than the British Cræsus, the Duke of Sutherland: that man, in Philadelphia, was thankful for the loan of a few dollars. An Orleans proved that those whom the world calls vicious are only, comparatively speaking, moderately depraved: his son first directed the Bible to be studied in the original at Paris. Some of the most repulsive doctrines of despotism can be traced to an Orleans: democracy found a chief in his heir. Power and weakness, wealth and penury, intelligence and stolidity, vice and moderation, recur in the history of this family in regular succession, like the ebb and flow of the tide. In the space of seven generations all the extremes of fortune are exhibited. Nor is the book of Destiny closed. Marvels, yielding nothing in interest to the past, may be written on the pages time has yet to unfold.

On a gloomy night in September, 1640, the Louvre was in great commotion. Lights were hurrying to and fro, courtiers were arriving from all parts of Paris, eager faces were grouped in every corridor. Here and there a messenger looking wonderfully important, or a man in office, with anxious brow, bustled through the crowd, and moved toward the royal chambers. It had been announced that the Queen's accouchement might be hourly expected. Her husband, poor, helpless, imbecile Louis XIII., sat as composed as usual, in an easy chair, chatting lazily with his favorite chevalier; but her friend, Mazarin, was as much excited as a politician can be, and much more so than he ever appeared before. The courtiers talked in mysterious whispers. Remarks by no means complimentary to the Queen's virtue were bandied in the ante-chambers; and the physicians and ladies who hastened to her apartment, were greeted as they passed with significant smiles and shrugs of the shoulders. The friends of Cardinal Richelieu, secure in the impunity which his protection afforded, did not scruple to vent their wit or their spite against her Majesty in coarse jests at the very doors of her chamber.

The infant whose birth caused this unusual scene was not the first-born child of Anne of Austria. Two years previously, and twenty years after her marriage with Louis, she had given birth to a son, who became Louis XIV. Rumor afterward asserted that Louis had not

been the only fruit of the Queen's pregnancy. Persons whose rank at court gave great weight to their statements, declared that she had been delivered of twins, of whom Louis was one, and the Man in the Iron Mask the other. These stories derived currency from the notorious character of Anne of Austria. Not only had she furnished a theme for scandal by her intimacy with Mazarin, but her connivance at the conspiracy of Gaston d'Orleans, the King's brother, had been so clearly established, that weak old Louis XIII., when pressed to receive her into his confidence shortly before his death, exclaimed bitterly, "Is it not enough that I have forgiven her, and does she expect me to believe her too?"

On the 21st September her second child—Philip, the founder of the house of Orleans—was born. Less than three years afterward her husband died. Her bitter enemy and most relentless persecutor, Richelieu, had preceded him to the tomb. Anne, immersed in the concerns of the regency, abandoned the education of the family to Mazarin, who shrewdly directed that the royal boys should learn little or nothing. The elder contrived, notwithstanding, to pick up some scraps of knowledge; but the younger, whose natural abilities were good, was allowed to grow up a perfect dolt. He could barely read and write; and his ignorance of history, literature, and art, were afterward peculiarly conspicuous at the polished court of his brother. As a boy, he was singularly unmanly and effeminate. He loved to spend his time in the ladies' apartments, and readily allowed them to dress him as a girl. While his brother was shooting or riding, he would shut himself up to enjoy a good dinner or a game at cards. He was fond of dancing, but wore high-heeled shoes to conceal his short stature, and consequently danced like a woman. There was nothing masculine or prepossessing in his face. Jet-black hair and eyebrows, large black eyes, a long narrow face, with a peaked nose, very small mouth, irregular teeth, and a sallow complexion; such is the description given of him by his wife. It does not increase our respect for the taste of the ladies of the court to learn that the owner of these features was a general favorite—more so than his brother, the chivalrous and manly Louis XIV.

Anne of Austria, who had escaped from the insulting tyranny of Richelieu to fall under the equally iron rule of Mazarin, resembled the other fair dames of Paris in this respect—she loved her younger son better than her first-born. At the death of Gaston d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII., his title had reverted to young Philip, and with it estates which placed him on a level with the wealthiest nobles of Europe. Anne resolved to consolidate his position by a royal marriage. Though Mazarin believed in the permanence of the English republic, Anne felt confident of the restoration of the Stuarts, and fixed her choice on Henrietta, daughter of Charles I. This lady had nothing but her birth

and a rather pretty face to recommend her. Even the latter has been a subject of dispute. Quaint Pepys says: "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectations; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her, with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." She had not a livre to bring her husband in the shape of dowry. Poverty had been her companion from her cradle. Born during the civil wars, she had been carried in her mother's arms to Paris, and had shared that period of privation, when the family of the late King of England "remained abed all day from the cold, having no fuel to make a fire." She was, however, not destitute of wit, and during her residence at Paris had acquired the courtly manners of the fashionable circles in that capital. The marriage took place a few months after the restoration of the bride's brother, Charles II.

Nothing paints the age better than the domestic life of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. The latter had been escorted to Paris by the famous Duke of Buckingham, who made no secret of his love for his fair charge. Besides Buckingham, the Duke of Orleans himself presented to his young wife the Count of Guiche, the handsomest man at court and a notorious lady-killer. Scandal was rife on the subject, and not without cause. One day, as Madame and De Guiche were together in her apartments, the approach of the Duke was suddenly announced. The Count and the lady were paralyzed, for escape appeared impossible. "I can manage it," hurriedly exclaimed a valet, "place yourself against the door, M. le Comte." When the Duke reached the landing the valet ran out, and butted his head so violently against the Duke's face as almost to stun him, and make his nose bleed. In the confusion, the Count contrived to escape unperceived, with a handkerchief over his face. The King himself was for a time a marked admirer of Henrietta. At Fontainebleau Louis and his fair cousin were inseparable; and the only people who appear to have been annoyed at the flirtation were ladies who were jealous of the favor shown to the Duchess. Philip, who, according to his second wife, never loved any one in his life, was a model husband in point of forbearance. When his mother forced him to notice his wife's intrigue with De Guiche, he settled the matter with a mild reprimand. He claimed, by way of return, that the Duchess should receive his female friends at her soirées; and, as the character of these ladies excluded them even from the very indulgent society of Paris, he seems to have had the best of the bargain. Unfortunately for poor Henrietta, she did not extend her complaisance to the male friends of her husband. One of the most depraved and unprincipled men of the time was the Chevalier of Lorraine. His face was repulsive, his habits abominable,

his reputation shocking. This man was the bosom friend of the Duke, who had actually withdrawn from court when the young King, disgusted by the stories that were told of Lorraine's vices, sent him into exile. He had made several attempts to gain the favor of the Duchess, but each time had been sternly repulsed. He resolved on such revenge as his nature prompted.

He had a creature in the Duke's household, a nobleman like himself, the Marquis d'Effiat. One day, while the Duchess was at mass, this Marquis opened her private closet, and took up the cup out of which she usually drank her succory-water. A servant immediately inquired what he did with Madame's cup? D'Effiat replied that being thirsty he had come to take a drink; and feigned great indignation at the valet's remonstrance. That evening the Duchess called for a cup of succory-water, and lay down as usual in her apartment. Shortly afterward she awoke with a scream of pain. Medical attendance was procured; the Duke of Orleans displayed decent concern; the ladies of the household were in violent agitation. Henrietta declared she was poisoned, and could not recover. In the midst of her agonies, when her piteous cries drowned every other sound in the room, the King arrived, and was followed by the confessor and Montagu, the English ambassador. The dying woman mastered her pain for a few moments to convey her last wishes to her countryman. She bade him tell her brother that she had loved him above all things in the world; and was continuing to speak of him, when Montagu inquired whether she had been poisoned. The confessor instantly stepped forward and forbade her replying. Henrietta meekly obeyed. A meaning glance was her only answer to the question. The sacrament was hastily administered; Bossuet knelt by the bedside, but before the rites of the Church had been fully completed, Henrietta of England was a corpse.

The crime was fully brought home to D'Effiat and Lorraine, but neither was punished. The latter was struck with apoplexy many years after, while he was narrating an immoral tale, and died instantly. The evidence of the witnesses who were examined tended to exculpate Philip, though the murderers felt secure of his approval of the deed. "We did not tell your brother, Sire," said Purnon, who confessed his share in the murder to Louis XIV., "for he is unable to keep a secret, and would have ruined us all." An excellent reason, and worthy of the Duke of Orleans.

The pleasure of superintending his wife's funeral seems to have consoled him for her loss, if, indeed, he at all regretted it. Three years afterward his brother, who always treated him tyrannically, commanded him to marry Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria. The Duke was used to obedience. He had submitted without a murmur to deprivation of military rank and civil employment, insisting only on his right to lead a dissolute life. So he made no objection to the proposed marriage.

Charlotte had not been lucky in her parentage or her companions. Her mother had been sent back to her relations by her husband, who instantly replaced her by a lady of his court. Intrusted to the care of Sophia, the Electress of Hanover and the mother of George I. of England, the child had been familiar with scenes of coarse indulgence and vulgarity from her earliest years. One can readily imagine the sort of woman that might be expected from the court which produced the first two Georges. It was, perhaps, fortunate for her that nature had denied her beauty, and thus kept temptation out of her way. She had—as she says herself—"no features, small eyes, a snub nose, long and flat lips, large pendant cheeks, and a broad face. My stature is short, and my person large; both my body and my legs are short; altogether I am a fright. It would be necessary to examine my eyes with a microscope to discover whether they announce intelligence. It would probably be impossible to find on earth more hideous hands than mine." The truth of the portrait is confirmed by the conduct of two princes to whom her family offered her in marriage; both entertained the project for a time, but instantly drew back when they saw the lady. The Duke of Orleans was less fastidious. "I saw I did not please him, which did not surprise me," says the Duchess, quietly. But he kept his feelings to himself, and lived with his wife about three years. He ruled her household without consulting her wishes in the least; and though he was the richest man in the kingdom, only allowed her a hundred Louis a year as pin-money. Their tastes were wholly dissimilar. He was stupid and illiterate; she was witty and less ignorant than might have been expected from her early education. He was incurably prejudiced against every thing that was not French; she was as obstinately attached to every thing that was German. *Gourmandise* was his ruling characteristic; his *cuisine* was French and elaborate. She describes her own habits in this respect with crude frankness: "I take neither chocolate, tea, nor coffee, not being able to endure those foreign drugs. I adhere to our German fashion, and find nothing good in eating or drinking that is not in conformity with our customs. I can not eat soup unless it be made of milk, beer, or wine. I can not endure soup made with boiled beef. Whenever I partake of a dish of which it is an ingredient, I am subject to colic. Ham and sausages are the only things that suit my stomach." There was as much of the man in her as of the woman in him. When a girl she used to play with swords and guns; and having been told by a friend that girls who were addicted to jumping were turned into boys, she spent all her leisure in taking the most prodigious leaps. This was about the time that her husband was dressing himself in female clothes, and dancing in high-heeled shoes.

After the birth of their second child they separated, as the memoirs say, *à l'amiable*. In other words, the Duke spent the whole instead

of a part of his time with worthless friends and still more worthless women; and the Duchess, who was virtuous from necessity, amused herself by quarreling with her neighbors. Madame de Maintenon, whose reign was then beginning, was her chief foe. "The old hag," as she calls her in her memoirs, found her match in the ugly German Princess. One of their quarrels is characteristic. Madame de Maintenon had brought over two ladies from Germany, whom she called Palatine-countesses, and placed them as attendants on her nieces. All the pride of the Duchess of Orleans was roused. "Having seen from my window," she says, "one of the nieces walking with the German girls, I went into the garden, and took care to meet them. I called one of the girls and asked her who she was. She told me to my face that she was a Countess of the Lutzelstein family. 'By the left hand?' 'No,' she replied, 'I am no bastard; the young Count Palatine married my mother, who is of the house of Gehlen.' 'In that case,' said I, 'you can not be a Countess Palatine; with persons of that rank a *mésalliance* counts for nothing. I will tell you more; you lie when you say that the Count Palatine married your mother. I know who her real husband is; he is a musician. If you again attempt to pass yourself off as a Countess Palatine I will expose you; but if you follow my advice, and take your real name, I will never reproach you. So take your choice.' The girl," adds the Duchess, coolly, "took this so much to heart, that she died a few days after." It might have been expected that some notice would have been taken of the Duchess's unfeeling conduct; but the only allusion we find is a remark of the King to her after the poor girl's death: "Madame, one risks one's life in jesting with you on pedigree." To which Charlotte coldly replied: "Sire, I can not endure lies."

Quarrels of this nature with "the old hag" occupied the Duchess's time till her children grew up. When her son—the Duke of Chartres—was seventeen, the King resolved to marry him to Mademoiselle de Blois, one of his illegitimate daughters. Father and son were easily won over; but the German pride of the Duchess was a more formidable obstacle. Saint Simon describes her, after the proposal had been made to her, "marching rapidly, with great strides, through the galleries, waving her handkerchief, crying audibly, gesticulating violently, and looking like Ceres when Proserpine was taken from her." Her son she turned out of doors; on her husband she heaped abuse; and when the King himself bowed to her, she whirled round so rapidly that, by the time Louis raised his head, he saw nothing but her back. So little restraint did she place on her passion, that before the whole Court, when her son came to kiss her hand, she gave him a smart box on the ear. These outbursts of fury were, however, unavailing; "the old hag" had set her heart upon the match, and it was duly celebrated. In her Memoirs the Duchess says that her son was

threatened with imprisonment in case of non-compliance with the wishes of Madame de Maintenon. Saint Simon tells a more credible story. He says that Louis summoned the young Duke into his presence, where, surrounded by all his courtiers, he delivered a pompous harangue, in his usual imposing way, to the embarrassed youth, and concluded by asking what he thought of the proposed alliance. In a faltering voice the boy muttered something about consulting his parents. "Quite right," replied the monarch, with a dignified air; "but neither your father nor your mother will oppose my wishes." The Duke of Orleans, who was standing by, bowed assent; and his son who, like the rest of the courtiers, could not withstand the commanding manner of the great monarch, was thus bullied into a marriage with a woman for whom he did not care a straw.

Ten years afterward the career of the first Duke of Orleans was brought to a close. He had lived a grossly sensual life; and though the only brother of one of the most active kings that ever lived, had not coupled his name with one single public act. Louis, remembering the lessons he had been taught of the conspiracies of Gaston of Orleans, his uncle, and warned that Philip's friends were planning similar schemes, resolved to anticipate their action; he made a point of excluding Philip from public affairs, and accomplished his task the more easily as both talent and inclination to engage in politics were wanting in the Duke. Latterly, some symptoms of reformation in his private life had been noticed. The Père du Trévoux, his confessor, said to him bluntly: "Sir, I am not going to be damned to please you:" and bade the Duke choose between him and his profligate companions. Philip made an attempt to be virtuous; said his prayers; allowed du Trévoux to talk sermons to him; and parted with one or two of his most infamous associates. But the effort was too late; his constitution was gone. A dispute with the King his brother hastened the crisis. At dinner, on the same day, the Duke ate as largely as usual; and in the evening took his accustomed place at his supper-table at St. Cloud. Wine was flowing freely, indelicate jests were not wanting, and the whole party were in the highest spirits, when the Duke began to speak thick, and a moment afterward fell into the arms of his son. He never recovered consciousness, and died in a few hours surrounded by the King and the royal family. Early next morning, before the body was cold, the King and Madame de Maintenon were found rehearsing the overture of an opera; and that evening the royal saloons were filled with a lively party who played cards and chatted as gayly as usual. Even the widow thought of nothing but escaping a convent, and obtaining permission to spend the rest of her life at court. The only tears shed for the first Duke of Orleans fell from the eyes of persons whose testimony goes for nothing in courts of justice.

The Dowager Duchess lived to condole with "the old hag" on the death of Louis XIV.; and to drive her granddaughters distracted by her meddling, captious disposition. She was even less regretted than her husband when she died; and the memoirs and letters she left behind her fully explain the circumstances. The publisher says that decency compelled him to expurgate certain passages from her correspondence: at the rate prudery is advancing, there will not be a page of what he did print that will be read a century hence.

Philip of Orleans had had two children by each of his wives. Anna Maria, who married the Duke of Savoy, and Charlotte Elizabeth, who became Duchess of Lorraine, lived quiet lives, and history has no concern with them. The career of Maria Louisa, the eldest daughter of Henrietta, is quite in the Orleans style. Her mother never kissed her: when the little girl came to pay her respects, the utmost favor granted to her was to be allowed to press her infant lips to Henrietta's hand. She was just blooming into womanhood, and promised to surpass her mother in beauty and liveliness, when she was abruptly told, without a word of previous notice, or the smallest inquiry as to her sentiments, that the King had affianced her to Carlos, King of Spain—a wretched, broken-down debauchee—and that she must set out for Madrid. The poor girl fainted, and was taken seriously ill. The moment she recovered she was ordered to proceed on her journey: the will of Louis knew of no delay, and the Spanish alliance was essential to his dynastic projects. To add to the misery of Maria Louisa, the man who escorted her through France was the Chevalier of Lorraine, and the bearer of her future husband's first letter was the Marquis d'Effiat—both murderers of her mother. She produced a favorable impression at Madrid. "The young Queen," says Madame de Villars, who visited her at her palace, "dressed in the Spanish fashion, and wore some of those beautiful stuffs which she brought from France: her hair well-dressed, brushed across her forehead in front, and the rest flowing on her shoulders. She has an admirable complexion, beautiful eyes, and a very agreeable mouth when she laughs. What a delightful thing it is to laugh in Spain!" The Spanish grandees did not think so; they saw with positive dislike the young Queen's tendency to gayety, and resolved that "she should at once commence the course of life to which etiquette doomed her for life. They would not grant her the slightest relaxation; and from her arrival she was subject to a positive slavery, which was rendered more oppressive by the rigid disposition of the *camerara major*." Etiquette was then in its prime at Madrid. When the Queen fell from her horse, and two gentlemen sprang forward and saved her life by extricating her foot from the stirrup, it needed all Maria Louisa's influence to procure their pardon, which was only granted on condition of their leaving Madrid forever. The

whole court seemed bent on persecuting the poor girl. The Duchess of Terra Nova wrung the necks of her parrots because they spoke a few words of French; the King turned her servants out of doors; and her Spanish waiting-women shocked her delicacy by attempting to smooth her hair with saliva. Greater troubles than these were in store. After ten years' marriage Maria Louisa was not a mother. The court of Spain and the kinsmen of Carlos at Vienna were terrified at the prospect of a disputed succession; yet, without crime, the evil was inevitable. Who could propose such a thing to the virtuous Queen?

Olympia de Mancini, the Countess of Soissons, and niece of Cardinal Mazarin, had been at some pains to earn the reputation of the most depraved woman in France. Her uncle had rejected the offers of Charles II. of England, who wanted to marry her before his restoration; and when Charles regained his throne, he in his turn contemptuously refused to renew the negotiation. Olympia consoled herself by educating young Louis XIV. in vice. Poisoning was her next pastime: among her victims are counted her husband, her mother-in-law, the Marshal of Luxembourg, and several other eminent persons. Detection at length forced the Countess to fly to Brussels, where she was living in obscurity when the Spanish grandees and the royal family of Hapsburg found themselves in want of an agent to undertake a business which could be proposed to no decent person. The Countess possessed undoubted qualifications for the post: she cheerfully consented to go to Madrid. That she earned her reward, and bade the Queen choose between infidelity to her husband and Spanish vengeance, we have Madame d'Aunay's word for asserting. So skillfully was the odious insinuation thrown out that the failure of the scheme did not involve the disgrace of the negotiator: in spite of the well-founded prejudice of the King and the French ambassador, Maria Louisa continued to allow Madame de Soissons to visit her. The die was cast. One sultry afternoon the Queen asked for milk; the Countess hastily offered to procure her some. A few moments afterward she entered the room with a glass of iced milk, of which Maria Louisa drank. That night the Queen died in excruciating agonies. Like her mother, she at first declared that she was poisoned; but, like her mother, retracted the statement by the advice of her confessor. The Countess of Soissons, of course, escaped unharmed.

The only son of the first Duke of Orleans, of the present line, was named Philip, like his father. He was, like him, delicate in youth; but was as ardent in the pursuit of learning as his father had been slothful. Knowledge of all kinds was welcome to him. He read history and science; became a connoisseur in wines; practiced chemistry, and judged horse-flesh; studied languages, and read Aretino in the original; patronized the drama, and gave his sup-

port to the vilest haunts of profligates. At seventeen his society was courted by men of letters; at the same age, his mother notes that he "hated innocent amusements." He was, in fact, the type of the young nobleman of that fast age.

His marriage with Mademoiselle de Blois has been mentioned. It was as splendid an affair as the nuptials of a king's daughter and his nephew ought to be. The young couple disliked each other; but a Queen undressed the bride, and a King—rather the worse, it is true, for the revolution which drove him from his kingdom, but as proud as ever—condescended to hand the groom his night-shirt. Mademoiselle de Blois was graceful, witty, and as haughty as her father. After her marriage she never condescended to notice her mother, Madame de Montespan; and was compared to Minerva, who, according to poets, sprang from Jove's brain without the aid of a mother. When her son was born her pride rose still higher; she refused to visit any one that was not of royal blood. Deficiencies in her early education frequently made her the jest of her husband and the ladies of the court; and her constitutional laziness precluded all attempt at improvement. "She is so indolent," said her amiable mother-in-law, "that she will hardly walk two yards: larks ought to fly ready cooked into her mouth. Though her appetite is enormous, she is too idle to eat fast. She goes to bed early, in order to sleep the longer. Reading she detests, but her ladies are directed to read her to sleep every evening." Partly from indolence, and partly from pride, she never attempted to win her husband's heart. She was not jealous, and seemed satisfied provided he behaved respectfully to her in public. When accounts of his infidelities reached her she treated them with contempt.

Louis XIV. gave the following comprehensive view of his nephew's character: "Philip of Orleans is as bad as he can be represented; and moreover, he boasts of vices which he does not possess." His profligacy and impiety were such that we can find no one to compare him with but himself as Regent. The restraints imposed on him by the religious court of Louis worried him beyond measure; though he carried Rabelais in his pocket to read during mass, and took care to choose his friends among people who were unknown at court, he complained bitterly that the English nobles were freer than he. Whether the court which affected so much more piety was in fact any better than the Duke himself may be questioned. The story of the ladies rushing in full dress to midnight mass on Christmas Eve because they had heard the King was to be there, and returning as precipitately to their revels on a report that he was not coming, is well known. A very pretty guerrilla warfare was kept up between Louis's three daughters, the Duchesses of Orleans and Bourbon, and the Princess of Conti. The two former, the children of Montespan, used to drink pretty freely;

and their sister affectionately christened them "wine-sacks." The Princess herself had been smitten with a young officer named Clermont, to whom she wrote letters breathing the most violent love. Clermont, hearing that the Dauphin had begun to pay attention to a Mademoiselle de Chonin, immediately transferred his court to that lady, and to please her, sent her the Princess's letters, with a humorous commentary of his own. "I had rather," said the amiable Duchess of Orleans, when the story reached her, "be a wine-sack than a bundle of cast off clothes." These refined ladies, who ate olives to whet their thirst, smoked pipes in the palace, and had closets in their rooms provisioned like fortresses for the concealment of their lovers, were the leaders of fashion and the rulers of the court. Even the King's religion was little better than sectarianism. When Louis was told that the Duke of Orleans had appointed M. de Fontpertuis on his staff, he cried with much earnestness: "What! my dear nephew, the son of that foolish woman who is always running after Arnauld—a Jansenist! I never can consent to such an appointment." "By my faith, sire," replied the Duke, "I know nothing of the mother; but as for the son, so far from being a Jansenist, I do not think he even believes in a God." "Oh, in that case," said the King, "if you are sure of that, there is no harm in him; you may take him with you."

After serving a couple of campaigns in Italy and Spain, not without credit to himself, and contriving a very neat conspiracy against his nephew's throne, the Duke of Orleans returned to Paris to find himself in great disgrace at court. A new danger menaced him. The Dauphin suddenly died; the Duchess of Orleans says of small-pox; but the surgeons who made a post-mortem examination of the body, declared that they had not found any natural cause of death. The title descended to the Duke of Burgundy. He and his wife both died a few months after, and the faculty reported that they had been poisoned. Next, their eldest son fell a victim to a disease which no one understood. A sudden illness carried off the Duc de Berri. The only life that remained between the Duke of Orleans and the throne was the Duke of Anjou, a frail sickly child in the cradle. It was singularly suspicious. People remembered how the first Duke's wife, Henrietta of England, had been poisoned by D'Effiat, and began to remind each other that the first four governors of the present Duke had all died in a mysterious way. Philip's love of chemistry—which was then an occult science—gave strength to the awful suspicions. He had openly given it out that he was a necromancer; did not that imply sorcery, witchcraft, and every diabolical art? Such were the questions asked at every street corner by the idle Parisians. Soon the fury of the mob burst forth. Crowds surrounded the Palais Royal, and called for the head of the "poisoner." Imprecations were showered upon him when he appeared in the streets. Even

the women followed his carriage and fought furiously with the guards to "tear in pieces," as they said, "the murderer of his family." The King himself shared the popular belief so far as to turn his back upon his nephew. If Philip of Orleans was innocent he was the most ill-used man in Europe; unhappily, his private life justified almost any imputations. His fondness for his daughter the Duchess of Berri had given rise to most horrible scandal: his glaring impiety shocked even the frivolous courtiers of Versailles. He begged, in abject terror, to be imprisoned for safety in the Bastille; but the King dryly answered that he saw no necessity for any thing of the kind.

He still led the life of a pariah when Louis XIV. died. A change in the Orleans style was at hand. Long before breakfast-time on the 2d September, 1715, crowds thronged the narrow street which runs past the Palais de Justice on the Isle de Paris. By seven o'clock liveried coachmen drove blazoned carriages to the door of the edifice, and the highest nobility and magistracy of France began to assemble in the Hall of the Parliament of Paris to hear the will of Louis XIV. read, and to settle the regency. The will had been deposited in the wall of the building, and the place covered with a slab, sealed at the edges. At the command of the Duke of Orleans, first prince of the blood, the seals were broken, the slab removed, and the parchment, which was mildewed, and dripping with wet, was read by the secretaries. It declared that during the minority of the King's grandson, the kingdom should be governed by a council of regency; and distributed the principal posts of authority among the members of the royal family. The Duke of Orleans rose, and in a speech of much ability claimed the regency for himself in virtue of the law. The assembly hesitated. To set aside thus flippantly the written command of a monarch whose word had been law forty-eight hours before, seemed a bold enterprise. But Philip had concerted his measures skillfully. The army was devoted to his interests. A large party among the nobility had been persuaded or bought over to his side. The law officers of the crown were pledged to sustain him. The latter being called upon to expound the law of the question, opined that Philip was legally entitled to the regency. Saint Simon and other nobles availed themselves of this show of right to win over several supporters of the will. A timely message from the commanding officer of the Guards, stating that in case of difficulty he would answer for the success of the Regent, settled the question. To the astonishment of every one, and while the Duke of Maine was still asserting his right to command the garrison, as provided in the will, the meeting unanimously voted the regency, without restrictions, to Philip of Orleans. More than this, the people, who had followed his carriage shouting, "Poisoner! Assassin!" only a few months before, and who still sang songs in which he was compared to the most infamous

characters in history, were so delighted at the assertion of the Parliament's supremacy over the King's will, that they celebrated the Duke's victory as a popular triumph.

Philip was forty-two years of age when he became Regent. His manners were pleasant, and as his information was extensive, and his taste in matters of art generally correct, his conversation was much admired. No change had taken place in his habits. "His suppers at the Palais Royal," says his friend, Saint Simon, "were eaten in strange company. His mistresses, sometimes an opera-girl, often his daughter, the Duchess of Berri, and a dozen men, his depraved companions, whom he called *roués*, meaning that they deserved to be broken on the wheel, were his usual guests. To these were added ladies of high rank, but faded reputation, and some persons of the lower rank distinguished for their wit or their depravity. The supper, consisting of the most exquisite viands, was dressed in a place prepared for the purpose, all the utensils being of silver; the guests themselves often shared the work of the cooks. At these parties all drank deeply, and as the wine warmed them, uttered the most depraved sentiments, and vied with each other in blasphemies. When they had made noise enough and were all intoxicated, they reeled to bed to repeat the same scene the next day." It took the Regent the whole morning to recover the effects of these debauches: he would never listen to business till after he had taken his chocolate at noon.

The presiding deity at many of these orgies was the Duchess of Berri, his daughter. She was one of the women whose character is stamped on the age. Attacked by a dangerous disease at the age of seven, she was abandoned by the faculty to be cured by the science of her father. Thenceforth she was the only being he loved. He educated her himself, and placed in her hands the infidel and licentious books from which her principles were derived. The great point among the courtiers of the day was to secure the favor of the King and the Dauphin. To attain this end, the pretty Mademoiselle d'Orleans agreed to marry the Dauphin's son, the Duke of Berri, an honest, stupid fellow, whose head she contrived to turn. The Duke was rather given to piety, and was fine sport for the smart Duke of Orleans and his infidel daughter. He bore it all patiently, till one day coming home early he found his wife in the arms of his chamberlain. To kick the Lothario down stairs, and beat the Duchess severely was the work of a moment for the wrathful Duke; but it only confirmed the impetuous woman in her wild habits. The Duke's death freed her from all restraint; and the mad licentiousness into which she plunged scandalized the city and provoked doubts of her sanity. Half her time she spent in a convent; the other half in revels at the Luxembourg and orgies at the Palais Royal. Passionately fond of display, she sought regal honors from her visitors, and affected the

airs of a Semiramis with the habits of an Aspasia. Her mother she snubbed; her cousins she defied; over her father she exercised complete control; and the chosen gallants who were permitted to share the splendors of her caprice at the Luxembourg found themselves little better than slaves. They were at last avenged by a young provincial named Riom, who gained the heart of the beautiful Duchess, and adroitly contrived to subjugate her to his will. Subjected to a tyranny not less galling than her own, she became as submissive as she had formerly been haughty, and bore in patience the harsh treatment, the cruel suspicions, the pettish violence of her lover; beginning in the prime of her beauty and at the summit of her power to taste the penalty of a life of pleasure. Seized with the pains of childbirth, the doctors pronounced her in serious danger. The parish curé was sent for, but the conscientious man refused to administer the sacrament unless Riom were turned out of the house. The Duchess fired with rage at the very mention of such a thing; the attendants stormed; even the Regent condescended to argue with the priest; but all to no purpose. The ecclesiastic was immovable, and for four days it seemed that the Regent's daughter would die without making her peace with the Church. After a dreadful struggle she gave birth to a daughter, and before her strength allowed her to rise from bed was married to Riom. Such a *mésalliance* could not be tolerated; Riom was instantly sent to a distant province. The Duchess dragged herself to her father, and adjured him, in a voice often interrupted by a fatal cough, to allow her to see her dear husband once more; but for once the Regent withstood her, and the unfortunate woman, in the twenty-sixth year of her age, went to die broken-hearted at La Muette.

Though the Regent possessed undeniable ability and quick perception, it is clear that a man who spent the evening in feasting and debauchery, and the best part of the day in recovering from their effects, could not do much for his dominions. Occasionally we find him taking an active part in public affairs, as, for instance, in the negotiations with Spain, and the renewal of the Dragonnades against the Huguenots. But the bulk of the business of State fell on the shoulders of the Abbé Dubois. The career of this man illustrates the fallacy of the proposition—so often repeated by liberal monarchists—that, under kings, the real power generally falls into the same hands as in republics.

Guillaume Dubois was the son of an apothecary at the little town of Prives, and spent his youth in carrying pill-boxes and clysters to his father's patients. Having studied for the Church, he was about to receive holy orders, when he ran away with a servant girl, and apparently destroyed his prospects for life. After a year or two of connubial felicity, however, he grew tired of his wife, left her, and went to Paris, where he was fortunate enough to fall in with M. St. Laurent, the tutor of the Regent—then

Duke of Chartres. By this gentleman young Dubois—who styled himself the Abbé Dubois—was employed to give lessons to his pupil, and St. Laurent dying soon after, the apothecary's son obtained the vacant post. He was well suited to the young Duke. Possessed of vast learning, he was a still greater proficient in vice; nothing came amiss to him, from a discussion on the merits of Cicero and Corneille to a *petit souper à quatre* in the faubourg. The Duchess of Orleans admitted that, at first, he “assumed the tone of an honest man so well that she took him for one,” but soon corrected her opinion. “The fellow,” says this penetrating woman, “believes in nothing; he is a rogue and a scoundrel; he has the appearance of a fox creeping from its hole to steal a chicken.” He was fox enough to see through and through the Duke, and soon mastered him completely. Through life Philip never withdrew his confidence from the unprincipled Abbé. When the former became Regent, the latter took office as confidential minister, and soon controlled the whole administration. His public labors were prodigious: full twelve hours a day he was in his cabinet, receiving secretaries and ambassadors, dictating dispatches, digesting the day's business for the Regent, and exercising a minute superintendence over every branch of the public service. The reward he sought for his unparalleled devotion to his master's interests was rank. Cardinals took precedence of the highest nobles at court: Dubois resolved to be a Cardinal. There were some trifling difficulties in the way. Though nominally an Abbé, he had never taken holy orders; he had a wife living; he was an avowed infidel; and he had openly led a life of glaring profligacy. It must not be supposed that all the dignitaries of the Church of that day were profligates, or infidels, or married men, or laymen; there were several orthodox Christians and respectable men among them; but certain it is that Dubois had no trouble in obtaining, in the course of a few days, the several orders of sub-deacon, deacon, priest, bishop, and archbishop. The next step was more difficult. Though half a dozen kings supported Dubois's claims, the Pope refused to send him the hat, and the ambitious schemer was forced to wait till Clement died. When the Conclave met to choose his successor, Dubois managed matters just as our political leaders do at primary elections. With all the money that could be raised by the French treasury, the Abbé de Tencin, a young man whose sister enjoyed Dubois' protection, was sent to Rome to buy up the votes. He succeeded so well that Cardinal Conti, having given a written pledge to bestow the next vacant hat on Dubois, was elected Pope. But when the time came to fulfill his bargain, his Holiness demanded more money. Dubois indignantly referred to his written promise; the Pope replied by sending the hat to his brother. Dubois was finally compelled to accede to his avaricious demands, and a few thousand Louis secured the long-coveted rank.

Having attained the highest pinnacle of power and consideration, Cardinal Dubois began to retaliate on the nobility for the slights he had formerly suffered at their hands. He took delight in insulting the whole body of the peers; and even shoved a lady of rank out of his room because she addressed him as "Monsieur" instead of "Votre Eminence." His temper was ungovernable, and his language so coarse and profane, that he was ironically advised by his secretary to take an additional clerk, and give him, for sole employment, the duty of scolding and swearing at people. Notwithstanding these faults, he was so indefatigable in his office, that he was retained by Louis XV., and during the early reign of that monarch wielded supreme sway over France. The severity of his toils, added to the effects of dissipation, at length told upon his frame. Disease attacked him. Fearful of losing power, he concealed it; and the pain made him more morose and passionate than ever. On his death-bed he swore at his doctors, ordered the priests to be turned out of the room, and died raving and cursing every one around him.

Under the regency of Philip of Orleans, and the ministry of Cardinal Dubois, the people of France endured miseries hardly to be described. The notorious swindle of the Scotchman Law which owed its success to the Regent's patronage, beggared the whole country. When we call to mind that the amount of money in circulation was much less than it is now, and was consequently more valuable in proportion to other commodities, we can form some conception of the extent of disaster that must have been produced by the total failure of a bank which had issued paper to the amount of nine hundred millions of dollars. Reckless speculation had produced its usual fruits. Crowds of adventurers had flocked to Paris. Merchants, professional men, mechanics, deserted their business to dabble in shares. Everyday-life was at an end. While the bank lasted, the scenes that were witnessed resembled the ancient Saturnalia. When it fell, a despair that can not be pictured overwhelmed the people. Robbers and assassins walked the streets in broad daylight. Men were murdered and thrown into the Seine, and no one seemed to notice it. In the general calamity life seemed to have lost its value. To complete the horrors of that awful period, the plague suddenly appeared in Provence and Languedoc, and swept away the population by thousands. Those who fled died by the roadside; those who staid died in their bed, on their chair, in their office. Famine followed; and those who escaped the pestilence perished of hunger. It seemed as though a righteous Providence was smiting the nation for the crimes it tolerated in its rulers.

While the people were overwhelmed beneath the combined weight of general bankruptcy, plague, and famine, the Duke of Orleans had his troubles. He had exhausted pleasure; and complained bitterly that even the Palais Royal

suppers bored him. Though the State was bankrupt, he and his friends had speculated in Law's shares and in produce, and made money; one of them, the Duke of Bourbon, not less than ten millions of francs. But wealth had no charms for the Duke of Orleans. He sent to the East and imported a Circassian harem, which diverted him barely a few weeks. Now and then he tried the effect of courting popularity as a change, but the people had not forgotten the stories of poison, or the monstrous suspicions which had led them to identify the Duke with the *Œdipus* of tragedy, and his daughter, the Duchess of Berri, with *Jocasta*. When he resigned the regency he fell into the lowest stage of dissipation. His palate required the fierce stimulus of raw brandy, his mind the feverish excitement of the gambling-table. Soon sleepless nights and sluggish days, during which his intellect was sometimes so obscured that he could not recognize his friends, betokened his coming end. Great red blotches on his face told a meaning tale. He had no wife or children to comfort him in his moments of despondency, no religion to strengthen him when the doctors bade him prepare for a stroke of apoplexy.

His death is vividly described by Dr. Taylor, in his admirable "House of Orleans." "One day, after dinner, he retired into a saloon which he had recently furnished most sumptuously for the Duchess of Phalaris. On entering the apartment he found the beautiful Duchess preparing for a ball, her curling locks hanging loose on her shoulders, and her dressing-gown not laid aside. He sat down upon a sofa, and she, taking a low stool, placed herself at his feet, her head reposing upon his knees. After a short pause he said to her, 'My fair friend, I am quite worn out with fatigue this afternoon, and have a stupefying headache; tell me one of those lively stories you relate so well.' The young lady, looking up into his face with childish coquetry, and assuming a mocking smile, began: 'There lived, once upon a time, a king and a queen—' She had scarcely uttered the words when the Duke's head sank suddenly on his breast, and he fell sideways on her shoulder. As he was sometimes accustomed to take a brief nap in this position, the lady for a second or two felt no alarm; but when she saw his limbs grow stiff after quivering in convulsions, she sprang to the bell, and rang it violently. No one replied. She rushed into the outer apartments; they were deserted; and it was not till she reached the court-yard that her cries attracted the attention of a few domestics. It was more than half an hour before any medical man made his appearance, and by that time the Duke was quite dead."

So bad was his character that no clergyman could be found to pronounce his funeral oration. The market-women—whose opinion has always had great weight in Paris—said that he had taken by mistake a cup of poisoned coffee which he had intended for the King. Similar stories

had been current during his regency; and though it is quite clear they were without foundation, the nobles attached sufficient importance to them to turn their backs on his son when he came to court.

The Regent Orleans left four daughters and one son. The Duchess of Berri was the eldest. The second, Mademoiselle de Chartres, fell in love with an opera-singer, and was sent into a convent, where she led a disorderly life, and humbly imitated her elder sister. The third, Mademoiselle de Valois, was torn from the arms of the Duke of Richelieu to be married to the Duke of Modena. On parting, her aunt gave her the following advice: "Go, my child, and follow my example; have one or two children, and then behave in such a way as to force your husband to send you back to Paris. This is the only place that is fit for ladies like us." She obeyed to the letter, and died in Paris. The fourth daughter of the Regent, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, married Luis, Prince of Asturias. Her levity of conduct so shocked the court of Spain that her husband, when King, had her arrested and sent to prison. He died shortly afterward, and she returned to France, where for eighteen years she led a morose, secluded life, disliked by every one. Her death was hardly noticed.

While the Regent was scandalizing Paris by the profanity of his language and the corruption of his morals, a pale, ill-shaped youth was wandering gloomily through the Palais Royal, evidently ill at ease in that abode of gayety and sin. Female society had no charms for him; he was slow of speech, and shy in manner. Though the courtly crowds that haunted the ducal palace always addressed him with respect, he seldom entered into conversation, and promptly repulsed any overtures of friendship from his neighbors. He had one friend, the Abbé Manguin, a religious terrorist, whose mind was always dwelling on the last punishment of the damned, and who was one of the few steadfast believers in the exploded delusion of spiritual manifestations. With this cheerful companion the young man buried himself in the study of the Christian Fathers and the Rosicrucian philosophers. He intended, he said, to build up for the Church a rampart against infidelity. This was Louis Philip, son of the Regent.

His father naturally despised him. He had neither ambition nor wit, and these were the only qualities of which the Regent could boast. "How can people be such fools as to imagine," said the latter, when accused of seeking the death of Louis XV., "that I would conspire against such a fine young man as the Prince, for the sake of that dunderhead of a son of mine?" His mother, the haughty daughter of Montespan, ruled him as if he had been a child. He fell in love, or rather—for there was not much love in him—he felt a profound esteem for the Princess Mary Leczinska, daughter of the King of Poland, and would have married her; but Madame d'Orleans preferred the Prin-

cess of Baden-Baden, and her son dutifully led her to the altar, while the lady of his own choice espoused the King.

Louis Philip had no sympathy for his wife or any one else. The Jacobin fathers, and the works of Thomas Aquinas, absorbed his whole attention; theological disputes dried up the fount of humanity in his breast. He was scrupulously attentive to his religious duties, and did good service in the Jansenist ranks; but took no part in State affairs, and was equally a stranger to the intrigues of his own family. He wrote several polemical pamphlets against the Jesuits, some of which were printed; and founded a professorship of Hebrew at the Sorbonne, in order, as he said, that heretics should not be the only people who read the Bible in the original. Having done this, he died in the arms of the monks of St. Genevieve.

The next of the Orleans—who was also named Louis Philippe—is a new type; as different from the brilliant profligate his grandfather, as from the ascetic theologian his father. Educated in the camp, he served several campaigns under the able generals of Louis XV., and gained laurels which were sure to cost him the royal favor. After the battle of Hastenbech, the King informed the Duke that the State had no further need of his services. Louis Philippe submitted without a murmur: energy was not a part of his character. He married a princess of that inconceivably depraved family, the Bourbon-Contis, and, as might have been expected, was soon the most injured of husbands. He bore the disgrace of his wife's conduct as long as it was possible, and when common decency compelled him to notice her enormities, he separated quietly, and without a word of reproach. The fact was, Louis Philippe never could meet an enemy face to face except on the battle-field; when he had sheathed his sword his pluck vanished, and he sought to gain his ends by tortuous intrigue. Not that nature had endowed him with cunning; any child could out-manœuvre him; but he naturally preferred intrigue where candor might have answered as well. Thus, when a series of disreputable tricks had elevated Madame de Pompadour to the highest rank at court, the Duke of Orleans was her most obsequious follower. He was conspicuous at her *levers*, ate her dinners, and, as he was intimate with Collé, Favard, and other dramatic writers, helped her to get up theatricals for the King's amusement. The lady recompensed him by countenancing the fables which charged him with being the accomplice of the assassin Damien.

He aimed at popularity, and therefore always lived at Paris instead of Versailles. When bread was dear, loaves were distributed at the Palais Royal to the poor; sick persons were attended by the Duke's physicians, and houses hired for their use. No one applied unsuccessfully at his door for relief. These bounties procured him the title of the "King of Paris." 'Twas but a name. "Our cousin," said Louis XV., "is not

likely to be dangerous; let him amuse himself with the *canaille*."

The monarch was quite right. The Duke might inspire gratitude, esteem never. The Duc de Penthièvre, son of one of Montespan's children, and the richest man in France, offered his daughter to Orleans as a wife for his son, the Duke of Chartres. The offer was haughtily declined. "The House of Orleans would not intermarry with the bastard line." Scarcely had the refusal been dispatched, when M. de Lamballe, the only brother of the rejected lady, fell dangerously ill. His death would swell his sister's fortune to over half a million of dollars. The Duke instantly reconsidered his reply, and sent to say that he consented to the marriage. M. de Penthièvre was delighted at the turn affairs had taken; the notaries were drawing the contract, and Orleans was haggling about the settlement, when M. de Lamballe unexpectedly recovered. Without a moment's hesitation the Duke broke off the match. He could not bear the thought, he said, of disgracing his name by allowing his son to marry a descendant of a natural child of Louis XIV. M. de Penthièvre raved with fury; Choiseul, the nobleman who filled the honorable part of match-maker, invoked vengeance on such perfidy; the whole court was indignant. Mademoiselle de Penthièvre herself, who had so far forgotten her station as to fall in love with the Duke of Chartres, would hear of no other husband. All which rather amused the impassible Duke of Orleans. Of a sudden the news rushed through the city that M. de Lamballe had had a relapse and died. The Duke instantly hastened to Choiseul, and, with tears in his eyes, confessed that he had not the heart to make two young people unhappy: let them marry, and they should have his blessing. The quarrels were soon mended, and the marriage took place.

When this mean, quibbling, foolish man succumbed to an attack of gout, in his sixtieth year, much sensation was caused by the funeral sermon preached over his body. Instead of dilating on the good qualities of the deceased, as usual on such occasions, the preacher sharply reproved his faults, and could find nothing to praise but an illicit connection formed by the Duke, shortly before his death, with a beautiful widow. The King tried to suppress the sermon; but many people heard it, and Grimm made notes of its tenor. One can hardly tell which to admire most, the boldness or the singular standard of morality adopted by the priest.

After a lapse of two generations, the Regent Orleans was reproduced in his great-grandson, Louis Philippe Joseph, whose marriage to Mademoiselle de Penthièvre has been mentioned. He was a handsome, dashing, open-hearted, wild young fellow; of course, without any morals or religion—but affable to all, and a great favorite with the ladies. We can readily picture him jumping over his wife's train at his marriage, to the speechless horror of the staid old courtiers; and driving his wife and other ladies incognito

to a rather fast ball in the public gardens, himself mounted *en postillon*, and the Princess de Lamballe on the box. When Voltaire came to Paris, and all the world went mad about the philosopher of Ferney, the Duc de Chartres received him at the Palais Royal, and presented him to his family. "This pretty boy," said the old man, patting the Duke's eldest son, Louis Philippe, on the head, "reminds me of the Regent." Buffon and Franklin were likewise frequent guests at the Palais Royal. After a morning spent in horse-racing with the Count d'Artois and other scamps, the Duke would gather these great men around him, and affect the Alcibiades: when evening came, he would be seen at the feet of Madame de Genlis, or in the midst of some wild revel with less reputable associates. In his youth he had been sent to sea, and had served—some say with credit—at Ushant; had become vastly popular with the sailors, and made hosts of friends both in the navy and at the sea-port towns. This was enough for the King. The Duke was recalled to Paris. He begged hard to be allowed to serve under Rochambeau in the American expedition; but Louis would not hear of it. The incurable stupidity of these Bourbons forced every bold spirit into the ranks of their enemies.

Here was a young man, full of energy and intellect; wild as his companions, but vigorous even in his follies; imbued with the new lights of the age, and sympathizing heartily with the people, while closely connected with the throne and the nobility—just such a man, in short, as might, if any could, have guided the monarch through the perilous struggle that was at hand; and Louis could find nothing better to do than to write him unjust and cutting letters about his conduct at Ushant, while the Queen insulted his friend Madame de Genlis. What wonder that we find him banded with the enemies of the court?

At that time the very air of Paris was revolutionary. Every thing seemed to require a change. The old world—government, church, laws, literature, science, society, manners—was mouldy, and only wanted a broom to sweep it away altogether. It rained reformers; from the finance minister to the *gamins* in the streets, every one had some abuse to correct. For his share the Duke of Orleans set the fashion of wearing pantaloons instead of breeches, and boots instead of pumps with buckles—"just like a common man;" took a stand against hair-powder, drove his own phaeton, and actually rode his own horses at races. The agony of the court at these disgracefully plebeian practices was dreadful. Worse was to follow. At the meeting of Parliament the Duke openly protested against the registration of the royal edict for raising a loan, and bearded the King in the most audacious manner. The old Bourbon pride rose, and the Duke was exiled. Parliament remonstrated, and was snubbed. Parisian blood was up, however, and there was no

talk of yielding: the King was peremptorily summoned to bring the Duke of Orleans to trial or to release him; and, with his usual inconsistency, he recalled the exile within a week. The Duke returned a thorough republican.

He threw down the gauntlet to the court, in his "Instructions to Constituencies electing Deputies to the States-general"—a production of remarkable merit. This profession of political faith demanded the recognition of individual liberty; the abolition of *lettres de cachet*, and other arbitrary processes; the establishment of the habeas corpus; the liberty of the press; the inviolability of property; the responsibility of ministers; the consolidation of the public debt; and the transfer of the right of taxation from the Crown to the States-general. This circular placed the Duke of Orleans in the van of the revolutionary party. His generous relief of the poor, during the severe winter of 1788-9, still further augmented his popularity; it soon rose to such a height that, when he appeared in public, crowds followed him blessing him, and the performance at theatres was interrupted by the boisterous acclamations of the audience when he entered. He took his seat in the States-general as a deputy of the third estate. The King summoned him to his place among the Princes of the blood: "Sire," said the Duke, "my birth gives the right to be near you; but my duty bids me stay where I am." When the schism divided the nobles and the third estate, the Duke joined the latter, and was elected President of the National Assembly.

This was the climax of his fame and power; he seems to have lacked ambition to push his advantages, and possibly feared while he encouraged the revolutionary tide. Politicians were not wanting to propose the dethronement of Louis XVI., to make room for the Duke of Orleans; but if he was a party to these schemes—which he always denied—he abandoned the whole responsibility of their success to others. He was a passive spectator of the fitful contests which preceded the King's removal to Paris; and when Louis tried to get him out of the way by dispatching him as ambassador to London, he obeyed without a murmur, and seemed to forget, in the jovial company of the Prince of Wales and his sporting friends, the awful trials through which his country was passing. When he returned to Paris his chances were gone. A periodical or an orator, here and there, proposed his name for the regency; but he had tact enough to avoid the danger, whatever his real wishes may have been. Soon—as happened to all the other revolutionary leaders—the sword he had helped sharpen was pointed to his own breast. It was proposed that princes of the royal family should be incapable of exercising rights as citizens. The Duke defended himself and his rights manfully; but the act of proscription was carried. He resigned all his hereditary privileges, titles, and rank by a solemn act; and was allowed to sit in the Assembly. But the personal sacrifice did him little good: he had

lost his foothold among the leaders of the Revolution, and was soon far in the rear.

He was foolish enough to believe in the monarchy still. When the war broke out, he offered his services to the King, and sought a personal interview. It was granted; but the courtiers combined to insult him, and when he approached the table on which supper was laid, several cried out, "Let no one touch the dishes!" The Duke understood the calumnious insinuation, and left the palace, a more bitter foe than ever to the court.

Disasters fell thickly upon his head. His fortune melted away in the revolutionary furnace. A lawsuit with his wife rendered the breach between them irreparable. Madame de Genlis and his daughter were in England. His elder sons disapproved his political course. The old nobles treated him like a dog. The constitutional monarchists feared him as an ambitious intriguer. The republicans distrusted him as a prince. He resolved to make one more effort to regain his lost position among the revolutionary leaders. A petition he presented on behalf of his daughter brought him in contact with Manuel, a red-hot republican.

"What name is this?"—gruffly asked the Procureur Syndic, glancing at the signature to the petition—"Louis Philippe Joseph d'Orleans? There are no longer any Bourbons in France nor Orleans either; the 10th of August abolished the whole of them. The petition can not be received."

"But, citizen, my name is Orleans still."

"Take a new one."

The Duke was paralyzed by this unexpected difficulty.

"There," continued Manuel, pointing to the statues of Liberty and Equality which stood in the room, "are two capital godmothers for a revolutionary baptism. Choose one of them, and honor her name."

The Duke acquiesced, and was christened with mock solemnity Philippe Egalité.

Egalité, as he was always called, was returned to the National Convention by the city of Paris. Desperate were the efforts he made to ingratiate himself with the republican leaders, but to no purpose. Murat proclaimed that "a patriotic prince was as obvious a chimera as a virtuous scoundrel." Buzot proposed his banishment; even Robespierre, who esteemed him personally, avowed himself in favor of the exile of the whole family. The wretched man sold his soul to save himself. When the King's punishment was before the Assembly, and the President called on Philippe Egalité for his vote, he answered in an unfaltering voice:

"Acting under a sense of duty alone, and persuaded that those who have conspired or may conspire against the sovereignty of the people deserve death, I vote for death."

The horrible act did not gain him a single friend. Even the democrats shrank from contact with the man who could, with a lie on his lips, doom his relation and the head of his fam-

ily to the scaffold. Broken by disappointment, and shunned by every one, the wretched creature ran to hide himself in the country.

Meanwhile his son, Louis Philippe, had fled with his commanding officer, General Dumouriez. The fury of the Convention knew no bounds when they ascertained the treason of the latter and the escape of the former. Their vengeance sought a victim. On 7th April—ten weeks after the execution of Louis XVI.—Philippe Egalité was arrested in his house. The Convention voted that it had always been intended to include him in the sentence against the Bourbons; and with his young son, the Count of Beaujolais, he was sent to Marseilles. There he met his second son, the Duke of Montpensier, who was likewise in prison. The Duchess of Orleans had been allowed to remain at Vernon in consequence of her ill-health. A few weeks were spent by the captives in terrible suspense; till, in October, orders came for the removal of Egalité to Paris for trial. The separation—which was most painful to his sons—he bore with fortitude: indeed, from the time of his imprisonment to his death, his courage was worthy of all praise.

Four days after his arrival in Paris, he was brought to trial before a jury. No witnesses were called: the President of the Court addressed several interrogatories to the prisoner, and his replies constituted the whole case. We can judge of its legal value from a few samples. After the usual inquiries as to name, age, occupation, etc., the examination proceeded as follows:

“Have you not had private interviews at Sillery’s house with Laclos, Brissot, and others?”

“No.

“Have you not assisted at meetings held at Petion’s?”

“No.

“How could you consent to deliver your daughter into the hands of that traitor, and Genlis, that clever and designing woman, who has since emigrated?”

“I did certainly consent to deliver my daughter to the woman Sillery, who did not deserve my confidence, as she was associated with Petion: I allowed him to accompany her to England.

“But ought you not to have known that Sillery was an intriguing woman?”

“I was absolutely ignorant of it.

* * * * *

“Did you not one day say to a Deputy whom you met, ‘What will you ask of me when I am King?’

“I never said any thing of the kind.

“Was it not to Poultier that you said so, and did he not reply, ‘I will ask you for a pistol to blow your brains out?’

“No.

* * * * *

“Were you acquainted with the plans of Dumouriez before he became an open traitor?”

“No.

“How do you think you will make these

sworn citizens believe that you were ignorant of the designs of that wretch who was your creature, when you placed your son under his orders to fly with him and share his treason, intrusted your daughter to his care, and even corresponded with him yourself?

“I only received two or three letters from him, and they were on indifferent subjects.

“Why did you permit yourself to be called Prince under the republic?”

“I have tried every means of preventing it; even fastening a notice to my door, to warn people that those who used the title should be expected to pay a fine to the poor.”

The whole examination was of this character. The interrogatories were leading questions, predicated upon the presumed treason of the prisoner; and the replies were categorical denials of the facts imputed. Yet the jury had no hesitation in finding a verdict of guilty. “Since you had resolved beforehand,” said Egalité, in a firm voice, “to put me to death, you ought to have devised some more plausible pretext than this trial. You can never make the world believe that you thought me guilty of the crimes of which you have convicted me; and, least of all, you,” he added, addressing the foreman of the jury, whom he had known previously. “However, since my lot is cast, I demand that I be led to death instantly.” The public prosecutor politely observed that he would do all in his power to gratify him.

Led back to prison, Egalité breakfasted—for the trial had occupied but a small portion of the morning—and spent some time with his confessor. At half past three the executioner’s cart called for him. Having dressed himself with peculiar care, in green frock-coat, white waistcoat, and doeskin breeches, and powdered his hair, he was led out by a small body of gendarmes. “His tread was so firm, and his mien so noble, that he looked more like a general leading his troops than a prisoner conducted to the scaffold.” The cart rattled over the stones, and the populace gazed with their usual curiosity, but Egalité’s face did not change a muscle till he reached that part of the Rue St. Honoré on which the Palais Royal stands. There the words “National Property,” inscribed on the door of his family mansion, caught his eye, and for a moment his nature gave way; memories of his early home crowded on his mind, and his frame shook with emotion. It was but for a moment. The Place Louis XV. was soon reached, and they stood at the foot of the scaffold. The wheels cut deep ruts in the ground, moistened with the blood of so many victims. Lightly Egalité leaped from the cart. With experienced hand the executioners bound him to the plank. One fellow, more gluttonous of plunder than the rest, tried to pull off his boots. “Patience, my friend,” said Egalité, quietly; “they will come off easier in a moment.” At that instant the signal was given, the knife fell, and the head of Louis Philippe Joseph of Orleans rolled into the basket placed to receive it.

At this time his two younger sons, Montpensier and Beaujolais, were still in prison at Marseilles. The elder of the two was but eighteen, the younger fourteen years of age. Both were ingenuous, manly youths. Their tender years, and the troublous times in which they had lived, had kept them aloof from courtly vices—all that we know of them is to their credit. The coldest breast could not refuse sympathy to their sufferings. Immured in a comfortless prison at the age when youth stands most in need of freedom, they underwent their full share of the horrors of the period. Now savage Jacobins would brutally warn them of their approaching fate; now the news of the execution of their father, or some other dear relation, would inflict a pang far keener than their own sufferings. A fierce contest was being waged between the Jacobins and their enemies, the "Children of the Sun." One night in June, 1795, the latter burst into the prison, and began to break open the cells of the prisoners. They sought Jacobin victims, but as they were infuriated by passion and liquor, it was impossible for any of the captives to count upon safety. On all sides were heard the piteous groans of the dying. The rioters performed their work so thoroughly that few escaped. Grape-shot, the sword, and fire destroyed eighty defenseless prisoners in the course of an hour or two, and the next day the fortress presented the appearance of a field of battle—corpses strewed in every direction, and dying wretches, some of them half burned, shrieking madly for water. The sons of Orleans were spared.

After a time, they resolved to attempt an escape. Passages were hired for them in a Tuscan vessel, and at nightfall the younger of the brothers succeeded in passing the drawbridge at the entrance of the fort. Montpensier followed him a few minutes after, but was met and recognized by the commandant, who ordered him to his room. No time was to be lost. But one mode of escape was left. By means of a rope attached to the window, the young prisoner began to lower himself down. The window looked out upon the Mediterranean, and it had been arranged that in case Montpensier did not follow his brother in a given time, the latter was to hire a boat and meet him under the walls of the fort. Beaujolais had had ample time to fulfill his promise, and Montpensier began his descent full of hope. When half way to the water the rope broke, and the prisoner fell heavily, stunning himself against the bottom. "I lay," he says, "nearly a quarter of an hour senseless. When I opened my eyes, I was struck by the light of the moon, and I found myself up to my middle in the sea. I suffered dreadfully from bruises. . . . Having waited some time for the boat Beaujolais was to have brought me, I determined to swim across the harbor. It was then I discovered, by the excessive pain I endured, that my leg was broken. My strength completely failed me; it was with the greatest difficulty that I dragged myself five

or six fathoms, to grasp the chain of the harbor, in order to rest upon it. . . . I hoped that some boat might pass and take me off. But for two mortal hours no such good fortune awaited me. Seven boats passed. I implored each to come to my assistance, but in vain. 'Who are you?' they cried, 'and what are you doing there?' 'I am dying. If you will have the goodness to take me on board your boat, you will not regret the trouble, and I will pay you handsomely.' 'Oh! we have not time.' Others said, 'Tis some malefactor; for what would an honest man be doing there at this time of night?' All this time I was in agony. The pain I suffered had thrown me into a violent fever, and my teeth chattered incessantly. I was up to my waist in water in the middle of November. Every time I heard a boat my hopes revived, but the atrocious cruelty of the sailors soon plunged me again into despair. I began to lose consciousness, when the eighth boat arrived. I collected the little strength I had to address my prayer to the crew. 'We can not take you at present,' they said, 'for we must first land at home; but we will come back directly.' 'Oh, my friends,' I cried, 'make haste, or you will come too late, for I am dying.' I could scarcely articulate these last words, and sank at once into a fainting fit. I was roused from it by the return of the boat. The crew raised me on board; but I was in such pain, and so exhausted, that the embarkation was the worst agony of all."

The unfortunate youth reached land, to be retaken, with his brother, by his jailers, and confined a second time, under closer restrictions. Finally, after a captivity of three years and a half, the sons of Orleans were released, on condition of their going to America. For some years they traveled with their elder brother, sharing his privations and vicissitudes; but the damp prison of Marseilles had done its work. Their health never recovered the blow, and, in the prime of manhood, both died of consumption within a year of each other.

The eldest son of Philippe Egalité—Louis Philippe d'Orleans—is the first of the family whom it is possible to admire and esteem. His education had been influenced in no slight degree by the revolutionary character of the age. His *tutor*—for she insisted on this masculine title—was Madame de Genlis, a lady whose qualities of mind were very remarkable, though hardly compensating for the defects of her heart and the laxity of her principles. But whatever judgment we may form of her as a woman or an authoress, her success as an instructress of youth is indisputable. She was in some respects a convert to the doctrines of Rousseau's *Emile*; had her pupils learn the trade of a carpenter as well as the modern languages, and took care to imbue their minds with liberal principles, while she compelled them to undergo the severest bodily hardships. From her hands young Louis Philippe, then Duke of Chartres, passed into the army, and distinguished himself

at Valmy and Jemappes. He was, according to all accounts, a brave and skillful soldier, and a humane and enlightened man—a startling contrast to his ancestry.

When Dumouriez fled from France, after failing in his attempt to persuade his army to raise the standard of revolt against the Convention, he was accompanied by the Duke of Chartres. To the lasting honor of the latter be it said, that he peremptorily refused to serve in the army which the royalist emigrants, aided by foreign tyrants, were raising to crush the young liberties of France.

His wanderings through Europe are familiar to every one. He lived so near to our times, and his destiny was so marvelous, that boys at school remember the stories of his travels through Germany and Switzerland—how he entered an academy as mathematical teacher, and earned a testimonial of good conduct from the principal—how he endured insult, privation, and hardships of every kind; recognized one day by an *émigré*, rudely repulsed the next by some churlish landlord—how he vainly schemed, and planned, and hoped against hope for the day which should witness the reunion of his scattered family—how, finally, pressed by want, and sick of European conflicts in which he could take no share, he accepted a generous offer made by Mr. Gouverneur Morris, United States Minister to France, and set sail for Philadelphia. In the following spring he was joined by his brothers, Montpensier and Beaujolais, and all three, with very scanty means, undertook to travel over the United States. Kindness awaited them on every side, President Washington setting the example; and loans from generous friends, with an occasional remittance from their mother, enabled them to fulfill their design.

Many years afterward, their mother published a book called “Vindication of the Duke of Orleans,” which contains some curious statements relative to these travels. While at Boston, the “princes” heard of the decree which sentenced their mother to be transported. “They supposed,” says this work, “that she would be sent to the French colony at Cayenne, and resolved, if possible, to be there before her. They immediately proceeded (from Boston be it remembered) to Connecticut by Philadelphia and New York. On their way they learned that the Duchess had been sent to Spain.” With a view of joining her, they resolved to sail for Havana; but “the ice on the Delaware prevented their taking ship from Philadelphia.” They then thought of Charleston, but abandoned the idea from a still stranger motive, according to the “Vindication,” viz., “because the neutrality of the United States was becoming very suspicious.” Finally they set out for Pittsburg, Ohio, and sailed down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. On the way they met with very singular adventures. At one time the boatmen were overcome by fatigue, and the “princes” were obliged to “take the oars and row.” At another “they could procure no boatmen who knew the river,

or even understood how to steer the vessel;” and thus the “princes” were obliged to act as pilots and keep watch by turns. They “were constantly exposed to the greatest dangers from the ice” on the Mississippi. Dr. Taylor remarks, that “this narrative will be read with amazement,” and it certainly is very surprising.

They embarked for Cuba, at last, and were captured by an English frigate. Fortunately, however, the captain, Lord Dundonald, kindly consented to land them at Havana; and they fancied themselves safe in the Spanish dominions. They were mistaken. The Prince of Peace could not afford to give a refuge to such exiles; and they were civilly required to leave the island. This drove them to a British colony. They visited in succession the Bahamas and Nova Scotia; made a second attempt, as unsuccessful as the first, to enter Spain, where their mother was: and returned for a time in England, where Montpensier died. His brother’s death followed soon after at Malta, and the only surviving male representative of the Orleans accepted a home from the King of Sicily at Messina.

There were at this time on the continent of Europe three persons—the Duke of Orleans, his mother, and his sister—whose sole concern for many years had been to meet each other, and yet whom fate seemed resolved to keep apart. The dutiful, though singular, journeys of the first in search of his mother have already been noticed. Mademoiselle Adelaide, his sister, was as anxious to find him. They had parted fifteen years before in Switzerland, and for some time each had been absorbed in seeking safety. But when the Duke returned to England from America, the chief dangers were past, and his sister traveled thither to meet him. He had left for the Mediterranean before she arrived; and the affectionate girl at once took ship for Malta. When she reached Palermo, she was informed that her brother had gone to Gibraltar; she followed him thither, but was again told that he had returned to England. At length, after journeys which would be scouted as impossible in a romance, she arrived at Portsmouth, just as Louis Philippe was about to start for Sicily; they met accidentally, and recognized each other with an emotion which can easily be conceived. From their mother they had been separated nearly twenty years. To see her was now their sole aim. Spain was closed against them; but by great interest they succeeded in sending her a letter, appointing the island of Minorca as a place of meeting. The Duchess, who during these twenty years had endured all manner of suffering from illness, privation, and mental anxiety, did not recognize her children when they appeared in her presence; the horrors she had witnessed since they had parted had obliterated their features from her memory.

Louis Philippe married the Princess Amelia, the daughter of the King of Naples—“a mild and pleasing woman”—and lived quietly in Sicily till Napoleon’s overthrow and exile to

Elba. The news reached him accidentally. The next morning he was *en route* for Paris. Instantly on his arrival he flew to his boyhood's home—the Palais Royal; but was stopped by a burly official, who notified him that strangers were not allowed to enter the private apartments. Louis Philippe burst into tears, and kissed the stairs of his ancestral palace. His father, who had scoffed at danger and met death with a smile, had likewise wept at the sight of his much-beloved Palais Royal.

When Louis XVIII. began to restore the monarchy on the old Bourbon footing, it is said that Louis Philippe felt and expressed loud indignation. Certain it is that both previous and subsequently to Napoleon's return from Elba the Duke of Orleans was in bad odor at court. When the Emperor landed at Cannes, the Duke took the command of the forces in the north; but like the other partisans of the Bourbons, he was overwhelmed by the popularity of Napoleon, and without attempting to strike a blow, fled to Twickenham. After the hundred days, he returned to Paris, and lived as quietly as any bourgeois. That he nurtured designs upon the throne there can be no question; he had been indicated by Alexander, by Napoleon himself, and by the British press as the man for the occasion; and a large party in France openly sought his elevation. But his circumspection was too large to permit him to take any steps which might have jeopardized his safety. He contented himself with gaining popularity by extensive charities; sending his son to a public school, and drawing round him the élite of French literary and political society. He was not received at court, and was known to be intimate with the most bitter opponents of the Bourbons; but he remained perfectly quiet, watching events. He led the same life during the reign of the imbecile Charles X.; with this trivial difference that the monarch admitted his ambitious cousin to his society, and even condescended to attend the fêtes of the Palais Royal. Louis Philippe was a giant in intellect in comparison with the Bourbons; he bided his time.

On the 27th July, 1830, a crowd was assembled in the Rue Richelieu, opposite the printing-office of "Le Temps" newspaper. The proprietor stood, with calm face, before his own door; his workmen, gathered in small knots around him, showed by the agitation of their gestures that some strong excitement was at work. The by-standers, many of whom appeared intelligent, respectable men, gazed intently on the group. About noon a small body of *gens-d'armes*, headed by a commissary of police, made way through the unresisting crowd toward the office of *Le Temps*. The proprietor, M. Baude, challenged them. The commissary replied that he had come, in virtue of his office, to execute an ordinance of his Majesty, Charles the Tenth, dated the day before, which suspended the liberty of the press, and enjoined upon the police to destroy the presses and type

of all newspapers which presumed to violate its provisions. M. Baude replied that the ordinance in question was unconstitutional, null and void, and that he would neither obey it, nor open his door to the police. The commissary sent for a blacksmith to break open the door. When the man came M. Baude calmly opened the penal code which he held in his hand, and read the article on breaking into private dwellings: the blacksmith, menaced with a criminal prosecution, drew back, and refused to use the tools he had brought. Another was procured, but he, too, dared not risk the penalties the intrepid Baude thundered in his ears. The commissary was at last compelled to send for a workman employed by the government to rivet the irons on convicts: he had no compunctions of conscience; the door was broken open, and the presses and types partly confiscated and partly destroyed.

That night a shot from the musket of a soldier killed a woman. Her body was carried in procession—it became the standard of the Revolution. For two days the Swiss and a few French regiments did battle with the insurgents: on the 29th the victory was won. During the whole of the conflict, and indeed for some days previously, constant communications had taken place between the banker Lafitte and his friend the Duke of Orleans. When the overthrow of the monarchy became a fixed fact, Lafitte assembled the leading Deputies at his residence, and laid before them the project of raising the Duke of Orleans to the throne. They agreed upon the following proclamation, which was posted on all the walls of Paris:

"FRENCHMEN!

"Charles X. can return no more to Paris. He has shed the people's blood.

"A republic would involve us in civil discord and foreign wars.

"The Duke of Orleans is devoted to the revolutionary cause.

"The Duke of Orleans never fought against us.

"The Duke of Orleans fought at Jemappes.

"The Duke of Orleans would be a citizen King.

"The Duke of Orleans carried the tricolor flag against our enemies' cannon.

"The Duke of Orleans can alone carry it again. We will have no other flag.

"The Duke of Orleans does not declare himself. He waits our orders. If we proclaim them, he will accept the Charter as we have always understood and desired it. He will hold the crown as the free gift of the French people."

This skillful proclamation had a wonderful effect. The *bourgeoise* rallied round Lafitte to a man. As the Bourbons were crushed, there only remained the Republicans to conciliate. To these it was that Odillon Barrot spoke the famous words: "The Duke of Orleans is the best of Republics." 'Twas well said; but a fine speech did not convince the mob assembled before the Hotel de Ville. Had they been

Americans or Englishmen, they would have required explicit pledges, frankly given by the proposed monarch, and guaranteed by well-known popular leaders; being Frenchmen, the road to their convictions lay in a different direction. The Duke of Orleans, who had hastily arrived at Paris from Neuilly, appeared on the balcony of the Hotel de Ville, arm-in-arm with Lafayette, waving a tricolor flag over his head. This proved every thing. The mob shouted, "*Vive le Duc d'Orleans!*" and all was settled. The Deputies elected him king by a vote of 219 to 33; and in presence of the assembled Chambers he was duly crowned.

At length the hereditary ambition of the Orleans dynasty was gratified. The prize for which the Regent and Philippe Egalité—not to speak of the more insignificant members of the family—had striven in vain, had fallen into the grasp of their descendant. The family feud between the Orleans and the Bourbons had lasted till the dishonor of the latter and the triumph of the former.

The Duchess of Orleans, bred in profound respect for hereditary rights, had seen her husband's elevation with pain. On the other hand, his sister, Madame Adelaide, the same whose energy has been already noted, a woman of masculine mind though questionable virtue, had entered warmly into his ambitious schemes, and advised him throughout the crisis of July. His sons shared his feelings in every respect. The best men in France, led by Lafitte, Lafayette, and Dupont de l'Eure, felt fully satisfied with the Revolution, and sanguinely hoped great things from Louis Philippe.

They had miscalculated their man. No sooner had he reaped the fruit of forty years of prudence, than he forgot all the lessons of experience, and gave way to the blindest selfishness. To turn round upon those to whom he owed his elevation was his first act. Under his directions, the office held by Lafayette as commander of the National Guard, was abolished; and the venerable patriot died in mortification and disappointment, deeply bewailing with his last breath that he had been instrumental in raising Louis Philippe to the throne. To Lafitte, the banker, the king owed still more than to Lafayette. It was Lafitte who swayed the council on the 27th July, in favor of the Duke of Orleans: his influence first brought round the leaders of the republican party, and procured the vote in the Chamber. After the revolution Lafitte, in common with other mercantile men, became embarrassed in his private business: a short respite would probably have enabled him to re-establish his credit; but at the very moment his creditors were pressing him, Louis Philippe called for the repayment of an old loan, and the banker failed. Dupont de l'Eure, the friend of Lafitte and Lafayette, tendered his resignation as minister: it was gladly accepted, and Louis Philippe felt that he had shaken off the load of obligation he owed them.

He made the same mistake as Napoleon III.:

he forgot that he was nothing more than a popular chief, and aimed at consolidating a dynasty. Louis XIV. himself was less ambitious for his children than "the Citizen King." His eldest son, an amiable and enlightened man, was, he thought, secure of the French throne. For the second, the Duke of Nemours, he tried hard to obtain a Belgian crown, and even induced the Belgian statesmen, partly by argument and partly by corruption, to invite the Duke to rule over them. But England had not forgotten her jealousy of the royal house of France: she vetoed the arrangement, forced the Belgians to bestow the crown on Prince Leopold, son-in-law of George IV., and Louis Philippe, too weak at that time to risk a contest with his powerful neighbor, contented himself with marrying one of his daughters to the successful rival of his son.

No throne offering for his third son, the Duc d'Aumale, he sought to compensate him by securing him unrivaled riches. The last member of the great families of Bourbon and Condé, and the sole possessor of their enormous wealth, was an old dotard, the Duke of Bourbon, Prince of Condé, who was living in a wretched way in the country, in complete subjection to an imperious English actress named Dawes. With this woman Louis Philippe did not disdain to open a private correspondence, not only placing her on a footing of equality with his own family, but actually stooping to cajole and flatter her. By her machinations the old Duke was induced to make a will, in which, after several rich bequests to herself, the Duc d'Aumale was named heir to the bulk of the Condé property. A short while afterward, one morning, the Duke's servants entered his room and found him hanging by a handkerchief to the window-sash, quite dead. Medical men declared that the handkerchief, tied as it was, could not have produced strangulation, and as the Duke's feet touched the ground, the fact may be regarded as beyond question. The public mind in Paris was violently agitated by the news. People called loudly for the trial of the woman Dawes, and confidently expected to see her condemned for murder. But, to the amazement of every one, the King stepped forward, took her under his protection, forbade any prosecution, hushed up the affair, and quietly assisted D'Aumale to enter into possession of the property. Louis Philippe never recovered the effects of this act.

When M. Thiers resigned office, in 1836, he left a minute for the instruction of Count Molé, his successor, which contained the following sentence: "The Duke of Orleans must be married. Two ladies are proposed: the Duchess Helena of Mecklenberg Schwerin, and the Princess of Coburg. The former is the most intellectual, but the plainest; the latter is pretty, but has not ceased playing with her doll." The dispute between the two was settled by the marriage of the Duke of Orleans to the former, and the Duke of Nemours to the latter. The marriage of Louis Philippe's youngest son, the

Duke of Montpensier, was more difficult to conclude. The Queen of Spain, Isabella, was unmarried; all the Sovereigns of Europe set to match-making for her benefit. Knowing Louis Philippe's propensities, foreign statesmen expected him to put forward Montpensier as a suitor—the cunning old fox knew better. She had a sister, a pretty little girl, named Louisa, who was just budding into womanhood. Her the French King—solemnly protesting that his regard for his allies prevented his seeking her sister's hand for his son—selected for his daughter-in-law. England saw through the scheme, and vehemently opposed it; but the Spanish Queen-Mother, Christina, was induced to give her support to the project. Her object was to marry her daughter to her nephew by marriage, Don Francisco d'Assis, who was an imbecile in mind, and effeminate and weakly in body; and this was precisely what Louis Philippe desired. Availing herself of a fit of ill-temper, to which Isabella was subject, Christina proposed the marriage, extorted a reluctant assent from her daughter, and had it celebrated that very night. Within an hour, Don Francisco became the Queen's husband, and the Duke of Montpensier the consort of her sister.

Thus far all had gone well with Louis Philippe. He had lost his eldest son, it was true; but the Duke had lived at open variance with his father, and, however deeply the King's paternal affection felt the shock, his policy was a gainer by the bereavement. The Duc de Nemours had married the first cousin of the Queen of England. D'Aumale was the richest man in France. Montpensier stood a fair chance of succeeding to the Spanish throne. His daughter ruled her husband, the King of the Belgians. Even Joinville had contrived, by artfully pandering to the French prejudice against England, to gain considerable popularity in France. The King's authority seemed secure. A compact majority sustained his Ministers in the House. Severe laws curbed the press. An active police force crushed sedition. To a superficial observer no dynasty in Europe seemed so fair or so prosperous as the house of Orleans in October, 1846.

Sixteen months afterward the rottenness of the basis on which it rested became apparent. The nation demanded electoral reform: the King—obedient to the invariable law that reformers in office are the most obstinate of conservatives—refused to yield an inch. Banquets all over France menaced the throne. On 22d February, 1848, a banquet was to be held at Paris. Two days before, the walls were placarded with notices prohibiting assemblages on that day; and on the morning of the 22d the Place de la Concorde and the boulevards were filled with soldiers, among whom the uniform of the mounted municipal guards was conspicuous. Crowds thronged the streets, wandering to and fro, apparently without a motive; but every now and then a *gamin* threw a stone at a soldier, and the crowd applauded the act. Re-

taliation on the part of the military roused the anger of the populace. A woman—street-frays always begin with the killing of women—was thrust through the back by a brutal horseman. Hundreds of men rushed to avenge the deed. Every straw showed how the wind blew.

On the night of the 22d barricades rose. Next day the National Guards appeared in the streets, and marched round the city calling for Reform! Bugeaud, who commanded the garrison, advised energetic resistance and the argument of "infallible artillery;" but Louis Philippe had lost his presence of mind, and would consent to nothing. When he heard that the troops on the boulevards had fraternized with the insurgents, he agreed to dismiss his Ministers, and appoint popular men in their stead; but it was too late. All Paris was in commotion. Hard fighting was going on at the Palais Royal. Emile de Girardin—who is said to be the illegitimate son of Adelaide, the King's sister—thrust a pen into his hand, and forced him to sign an act of abdication in favor of his grandson, the Count of Paris. With this he hurried to the Chamber of Deputies, where the Duchess of Orleans, accompanied by her children and her brothers-in-law, Nemours and Montpensier, soon made their appearance. The House was in confusion. A desultory debate on forms began, when a body of armed insurgents burst open the doors and dissolved the sitting at the point of the bayonet. To seize the chair which M. Sauzet, more from stupidity than cowardice, had just vacated, to place in it M. Dupont de l'Eure, and to vote a Provisional Government, was the work of an instant. The monarchy was overthrown.

Louis Philippe, paralyzed by the rapidity of events, remained in a state of abject imbecility while his throne was falling. To Bugeaud's prayers that the cannon of the Caroussel might be used he would not listen; his ear was closed to every manly proposal. While he was wringing his hands at the thought of the abdication which had been extorted from him, the mob invaded the Tuileries, and the King, with his wife, fled precipitately to St. Cloud. There again, some of his officers proposed resistance; but Louis Philippe thought of nothing but flight. Having borrowed a couple of hundred francs he posted to Versailles, and thence to Dreux. There he learned the proclamation of the republic, which completely prostrated him. He shaved his whiskers, called himself Mr. Smith, and hastened to the sea-coast. Over and over again he was recognized, and might have been seized, had the agents of the republic sought to secure his person. Though profoundly terrified, he could not avoid betraying himself by his language, and constantly muttered, "Like Charles the Tenth! Like Charles the Tenth!" At length, after several days of agony he embarked on board an English steamer, and landed, broken-hearted and penniless, in a foreign land.

At Claremont House, which belonged to his son-in-law, the King of the Belgians, he spent

the brief remainder of his life in comparative poverty, under the name of the Count de Neuilly. Repose was the only benefit misfortune had brought him; all his manhood and his philosophy had departed. The British nobility and the royal family visited him in his retirement; but there was nothing in his demeanor of the calm resignation and noble fortitude which might have been expected from his checkered fortunes. On becoming a king, Louis Philippe had ceased to be an uncommon man. He died a very ordinary one.

None of his sons have earned celebrity. Nemours and Montpensier are involved in the disgrace of having allowed the Government to be overthrown in 1848 without a struggle to maintain their father. The Duchess of Orleans lives in retirement, educating her son. Of Joinville and D'Aumale the world hears nothing. It is said that the family have agreed to waive their claims on the throne in favor of Henri V., the Bourbon heir; if any such bargain has been made, it was intended as a blind to the world. If Napoleon falls, and a monarchy succeeds him, the sceptre will belong to him who has nerve and power to grasp it.

MARY RANKIN, A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

I HAD been the medical attendant of Mr. Rankin for many years. On coming to the place to start in my profession, I had been accidentally called in to his family, and was so fortunate as to establish a confidence which never deserted me. He continued my warm friend through all the struggles of my early years, and it was perhaps mainly owing to his influence that I gathered about me an amount of business, and that in the best families of the place, in a few months, which most men are glad to reach in as many years. Of course I was warmly attached to him and his family, which at the time of which I write consisted of two daughters, Ellen and Mary.

In Mr. Rankin, I am free to say, few men found any thing to like. He was a stern, proud old man, and eminently aristocratic in his notions and feelings, and so distant in his manners from those at all below him, that he had few friends among them. Among those he chose to consider his equals he was respected for his wealth, for he was rich, and this gave him influence among all classes. He had lost his wife about a year after the birth of his daughter Mary. She was a woman whose character was in strange and striking contrast with his. Every body loved and esteemed her.

The same difference existed between his daughters. Ellen was like her father—the same dark, flashing eye, the same erect form and high bearing and distant manners—while Mary grew up to be one of the gentlest of womankind. Her mild face, and calm blue eyes, and gentle ways, all spoke of the kindest feelings of a heart that was ready always to spread gladness around her.

It always seemed to me a singular feature in

the character of the father, that he would occasionally take a fancy to some individual who was struggling on in the world against the tide, and making little progress, and use all his influence to raise him up. He was never known, I believe, to use his money for this purpose. It may have been only the pride of feeling how much influence he had, more than any real satisfaction he took in such acts. I have already said that I had the benefit of this. Another was a young artist, who, like very many of his profession, had a large share of talent in the way of his art, but no tact at attracting the notice of the world. He was poor and ambitious, two qualities in general most unfit to go side by side in the same person. Mr. Rankin encouraged him—spoke of him in terms of praise to his friends—called often to see him, and stimulated his ambition; and finally—it must have been in a fit of absence of mind—very foolishly invited him to his house.

He might have known better. He might have known that Ellen would treat him with the proudest scorn and contempt, and, more than all, he ought to have known that Mary would pity and love him. There are hearts that run together as the streams of water—hearts that God made to beat side by side, and for each other. And such were those of Philip Fellows and Mary Rankin, and it was only the old story over again. The father discovered it too late, and drove him from the house. He was no deeper read in romance than he was in the human heart, or he would have known how useless that was. Mary had never known, before she met Philip, what it was to have the sympathy of another heart to lean on; and when he was gone, and she met nothing but the stern, cold looks of her father and sister—as stern, and cold, and pitiless as the icebergs of the polar sea—she felt ready to do any thing, and the very first opportunity she ran away with Philip and became his wife.

All attempts at reconciliation were vain. They did not seek for it. But all her friends did, and were met with relentless denial. Mr. Rankin's influence was exerted now to ruin his son-in-law. At first he found it no easy matter, for Philip had become a general favorite. But by perseverance he finally succeeded in drawing away his friends from his support. Mary's name seemed forgotten in her father's house. At least it was never suffered to be mentioned there.

I have found it necessary to say so much, that the reader may be prepared for the following narrative, which I shall give mostly from my diary:

"July 1. As I was stepping into my carriage this morning, I was stopped by a voice calling my name. It was my young friend, Philip Fellows, a young artist who had married Mary Rankin, three years ago, and whom I had not seen for more than a year.

(Here follows the substance of what I have stated above.)

"I was shocked at his appearance, and took him at once into my office.

"Why, what is the matter, Philip?" I inquired. "Are you sick?"

"No, Doctor, I am not sick, but Mary—" and he brushed away a tear that rose to his eye, and his words were choked in his throat.

"Sit down, my dear fellow. I have always a few minutes to spare with you, you know, and especially now, after not having seen you in so long a time. Now tell me all about yourself, where you have been, and what you have been doing. But first, where is Mary?"

"We are stopping at Mr. A.'s, where we arrived last night. I have been in New York for a few months, doing little or nothing but fighting a desperate battle with destiny, and seeing her waste away by my side, till I fear she is dying"—and he covered his face this time, and wept like a child.

"We found a good friend in Doctor G—y, who knows you, and he has sent us up here again to try what the change may do for her. You will come and see her, Doctor."

"This very moment, Philip. But, cheer up! It may not be so bad as you fear."

"It can not be worse, at all events."

"We drove at once to Mr. A.'s. Mary was lying on the sofa, and I saw that, though very much altered, the change was not as great in her as in her husband. She received me with one of her old-fashioned smiles, which perhaps was a little saddened, and for some time she talked cheerfully and hopefully about herself. But it was for Philip that she manifested the most anxiety; and I began to think, before my visit was over, that he might in reality be the one who needed my services most. I made no prescription for her, and only gave some general advice as to her care of herself, promising to call every day and see her.

"*Evening.*—I have just returned from seeing her again. I was summoned in great haste, and found her just recovering from a sort of swoon, in which she had lain so long that they feared she was dead. Her husband was sitting on the side of the bed, holding her hand, and watching with a look of the most utter despair every breath as she slowly revived. At length she opened her eyes, and looked around on our anxious faces, and then on him.

"I thought I was dying," she said, "and the songs of the other world were sounding in my ears. But I am glad for your sake, dear Phil, that I have come back. You would miss me so—wouldn't you? And those dreary nights—how terribly dark they would be to you without me!—and then you would be thinking of the darker grave where your wife was sleeping. I am not afraid to die; but I want to live for your sake, Phil"—and she wound her slender, white arm around his neck, and drew him down till his cheek rested on hers.

"He was weeping bitterly while she was calm, and every word was uttered in the plainest but most touching tones of the true and earnest af-

fection that flowed out from her gentle heart. She seemed separated only by a breath from heaven, yet bound to earth, or rather to her husband, by a tie that was stronger than death. There was an awful stillness around them in the dimly-lighted room, and we stood looking at them as if both had been dead.

"Soon she spoke again.

"Do not weep so, dear Phil. I am here with you. I shall not die yet. I can not leave you now to struggle on alone in this hard world. Look at me—speak to me, Phil. It will make me feel stronger to hear your voice."

"He loosened her arm gently from his neck, and rising up, looked in her face with a calm smile, and she smiled as she said,

"There, that is right. We shall be happy again. In a few days I shall be well and strong and by your side again. We will walk out in the green fields, and in the woods where we used to wander years ago, when we first loved each other, but no better than we do now. God has not deserted us yet, Phil, dark and dreary as much of the past has been to you. I have seen the light all the way, and it is shining on us now."

"She knew not what, nor how far off, the light was; but the strong faith and hope of her fond heart saw it, and never lost sight of it. Many and many a time, as Philip told me to-night, in the cloudiest and dreariest days of their sorrow, had she thus cheered and strengthened his faltering heart, who saw it only with the eye of her faith; and yet encouraged by her promise, believed and hoped it might yet shine on them, or on her; for he could have borne all his misery alone, but for the ever-recurring reflection that he had brought the shadow over her.

"It is a terrible thing to witness the contest of a strong mind against adversity; to see care, and anxiety, and watchfulness, and labor—hard, steady, unremitting labor, unrewarded by success; to see a noble-hearted man toiling and moiling on in the fierce battle of life—now cast down, and almost given up to despair; and now, encouraged by some faintest ray of light, rising up again to fight on; to see and know that day and night are spent in the same unremitting and vain contest; that the body is wasting away, and the eye growing sunken and dim, and the face haggard and wan with the strife of the mind against circumstances. But such are the very men, who, if the tide should turn in their favor, would be the admiration of the world. I have a great respect for such men.

"After making such prescription as was necessary, and advising that she should be kept quiet through the night, I beckoned Philip into the next room, and told him I wanted to know all about him since he had been absent. He told me a sad tale of his struggles and poverty, and how his heart would have failed him long ago if it had not been for his wife.

"And why did you not come to me, Philip?"

"Why, to tell the truth, my desertion by all my friends here has made me suspicious and

proud, and I was determined to fight my battle alone.'

"That was all nonsense. But now cheer up! I have no doubt Mary speaks the truth. She will not die now, and there are brighter days ahead. You must believe it, and let her see that you believe it; for there is nothing the matter with her but her anxiety for you. Every thing depends upon you. Trust in God, and keep a strong heart.'

"I try, Doctor; but my heart accuses me so much for making her the sharer of my hard fate, that I can not bear to look her in the face, she is so patient and resigned. I have even thought of suicide, so that she might have a chance of being restored to what she was. God bless her! She is too good for me, or for this world!

"Not a bit of it, Philip. If it were not for the few like her in the world, I would hardly blame men for cutting their throats. But for you, who have got one of the capital prizes in this grand lottery, why, man, you ought to be content to be poor!

"So I would be, if it were not for her sake. I can not bear to see her suffer. Do you remember her as she was when we were married, Doctor? Look here—'

"And he showed me a miniature of his wife taken at that time. It was one of the most exquisite paintings of his pencil. It was Mary herself in all but life, sitting in an attitude which she often assumed—her elbow resting on the arm of her chair, and her hand supporting her head, with her fingers partly hidden by the smooth and glossy hair under which they lay, and her thoughtful eye just elevated enough to look into yours with an expression of unutterable fondness; for she was looking at her husband when it was taken.

"It is a perfect gem, Philip,' said I.

"Do you think so? You shall have it if she gets well; for I believe you would value it most, next to me.'

"Then I'll take it now, for I consider it mine;' and I put it into my pocket.

"He did not oppose it; and I saw that this little act went far to establish his confidence in my opinion, for he parted from me with a more cheerful face than I had seen him wear before.

"Good-night, Philip. Now keep up your courage, and especially before Mary.'

"God bless you, Doctor!' and his eye glistened with something like a tear.

"July 2. 'What did you say to Philip last night, Doctor, that has made him so cheerful?' Mary asked me as I entered her room this morning.

"Oh, I only made a little bargain with him, by which he has transferred part of his property in you to me.'

"She looked puzzled, and I showed her the picture.

"The consideration is, that you are to get well, which I assured him of. Now, you must do your best to help me; for I am to give it back if my promise fails.'

"He is a noble man, Doctor; and I feel that it is more my constant concern for him that is wearing away my health than any actual disease.'

"I have discovered that already, my dear girl, and you must set your mind at rest on that subject. I am glad he has come back here, for he will find warm friends, I know. We must make another effort to reconcile your father, Mary.'

"Oh, Doctor!' she exclaimed, and her eyes filled with tears, 'if it could be done, it would take a terrible load off this poor heart. I do not feel that I did wrong, but it is very hard to live so estranged from him and Ellen. I do not care for the loss of the comforts his wealth would bring; but I want to know that he is reconciled to us, and does not hate us.'

It was astonishing with what inveterate rancor her father persisted in his hostility. All Philip's old friends gathered around him again, and took a deep interest in him. I believe many of them were heartily ashamed that they had ever been led by Mr. Rankin to withdraw their support and countenance from Philip, and now exhibited a disposition to atone for it, by extra efforts in his behalf. Not a few called on him, and candidly told him the reason of their conduct, and expressed their regret. This did much to restore his self-confidence, and give him new courage; and his new cheerfulness did for Mary what all the medicine in the world could not do. She improved rapidly in strength, and soon became unaffectedly cheerful. Philip resumed his work, and once more fortune began to smile.

I called on her father, and told him all I had learned from Philip, and that they had returned here on account of Mary's health. He sneered at this, as if he regarded it only as a pretense to excite his pity, which he saw through at once. I was a little disposed to be angry, but swallowed my spite, and urged every consideration I could to induce him to relent, and was astonished at his firm and unwavering determination to have nothing to do with them.

"Will you not at least see her?" I finally asked.

"I will not," he replied; "and I will do nothing for her so long as she lives with that man."

This qualification looked like a very dim ray of hope, and yet a ray that might brighten.

"Shall I tell her this, Mr. Rankin?"

"Yes; and tell her if she will leave him, and come back to my house, she shall have a home as long as she lives. But with him—never."

I returned at once with the message, and communicated it to Mary, for I did not fear its effect upon her. At first a tear rose to her eye, and seemed ready to fall; but almost instantly it gave place to a smile of calm resignation, as she looked up into my face, as if to ask what I thought.

"Be patient, Mary," I replied to her look, "and trust in God. Stick to Philip, at all events."

At this moment he entered.

"Have you seen him, Doctor?" he asked.

"Yes," said his wife, before I could reply; "and he offers to take me back if I will leave you."

I saw a cloud gathering on his brow, which, however, vanished at once as he caught my eye, and taking her hand in his, he looked for a moment in her face before he said:

"And had you not better accept it, Mary?"

"And leave you—live without you, Phil? No—we should both die then, and now we are going to live and be happy."

There is a world of the best and truest feeling in the heart of that girl—or woman, I must call her now.

"July 15. Ellen is to be married. This, it seems, is still a secret among her friends, but has transpired in rather a curious way. A gentleman called to-day at Philip's rooms, and wished him to paint his miniature. He desired Philip to say nothing about it, as he intended it for a lady he was about to marry, and wished to surprise her with it. The artist happened to be in one of his best humors, and soon charmed the stranger with his conversation and manner, for when in such a mood, he exerts all his powers to bring out and keep up the full expression of his sitter's face. Just before the sitting closed, the gentleman referred to Mr. Rankin, and asked Philip if he knew him. His face was instantly clouded. There was something in the way in which the question was asked, that at once aroused his suspicions that the stranger was some way connected with Mr. Rankin; and he laid down his pencil and said he should do no more to-day.

"The change was not unnoticed by his companion, who instantly ran up, and approaching Philip, said, with a kind, apologizing voice and manner:

"I fear I have made some sad mistake."

"If you are a friend of Mr. Rankin," replied Philip, coldly, 'you have certainly made a very great mistake.'

"Firm and distant as Philip had grown under his misfortunes and neglect, he was not proof against kindness; and in half an hour more the stranger had his whole story.

"Why, this ought not to be," said he. 'Perhaps you was rash and foolish. But if I am to marry the other daughter—there, I have told you now, in spite of all my caution—but if I am to marry Ellen, there must be no discord in the family. You have suffered enough; and if your wife is what you describe her, I do not think but any man would have been tempted to do the same thing.'

"Come and see her for yourself," said Philip, all his good-humor restored at the stranger's kind frankness; and putting on his hat, he led the way at once to his house.

"I happened to be there when they arrived.

"Just like you, dear Phil," said Mary, laughing, when Mr. Allen had been introduced, and Philip had told what had passed between them.

"We have thus found a new, and, I hope,

powerful ally, in this man. He seems one of the most generous-hearted men I ever met; and when we had talked over the whole history of our young friends, he entered warmly into all our plans for bringing about a reunion. We left the house together, and when we parted he said:

"It must be done, Doctor. They are as noble a pair of beings as I ever knew. Mr. Rankin does not know him, or he would not treat him so."

"I shook my head, for I must confess I am not at all sanguine in my hope of reconciling them. Allen left me with his face very thoughtful. It is no light thing to discover such a feature in the character of those we love as he has this day found in Ellen."

As the summer advanced Mary's health was entirely restored. Her husband, encouraged by the return of his old friends and patrons, but especially by the unremitting friendship and encouragement of Allen, became himself again. But no progress was made toward softening the obduracy of his father-in-law. No direct attempts, indeed, were made, after my unsuccessful one, for some considerable time, for all seemed to think it would be better to wait till a favorable opportunity should present itself, when circumstances might aid us.

Allen was one day walking with Ellen, when they suddenly encountered Mary. Allen bowed with a cordial smile as they met, but his companion did not recognize her, or change a feature as they passed. The next day he called at my office and mentioned the circumstance, and expressed his surprise at it. It showed him how firm was the determination of the Rankins to disown Mary, and he did not seem to feel at all easy at the state things were in.

"I have never yet said any thing to them about my acquaintance with Fellows," said he, "because no opportunity has seemed to be just right for it. But the moment the proper one occurs, I shall improve it, whatever may be the consequences."

And it did occur that very evening. At a large and brilliant party at Mrs. T——'s, the whole company was electrified by a sudden and unexpected remark from Allen. Mr. Rankin and a number of others were discussing, in their way, the merits of a large painting on one side of the room, when Allen joined them, and made some criticism in his peculiarly clear and distinct voice. It drew the attention of the whole assembly, when he continued:

"But I met a young artist in your place, some time since, by the name of Fellows, who, I think, is one of the noblest persons I ever saw. I was no more impressed with his taste and skill than with his great intelligence. While I was at his rooms one day, a gentleman was sitting for his picture, and I was surprised at the ease with which he discovered, almost instinctively, the leading traits of his mind, and then kept him so constantly engaged in conversation, that the man

forgot he was sitting for his portrait, and lost all the restraint and stiffness one involuntarily assumes at such a time. Do you know him, Mr. Rankin?"

I was astonished at the inimitable coolness with which he turned to him as he asked the question. Rankin looked him in the face with a searching glance, but met only the calm look of inquiry which Allen had put on, and which did not desert him for an instant.

"No," was his only reply.

"You ought to know him—though it is often the fate of such men to live and die unknown. The place ought to be proud of him, though it affords too mean a field for his powers. If he had lived in ancient Greece he would have been honored by the whole nation. He would rise rapidly in the world with proper encouragement, and leave his mark when he dies. You must some of you know him, gentlemen."

The whole company was fairly and skillfully cornered, and driven into a candid acknowledgment of the merits of the young artist, in the very presence of his bitterest enemy. But Rankin and his daughter were cold and impassible, and took their leave directly after supper. The next day Allen received a note from Mr. Rankin, saying that circumstances had occurred which would make it desirable that his engagement with his daughter should be recalled. He evidently saw that Philip was regaining his former position among his friends, and that his own influence could no longer hinder it. But, in spite of this, his pride was determined not to give way, and he was fortifying himself to withstand all interference.

And thus months passed on—months of hard study and toil, but cheered and encouraged by success, and the warm attachment of friends, and the smiles of his angelic wife, so that Philip was himself again, when I was summoned one evening to see Mary. She had taken a severe cold, and had some fever. Philip was alarmed—as he always was at the slightest illness of his wife—but I soon quieted his fears, and made my prescriptions without any apprehension of danger. Two hours later I found her in a raving delirium. All that night we sat by her side, and for days after we watched her with the intensest anxiety, till life seemed on the verge of death. Hope there seemed none.

It was at this juncture that our good minister proposed that her father should be informed of her state, and volunteered to see him. The interview was one which for a long time threw a cloud over the heart of the worthy old man, who had been for nearly half a century the universally esteemed minister of the parish. Upon announcing his errand, Mr. Rankin replied:

"The same thing has been tried before, Sir; but it will not have any more effect now than then."

"But she is really apparently dying. She has not known any of us for days. The Doctor says he can not give us the slightest hope. Let me beg of you to think better of it, Mr. Ran-

kin, and not let the cold grave close over your hate."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Rankin, looking coldly and unmoved in the face of the minister, and evidently not believing him, "I presume she will get well. But it does not look well for such men as you and Doctor P. to be lending yourselves to this little kind of trickery, to cheat a man like me into an act he has resolved not to commit. But did I believe that she was as sick as you say she is, it would not alter my determination, which has grown stronger for years. I shall make my will to-morrow, Sir, and she shall not have a shilling of my property. I was never sick a day in my life, and I am far from being an old man yet. But I will secure myself, in this point, against all contingencies. Neither she nor her husband shall ever inherit a cent from me. No, Sir—not another word on this subject. I shall make my will to-morrow, and do as I have said."

"May God forgive you!" said the good man.

It apparently made little difference in the case of Mary what course her father chose to pursue; for we looked upon her every hour as dying. The attendants moved noiselessly about the room, and we scarcely breathed aloud, for it seemed as if a rude breath might break the slender tie that bound her to us. I remember well the night when, after days had passed in the wild and furious delirium of her fever, that we saw it gradually subside, and she slept. Philip asked me if she was dying, and I could not answer him. I saw the moisture gathering on her lip and on her forehead, and her pulse was winding threadlike and quiet under my finger, and her breath came slowly while the crimson flush that had covered her face gave place to a deadly paleness, and all seemed to bear the air of speedy dissolution. Yet it might be a change for the better. It was just as we were watching her that the minister returned from his fruitless errand. He saw in our faces the fears that were agitating our hearts; and only saying, "Let us pray," he knelt and poured forth an earnest prayer for the dying girl. He prayed for Philip—the heart-stricken and weary husband—and his words breathed calmness and consolation into all our breasts. He prayed for her father—the hard-hearted and vindictive old man—that he might be forgiven, though he himself was relentless as death; and that his heart might be turned, though it should be only to the memory of his child when the grave had closed over her in its cold gloom and darkness; and though to her ear the long wished-for sound of his forgiveness might not reach, yet that he might not die before his heart should be melted. And we all said "Amen!" for the soul of every one present went up with the prayer of the good old man. And then we sat down by the bedside and prepared to keep our anxious vigils over Mary, hardly hoping that her eye would ever open again upon the coming day.

I find in my journal the following entry made the next morning:

"How strange the mutations of life! How mysterious the ways of God. I was called from the side of Mary this morning to the house of Mr. Rankin. The message was urgent, and the servant said that Miss Ellen begged that I would not delay a moment, for her father was very ill. Day was just breaking as I reached the house. All was confusion and disorder, and every face showed that something terrible had happened. I hastened to the bedroom of Mr. Rankin, and as I entered I met a most agonizing sight. He was sitting upright in his chair—his hands clenching the arms as if they would crush the solid wood in their grasp—his face bloated and purple, and the large veins distended all over it as if they would burst—his eyes wild and almost protruding from their sockets, and his chest rapidly heaving and struggling for the breath which he was gasping for almost in vain. He could hardly be said to breathe, but it was a rapid panting, like a horse that had been over-driven, each effort failing to fill his lungs. I saw at a glance that he was laboring under a severe attack of congestion of that organ. His wild and despairing eye was fixed upon me the moment I entered the room, and never left me for an instant. He could not speak, but his look seemed to ask most emphatically, 'Am I dying?'"

"Ellen stood by his side, absorbed in grief. Her feeling was all aroused now. She loved her father. They had for years been mutually dependent upon each other for society at home—they were beings of the same spirit, and now she saw him about to be taken from her side, and her grief was without restraint.

"I at once opened a vein, and as the blood flowed in a large full stream, he seemed to be relieved, and in a few moments the most alarming symptoms had passed away. Having made such prescriptions as were necessary, and enjoined the utmost quiet, and that he should not be disturbed or agitated in any way, I left, promising to be in again about nine o'clock.

"It was nearly ten when I returned, and I was surprised to find a lawyer by his side preparing to write his will. Mr. Rankin was not able to speak so as to be understood, and the lawyer was asking his questions, which he answered by signs. I of course urged them to desist, and assured Mr. Rankin that he now stood a very fair chance to recover, and that the agitation might bring on another attack. But he shook his head and motioned to the lawyer to go on.

"'Do I understand you to mean, that you wish to give all your property to this daughter?' he asked.

"Mr. Rankin nodded an affirmative.

"'And you give nothing to the other.'

"He shook his head.

"'But Mr. Rankin—'

"The old man interrupted him with a look. I then attempted to speak, but he cut me short in the same way. I did not wish to agitate him by persisting, and turned away with a heavy heart while the lawyer wrote the will. When

he had finished the paper which required but few words, Mr. Rankin by a sign indicated his wish to have it read. After the usual formal preliminaries were read, the lawyer continued:

"'I give and bequeath to my daughter Mary—'

"Mr. Rankin started as if he would spring from his seat—his face became intensely purple, as if the blood was ready to break through every pore—he clutched the arms of his chair with a convulsive grasp—gasped a few times rapidly, and with a strong effort for breath—and was dead!"

By some strange mistake the lawyer had inserted the wrong name in the will, and hence the excitement which caused the sudden event. Mary was now equal heir with her sister to the immense property of her father.

As soon as decency would permit I left the house and hastened to the side of Mary. To my gratification I found her just awaking from the sleep of hours, and she was evidently better. She continued from this time slowly to recover, but weeks had passed before we judged it proper to communicate to her the intelligence of her father's death.

HOW WE STAND AND HOW WE WALK.

HELPLESS and joyless lies the stone where the terrible force of a volcano or the playful hand of an infant has thrown it. Longing and yearning sees the beautiful flower its own shadow pass, as in bitter mockery, around its foot and mark the passing hour. For Motion is Life—it is the first, the only source of earthly joy. Hence there is no conscious, organic being on earth that does not rejoice, by some free and voluntary motion, in the full control over its own body. The microscopic dweller in a drop of water moves in exuberant joy through his minute world; the gigantic whale throws sportively his huge body high into the air, and plunges, with strange delight, back again into the dark world beneath the waves. Some are, like Prometheus, bound to the immovable rock, or condemned, polyp-like, from the day of their birth to build their own grave; but even these captives play merrily with fibre and fringe. How much more the happier hosts to whom it is given to roam in full freedom through the wide realms of air and water!

Human ingenuity never even imagined such a variety of truly wonderful means as Nature has bestowed upon her children on earth, merely for the purpose of endowing them with this power of motion. Here an apparently poor and neglected step-child is made to carry its own heavy house wherever it goes, and yet doomed to live not on land but in the water. But a small, long, unobserved air-bubble lies far in the innermost chambers of its dark dwelling; and when it wishes to sink to the bottom of its little realm, it draws back into its shell, compresses the air, thus increasing its own weight, and is soon seen gently to glide downward. Then again, creeping out of its hut, and leaving behind it a vacant

space, void of air, it rises once more to the surface, as with a well-filled balloon. Helpless beings, without bone or substance, mere minute masses of transparent jelly, have still most delicate fringes and feathers, which serve them as oar and paddle, and convey them, quick as the rushing wave, from place to place. How oddly the clumsy leech looks when it first, with grave deliberation, and slow, sluggish effort, fixes its sucking mouth to a suitable place, and then, as slowly and sluggishly, draws its long, unwieldy body forward!

The footless worm contracts and expands its countless rings, and hooks itself with tiny, hardly visible prickles to the uneven surface: thus it toils over the rough earth and grating sand, yet moving smoothly and silently, without apparent effort, in whatever direction its fancy may lead it. The fish bends its elastic spine from side to side, and shoots, like a meteor, through the soft, yielding element. Beetles and grasshoppers have springs of vast power and size, by means of which they leap high into the air, and yet never fail to alight on the precise spot of their choice; while birds beat with equal wing the elastic air and sail unhindered through the wide heaven. Animals with closed hoofs, even the gigantic elephant, walk upon the points of their toes; cloven-footed beasts step upon two; cats and dogs upon five. The bear and the ape put down but a part of their sole, and the heel only occasionally. Man alone walks upon the whole sole of his foot.

The mark of the foot in the soft soil betrays the animal to the skillful hunter; the same faint imprint tells, at a glance, to the naturalist, the form of the leg and the structure of the whole body. He sees, in an instant, before his mind's eye, the owner in its true existence; in its foot he reads its teeth, in its teeth the food it subsists on and the enemies that pursue it. For, small or great, all things work together. The manner of life is not the result of the structure, nor the structure the effect of the mode of life. Both were long predetermined in the great plan of the Almighty when he created heaven and earth. There alone must we look for the "secret law" that rules the universe, for the "sacred enigma" that Science endeavors to solve in Nature.

Far more striking yet is the incredible variety which Nature displays in adapting the given means of motion to the different elements in which animals are destined to live. The great simplicity and astounding beauty of her mechanics strike and amaze even the careless observer, and impress the more serious student with a deep and renewed conviction that God's works are truly wondrous and far beyond chance or human conception. But the great master of the ancients, Galen, has already said: "The contrivances of Nature are so various, and consummately skillful, that the wisest of mankind, in endeavoring to search them out, have not yet been able to discover them all." So said the wisest of men, even Solomon. So it is now.

Much is still unknown—seen indeed, but seen through a glass, darkly. Not many years ago, the sloth was still pitied in nurseries and universities, because its strange shape and enormous claws did not allow it to move except with extreme slowness and great pain. Destined, however, to live in the close jungle of impenetrable forests, where walking is out of question, it is now found to be admirably adapted to its home. Clinging with its claws to the branches of trees, on whose foliage it lives, it moves, head downward, with great rapidity and in perfectly painless enjoyment.

But would we be happier if we knew more? Is the wisdom of the Creator any where more strikingly illustrated than in the rich treasures of knowledge which are still held out as glorious prizes to be won by eager students? What we know fills us with overflowing gratitude and boundless admiration; what we do not know shows us the majesty of the Most High, and spurs us on, not to seek rest and repose, but new wonders and new blessings in the world around us.

It is with such an aim that the well-known Bridgewater Treatises were written; it is for a special purpose of this kind that Paley's masterly effort described the wondrous structure of the human body. For thus only Nature ought to be studied; thus only science becomes truly useful, and knowledge begins to tend toward the skies. Even the humblest attempt in this direction may bring forth some new aspect, may suggest some new thought, or awaken new feelings; and with such hopes only shall we approach in these notes some parts of the human frame.

Its great characteristics, those features that most essentially, if not alone, distinguish it from those of other animals, are the Foot and the Hand.

The human foot—which some great masters of our day consider even a more striking evidence of man's superiority than his hand—is certainly a structure full of long unsuspected wonders. Its part and duty in the whole frame at once separate man from the rest of creation; it leads him into an entirely different sphere of life and action. Standing upright upon his feet, man gains, by this simple act, a more noble and imposing carriage than the highest being that lives upon earth. He looks around him upon beast and herb, as he to whom all were given by the Lord himself; like the true master of the house, he overlooks his vast domain. He is raised—for a while—high above the dust from which he was taken; and thus typifies, by his position, that he belongs not to earth only but also to heaven.

His feet, and the upright carriage which they produce, affect and alter the whole formation of his body. The intestines, which, in animals, lie horizontally, are, with him, arranged perpendicularly; and the blood that, in their bodies, runs first lengthways, and then only up and down, courses through his veins but in one di-

rection, from the heart downward and back again. Hence an attempt to walk on all-fours makes it rush to the head, and proves at once, that, as man has not, like the apes, four hands, because he is not destined to live with them upon trees, so he was not fashioned to use, like quadrupeds, both hands and feet for the purpose of walking. He can not do it. The child, it is true, in its first year, moves with arms and legs at the same time; but it crawls upon its knees only, and not upon its feet. The thigh bones of man are so long that the knees, if they were drawn up as in the walking of animals, would come close before and alongside of the elbows. To move thus is, if not absolutely impossible, at least very painful, especially if the face is not to look downward. For to bend back his neck in that position, man would have to exert muscles of his neck which are not accustomed to such a task, and would soon refuse to render the service. Quadrupeds have for that special purpose what man lacks, because he needs it not—a most powerful, elastic band running alongside of the head and braced to the back. It aids them in holding up the heavy head, whose weight is increased by its place at the end of a long neck, and thus enables them to look around as freely as man does in his upright position.

They, on the other hand, can as little walk upright, because with them also it brings heart, intestines, and blood-vessels into an unnatural position. Their horizontal spine has to be supported at both ends by feet, so that, in walking, they move mostly the opposite hind and fore-foot at the same time. Men and birds alone need but one point to support themselves, and can, therefore, move one foot freely while the other supports the body. Hence mainly the laughable resemblance of a bird without his feather-dress and the human body. It is well known how already Plato had made a comparison between the two, and how Diogenes played him the trick, unworthy of both philosophers, of thrusting a plucked fowl into the crowd of eagerly listening students, with the words: "Here is Plato's man!"

Nature, however, is a liberal mistress; she gives not only the means of motion, but teaches her children also to use them with success and safety. Her spider spins without the distaff; her bee builds without a rule; and her tailor-bird sews without a needle. Thus she teaches us all to place, standing or walking, the centre of gravity so that it not only secures the safety of our movements, but also enables us to concentrate the whole power of our body upon one point. Hence heart and stomach lie always near the centre, sometimes before, sometimes behind it, but invariably more toward the front, because head and neck are too light in comparison with the lower limbs. For the sake of greater security some animals have regular balancing-poles, with which they regulate all possible defects and protect themselves in emergencies. The fish has fins below and at the

sides, which allow him to glide swiftly and safely through the waters, or to bask in the warm sunlight, calmly suspended in his transparent home. Is he benumbed or dead? these fins cease to be active, and he turns immediately with his belly upward. Deprive him of either fin, and his motion becomes uncertain—he reels, as if drunken, from side to side. Mussels and snails have air-chambers; birds a long, flexible neck; quadrupeds, besides necks, tails, and occasionally horns, for the same purpose. Man, at last, balances himself with his arms in walking and running. It is not accident that raises the horse's bushy tail high into the air, when it races about in frisky, youthful exuberance; nor does chance teach it to bend head and neck low when it drags, slowly and painfully, heavy loads up steep mountain-sides. The squirrel is balanced and aided by his long feathery tail; and when the cat springs with fierce precision upon its unsuspecting prey, it also is guided through the air by its stiffly-extended tail. The untaught boy already moves his outstretched arms instinctively up and down, as he first attempts to walk a narrow plank, or to cross a brook on a single log. The rope-dancer but adds to the length of his arms by his pole, and thus walks the more safely on his perilous path.

The whole process of walking, however, is a constant balancing of the human body. Standing still, it rests upon the two column-shaped legs, so that the centre of gravity falls between the two heels. As soon as we begin to walk we transfer the body from one foot to the other, during which transfer the legs at the same time change place with each other and move forward. One leg supports the body, the other glides to its next resting-place. Slightly bent, so as not to touch the ground, it swings like a pendulum, held up by neither bone nor sinew, but merely by the pressure of the air, while the supporting leg bends likewise, and the body thus literally falls forward. But before it actually falls the swinging leg has accomplished its movement, and, resting upon the ground, it supports, in its turn, the body. In running quickly there is, therefore, a moment when the body really hangs in the air without any support whatever.

But while Nature thus furnishes means of motion with that admirable, mechanical perfection which always obtains the largest results by the smallest means, she yet leaves to the happy possessor the pure enjoyment of using them, not instinctively merely, but subject to his own will and effort. The bird may fly rapidly or slowly; he may rise, like the skylark, to the very clouds, singing joyous anthems to his Maker, or he may fall with incredible rapidity from on high, and, in an instant, hide from his enemy in the dense jungle of the prairie. The eagle soars in vast and solemn circles; the swift swallow shoots about in lively zigzags, wherever its light-winged prey may tempt it, and yet each motion requires the most accurate calculation, the most careful use of the various instruments given for such purpose. Hence, he who was wisest among men

said, that among three things which were too wonderful for him—which he knew not—was the way of the eagle in the air. Look at the sea-eagle when he falls like a meteor from the bright sky upon the unlucky fishing-hawk, who moves in lines that cross his own path at right angles. How well he must measure his flight thus to catch the fish that drops from the bill of the frightened bird before it returns to its native element, and yet so to moderate his swoop that he fall not himself into the river below him! Quick as a flash of lightning darts the gorgeous humming-bird from bush to bush, and yet, in an instant, he turns and hangs in a rapture of motion upon his restless wings right over the honey-laden flower! The eye can not follow the flight of the swift through the pure air, and yet it never misses, by the width of a line, the narrow entrance to its nest, where its young await it with anxious twittering!

So it is with the tiny bubble of air that enables the fish to rise and sink at will in his element, like a beauteous, life-endowed balloon. The sidelong motion of his spine, formed like an elastic rod, which powerful muscles at the sides now draw to one and now to the other side, aided in some varieties by the paddling of the tail, propels him forward. Fins and tails balance him and steer his course, but the air in his innermost chambers alone supports him, and enables him to rise to the surface or to descend to the depths of the ocean. Commonly the fish has two of these air-bladders, which a narrow tube connects with each other. By means of powerful muscles he compresses them, and thus, increasing his weight in proportion to his bulk, he sinks; or he allows, by like means, the compressed air once more to expand his little balloon; his weight is by so much diminished, and he remains stationary, or rises to breathe the pure air of heaven. If he merely compresses the forward bladder, the fore part of his body grows heavier than the rest, and he falls headlong down to the bottom; a pressure upon the other bladder produces a sidelong or straight ascent.

But the mechanism in fishes is more complicated yet than it appears at first sight, and far surpasses that of birds in beauty and ingenuity of device. The great difficulty which it has to overcome is the enormous pressure of a mass of water at any greater depth. There the fish need no longer compress the air, because the weight of the water itself will keep him down; perhaps half way on his descent he has, therefore, again to expand the air in his bladder, if he will not suddenly strike against the hard bottom, or reach a depth from which no effort on his part would ever enable him again to rise. So, in rising, he expands the air, to grow lighter, and thus to make his way upward; but as the pressure of the water on his body diminishes at every inch he rises, he has to compress his bladder again in time, or he would, of a sudden, be hurled out of the water, high into the air, and there meet with a miserable death. Most varieties of fish are, moreover, strictly bound to a certain depth of

the ocean, and neither above nor below that would they find the means of life provided for them as in their own sphere. Fishes destined to live in the upper regions, near the surface, would, at a depth of some fathoms, be as much out of their element, and as unable to support life, as a palm of the tropics in the ice-clad regions of Norway, or a northern pine in the burning desert.

Hence the importance and exquisite nicety of their airy instruments. The fish swims with a precaution and a foresight that would excite the admiration of man, were not his movements mostly hidden to our eye. As the master of the sailing vessel watches with restless eye the slightest change in the wind, and its pressure upon his towering sails, as the machinist stands vigilant by the mighty engine, ready to add fuel or to open a valve, as the aeronaut, high in the air, now pulls a string and now throws out his ballast, so the fish also uses his spine and his fins, his tail and his air-bladders, with ever-careful and ever-certain precision. That the pressure of the water itself, relaxing his muscles at one time and then again pressing upon them, compels them to act so as to produce the proper effect upon the other instruments of his wonderful mechanism, is neither, as yet, fully established, nor would it, if ascertained, in the least diminish the marvelous beauty and ingenuity of his structure.

Greater freedom in motion, as in quadrupeds, requires by no means less nicety of control—on the contrary, the freer the motion, the greater the necessity of rightly employing the mechanism. The stag and the dog calculate to an inch the width of a water across which they leap. The intelligent horse knows full well that he must hold his feet differently when he jumps over a fence and when he crosses a ditch. A careful hunter first gallops up to the brook so that the horse may measure its width with the eye and gather the force he has to employ. Even the humble cockchafer, when he wishes to rise on his wings, breathes several times to fill the air-tubes of his buoyant little body.

The birds of heaven move incessantly through their wide, unlimited realm. Have not some kinds of gull been suspected of never resting, though they sleep on the heaving ocean? and do not mariners in our day still believe that they breed in the air and carry their young on their wings, until they can fly without aid? Hence their whole structure is made to answer that one, main purpose. However varied their mode of life may be, whether they be blood-thirsty birds of prey or defenseless idyllic songsters, whether they restlessly climb up the rough bark of trees or swim in majestic repose on the calm waters, every thing that flies under heaven is made after the same great type. The gigantic wings of the condor, that bear him, though laden with heavy prey, swiftly to the snow-capped mountain top, and those of the dwarf humming bird, whom many a moth surpasses in size, are still alike in form and texture.

Large or small, their powerful motion requires powerful instruments, and we find, therefore, that their breast-bone has a higher comb than all other animals, to support the unusually strong sinews of their arms. Birds that fly but little, have a low comb. Eagles and falcons have the largest, for their flight is the strongest. The ostrich is almost without one, for he is a swift runner in the desert; he outstrips with ease the fleetest courser, and "scorneth the horse and the rider"—but he flies not. Otherwise birds are, as they needs must be to live in thin transparent air, the lightest of all beings. There are large hollows in their bones, which little tubes from the lungs supply at will with air; there are vacant spaces in their skin and even in the quills of their feathers. To lighten their head, it also has wide, empty chambers in skull and bill, and is, moreover, not encumbered with heavy teeth. To replace their agency, it is well known birds have a gizzard, which lies near the centre of gravity. The bill serves merely to seize the grain, the gizzard grinds it with its hard, rough plaits as between millstones, and thus prepares it for final digestion. The spine of birds is firm and inflexible, grown together into one piece, so that it may serve to direct, during flight, the whole light body, which the neck balances carefully in the air. The bird steers mainly by the long, stiff feathers of his tail, a duty which is, in some varieties, performed by their long, outstretched legs. The latter serve, thus, two great purposes: they enable the bird to wade in his own peculiar dominion, swamps and estuaries, and in his flight to supply the want of an inconvenient tail, and to furnish, here as in grasshoppers, the needed rudder. Without such means the bird would be at the mercy of every wind of heaven, and hence, where they are not needed for aerial flight, as in the peacock and domestic fowls, they serve only as a glorious, but useless and cumbersome ornament.

Far simpler and much freer is the walking of quadrupeds, because they always rest the weight of their body on two supports, standing, at least, upon alternate feet. But when they trot, their motion resembles much more that of man. It is, with them also, a constant falling forward, which, however, the quickly-advanced foot each time prevents at the right moment. The swift racer rests, thus, only upon two toes; the running dog upon the middle part of his foot. What art and what skill would it require to invent a machine, with its countless bands and wheels, levers and gearings, that should move thus year after year without ever losing its balance!

But the foot of man is after all the wonder of wonders. Destined to support the huge column of the human body, crowned, like the graceful palm-tree, with its well-formed head, and at the same time to move it from place to place, it is one of the most perfect mechanisms in nature, that reveal to us the wondrous wisdom of our Maker. But it corresponds, not

the less, with the spiritual character of man. Inferior in many a point to the foot of despised insects, not unlike, and as many think even less well endowed than that of the ape, it has a form and a power of its own, as it becomes the foot of man, made after the image of God. Its shape is peculiar, among all things created, to man only. While he has the hand in common with others, the foot is the distinguishing feature in the structure of the human body. By the close connection of the toes, by the arch-like junction of the middle bones, and the unusual arrangement of the ankle-joint, man alone is enabled to support the whole weight of his massive body on so small a space, to stand upright and to walk upright.

The human foot has the character of humanity in form, outline, and power. It is full of beauty; well rounded, built in unsurpassed symmetry, free and graceful in its motions, so that the beauteous form, and the smooth white skin, with its fine bluish veins, hide and make us forget its mechanical perfection. There is no column on earth so gloriously shaped as that for which it serves as pedestal. A glance at the square, hard, and angular foot of even the highest among animals, reveals in an instant its vast superiority. Even the sole of the foot is soft and well rounded. There are no sharp edges here, no salient angles. The instep—that fabled mark of lofty lineage, which the Arab even now measures with practiced eye, to read in it the stranger's claim to noble blood—forms a gentle, swelling arch, above and below displaying lines of greater beauty than human mind has ever conceived.

The free, unfettered foot of Eastern nations, shows the surprising agility of which the toes are capable. What in more civilized lands the unfortunate cripple only is painfully compelled to learn, in the Orient numbers acquire freely from early childhood. The East Indian calls them with truth his toe-fingers. With them the tailor twists his thread, and the cook holds his knife, while his hands are employed above. In many a branch of mechanics all artisans use them, even for tasks apparently hopeless—as the picking up of a pin and the threading of a needle.

But even hid in coverings, thick and clumsy, the whole bearing of the foot still preserves an air as if it possessed a life and a will of its own. No animal can move it so gracefully, none can vary walk and carriage as man does even when acting, untaught and untutored, merely from instinct. All gaits of animals are alike. One cat steps and leaps like another; its movements show but, over and over again, the vile nature of its kind—full of sly cunning and fierce malignity. But every man has a walk of his own. The Indian tells, with never-failing accuracy, even in the faintest imprint, the footstep of the white from that of the red man. The hunter in the far West reads in your track your age, your occupation, and your temper. The European walks not like the American, the Northerner not like the son of the South. "A wicked man

speaketh with his feet," says Solomon. For the shape of the foot and the nature of the walk speak the more loudly and safely of character and mode of life, as man is unconscious of being betrayed, and careful and skillful, perhaps, to say in word, gesture, and expression, only what he wishes us to know, he forgets the safer and clearer witness beneath him.

We know that to uncover one's feet is a sign of reverence and adoration all over the East. The faithful believer in the Prophet bares his feet, and not his head, as he enters the house of God, for he thinks of Moses, who put off his shoes, because the place where he stood was holy ground. But why did the Lord order Ezekiel to cover his feet, and thus "to make no mourning for the dead?" Surely we are fearfully and wonderfully made; and marvelous are God's works, and that our soul knows full well.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER LV.

BARNES'S SKELETON CLOSET.

THE demise of Lady Kew of course put a stop for a while to the matrimonial projects so interesting to the house of Newcome. Hymen blew his torch out, put it into the cupboard for use on a future day, and exchanged his garish saffron-colored robe for decent temporary mourning. Charles Honeyman improved the occasion at Lady Whittlesea's chapel hard by; and "Death at the Festival" was one of his most thrilling sermons; reprinted at the request of some of the congregation. There were those of his flock, especially a pair whose quarter of the fold was the organ-loft, who were always charmed with the piping of that melodious pastor.

Shall we too, while the coffin yet rests on the

outer earth's surface, enter the chapel whither these void remains of our dear sister departed are borne by the smug undertaker's gentlemen, and pronounce an elegy over that bedizened box of corruption? When the young are stricken down, and their roses nipped in an hour by the destroying blight, even the stranger can sympathize, who counts the scant years on the grave-stone, or reads the notice in the newspaper corner. The contrast forces itself on you. A fair young creature, bright and blooming yesterday, distributing smiles, levying homage, inspiring desire, conscious of her power to charm, and gay with the natural enjoyment of her conquests—who in his walk through the world, has not looked on many such a one; and, at the notion of her sudden call away from beauty, triumph, pleasure; her helpless outcries during her short pain; her vain pleas for a little respite; her sentence, and its execution; has not felt a shock of pity? When the days of a long life come to its close, and a white head sinks to rise no more, we bow our own with respect as the mourning train passes, and salute the heraldry and devices of yonder pomp, as symbols of age, wisdom, deserved respect, and merited honor; long experience of suffering and action. The wealth he may have achieved is the harvest which he sowed; the titles on his hearse, fruits of the field he bravely and laboriously wrought in. But to live to fourscore years, and be found dancing among the idle virgins! to have had near a century of allotted time, and then be called away from the giddy notes of a Mayfair fiddle! To have to yield your roses too, and then drop out of the bony clutch of your old fingers a wreath that came from a Parisian band-box! One fancies around some graves unseen troops of mourners waiting; many and many a poor pensioner trooping to the place; many weeping charities; many kind actions; many dear friends beloved and deplored, rising up at the toll of that bell to follow the honored hearse; dead parents waiting above, and calling, "Come, daughter!" lost children, heaven's foundlings, hovering round like cherubim, and whispering, "Welcome, mother!" Here is one who reposes after a long feast where no love has been; after girlhood without kindly maternal nurture; marriage without affection; matronhood without its precious griefs and joys; after fourscore years of lonely vanity. Let us us take off our hats to that procession too as it passes, admiring the different lots awarded to the children of men, and the various usages to which Heaven puts its creatures.

Leave we yonder velvet-palled box, spangled with fantastic heraldry, and containing within the aged slough and envelope of a soul gone to render its account. Look rather at the living audience standing round the shell; the deep grief on Barnes Newcome's fine countenance; the sadness depicted in the face of the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh; the sympathy of her ladyship's medical man (who came in the third mourning carriage); better than these,

* Continued from the April Number.

the awe, and reverence, and emotion, exhibited in the kind face of one of the witnesses of this scene, as he listens to those words which the priest rehearses over our dead. What magnificent words! what a burning faith, what a glorious triumph; what a heroic life, death, hope, they record! They are read over all of us alike; as the sun shines on just and unjust. We have all of us heard them; and I have fancied for my part, that they fell and smote like the sods on the coffin.

The ceremony over, the undertaker's gentlemen clamber on the roof of the vacant hearse, into which palls, tressels, trays of feathers, are inserted, and the horses break out into a trot, and the empty carriages, expressing the deep grief of the deceased lady's friends, depart homeward. It is remarked that Lord Kew hardly has any communication with his cousin, Sir Barnes Newcome. His lordship jumps into a cab, and goes to the railroad. Issuing from the cemetery, the Marquis of Farintosh hastily orders that thing to be taken off his hat, and returns to town in his brougham, smoking a cigar. Sir Barnes Newcome rides in the brougham beside Lord Farintosh as far as Oxford Street, where he gets a cab, and goes to the City. For business is business, and must be attended to, though grief be ever so severe.

A very short time previous to her demise, Mr. Rood (that was Mr. Rood—that other little gentleman in black, who shared the third mourning coach along with her ladyship's medical man) had executed a will by which almost all the Countess's property was devised to her granddaughter, Ethel Newcome. Lady Kew's decease of course delayed the marriage projects for a while. The young heiress returned to her mother's house in Park Lane. I daresay the deep mourning habiliments in which the domestics of that establishment appeared, were purchased out of the funds left in his hands, which Ethel's banker and brother had at her disposal.

Sir Barnes Newcome, who was one of the trustees of his sister's property, grumbled no doubt because his grandmother had bequeathed to him but a paltry recompense of five hundred pounds for his pains and trouble of trusteeship; but his manner to Ethel was extremely bland and respectful: an heiress now, and to be married in a few months, Sir Barnes treated her with a very different regard to that which he was accustomed to show to other members of his family. For while this worthy baronet would contradict his mother at every word she uttered, and take no pains to disguise his opinion that Lady Ann's intellect was of the very poorest order, he would listen deferentially to Ethel's smallest observations, exert himself to amuse her under her grief, which he chose to take for granted was very severe, visit her constantly, and show the most charming solicitude for her general comfort and welfare.

During this time my wife received constant notes from Ethel Newcome, and the intimacy between the two ladies much increased. Laura

was so unlike the women of Ethel's circle, the young lady was pleased to say, that to be with her was Ethel's greatest comfort. Miss Newcome was now her own mistress, had her carriage, and would drive day after day to our cottage at Richmond. The frigid society of Lord Farintosh's sisters, the conversation of his mother, did not amuse Ethel, and she escaped from both with her usual impatience of control. She was at home every day dutifully to receive my Lord's visits, but though she did not open her mind to Laura as freely regarding the young gentleman as she did when the character and disposition of her future mother and sisters-in-law was the subject of their talk, I could see, from the grave look of commiseration which my wife's face bore after her young friend's visits, that Mrs. Pendennis augured rather ill of the future happiness of this betrothed pair. Once, at Miss Newcome's special request, I took my wife to see her in Park Lane, where the Marquis of Farintosh found us. His Lordship and I had already a half acquaintance, which was not, however, improved after my regular presentation to him by Miss Newcome: he scowled at me with a countenance indicative of any thing but welcome, and did not seem in the least more pleased when Ethel entreated her friend Laura not to take her bonnet, not to think of going away so soon. She came to see us the very next day, staid much longer with us than usual, and returned to town quite late in the evening, in spite of the entreaties of the inhospitable Laura, who would have had her leave us long before. "I am sure," says clear-sighted Mrs. Laura, "she is come out of bravado, and after we went away yesterday that there were words between her and Lord Farintosh on our account."

"Confound the young man," breaks out Mr. Pendennis in a fume; "what does he mean by his insolent airs?"

"He may think we are partisans *de l'autre*," says Mrs. Pendennis, with a smile first, and a sigh afterward, as she said "poor Clive!"

"Do you ever talk about Clive?" asks the husband.

"Never. Once, twice perhaps, in the most natural manner in the world, we mentioned where he is; but nothing further passes. The subject is a sealed one between us. She often looks at his drawings in my album (Clive had drawn our baby there and its mother in a great variety of attitudes), and gazes at his sketch of his dear old father: but of him she never says a word."

"So it is best," says Mr. Pendennis.

"Yes—best," echoes Laura with a sigh.

"You think, Laura," continues the husband, "You think she—"

"She what?" What did Mr. Pendennis mean? Laura his wife certainly understood him, though upon my conscience the sentence went no further—for she answered at once.

"Yes—I think she certainly did, poor boy. But that, of course, is over now: and Ethel, though she can not help being a worldly woman,

has such firmness and resolution of character, that if she has once determined to conquer any inclination of that sort I am sure she will master it, and make Lord Farintosh a very good wife."

"Since the Colonel's quarrel with Sir Barnes," cries Mr. Pendennis, adverting by a natural transition from Ethel to her amiable brother, "our banking friend does not invite us any more: Lady Clara sends you no cards. I have a great mind to withdraw my account."

Laura, who understands nothing about accounts, did not perceive the fine irony of this remark; but her face straightway put on the severe expression which it chose to assume whenever Sir Barnes's family was mentioned, and she said, "My dear Arthur, I am very glad indeed that Lady Clara sends us no more of her invitations. You know very well why I disliked them."

"Why?"

"I hear baby crying," says Laura. O Laura, Laura! how could you tell your husband such a fib?—and she quits the room without deigning to give any answer to that "Why."

Let us pay a brief visit to Newcome in the North of England, and there we may get some answer to the question of which Mr. Pendennis had just in vain asked a reply from his wife. My design does not include a description of that great and flourishing town of Newcome, and of the manufactures which caused its prosperity; but only admits of the introduction of those Newcomites who are concerned in the affairs of the family which has given its respectable name to these volumes.

Thus in previous pages we have said nothing about the Mayor and Corporation of Newcome, the magnificent bankers and manufacturers who had their places of business in the town, and their splendid villas outside its smoky precincts; people who would give their thousand guineas for a picture or a statue, and write you off a check for ten times the amount any day; people who, if there was talk of a statue to the Queen or the Duke, would come down to the Town All and subscribe their one, two, three undred apiece (especially if in the neighboring city of SLOWCOME they were putting up a statue to the Duke or the Queen)—not of such men have I spoken, the magnates of the place; but of the humble Sarah Mason in Jubilee Row—of the Reverend Dr. Bulders the vicar, Mr. Vidler the apothecary, Mr. Puff the baker—of Tom Potts the jolly reporter of the "Newcome Independent," and — Batters, Esq., the proprietor of that journal—persons with whom our friends have had already, or will be found presently to have, some connection. And it is from these that we shall arrive at some particulars regarding the Newcome family, which will show us that they have a skeleton or two in *their* closets, as well as their neighbors.

Now, how will you have the story? Worthy mammas of families—if you do not like to have your daughters told that bad husbands will make bad wives; that marriages begun in

difference make homes unhappy; that men whom girls are brought to swear to love and honor, are sometimes false, selfish, and cruel, and that women forget the oaths which they have been made to swear—if you will not hear of this, ladies, close the book, and send for some other. Banish the newspaper out of your houses, and shut your eyes to the truth, the awful truth, of life and sin. Is the world made of Jennies and Jessamies; and passion the play of school-boys and school-girls, scribbling valentines and interchanging lollipops? Is life all over when Jenny and Jessamy are married; and are there no subsequent trials, griefs, wars, bitter heart-pangs, dreadful temptations, defeats, remorse, sufferings to bear, and dangers to overcome? As you and I, friend, kneel with our children round about us, prostrate before the Father of us all, and asking mercy for miserable sinners, are the young ones to suppose the words are mere form, and don't apply to us?—to some outcasts in the free seats probably, or those naughty boys playing in the church-yard? Are they not to know that we err too, and pray with all our hearts to be rescued from temptation? If such a knowledge is wrong for them, send them to church apart. Go you and worship in private; or if not too proud, kneel humbly in the midst of them, owning your wrong, and praying Heaven to be merciful to you a sinner.

When Barnes Newcome became the reigning Prince of the Newcome family, and after the first agonies of grief for his father's death had subsided, he made strong attempts to conciliate the principal persons in the neighborhood, and to render himself popular in the borough. He gave handsome entertainments to the townsfolk and to the country gentry; he tried even to bring those two warring classes together. He endeavored to be civil to the "Newcome Independent," the Opposition paper, as well as to the "Newcome Sentinel," that true old Uncompromising Blue. He asked the dissenting clergyman to dinner, and the Low Church clergyman, as well as the orthodox Doctor Bulders and his curates. He gave a lecture at the Newcome Athenæum, which every body said was very amusing, and which "Sentinel" and "Independent" both agreed in praising. Of course he subscribed to that statue which the Newcomites were raising; to the philanthropic missions which the Reverend Low Church gentlemen were engaged in; to the races (for the young Newcomite manufacturers are as sporting gents as any in the North), to the hospital, the People's Library, the restoration of the rood screen, and the great painted window in Newcome Old Church (Rev. J. Bulders), and he had to pay in fine a most awful price for his privilege of sitting in Parliament as representative of his native place—as he called it in his speeches "the cradle of his forefathers, the home of his race," etc., though Barnes was in fact born at Clapham.

Lady Clara could not in the least help this

young statesman in his designs upon Newcome and the Newcomites. After she came into Barnes's hands, a dreadful weight fell upon her. She would smile and simper, and talk kindly and gayly enough at first, during Sir Brian's life; and among women, when Barnes was not present. But as soon as he joined the company, it was remarked that his wife became silent, and looked eagerly toward him whenever she ventured to speak. She blundered, her eyes filled with tears; the little wit she had left her in her husband's presence: he grew angry, and tried to hide his anger with a sneer, or broke out with a gibe and an oath, when he lost patience, and Clara, whimpering, would leave the room. Every body at Newcome knew that Barnes bullied his wife.

People had worse charges against Barnes than wife-bullying. Do you suppose that little interruption which occurred at Barnes's marriage was not known in Newcome? His victim had been a Newcome girl, the man to whom she was betrothed was in a Newcome factory. When Barnes was a young man, and in his occasional visits to Newcome, lived along with those dashing young blades Sam Jollyman (Jollyman, Brothers, and Bowcher), Bob Homer, Cross Country Bill, Al. Rucker (for whom his father had to pay eighteen thousand pounds after the Leger, the year Toggery won it), and that wild lot, all sorts of stories were told of them, and of Barnes especially. Most of them were settled, and steady business men by this time. Al. it was known had become very serious, besides making his fortune in cotton. Bob Homer managed the Bank; and as for S. Jollyman, Mrs. S. J. took uncommon good care that *he* didn't break out of bounds any more; why, he was not even allowed to play a game at billiards, or to dine out without her. . . . I could go on giving you interesting particulars of a hundred members of the Newcome aristocracy, were not our attention especially directed to one respectable family.

All Barnes's endeavors at popularity were vain, partly from his own fault, and partly from the nature of mankind, and of the Newcome folks especially, whom no single person could possibly conciliate. Thus, suppose he gave the advertisements to the "Independent;" the old Blue paper, the "Sentinel," was very angry: suppose he asked Mr. Hunch, the dissenting minister, to bless the table-cloth after dinner, as he had begged Doctor Bulders to utter a benediction on the first course; Hunch and Bulders were both angry. He subscribed to the races—what heathenism! to the missionaries—what sanctimonious humbug! And the worst was that Barnes being young at that time, and not able to keep his tongue in order, could not help saying not to but of such and such a man, that he was an infernal ass, or a confounded old idiot, and so forth—peevish phrases, which undid in a moment the works of a dozen dinners, countless compliments, and months of grinning good-humor.

Now he is wiser. He is very proud of being Newcome of Newcome, and quite believes that the place is his hereditary principality. But still, he says, his father was a fool for ever representing the borough. "Dammy, Sir," cries Sir Barnes, "never sit for a place that lies at your park-gates, and above all never try to conciliate 'em. Curse 'em! Hate 'em well, Sir. Take a line, and flog the fellows on the other side. Since I have sate in Parliament for another place, I have saved myself I don't know how much a year. I never go to High Church or Low; don't give a shillin' to the confounded races, or the infernal soup-tickets, or to the miserable missionaries; and at last live in quiet."

So, in spite of all his subscriptions, and his coaxing of the various orders of Newcomites, Sir Barnes Newcome was not popular among them; and while he had enemies on all sides, had sturdy friends not even on his own. Scarce a man but felt Barnes was laughing at him; Bulders, in his pulpit, Holder, who seconded him in his election, the Newcome society, and the ladies, even more than the men, were uneasy under his ominous familiarity, and recovered their good-humor when he left them. People felt as if it was a truce only, and not an alliance with him, and always speculated on the possibility of war: when he turned his back on them in the market, men felt relieved, and, as they passed his gate, looked with no friendly glances over his park wall.

What happened within was perfectly familiar to many persons. Our friend was insolent to all his servants; and of course very well served, but very much disliked in consequence. The butler was familiar with Taplow—the house-keeper had a friend at Newcome; Mrs. Taplow, in fact, of the King's Arms—one of the grooms at Newcome Park kept company with Mrs. Bulder's maid: the incomings and outgoings, the quarrels and tears, the company from London, and all the doings of the folks at Newcome Park were thus known to the neighborhood round about. The apothecary brought an awful story back from Newcome. He had been called to Lady Clara in strong hysterical fits. He found her ladyship with a bruise on her face. When Sir Barnes approached her (he would not allow the medical man to see her except in his presence) she screamed, and bade him not come near her. These things did Mr. Vidler weakly impart to Mrs. Vidler: these, under solemn vows of secrecy, Mrs. Vidler told to one or two friends. Sir Barnes and Lady Clara were seen shopping together very graciously in Newcome a short time afterward; persons who dined at the Park said the Baronet and his wife seemed on very good terms; but—but that story of the bruised cheek remained in the minds of certain people, and lay by at compound interest as such stories will.

Now, say people quarrel and make it up; or don't make it up, but wear a smirking face to society, and call each other "my dear" and "my love," and smooth over their countenances

before John, who enters with the coals as they are barking and biting, or who announces the dinner as they are tearing each other's eyes out? Suppose a woman is ever so miserable, and yet smiles, and doesn't show her grief? "Quite right," say her prudent friends, and her husband's relations above all. "My dear, you have too much propriety to exhibit your grief before the world, or above all before the darling children." So to lie is your duty, to lie to your friends, to yourself if you can, to your children.

Does this discipline of hypocrisy improve any mortal woman? Say she learns to smile after a blow, do you suppose in this matter alone she will be a hypocrite? Poor Lady Clara! I fancy a better lot for you than that to which fate handed you over. I fancy there need have been no deceit in your fond simple little heart, could it but have been given into other keeping. But you were consigned to a master, whose scorn and cruelty terrified you; under whose sardonic glances your scared eyes were afraid to look up, and before whose gloomy coldness you dared not be happy. Suppose a little plant, very frail and delicate from the first, but that might have bloomed sweetly and borne fair flowers, had it received warm shelter and kindly nurture; suppose a young creature taken out of her home, and given over to a hard master whose caresses are as insulting as his neglect; consigned to cruel usage; to weary loneliness; to bitter, bitter recollections of the past; suppose her schooled into hypocrisy by tyranny—and then, quick, let us hire an advocate to roar out to a British jury the wrongs of her injured husband, to paint the agonies of his bleeding heart (if Mr. Advocate gets plaintiff's brief in time, and before defendant's attorney has retained him), and to show Society injured through him. Let us console that martyr, I say, with thumping damages; and as for the woman—the guilty wretch!—let us lead her out and stone her.



CHAPTER LVI.

ROSA QUO LOCORUM SERA MORATUR.

CLIVE NEWCOME bore his defeat with such a courage and resolution, as those who knew

the young fellow's character were sure he would display. It was while he had a little lingering hope still that the poor lad was in the worst condition; as a gambler is restless and unhappy while his last few guineas remain with him, and he is venturing them against the overpowering chances of the bank. His last piece, however, gone, our friend rises up from that unlucky table—beaten at the contest but not broken in spirit. He goes back into the world again and withdraws from that dangerous excitement; sometimes when he is alone or wakeful, tossing in his bed at nights, he may recall the fatal game, and think how he might have won it—think what a fool he was ever to have played it at all—but these cogitations Clive kept for himself. He was magnanimous enough not even to blame Ethel much, and to take her side against his father, who it must be confessed now exhibited a violent hostility against that young lady and her belongings. Slow to anger and utterly beyond deceit himself, when Thomas Newcome was once roused, or at length believed that he was cheated, woe to the offender! From that day forth, Thomas believed no good of him. Every thought or action of his enemy's life seemed treason to the worthy Colonel. If Barnes gave a dinner-party, his uncle was ready to fancy that the banker wanted to poison somebody; if he made a little speech in the House of Commons (Barnes did make little speeches in the House of Commons), the Colonel was sure some infernal conspiracy lay under the villain's words. The whole of that branch of the Newcomes fared little better at their kinsman's hands—they were all deceitful, sordid, heartless, worldly: Ethel herself no better now than the people who had bred her up. People hate, as they love, unreasonably. Whether is it the more mortifying to us, to feel that we are disliked or liked undeservedly?

Clive was not easy until he had the sea between him and his misfortune; and now Thomas Newcome had the chance of making that tour with his son, which in early days had been such a favorite project with the good man. They traveled Rhineland and Switzerland together—they crossed into Italy—went from Milan to Venice (where Clive saluted the greatest painting in the world—the glorious "Assumption" of Titian)—they went to Trieste, and over the beautiful Styrian Alps to Vienna—they beheld the Danube, and the plain where the Turk and Sobieski fought. They traveled at a prodigious fast pace. They did not speak much to one another. They were a pattern pair of English travelers. I daresay many persons whom they met smiled to observe them; and shrugged their shoulders at the aspect of *ces Anglais*. They did not know the care in the young traveler's mind; and the deep tenderness and solicitude of the elder. Clive wrote to say it was a very pleasant tour, but I think I should not have liked to join it. Let us dismiss it in this single sentence. Other gentlemen have taken the same journey, and with sorrow perhaps as their silent

fellow-traveler. How you remember the places afterward, and the thoughts which pursued you! If in after days, when your grief is dead and buried, you revisit the scenes in which it was your companion, how its ghost rises and shows itself again! Suppose this part of Mr. Clive's life were to be described at length in several chapters, and not in a single brief sentence, what dreary pages they would be! In two or three months our friends saw a number of men, cities, mountains, rivers, and what not. It was yet early autumn when they were back in France again, and September found them at Brussels, where James Binnie, Esq., and his family were established in comfortable quarters, and where we may be sure Clive and his father were very welcome.

Dragged abroad at first sorely against his will, James Binnie had found the continental life pretty much to his liking. He had passed a winter at Pau, a summer at Vichy, where the waters had done him good. His ladies had made several charming foreign acquaintances. Mrs. Mackenzie had quite a list of Counts and Marchionesses among her friends. The excellent Captain Goby wandered about the country with them. Was it to Rosey, was it to her mother, the Captain was most attached? Rosey received him as a god-papa; Mrs. Mackenzie as a wicked, odious, good-for-nothing, dangerous, delightful creature. Is it humiliating, is it consolatory, to remark, with what small wit some of our friends are amused? The jovial sallies of Goby appeared exquisite to Rosey's mother, and to the girl probably; though that young Bahawder of a Clive Newcome chose to wear a grave face (confound his insolent airs!) at the very best of the Goby jokes.

In Goby's train was his fervent admirer and inseparable young friend, Clarence Hoby. Captain Hoby and Captain Goby traveled the world together, visited Hombourg and Baden, Cheltenham and Leamington, Paris and Brussels, in company, belonged to the same club in London—the centre of all pleasure, fashion, and joy, for the young officer and the older campaigner. The jokes at the Flag, the dinners at the Flag, the committee of the Flag, were the theme of their constant conversation. Goby fifty years old, unattached, and with dyed mustaches, was the affable comrade of the youngest member of his club: when absent, a friend wrote him the last riddle from the smoking-room; when present, his knowledge of horses, of cookery, wines, and cigars, and military history, rendered him a most acceptable companion. He knew the history and achievements of every regiment in the army; of every general and commanding officer. He was known to have been "out" more than once himself, and had made up a hundred quarrels. He was certainly not a man of an ascetic life or a profound intellectual culture; but though poor, he was known to be most honorable; though more than middle-aged he was cheerful, busy, and kindly; and though the youngsters called him Old Goby, he

bore his years very gayly and handsomely, and I daresay numbers of ladies besides Mrs. Mackenzie thought him delightful. Goby's talk and rattle perhaps somewhat bored James Binnie, but Thomas Newcome found the Captain excellent company; and Goby did justice to the good qualities of the Colonel.

Clive's father liked Brussels very well. He and his son occupied very handsome quarters, near the spacious apartments in the Park which James Binnie's family inhabited. Waterloo was not far off, to which the Indian officer paid several visits with Captain Goby for a guide; and many of Marlborough's battle-fields were near, in which Goby certainly took but a minor interest—but, on the other hand, Clive beheld these with the greatest pleasure, and painted more than one dashing piece, in which Churchill and Eugene, Cutts and Cadogan, were the heroes; whose flowing periwigs, huge boots, and thundering Flemish chargers were, he thought, more novel and picturesque than the Duke's surtout, and the French Grenadiers' hairy caps, which so many English and French artists have portrayed.

Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis were invited by our kind Colonel to pass a month—six months if they chose—at Brussels, and were most splendidly entertained by our friends in that city. A suite of handsome rooms was set apart for us. My study communicated with Clive's atelier. Many an hour did we pass, and many a ride and walk did we take together. I observed that Clive never mentioned Miss Newcome's name, and Laura and I agreed that it was as well not to recall it. Only once, when we read the death of Lady Glenlivat, Lord Farintosh's mother, in the newspaper, I remember to have said, "I suppose that marriage will be put off again."

"*Qu'est ce que cela me fait?*" says Mr. Clive, gloomily, over his picture—a cheerful piece representing Count Egmont going to execution; in which I have the honor to figure as a halberdier, Captain Hoby as the Count, and Captain Goby as the Duke of Alva, looking out of window.

Mrs. Mackenzie was in a state of great happiness and glory during this winter. She had a carriage and worked that vehicle most indefatigably. She knew a great deal of good company at Brussels. She had an evening for receiving. She herself went to countless evening parties, and had the joy of being invited to a couple of court balls, at which I am bound to say her daughter and herself both looked very handsome. The Colonel brushed up his old uniform and attended these entertainments. M. Newcome fils, as I should judge, was not the worst-looking man in the room; and, as these young people waltzed together (in which accomplishment Clive was very much more skillful than Captain Goby), I daresay many people thought he and Rosey made a pretty couple.

Most persons, my wife included, difficult as that lady is to please, were pleased with the



pretty little Rosey. She sang charmingly now, and looked so while singing. If her mother would but have omitted that chorus, which she cackled perseveringly behind her daughter's pretty back; about Rosey's angelic temper; about the compliments Signor Polonini paid her; about Sir Horace Dash, our minister, *insisting* upon her singing Batti Batti over again, and the Archduke clapping his hands and saying, "Oh, yes!" about Count Vander-slaapen's attentions to her, etc., etc.; but for these constant remarks of Mrs. Mack's, I am sure no one would have been better pleased with Miss Rosey's singing and behavior than myself. As for Captain Hoby, it was easy to see how *he* was affected toward Miss Rosalind's music and person.

And, indeed, few things could be pleasanter than to watch the behavior of this pretty little maid with her Uncle James and his old chum the Colonel. The latter was soon as fond of her as James Binnie himself, whose face used to lighten with pleasure whenever it turned toward hers. She seemed to divine his wants, as she would trip across the room to fulfill them. She skipped into the carriage and covered his feet with a shawl. James was lazy and chilly now, when he took his drive. She sate opposite

to him and smiled on him; and, if he dozed, quick, another handkerchief was round his neck. I do not know whether she understood his jokes, but she saluted them always with a sweet kind smile. How she kissed him, and how delighted she was if he bought her a bouquet for her ball that night! One day, upon occasion of one of these balls, James and Thomas, those two old boys, absolutely came into Mrs. Mackenzie's drawing-room with a bouquet apiece for Miss Rosey; and there was a fine laughing.

"Oh, you little Susanna!" says James, after taking his usual payment; "now go and pay t'other elder." Rosey did not quite understand at first, being, you see, more ready to laugh at jokes than to comprehend them; but when she did, I promise you she looked uncommonly pretty as she advanced to Colonel Newcome and put that pretty fresh cheek of hers up to his grizzled mustache.

"I protest I don't know which of you blushes the most," chuckles James Binnie—and the truth is, the old man and the young girl had both hung out those signals of amiable distress.

On this day, and as Miss Rosey was to be overpowered by flowers, who should come pres-

ently to dinner but Captain Hoby, with another bouquet? on which Uncle James said Rosey should go to the ball like an American Indian, with her scalps at her belt.

"Scalps!" cries Mrs. Mackenzie.

"Scalps! Oh, law, uncle!" exclaims Miss Rosey. "What can you mean by any thing so horrid?"

Goby recalls to Mrs. Mack, Hook-ee-ma-goosh, the Indian chief, whom she must have seen when the Hundred and Fiftieth were at Quebec, and who had his lodge full of them; and who used to lie about the barracks so drunk, and who used to beat his poor little European wife: and presently Mr. Clive Newcome joins this company, when the chirping, tittering, joking, laughing, cease somehow.

Has Clive brought a bouquet too? No. He has never thought about a bouquet. He is dressed in black, with long hair, a long mustache, and melancholy imperial. He looks very handsome, but as glum as an undertaker. And James Binnie says, "Egad, Tom, they used to call you the knight of the woeful countenance, and Clive has just inherited the paternal mug." Then James calls out in a cheery voice, "Dinner, dinner!" and trots off with Mrs. Pendennis under his arm; Rosey nestles up against the Colonel; Goby and Mrs. Mack walk away arm-in-arm very contentedly; and I don't know with which of her three nosegays pretty Rosey appears at the ball.

Our stay with our friends at Brussels could not be prolonged beyond a month, for at the end of that period we were under an engagement to other friends in England, who were good enough to desire the presence of Mrs. Pendennis and her suite of baby, nurse, and husband. So we presently took leave of Rosey and the Campaigner, of the two stout elders, and our melancholy young Clive, who bore us company to Antwerp, and who won Laura's heart by the neat way in which he took her child on board ship. Poor fellow! how sad he looked as he bowed to us and took off his hat! His eyes did not seem to be looking at us, though: they and his thoughts were turned another way. He moved off immediately, with his head down, puffing his eternal cigar, and lost in his own meditations; our going or our staying was of very little importance to the lugubrious youth.

"I think it was a great pity they came to Brussels," says Laura, as we sate on the deck, while her unconscious infant was cheerful, and while the water of the lazy Scheld as yet was smooth.

"Who? The Colonel and Clive? They are very handsomely lodged. They have a good maitre-d'hotel. Their dinners, I am sure, are excellent; and your child, madam, is as healthy as it possibly can be."

"Blessed darling! Yes!" (Blessed darling crows, moos, jumps in his nurse's arms, and holds out a little mottled hand for a biscuit of Savoy, which mamma supplies.) "I can't help

thinking, Arthur, that Rosey would have been much happier as Mrs. Hoby than she will be as Mrs. Newcome."

"Who thinks of her being Mrs. Newcome?"

"Her mother, her uncle, and Clive's father. Since the Colonel has been so rich, I think Mrs. Mackenzie sees a great deal of merit in Clive. Rosey will do any thing her mother bids her. If Clive can be brought to the same obedience, Uncle James and the Colonel will be delighted. Uncle James has set his heart on this marriage. (He and his sister agree upon this point.) He told me, last night, that he would sing 'Nunc dimittis,' could he but see the two children happy; and that he should lie easier in purgatory if that could be brought about."

"And what did you say, Laura?"

"I laughed, and told Uncle James I was of the Hoby faction. He is very good-natured, frank, honest, and gentlemanlike, Mr. Hoby. But Uncle James said he thought Mr. Hoby was so—well, so stupid—that his Rosey would be thrown away upon the poor Captain. So I did not tell Uncle James that, before Clive's arrival, Rosey had found Captain Hoby far from stupid. He used to sing duets with her; he used to ride with her before Clive came. Last winter, when they were at Pau, I feel certain Miss Rosey thought Captain Hoby very pleasant indeed. She thinks she was attached to Clive formerly, and now she admires him, and is dreadfully afraid of him. He is taller and handsomer, and richer and cleverer than Captain Hoby, certainly."

"I should think so, indeed!" breaks out Mr. Pendennis. "Why, my dear, Clive is as fine a fellow as one can see on a summer's day. It does one good to look at him. What a pair of frank bright blue eyes he has, or used to have, till this mishap overclouded them! What a pleasant laugh he has! What a well-built, agile figure it is—what pluck, and spirit, and honor, there is about my young chap! I don't say he is a genius of the highest order, but he is the stanchest, the bravest, the cheeriest, the most truth-telling, the kindest heart. Compare him and Hoby! Why, Clive is an eagle, and yonder little creature a mousing owl!"

"I like to hear you speak so," cries Mrs. Laura, very tenderly. "People say that you are always sneering, Arthur; but I know my husband better. We know papa better, don't we, baby?" (Here my wife kisses the infant Pendennis with great effusion, who has come up dancing on his nurse's arms.) "But," says she, coming back, and snuggling by her husband's side again—"But suppose your favorite Clive is an eagle, Arthur, don't you think he had better have an eagle for a mate? If he were to marry little Rosey, I daresay he would be very good to her; but I think neither he nor she would be very happy. My dear, she does not care for his pursuits; she does not understand him when he talks. The two captains, and Rosey and I, and the Campaigner, as you call her, laugh and talk, and prattle, and have the mer-

riest little jokes with one another, and we all are as quiet as mice when you and Clive come in."

"What, am I an eagle too? I have no aquiline pretensions at all, Mrs. Pendennis."

"No. Well, we are not afraid of *you*. We are not afraid of papa, are we, darling?" this young woman now calls out to the other member of her family; who, if you will calculate, has just had time to be walked twice up and down the deck of the steamer, while Laura has been making her speech about eagles. And soon the mother, child, and attendant, descend into the lower cabins: and then dinner is announced: and Captain Jackson treats us to Champagne from his end of the table: and yet a short while, and we are at sea, and conversation becomes impossible: and morning sees us under the gray London sky, and amidst the million of masts in the Thames.



CHAPTER LVII.

ROSEBURY AND NEWCOME.

THE friends to whom we were engaged in England were Florac and his wife, Madame la Princesse de Moncontour, who were determined to spend the Christmas holidays at the Princess's country-seat. It was for the first time since their reconciliation, that the Prince and Princess dispensed their hospitalities at the latter's chateau. It is situated, as the reader has already been informed, at some five miles from the town of Newcome; away from the chimneys and smoky atmosphere of that place, in a sweet country of rural woodlands; over which quiet villages, gray church spires, and ancient gabled farm-houses are scattered: still wearing the peaceful aspect which belonged to them when Newcome was as yet but an antiquated country town, before mills were erected on its river banks, and dyes and cinders blackened its stream. Twenty years since Newcome Park was the only great house in that district; now scores of fine villas have sprung up in the suburb lying between the town and park. Newcome New Town, as every body knows, has grown round the park

gates, and the New Town Hotel (where the railway station is) is a splendid structure in the Tudor style, more ancient in appearance than the park itself; surrounded by little antique villas with spiked gables, stacks of crooked chimneys, and plate-glass windows looking upon trim lawns; with glistening hedges of evergreens, spotless gravel walks, and Elizabethan gighouses. Under the great railway viaduct of the New Town goes the old tranquil winding London high-road, once busy with a score of gay coaches, and ground by innumerable wheels: but at a few miles from the New Town Station, the road has become so mouldy that the grass actually grows on it; and Rosebury, Madame de Moncontour's house, stands at one end of a village-green, which is even more quiet now than it was a hundred years ago.

When first Madame de Florac bought the place, it scarcely ranked among the county houses; and she, the sister of manufacturers at Newcome and Manchester, did not of course visit the county families. A homely little body, married to a Frenchman from whom she was separated, may or may not have done a great deal of good in her village, have had pretty gardens, and won prizes at the Newcome flower and fruit shows; but, of course, she was nobody in such an aristocratic county as we all know—shire is. She had her friends and relatives from Newcome. Many of them were Quakers—many were retail shop-keepers. She even frequented the little branch Ebenezer, on Rosebury Green; and it was only by her charities and

kindness at Christmas time, that the Rev. Dr. Potter, the rector at Rosebury, knew her. The old clergy, you see, live with the county families. Good little Madame de Florac was pitted and patronized by the Doctor; treated with no little superciliousness by Mrs. Potter, and the young ladies, who only kept the first society. Even when her rich brother died, and she got her share of all that money, Mrs. Potter said poor Madame de Florac did well in not trying to move out of her natural sphere (Mrs. P. was the daughter of a bankrupt hatter in London, and had herself been governess in a noble family, out of which she married Mr. P., who was private tutor). Madame de Florac did well, we say, not to endeavor to leave her natural sphere, and that The County never would receive her. Tom Potter, the rector's son, with whom I had the good fortune to be a fellow-student at Saint Boniface College, Oxbridge—a rattling, forward, and it must be owned, vulgar youth—asked me whether Florac was not a billiard-marker by profession? and was even so kind as to caution his sisters not to speak of billiards before the lady of Rosebury. Tom

was surprised to learn that Monsieur Paul de Florac was a gentleman of lineage, incomparably better than that of any, except two or three families in England (including your own, my dear and respected reader, of course, if you hold to your pedigree). But the truth is, heraldically speaking, that union with the Higgs of Manchester was the first misalliance which the Florac family had made for long, long years. Not that I would wish for a moment to insinuate that any nobleman is equal to an English nobleman;

say, that an English snob, with a coat of arms bought yesterday, or stolen out of Edmonton, or a pedigree purchased from a peerage maker, has not a right to look down upon any of your paltry foreign nobility.

One day the carriage-and-four came in state from Newcome Park, with the well-known chaste liveries of the Newcomes, and drove up Rosebury Green, toward the parsonage-gate, where Mrs. and the Miss Potters happened to be standing, cheapening fish from a donkey-man, with



whom they were in the habit of dealing. The ladies were in their pokiest old head-gear and most dingy gowns, when they perceived the carriage approaching; and considering, of course, that the visit of the Park People was intended for them, dashed into the rectory to change their clothes, leaving Rowkins, the costermonger, in the very midst of the negotiation about the three mackerel. Mamma got that new bonnet out of the band-box; Lizzy and Liddy skipped up to their bed-room, and brought out those dresses which they wore at the *déjeuner* at the Newcome Athenæum, when Lord Leveret came down to lecture; into which they no sooner had hooked their lovely shoulders, than they reflected with terror that mamma had been altering one of papa's flannel waistcoats and had left it in the drawing-room, when they were called out by the song of Rowkins, and the appearance of his donkey's ears over the green gate of the rectory. To think of the Park People coming, and the drawing-room in that dreadful state!

But when they came down stairs the Park People were not in the room—the woolen garment was still on the table (how they plunged it into the chiffonier!)—and the only visitor was Rowkins, the costermonger, grinning at the open French windows, with the three mackerel, and crying, “Make it sixpence, Miss—don’t say fip-pens, Ma’am, to a pore fellow that has a wife and family.” So that the young ladies had to cry—“Impudence!” “Get away you vulgar, insolent creature!—Go round, Sir, to the back door.” “How dare you?” and the like; fearing lest Lady Ann Newcome, and young Ethel,

and Barnes should enter in the midst of this ignoble controversy.

They never came at all—those Park People. How very odd! They passed the rectory-gate; they drove on to Madame de Florac’s lodge. They went in. They staid for half-an-hour; the horses driving round and round the gravel-road before the house; and Mrs. Potter and the girls speedily going to the upper chambers, and looking out of the room where the maids slept, saw Lady Ann, Ethel, and Barnes walking with Madame de Florac, going into the conservatories, issuing thence with MacWhirter, the gardener, bearing huge bunches of grapes and large fascies of flowers; they saw Barnes talking in the most respectful manner to Madame de Florac: and when they went down stairs and had their work before them—Liddy her gilt music-book, Lizzy her embroidered altar-cloth, Mamma her scarlet cloak for one of the old women—they had the agony of seeing the barouche over the railings whisk by, with the Park People inside, and Barnes driving the four horses.

It was on that day when Barnes had determined to take up Madame de Florac; when he was bent upon reconciling her to her husband. In spite of all Mrs. Potter’s predictions, the county families did come and visit the manufacturer’s daughter; and when Madame de Florac became Madame la Princesse de Moncontour, when it was announced that she was coming to stay at Rosebury for Christmas, I leave you to imagine whether the circumstance was or was not mentioned in the “Newcome Sentinel” and the Newcome Independent;” and

whether Rev. G. Potter, D.D., and Mrs. Potter did or did not call on the Prince and Princess. I leave you to imagine whether the lady did or did not inspect all the alterations which Vineer's people from Newcome were making at Rosebury House—the chaste yellow satin and gold of the drawing-room—the carved oak for the dining-room—the chintz for the bed-rooms—the Princess's apartment—the Prince's apartment—the guests' apartments—the smoking-room, gracious goodness!—the stables (these were under Tom Potter's superintendence), “and I'm dashed,” says he one day, “if here doesn't come a billiard-table!”

The house was most comfortably and snugly appointed from top to bottom; and thus it will be seen that Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis were likely to be in very good quarters for their Christmas of 184—

Tom Potter was so kind as to call on me two days after our arrival; and to greet me in the princess's pew at church on the previous day. Before desiring to be introduced to my wife, he requested me to present him to my friend the prince. He called him your Highness. His Highness, who had behaved with exemplary gravity, save once when he shrieked an “ah!” as Miss Liddy led off the children in the organ-loft in a hymn, and the whole pack went woefully out of tune, complimented Monsieur Tom on the sermon of Monsieur his father. Tom walked back with us to Rosebury Lodge gate. “Will you not come in, and make a party of billiard with me?” says his Highness. “Ah, pardon! I forgot, you do not play the billiard the Sunday!” “*Any other day*, Prince, I shall be delighted,” says Tom; and squeezed his Highness's hand tenderly at parting. “Your comrade of college was he?” asks Florac. “My dear, what men are these comrades of college! What men are you English! My word of honor, there are some of them here—if I were to say to them wax my boots, they would take them and wax them! Didst thou see how the Révérend eyed us during the sermon? He regarded us over his book, my word of honor!”

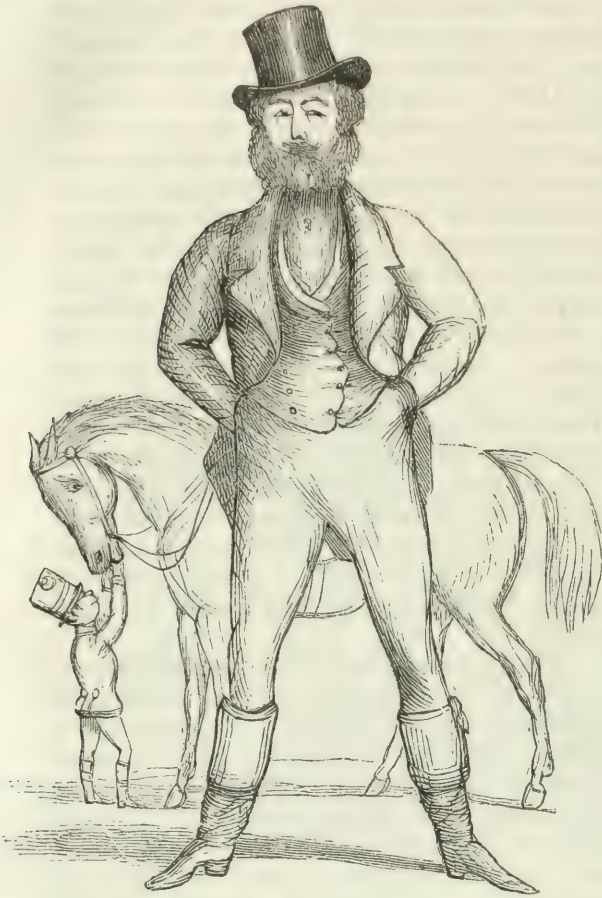
Madame de Florac said simply, she wished the Prince would go and hear Mr. Jacob at the Ebenezer. Mr. Potter was not a good preacher certainly.

“*Savez-vous qu'elle est furieusement belle la fille du Révérend?*” whispered his Highness to me. “I have made eyes at her during the sermon. They will be of pretty neighbors these Meess!” and Paul looked unutterably roguish and victorious as he spoke. To my wife, I am bound to say, Monsieur de Moncontour showed a courtesy, a respect and kindness, that could not be exceeded. He admired her. He paid her compliments innumerable, and gave me, I am sure, sincere congratulations at possessing such a treasure. I do not think he doubted about his power of conquering her, or any other of the daughters of women. But I was the friend of his misfortunes—his guest; and he spared me.

I have seen nothing more amusing, odd, and pleasant than Florac at this time of his prosperity. We arrived, as this voracious chronicle has already asserted, on a Saturday evening. We were conducted to our most comfortable apartments; with crackling fires blazing on the hearths, and every warmth of welcome. Florac expanded and beamed with good-nature. He shook me many times by the hand; he patted me; he called me his good—his brave. He cried to his maître-d'hôtel, “Frédéric, remember Monsieur is master here! Run before his orders. Prostrate thyself to him. He was good to me in the days of my misfortune. Hearest thou, Frédéric? See that every thing be done for Monsieur Pendennis—for Madame sa charmante lady—for her angelic infant, and the bonne. None of thy garrison tricks with that young person, Frédéric! vieux scélérat. Garde toi de la, Frédéric, si non, je t'envoie a Botani Bay; je te traduis devant le Lord Maire!”

“En Angleterre je me fais Anglais, vois tu, mon ami,” continued the Prince. “Demain c'est Sunday, et tu vas voir! I hear the bell, dress thyself for the dinner—my friend!” Here there was another squeeze of both hands from the good-natured fellow. “It do good to my art to ave you in my ouse! Heuh!” He hugged his guest; he had tears in his eyes as he performed this droll, this kind embrace. Not less kind in her way, though less expansive and *embrative*, was Madame de Moncontour to my wife, as I found on comparing notes with that young woman, when the day's hospitalities were ended. The little Princess trotted from bed-chamber to nursery to see that every thing was made comfortable for her guests. She sate and saw the child washed and put to bed. She had never beheld such a little angel. She brought it a fine toy to play with. She and her grim old maid frightened the little creature at first, but it was very speedily reconciled to their countenances. She was in the nursery almost as early as the child's mother. “Ah!” sighed the poor little woman, “how happy you must be to have one!” In fine, my wife was quite overcome by her goodness and welcome.

Sunday morning arrived in the course of time, and then Florac appeared as the most wonderful Briton indeed! He wore top-boots and buckskins; and after breakfast, when we went to church, a white great-coat with a little cape, in which garment he felt that his similarity to an English gentleman was perfect. In conversation with his grooms and servants he swore freely—not that he was accustomed to employ oaths in his own private talk, but he thought the employment of these expletives necessary as an English country gentleman. He never dined without a roast beef, and insisted that the piece of meat should be bleeding, “as you love it, you others.” He got up boxing matches; and kept birds for combats of cock. He assumed the sporting language with admirable enthusiasm—drove over to cover with a steppère—rode across



countri like a good one—was splendid in the hunting-field in his velvet cap and Napoleon boots, and made the Hunt welcome at Rosebury, where his good-natured little wife was as kind to the gentlemen in scarlet, as she used to be of old to the stout dissenting gentlemen in black, who sang hymns and spake sermons on her lawn. These folks, scared at the change which had taken place in the little Princess's habits of life, lamented her falling away: but in the county she and her husband got a great popularity, and in Newcome town itself they were not less liked, for her benefactions were unceasing, and Paul's affability the theme of all praise. The "Newcome Independent," and the "Newcome Sentinel," both paid him compliments; the former journal contrasting his behavior with that of Sir Barnes, their member. Florac's pleasure was to drive his Princess with four horses into Newcome. He called his carriage his "trappe," his "drague." The street boys cheered and hurraed the Prince as he passed through the town. One haberdasher had a yellow stock called "The Moncontour" displayed in his windows; another had a pink one marked "The Princely," and as such recommended it to the young Newcome gents.

The drague conveyed us once to the neighboring house of Newcome, whither my wife accompanied Madame de Moncontour at that lady's own request, to whom Laura very properly did not think fit to confide her antipathy for Lady Clara Newcome. Coming away from a great house, how often she and I, egotistical philosophers, thanked our fates that our own home

was a small one! How long will great houses last in this world? Do not their owners now prefer a lodging at Brighton, or a little entresol on the Boulevard, to the solitary ancestral palace in a park barred round with snow? We were as glad to get out of Newcome as out of a prison. My wife and our hostess skipped into the carriage, and began to talk freely as the lodge gates closed after us. Would we be lords of such a place under the penalty of living in it? We agreed that the little angle of earth called Fair Oaks was dearer to us than the clumsy Newcome pile of Tudor masonry. The house had been fitted up in the time of George IV. and the quasi-Gothic revival. We were made to pass through Gothic dining-rooms, where there was now no hospitality—Gothic drawing-rooms shrouded in brown hollands, to one little room at the end of the dusky suite, where Lady Clara sate alone, or in the company of the nurses and children. The blank gloom of the place had fallen upon the poor lady. Even when my wife talked about children (good-natured Madame de Moncontour vaunting ours as a prodigy) Lady Clara did not brighten up. Her pair of young ones was exhibited and withdrawn. A something weighed upon the woman. We talked about Ethel's marriage. She said it was fixed for the new year, she believed. She did not know whether Glenlivat had been very handsomely fitted up. She had not seen Lord Farintosh's house in London. Sir Barnes came down once—twice—of a Saturday sometimes, for three or four days to hunt, to amuse himself, as all men do, she supposed. She did not know when he was coming again. She rang languidly when we rose to take leave, and sank back on her sofa, where lay a heap of French novels. "She has chosen some pretty books," says Paul, as we drove through the sombre avenues through the gray park, mists lying about the melancholy ornamental waters, dingy herds of huddled sheep speckling the grass here and there; no smoke rising up from the great stacks of chimneys of the building we were leaving behind us, save one little feeble thread of white which we knew came from the fire by which the lonely mistress of Newcome was seated. "Ouf!" cries Florac, playing his whip, as the lodge-gates closed on us, and his team of horses rattled merrily along the road, "what a blessing it is to be out of that vault of a place! There is something fatal in this house—in this woman. One smells misfortune there."

The hotel which our friend Florac patronized on occasion of his visits to Newcome was the King's Arms, and it happened, one day, as we entered that place of entertainment in company, that a visitor of the house was issuing through the hall, to whom Florac seemed as if he would administer one of his customary embraces, and to whom the Prince called out "Jack," with great warmth and kindness as he ran toward the stranger.

Jack did not appear to be particularly well

pleased on beholding us; he rather retreated from before the Frenchman's advances.

"My dear Jack, my good, my brave Ighgate! I am delighted to see you!" Florac continues, regardless of the stranger's reception, or of the landlord's looks toward us, who was bowing the Prince into his very best room.

"How do you do, Monsieur de Florac?" growls the new comer, surlily; and was for moving on after this brief salutation; but having a second thought seemingly, turned back and followed Florac into the apartment whither our host conducted us. *A la bonne heure!* Florac renewed his cordial greetings to Lord Highgate. "I knew not, mon bon, what fly had stung you," says he to my lord. The landlord, rubbing his hands, smirking and bowing, was anxious to know whether the Prince would take any thing after his drive. As the Prince's attendant and friend, the lustre of his reception partially illuminated me. When the chief was not by, I was treated with great attention (mingled with a certain degree of familiarity) by my landlord.

Lord Highgate waited until Mr. Taplow was out of the room; and then said to Florac, "Don't call me by my name here, please, Florac, I am here incog."

"*Plait-il?*" asks Florac. "Where is incog?" He laughed when the word was interpreted to him. Lord Highgate had turned to me. "There was no rudeness you understand intended, Mr. Pendennis, but I am down here on some business, and don't care to wear the handle to my name. Fellows work it so, don't you understand? never leave you at rest in a country town—that sort of thing. Heard of our friend Clive lately?"

"Whether you ave andle or no andle, Jack, you are always the *bien venu* to me. What is thy affair? Old monster! I wager . . ."

"No, no; no such nonsense," says Jack, rather eagerly. "I give you my honor, I—I want to—to raise a sum of money—that is, to invest some in a speculation down here—deuced good the speculations down here; and, by the way, if the landlord asks you, I'm Mr. Harris—I'm a civil engineer—I'm waiting for the arrival of the 'Canada' at Liverpool from America, and very uneasy about my brother who is on board."

"What does he recount to us there? Keep these stories for the landlord, Jack; to us 'tis not the pain to lie. My good Mr. Harris, why have we not seen you at Rosebury? The Princess will scold me if you do not come; and you must bring your dear brother when he arrive too. Do you hear?" The last part of this sentence was uttered for Mr. Taplow's benefit, who had re-entered the George bearing a tray of wine and biscuit.

The Master of Rosebury and Mr. Harris went out presently to look at a horse which was waiting the former's inspection in the stable-yard of the hotel. The landlord took advantage of his business, to hear a bell which never was rung, and to ask me questions about the guest who

had been staying at his house for a week past. Did I know that party? Mr. Pendennis said, "Yes, he knew that party."

"Most respectable party, I have no doubt," continues Boniface.

"Do you suppose the Prince of Moncontour knows *any* but respectable parties?" asks Mr. Pendennis—a query of which the force was so great as to discomfit and silence our landlord, who retreated to ask questions concerning Mr. Harris of Florac's grooms.

What was Highgate's business here? Was it mine to know? I might have suspicions, but should I entertain them, or communicate them, and had I not best keep them to myself? I exchanged not a word on the subject of Highgate with Florac, as we drove home: though from the way in which we looked at one another, each saw that the other was acquainted with that unhappy gentleman's secret. We fell to talking about Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry as we trotted on; and then of English manners by way of contrast, of intrigues, elopements, Gretna Grin, etc., etc. "You are a droll nation!" says Florac. "To make love well, you must absolutely have a chaise-de-poste, and a scandal afterward. If our affairs of this kind made themselves on the grand route, what armies of postillions we should need!"

I held my peace. In that vision of Jack Belsize I saw misery, guilt, children dishonored, homes deserted—ruin for all the actors and victims of the wretched conspiracy. Laura marked my disturbance when we reached home. She even divined the cause of it, and charged me with it at night, when we sate alone by our dressing-room fire, and had taken leave of our kind entertainers. Then, under her cross-examination, I own that I told what I had seen—Lord Highgate, under a feigned name, staying at Newcome. It might be nothing. Nothing! Gracious Heavens! Could not this crime and misery be stopped? "It might be too late," Laura's husband said sadly, bending down his head into the fire.

She was silent too for a while. I could see she was engaged where pious women ever will betake themselves in moments of doubt, of grief, of pain, of separation, of joy even, or whatsoever other trial. They have but to will, and as it were an invisible temple rises round them; their hearts can kneel down there; and they have an audience of the great, the merciful, untiring Counselor and Consoler. She would not have been frightened at Death near at hand. I have known her to tend the poor round about us, or to bear pain—not her own merely, but even her children's and mine, with a surprising outward constancy and calm. But the idea of this crime being enacted close at hand, and no help for it—quite overcame her. I believe she lay awake all that night; and rose quite haggard and pale after the bitter thoughts which had deprived her of rest.

She embraced her own child with extraordinary tenderness that morning, and even wept

over it, calling it by a thousand fond names of maternal endearment. "Would I leave you, my darling—could I ever, ever, ever quit you, my blessing, and treasure!" The unconscious little thing, hugged to his mother's bosom, and scared at her tones and tragic face, clung frightened and weeping round Laura's neck. Would you ask what the husband's feelings were as he looked at that sweet love, that sublime tenderness, that pure Saint blessing the life of him unworthy? Of all the gifts of Heaven to us below, that felicity is the sum and the chief. I tremble as I hold it lest I should lose it; and be left alone in the blank world without it: again, I feel humiliated to think that I possess it; as hastening home to a warm fireside and a plentiful table, I feel ashamed sometimes before the poor outcast beggar shivering in the street.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Laura asked for a pony carriage, and said she was bent on a private visit. She took her baby and nurse with her. She refused our company, and would not even say whither she was bound until she had passed the lodge-gate. I may have suspected what the object was of her journey. Florac and I did not talk of it. We rode out to meet the hounds of a cheery winter morning: on another day I might have been amused with my host—the splendor of his raiment, the neat-

ness of his velvet cap, the gloss of his hunting boots; the cheers, shouts, salutations, to dog and man; the oaths and outcries of this Nimrod, who shouted louder than the whole field and the whole pack too—but on this morning I was thinking of the tragedy yonder enacting, and came away early from the hunting-field, and found my wife already returned to Rosebury.

Laura had been, as I suspected, to Lady Clara. She did not know why, indeed. She scarce knew what she should say when she arrived—how she could say what she had in her mind. "I hoped, Arthur, that I should have something—something told me to say," whispered Laura, with her head on my shoulder; "and as I lay awake last night thinking of her, prayed—that is, hoped, I might find a word of consolation for that poor lady. Do you know I think she has hardly ever heard a kind word? She said so; she was very much affected after we had talked together a little.

"At first she was very indifferent; cold and haughty in her manner; asked what had caused the pleasure of this visit, for I would go in, though at the lodge they told me her ladyship was unwell, and they thought received no company. I said I wanted to show our boy to her



—that the children ought to be acquainted—I don't know what I said. She seemed more and more surprised—then all of a sudden—I don't know how—I said, 'Lady Clara, I have had a dream about you and your children, and I was so frightened that I came over to you to speak about it.' And I *had* the dream, Pen; it came to me absolutely as I was speaking to her.

"She looked a little scared, and I went on telling her the dream. 'My dear,' I said, 'I dreamed that I saw you happy with those children.'"

"'Happy!' says she—the three were playing in the conservatory, into which her sitting-room opens.

"'And that a bad spirit came and tore them from you; and drove you out into the darkness; and I saw you wandering about quite lonely and wretched, and looking back into the garden where the children were playing. And you asked and implored to see them; and the Keeper at the gate said, 'No, never!' And then—then I thought they passed by you, and they did not know you.

"'Ah!' said Lady Clara.

"'And then I thought, as we do in dreams, you know, that it was *my* child who was separated from me, and who would not know me: and oh, what a pang that was! Fancy that. Let us pray God it was only a dream. And worse than that, when you, when I implored to come to the child, and the man said 'No, never!' I thought there came a spirit—an angel that fetched the child to heaven, and you said, 'Let me come too; oh, let me come too, I am so miserable!' And the angel said, 'No, never, never!'

"By this time Lady Clara was looking very pale. 'What do you mean?' she asked of me, Laura continued.

"'Oh, dear lady, for the sake of the little ones, and Him who calls them to Him, go you with them. Never, never part from them! Cling to His knees, and take shelter there.' I took her hands, and I said more to her in this way, Arthur, that I need not, that I ought not to speak again. But she was touched at length when I kissed her; and she said I was very kind to her, and no one had ever been so, and that she was quite alone in the world, and had no friend to fly to; and would I go and stay with her? and I said 'Yes;' and we must go, my dear. And I think you should see that person at Newcome—see him, and warn him," cried Laura, warming as she spoke, "and pray God to enlighten and strengthen him, and to keep him from this temptation, and implore him to leave this poor, weak, frightened, trembling creature; if he has the heart of a gentleman and the courage of a man, he will—I know he will."

"I think he would, my dearest," I said, "if he but heard the petitioner." Laura's cheeks were blushing, her eyes brightened, her voice rang with a sweet pathos of love that vibrates through my whole being sometimes. It seems

to me as if evil must give way, and bad thoughts retire before that purest creature.

"Why has she not some of her family with her, poor thing!" my wife continued. "She perishes in that solitude. Her husband prevents her, I think—and—oh—I know enough of *him* to know what his life is. I shudder, Arthur, to see you take the hand of that wicked, selfish man. You must break with him, do you hear, Sir?"

"Before or after going to stay at his house, my love?" asks Mr. Pendennis.

"Poor thing! she lighted up at the idea of any one coming. She ran and showed me the rooms we were to have. It will be very stupid; and you don't like that. But you can write your book, and still hunt and shoot with our friends here. And Lady Ann Newcome must be made to come back again. Sir Barnes quarreled with his mother, and drove her out of the house on her last visit—think of that! The servants here know it. Martha brought me the whole story from the housekeeper's room. This Sir Barnes Newcome is a dreadful creature, Arthur. I am so glad I loathed him from the very first moment I saw him."

"And into this ogre's den you propose to put me and my family, madam!" says the husband. "Indeed, where won't I go if you order me? Oh, who will pack my portmanteau?"

Florac and the Princess were both in desolation when, at dinner, we announced our resolution to go away—and to our neighbors at Newcome! that was more extraordinary. "Que diable goest thou to do in this galley?" asks our host as we sate alone over our wine.

But Laura's intended visit to Lady Clara was never to have a fulfillment, for on this same evening, as we sate at our dessert, comes a messenger from Newcome, with a note for my wife from the lady there.

"Dearest, kindest, Mrs. Pendennis," Lady Clara wrote, with many italics, and evidently in much distress of mind. "Your visit is *not to be*. I spoke about it to Sir B., who *arrived this afternoon*, and who has already begun to treat me *in his usual way*. Oh, I am so unhappy! Pray, pray do not be angry at this rudeness—though, indeed, it is only a kindness to keep you from this wretched place! I feel as *if I can not bear this much longer*. But, whatever happens, I shall always remember your beautiful goodness and kindness; and shall worship you as *an angel* deserves to be worshiped. Oh, why had I not such a friend *earlier*! But alas! I have none—only *this odious family* thrust upon me for companions to the *wretched, lonely*, C. N.

"P. S.—He does not know of my writing. Do not be surprised if you get another note from me in the morning, written in a *ceremonious style*, and regretting that we *can not have the pleasure* of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis for the present at Newcome.

"P. S.—The hypocrite!"

This letter was handed to my wife at dinner-time, and she gave it to me as she passed out of the room with the other ladies.

I told Florac that the Newcomes could not receive us, and that we would remain, if he willed it, his guests for a little longer. The kind fellow was only too glad to keep us. "My wife would die without *Bébi*," he said. "She becomes quite dangerous about *Bébi*." It was gratifying that the good old lady was not to be parted as yet from the innocent object of her love.

My host knew as well as I the terms upon which Sir Barnes and his wife were living. Their quarrels were the talk of the whole country; one side brought forward his treatment of her, and his conduct elsewhere, and said that he was so bad that honest people should not know him. The other party laid the blame upon her, and declared that Lady Clara was a languid, silly, weak, frivolous creature; always crying out of season; who had notoriously taken Sir Barnes for his money, and who as certainly had had an attachment elsewhere. Yes, the accusations were true on both sides. A bad, selfish husband had married a woman for her rank: a weak, thoughtless girl had been sold to a man for his money; and the union, which might have ended in a comfortable indifference, had taken an ill turn and resulted in misery, cruelty, fierce mutual recriminations, bitter tears shed in private, husband's curses and maledictions, and open scenes of wrath and violence for servants to witness and the world to sneer at. We arrange such matches every day; we sell or buy beauty, or rank, or wealth; we inaugurate the bargain in churches with sacramental services, in which the parties engaged call upon Heaven to witness their vows—we know them to be lies, and we seal them with God's name. "I, Barnes, promise to take you, Clara, to love and honor till death do us part." "I, Clara, promise to take you, Barnes," etc., etc. Who has not heard the ancient words? and how many of us have uttered them, knowing them to be untrue? and is there a bishop on the bench that has not amen'd the humbug in his lawn-sleeves, and called a blessing over the kneeling pair of perjurers?

"Does Mr. Harris know of Newcome's return?" Florac asked, when I acquainted him with this intelligence. "Ce scélérat de Highgate—Va!"

"Does Newcome know that Lord Highgate is here?" I thought within myself, admiring my wife's faithfulness and simplicity, and trying to believe with that pure and guileless creature that it was not yet too late to save the unhappy Lady Clara.

"Mr. Harris had best be warned," I said to Florac; "will you write him a word, and let us send a messenger to Newcome?"

At first Florac said, "Parbleu! No;" the affair was none of his, he attended himself always to this result of Lady Clara's marriage. He had even complimented Jack upon it years

before at Baden, when scenes enough tragic, enough comical, *ma foi*, had taken place apropos of this affair. Why should he meddle with it now?

"Children dishonored," said I, "honest families made miserable; for Heaven's sake, Florac, let us stay this catastrophe if we can." I spoke with much warmth, eagerly desirous to avert this calamity if possible, and very strongly moved by the tale which I had heard only just before dinner from that noble and innocent creature, whose pure heart had already prompted her to plead the cause of right and truth, and to try and rescue an unhappy desperate sister trembling on the verge of ruin.

"If you will not write to him," said I, in some heat—"if your grooms don't like to go out of a night (this was one of the objections which Florac had raised), I will walk." We were talking over the affair rather late in the evening, the ladies having retreated to their sleeping apartments, and some guests having taken leave, whom our hospitable host and hostess had entertained that night, and before whom I naturally did not care to speak upon a subject so dangerous.

"Parbleu, what virtue, my friend! what a Joseph!" cries Florac, puffing his cigar. "One sees well that your wife had made you the sermon. My poor Pendennis! You are hen-pecked, my pauvre bon! You become the husband model. It is true my mother writes that thy wife is an angel!"

"I do not object to obey such a woman when she bids me do right," I said; and would, indeed, at that woman's request have gone out upon the errand, but that we here found another messenger. On days when dinner-parties were held at Rosebury, certain auxiliary waiters used to attend from Newcome whom the landlord of the King's Arms was accustomed to supply; indeed, it was to secure these, and make other necessary arrangements respecting fish, game, etc., that the Prince de Moncontour had ridden over to Newcome on the day when we met Lord Highgate, alias Mr. Harris, before the bar of the hotel. While we were engaged in the above conversation a servant enters, and says, "My lord, Jenkins and the other man is going back to Newcome in their cart, and is there any thing wanted?"

"It is the Heaven which sends him," says Florac, turning round to me with a laugh; "make Jenkins to wait five minutes, Robert; I have to write to a gentleman at the King's Arms." And so saying, Florac wrote a line which he showed me, and having sealed the note, directed it to Mr. Harris at the King's Arms. The cart, the note, and the assistant waiters departed on their way to Newcome. Florac bade me go to rest with a clear conscience. In truth, the warning was better given in that way than any other, and a word from Florac was more likely to be effectual than an expostulation from me. I had never thought of making it, perhaps; except at the expressed desire of a lady whose

counsel, in all the difficult circumstances of life, I own I am disposed to take.

Mr. Jenkins's horse no doubt trotted at a very brisk pace, as gentlemen's horses will of a frosty night, after their masters have been regaled with plentiful supplies of wine and ale. I remember in my bachelor days that my horses always trotted quicker after I had had a good dinner; the Champagne used to communicate itself to them somehow, and the claret get into their heels. Before midnight the letter for Mr. Harris was in Mr. Harris's hands in the King's Arms.

It has been said, that in the Boscawen Room at the Arms, some of the jolly fellows of Newcome had a club, of which Parrot the auctioneer, Tom Potts the talented reporter, now Editor of the "Independent," Vidler the apothecary, and other gentlemen, were members.

When we first had occasion to mention that society, it was at an early stage of this history, long before Clive Newcome's fine mustache had grown. If Vidler the apothecary was old and infirm then, he is near ten years older now; he has had various assistants, of course, and one of them of late years had become his partner, though the firm continues to be known by Vidler's ancient and respectable name. A jovial fellow was this partner—a capital convivial member of the Jolly Britons, where he used to sit very late, so as to be in readiness for any nightwork that might come in.

So the Britons were all sitting, smoking, drinking, and making merry, in the Boscawen Room, when Jenkins enters with a note, which he straightway delivers to Mr. Vidler's partner. "From Rosebury? The Princess ill again, I suppose," says the surgeon, not sorry to let the company know that he attends her. "I wish the old girl would be ill in the day-time. Confound it," says he, "what's this!—" and he reads out, "Sir Newcome est de retour. Bon voyage, mon ami. F." What does this mean?

"I thought you knew French, Jack Harris," says Tom Potts; "you're always bothering us with your French songs."

"Of course I know French," says the other; "but what's the meaning of this?"

"Screwcome came back by the five o'clock train. I was in it, and his royal highness would scarcely speak to me. Took Brown's fly from the station. Brown won't enrich his family much by the operation," says Mr. Potts.

"But what do I care?" cries Jack Harris; "we don't attend him, and we don't lose much by that. Howell attends him, ever since Vidler and he had that row."

"Hulloh! I say it's a mistake," cries Mr. Taplow, smoking in his chair. "This letter is for the party in the Benbow. The gent which the Prince spoke to him, and called him Jack the other day when he was here. Here's a nice business, and the seal broke, and all. Is the Benbow party gone to bed? John, you must carry him in this here note." John, quite innocent of the note and its contents—for he that

moment had entered the club-room with Mr. Potts's supper—took the note to the Benbow, from which he presently returned to his master with a very scared countenance. He said the gent in the Benbow was a most harbitrary gent. He had almost choked John after reading the letter, and John wouldn't stand it; and when John said he supposed that Mr. Harris in the Boscawen—that Mr. Jack Harris, had opened the letter, the other gent cursed and swore awful.

"Potts," said Taplow, who was only too communicative on some occasions after he had imbibed too much of his own brandy-and-water, "it's my belief that that party's name is no more Harris than mine is. I have sent his linen to the wash, and there was two white pocket-handkerchiefs with H. and a coronet."

On the next day we drove over to Newcome, hoping perhaps to find that Lord Highgate had taken the warning sent to him and quitted the place. But we were disappointed. He was walking in front of the hotel, where a thousand persons might see him as well as ourselves.

We entered into his private apartment with him, and there expostulated upon his appearance in the public street, where Barnes Newcome or any passer-by might recognize him. He then told us of the mishap which had befallen Florac's letter on the previous night.

"I can't go away now, whatever might have happened previously: by this time that villain knows that I am here. If I go, he will say I was afraid of him, and ran away. Oh! how I wish he would come and find me." He broke out with a savage laugh.

"It is best to run away," one of us interposed sadly.

"Pendennis," he said, with a tone of great softness, "your wife is a good woman. God bless her! God bless her for all she has said and done—would have done, if that villain had let her. Do you know the poor thing hasn't a single friend in the world—not one, one—except me, and that girl they are selling to Farintosh, and who does not count for much. He has driven away all her friends from her; one and all turn upon her. Her relations of course; when did *they* ever fail to hit a poor fellow or a poor girl when she was down? The poor angel! The mother who sold her comes and preaches at her; Kew's wife turns up her little cursed nose and scorns her; Rooster, forsooth, must ride the high horse, now he is married and lives at Chanticleere, and give her warning to avoid my company or his! Do you know the only friend she ever had was that old woman with the stick—old Kew; the old witch whom they buried four months ago after nobbling her money for the beauty of the family? She used to protect her—that old woman; Heaven bless her for it, wherever she is now, the old hag—a good word won't do her any harm. Ha! ha!" His laughter was cruel to hear.

"Why did I come down?" he continued, in reply to our sad queries. "Why did I come down, do you ask? Because she was wretched,

and sent for me. Because if I was at the end of the world, and she was to say, 'Jack, come!' I'd come."

"And if she bade you go?" asked his friends.

"I would go; and I *have* gone. If she told me to jump into the sea, do you think I would not do it? But I go; and when she is alone with him, do you know what he does? He strikes her. Strikes *that* poor little thing! He has owned to it. She fled from him and sheltered with the old woman who's dead. He may be doing it now! Why did I ever shake hands with him? that's humiliation sufficient, isn't it? But she wished it; and I'd black his boots, curse him, if she told me. And because he wanted to keep my money in his confounded bank, and because he knew he might rely upon my honor and hers, poor dear child! he chooses to shake hands with me—me, whom he hates worse than a thousand devils—and quite right, too. Why isn't there a place where we can go and meet, like man to man, and have it over! If I had a ball through my brains I shouldn't mind, I tell you. I've a mind to do it for myself, Pendennis. You don't understand me, Viscount?"

"Il est vrai," said Florac, with a shrug, "I comprehend neither the suicide nor the chaise-de-poste. What will you? I am not yet enough English, my friend. We make marriages of convenience in our country, *que diable*, and what follows follows; but no scandal afterward! Do not adopt our institutions a demi, my friend. Vous ne me comprenez pas non plus, mon pauvre Jack!"

"There is one way still, I think," said the third of the speakers in this scene. "Let Lord Highgate come to Rosebury in his own name, leaving that of Mr. Harris behind him. If Sir Barnes Newcome wants you, he can seek you there. If you will go, as go you should, and God speed you; you can go, and in your own name, too."

"Parbleu c'est ça," cries Florac, "he speaks like a book—the Romancier!" I confess, for my part, I thought that a good woman might plead with him, and touch that manly not disloyal heart now trembling on the awful balance between evil and good.

"Allons! let us make to come the drague!" cries Florac. "Jack, thou returnest with us, my friend! Madame Pendennis, an angel, my friend, a *quakre* the most charming, shall roucoule to thee the sweetest sermons. My wife shall tend thee like a mother—a grandmother. Go make thy packet!"

Lord Highgate was very much pleased and relieved seemingly. He shook our hands, he said he should never forget our kindness, never! In truth the didactic part of our conversation was carried on at much greater length than as here noted down: and he would come that evening, but not with us, thank you; he had a particular engagement, some letters he must write. Those done, he would not fail us, and would be at Rosebury by dinner-time.

THE LAMPLIGHTER: A MODEL STORY FOR YOUNG AUTHORS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was late on a beautiful summer evening about the middle of the present century, when a Lamplighter, bearing on his shoulder that distinctive badge of his craft familiarly known as a ladder, and in his hand a lantern of simple but efficient construction, turned the corner of a street leading out of the Commercial Road, at the east end of the great metropolis of that great commercial country, whose fleets sweep the seas of the world, and whose downfall, though anticipated by Ledru Rollin, and the author of the well-known work on prophetic interpretation, entitled "A Warning Voice to Britain, or the Coming Crash," is still postponed.

The Lamplighter turned the corner.

As he turned, he paused: a shade of reflection stole across his handsome, and even aristocratic features; then, curling his manly lip with an expression of ineffable scorn, he proceeded on his way humming an air.

An attentive listener might have observed that the air was from Beethoven.

The street in question was one of the humblest order. It did not consist of residences inhabited by those whom the callous and Calvinistic Cowper has called

"Tenants of life's middle state,
Securely placed betwixt the small and great;"

but of edifices one story high, the maximum number of apartments being four, the minimum number of family establishments in each house being two. Slatternly females conversing in pairs at street-doors about "my old man," "that Bill," "that Bob," "my Mary Anne," and recent occurrences before "the Beak;" rival pot-boys, on opposite sides of the way, shouting the nine o'clock beer without any amicable adjustment of respective time or tune; children and adolescent lads, in ragged pinafores and shirt-sleeves, playing, whooping, plunging, starting, and swearing; the fierce Lascar, swart child of the sun; the nasal Israelite; and the ever-with-rhubarb-perambulating Moslem; the inebriated athlete challenging to pugilistic combat some brother of feebleness mould belonging to the same workshop, and equally inebriated; the loud-voiced daughter of misfortune, with reddened nose, obtrusive shoulder, and hair unkempt; all, all were here—only the policeman was absent!

Blame him not, for he was human! In other neighborhoods, where were areas, housemaids, and possible legs of mutton, he whiled away the tedious minutes.

In this street, then, where wives were smashed nightly, and policemen came not until the smashing was over and done—in this street, from open windows issued sounds and scents illustrative of the household economy of the inhabitants. Outside was noise, was confusion; inside was supper! The savory, but suspected sausage; the tasteful, toothsome tripe; the juicy, never-

palling steak, with its garnish of odorous onion; the lean liver of the lamb, and the pinguiferous slice from the salted swine—were all undergoing necessary culinary processes in hot and smoky rooms in the street of which we write.

And over the simmering of the tripe, and the hissing of the sausage, and the breathing of the onion, came out the everlasting stars, calmly—oh, so calmly!

With equal (if not superior) calmness, the Lamplighter pursued his illuminating way.

He was followed by a youth.

Poeta nascitur, non fit.

The youth was a poet. His hair was long, and his collar turned down. His gait was slow, and his air was abstracted. As he went along he was assailed by opprobrious epithets from the ribald denizens of the place.

Martyrdom is ever the lot of Genius.

Ask not, Sneerer, what Genius wanted down a back street in the Commercial Road! Genius is at home every where; it hath a latch-key to every door; a microscope for the small; a telescope for the distant; an alchemy for meanness in back streets. This youthful poet's errand was the study of the human heart. Judge by the sequel if his errand was a successful one!

Before a house near the farther end of the street—a house which presented nothing externally remarkable—the Lamplighter and the youthful poet paused simultaneously; both, as it would seem, entranced and spell-bound by a strain of melody which, mingled with the soft tinkling of a piano, evidently fitted up with the latest improvements, regardless of expense, came warbled forth from an inexpressibly rich female voice, singing "*Ah! non giunge*." The window was opened at the top, and there were dwarf Venetian blinds.

The Lamplighter, who had stood with raised eyes and clasped hands, suddenly turned, and saw the youth in an attitude of delighted wonder. He eyed him with a malicious smile.

"Man!" said the youth.

"Sir?" said the Lamplighter, while the mantling color flushed his lordly face.

"Lamplighter! Being! What would you? Individual! a silver shilling to climb yon ladder, and light the lamp opposite that window!"

"A shilling, youth? Ha, ha!" The Lamplighter laughed in scorn.

"Half-a-crown—half-a-sovereign—my earthly stock and store—all, all, all—only let me see that face!" The youth drew out a purse, and exposed a five-pound note, and some gold and silver coins.

"Keep, keep thy gold, youth! See here! Mount the ladder heedfully—so—so—take the lantern—now!"

With suspended breath the young poet stood at that dizzy height, and looking into the room with one eye, and at his ostensible task with the other, he succeeded in lighting the lamp, at the cost of smashing one side of glass. A mob was speedily gathered around the lamp-post, but the youth heeded neither their laughter nor their

execrations. He saw—oh, pity! what saw he not?

The furniture of the room was excessively mean, but on one side stood a cottage piano of gorgeous workmanship, before which sat a maiden of perfect beauty—the beauty of rich golden hair, pearl-white skin of softest vermeil shade, eyes of dewy violet, and form of gazelle-like lightness. Oh, but she was lovely!

At the sound of the smashed glass she naturally turned round and looked up.

A youth with long hair, turn-down collar, and poetic eye, at the top of a lamplighter's ladder, is not an ordinary object. Isabel gazed wonderingly. An elderly female, of majestic port, entered the room.

"Look there, *chère maman!*" said Isabel.

"What, *ma chère?*"

But before another word was spoken, the youthful bard rapidly retraced his steps down the ladder, and clasped the arm of the friendly Lamplighter in a half-swoon of delicious emotion. There was an interval of silence.

"Friend!" said the Lamplighter, "if thy look betray me not, thou art noble—thou art gifted."

"I write for the '*Hearthrug Excruciator*,'" murmured the youth with ill-concealed pride.

"I knew it! I knew it! Enough. Would you know the maiden—sit at her side—speak to her—press her hand—"

"Oh, heaven!" interrupted the young poet.

"Speak!"

"I would!"

"No more! We meet again—give me your card—good—farewell!"

The Lamplighter disappeared hastily round the corner. Uncertain whether he was awake or dreaming, Edward (for his name was Edward) stood

"Like one that hath been stunned,

And is of sense forlorn,"

till the taunts of the hustling mob around him suggested his moving on.

Still, the lamps shone, and the stars twinkled, while the rattle of an engine and the cry of fire in the main street diverted the crowd.

When they were gone, Edward returned and lingered by the charmed spot. The voice was silent, but it was now late, and there was a light in the front room up stairs.

"Ah!" said he, "she sleeps!"

He was mistaken. It was the room of a lodger who played in the orchestra of the "Royal Pavilion Theatre." Isabel slept in the back parlor with her mother.

Still, the stars and lamps shone on!

CHAPTER II.

Joy comes and goes.

The next morning, as Edward was bewailing his empty purse—for his pocket had been ruthlessly picked on the previous evening—a letter arrived for him. It was in a disguised hand, and contained these words:

"Be there at eight to-night, and ask for Isabel.

Be bold, and fear not! Your destiny is in your own hands.

THE LAMPLIGHTER."

How the youthful poet passed through that day; how he performed its dreary, monotonous duties; how he endured his agony of suspense; how he found his way to the Commercial Road in the evening—are all among the things that may not be written; save that, with respect to the last point, it is definitely known that he went in a fourpenny omnibus, having borrowed a small sum of his landlady.

* * * * *

A mist swam before his eyes. He said, faintly, "Isabel? I was told to ask for Isabel—"

"Edward?" said the beautiful maiden, advancing with a smile and a blush.

"All right?" inquired Edward.

"Quite," said Isabel, meaningly.

There was a sweet, soft moan of tender unrest, and she flung herself upon his bosom.

The old lady looked smilingly on, having just slipped in unperceived, after witnessing the scene through a crack in the door. For the house was in bad condition, though the rent was twenty pounds a year, without taxes.

"Bless you, my children!" said she, when the youthful poet and the enamored maiden took breath, after their embrace—"Bless you!"

Without, the stars looked down (as before!)

Isabel seated herself at the piano, and again warbled forth strains of unearthly sweetness.

"Do you like music, Edward?" said she.

Edward replied in the affirmative.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Ma and I sometimes go to the Effingham Saloon, in the Whitechapel Road; Ma's fond of music too—*n'est-ce pas, Maman?* We should be so glad, you know, if you would take us, now and then—it's three-pence to the boxes. Ma and I never venture any where else. The singing is so good."

At this moment Edward heard a slight clicking noise outside, and turning his head, caught a glimpse of the Lamplighter at his nightly occupation! . . . Was there not something Satanic in his half-suppressed smile? . . . Gracious powers! Could it be that he was—No, no! The thought was too wild. But, in spite of himself, a tremor seized his limbs, a cold sweat bedewed his brow, his hair stood almost on end. . . . He was roused by the clatter of plates on the little round table.

Supper! The cloth was laid, and the humble and circular cheese of Holland, bread, salt, and mustard, with three delf mugs, knives, and one fork, were all the furniture of the entertainment—except a single finger-glass. Isabel saw Edward glance at it with some curiosity.

"My Ma always has a finger-glass at meals," said she, with a quiet smile. "She always has a savaloy for supper, and I'm going to fetch it, and the beer."

"Let me accompany you," said Edward.

The matron watched their retreating figures with a pride which illumined her graceful countenance as with a sunbeam. Beautiful it was to see that youth and maiden returning, Ed-

ward bearing the foaming jug of threepenny ale, Isabel, a small German. So potent is female loveliness, that the rudest natures, they who had hooted the young poet only the evening before, because, forsooth, his collar lay down, and his hair grew free, were silent and reverent, as he walked arm-in-arm with the golden-tressed creature who now carried the savaloy for her mother in a piece of old newspaper!

O Beauty! O Life! O Love! Many and many an evening did that youthful couple meet and mingle caresses and loving words, and sigh, and sup, and go to the Effingham Saloon along with the old lady, and bring in the savaloy and the beer; and so their lives swept on together, two currents meeting in one stream of bliss and beauty!

Once only did Edward name the Lamplighter, and ask if Isabel knew him.

"We know no one about here," was Isabel's reply, given with a countenance of amused surprise. Edward did not dare to press the question farther; and the more he reflected upon that mysterious being's influence in bringing about his present position, the more he didn't understand it. But what matter? In the love of Isabel he was too supremely blest to care for aught besides; and so, in tenderest intercourse, the sweet, long summer passed away, and still, still—Edward and Isabel were happy!

When Edward received his quarter's salary at the end of September, he found a good deal of it pre-mortgaged to pay for fourpenny rides to the Commercial Road, and admissions to the Effingham Saloon.

CHAPTER III.

AUTUMN—yellow, mellow Autumn. There were vegetable marrows in the greengrocers' windows in the Commercial Road, and, as the air grew chiller and damper, Old Tom and Cream of the Valley were in increasing request.

But no chill came upon the love of the poet and the maiden. For them it was unceasing Summer.

One evening, when they had been sitting silently locked in each other's arms for an hour or more, and the good matron had fallen asleep in her chair with her gold spectacles (she always wore gold spectacles) toppling down upon her nose, Edward broke the stillness by whispering—

"Isabel!"

"Yes, Edward?"

"Isabel—do we love one another?"

"Oh, Edward!"

This was succeeded by a passionate embrace.

"Do we understand one another?"

"Oh, Edward!"

And the lovers' glances met in a flash of mutual intelligence; the encounter of looks struck fire—celestial fire!

"Isabel, why should souls like ours heed the conventional forms of society? We have wooed and loved for three long months; we love—we understand one another—we know how to be

happy—let me put up the banns at Limehouse Church!"

"Oh, Edward, spare me!"

The blushing maid hid her face in her hands.

"My means are small—but my salary is to be raised next January to eighty pounds a year."

"Eighty pounds!" said Isabel, looking up with a smile.

"Eighty pounds! and my contributions to the 'Hearthrug Excruciator' *must* speedily bring me into notice, which will yield both fame and profit!"

"Ah, Edward! your genius I know full well—I am proud of it, Edward!"

"I'll toast you Welsh rabbits—"

"Dearest!"

"I'll fetch you beer!"

"Angel!"

"I'll rock the cradle!"

"Oh, Edward!"

"You *must* be mine!" As Edward spoke, he pressed her to his side with such fervor as to provoke a slight scream from Isabel, which disturbed her mother, who rose hastily, to ask what was the matter.

"Edward has asked me to let him put up the banns, Ma, and says he's to have eighty pounds a year in January."

"Bless the boy!" cried the matron, with a sudden astonishment of manner; but, quickly correcting herself, she said, "Yes, *ma chère*; yes; bless you, bless you both!"

Without, the stars were looking down, and the gas-lamps twinkling (as on the previous occasion).

Then a great calm of joy deluged the spirit of unrest in the bosom of the youthful poet. He had asked Isabel—Isabel had asked her mother—and her mother had blest them. It was enough—almost too much!

That night the evening meal was prolonged, and Edward went three times for ale. It was near midnight when he left the humble roof where he had wooed and won his Isabel, and as he turned into the Commercial Road he heard the church clocks strike twelve.

A hand was laid upon his arm.

He was thinking that in all his intercourse with Isabel and her mother, he had never, never, heard their name! He murmured aloud, "How can I put up the banns without knowing her name?"

"Impossible!" said a voice at his ear.

It was the Lamplighter. His countenance wore a strange smile.

"I will tell you her name—all in good time," said the Lamplighter. "But, in the meantime, step under that lamp, and sign your name—and address—to this paper. I require it, as the price of the happiness in store for you!"

"But—" gasped Edward.

"No hesitation! Sign—or renounce Isabel!"

"There's no ink," said the youthful betrothed, with agitation.

"Pencil will do," replied the Lamplighter.

"I haven't got one," suggested Edward.

"I have," was the Being's reply. "Sign!"

Thus urged, Edward signed—name and address—in full.

"Enough!" said the Lamplighter. "Isabel is yours."

So saying, he disappeared, like an arrow lost in the clouds.

"Fiend!" said Edward, between his clenched teeth, as a mocking ha-ha reached his ears upon the cool night-wind.

"At least, I will not sell my soul in vain—let me make all sure!"

He strode hastily and gloomily through several turnings, until he stopped before the residence of the Clerk of Limehouse parish. All was dark and silent. He knocked and rang several times. At last, a head, enveloped in the conventional cap of night, appeared from an upper window, and presumed that the house was on fire!

The youthful and ardent lover explained that his business was merely to announce his intention of calling to-morrow to get the clerk to register the banns for himself and his affianced bride.

The head was speedily withdrawn, after uttering an unclerkly execration.

Walking moodily away, Edward reflected that, after all, the Lamplighter had not told him Isabel's name.

"Ten thousand curses! But I can call to-morrow morning on my way, and ask her."

Once more, that mocking laugh! His steps were dogged then: he turned—there was only silence and the black night.

The lamps shone as usual, but not the stars.

CHAPTER IV.

WINTER, winter every where; and winter in the youthful poet's bosom—cold, joyless, frozen winter! On calling at Isabel's the next morning, he found she was gone away, with her mother, and no tidings of them could be gained. Dumb, crushed, heart-numbed, he staggered forth. His dream was over. Gone, gone, gone! And the Lamplighter, and the signed paper? . . . Oh, powers of mercy! for *what* had he sold himself to the powers of darkness? . . .

A ray of hope flashed across his mind—*could* a lamplighter be considered a power of darkness?

His only consolation was in song. He ate his bread in sadness, or, to speak more accurately, he dipped his captain's biscuit in weak brandy and water, and poured out his sorrows, once a week, in the "Hearthrug Excruciator." On such a restricted diet, and with such small means of comfort, no wonder Edward grew pale and thin. His youth was blighted!

* * * * *

What could the Earl of Bradclyffe want to say to him? There was the invitation as large as life—"The Earl of Bradclyffe requests the pleasure of Mr. Green's company at dinner on Tuesday next, at seven o'clock. The Earl of

Bradclyffe has an important communication to make." Well; life was *all* a mockery to a torn and bleeding heart, and he would go.

Reader, he went. As his humble cab—the humble cab he had engaged to convey him to Eaton Place—drew up before the door, he was abashed at the string of magnificent equipages in waiting, and found his way to the presence of Lord and Lady Bradclyffe, more dead than alive, and the shadow of what he was. He fancied he had an instantaneous recollection of his Lordship's face, and a still stronger one of her Ladyship's—but help!—he swoons! who, who is that?

"Isabel!"

When he came to, Isabel was bathing his forehead with Eau-de-Cologne.

* * * * *

"My dear Edward," said the Earl, "Isabel is yours! she has been yours from the hour when I allowed you to mount my ladder. Know, my dear boy, that I love my species. As a man, as a senator and hereditary legislator of this great realm, I longed to learn somewhat of the *people*—of their daily toils and trials, in fact, of their lives. I thought it behoved me to acquire that knowledge, and feigning a journey to Italy, and bribing my servants to keep my secret, I became a humble lamplighter at the East end of London—and in that vocation I came to *know* the people of England! Yes, Edward, and more than that. I determined that Lady Bradclyffe, and this dear girl too, should partake my knowledge, and they heroically shared my lot. You yourself have seen them eat Dutch cheese—drink threepenny ale—and you have accompanied Isabel when she has gone out for her mamma's evening savaloy. You know it all. But the dear old lady *would* have her finger-glass at meals, and retain the gold spectacles, and Isabel pleaded hard for a cottage-piano. In the sphere in which we move she was surrounded by "hollow hearts which wore a mask"—if I may use the language of a popular poet; but I know that in you I have found a companion for her, whose heart is true and fond—true, I say, for have I not tried it?"

"The paper that I signed in the street?" said Edward, interrogatively.

"Oh, ah! I had mislaid your card, and forgotten your address, and determined to amuse myself at your expense."

"Cruel papa!" murmured Isabel, as she hung fondly on the shoulder of the young bard.

"Isabel, my beloved, my own! This moment repays me for all!"

As he imprinted a rapturous kiss upon her brow, amidst loud applause from the assembled *élite* of our venerable aristocracy, a richly-caparisoned servitor, of almost Titanic stature, but moulded like an Apollo, entered, and, in a voice of thrilling music, said,

"Dinner is ready, my Lord!"

The Earl of Bradclyffe winked at our poor Edward. Was he aware of his restricted diet-table during the last few months? Perhaps.

CHAPTER V.

This will be a brief chapter!

When is pleasure long? . . .

Early in the spring, Isabel and Edward were united at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Bishop of —, assisted by the venerable Incumbent of Bradclyffe-cum-Toadinthehole, who was brought to town, carriage paid, by the excited and elegant-minded Earl. Wedding-cards were sent to the Clerk of Limehouse parish, as some atonement for his being rung up in the night by the impetuous Edward. The good old man wept when he received them.

Edward continues to court the Muses with brilliant success.

He and his bride immediately purchased the house in the turning out of the Commercial Road, and the Earl bargained with the lamplighter of the district to be permitted to light the lamps of the street once a year. On that night, there is annually a family party of the Greens and Bradclyffes at the old house, and the beauteous Isabel and the handsome Edward may be seen arm-in-arm turning the corner, at about nine o'clock P.M.; she with a savaloy, he with a can of threepenny ale. After supper, Isabel invariably sings "*Ah, non giunge!*" The Earl of Bradclyffe always takes the side of the people in the peers' assembly, and never forgets the lessons he learned when he was

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

THE INCONSTANT DAGUERREOTYPE.

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

IT is scarcely to be wondered at that two daguerreotypes, placed directly opposite each other in a small and pretty boudoir, should fall desperately in love with one another.

Affairs of this kind are very frequent among this class of the human species. Of such a susceptible nature, an impression is easily made; and if the details of the contents of a daguerreotype saloon could be made known, they would display such instances of romance as would make the fortune of a G. P. R. James or a Miss Pickering.

There is something touching in the fact that the subjects of such romance are merely shadows, which gives to their fragile loves an unwonted hue.

With daguerreotypes there is no such phrase as "a mere shadow," for with them the shadow is the substance; and the sad history of Peter Schlemihl, without his shadow, lies among their records as an almost unnecessary warning, displaying to the human race the importance of this appendage.

There is a tradition among them that all shadows live again in the moon—perhaps from her occasionally receiving the shadow of the earth in her arms, or from her telling her own topography by the shadows that her mountains cast over her valleys. Be that as it may, this strong hope exists among them, to give permanence to the superficial daguerreotype, and to add a gleam to its mercurial disposition.

The hero and heroine of our tale, daguerreotypes of the finest metal, did not, as we have hinted, pass their lives in the crowded precincts of a daguerreotype saloon, nor were their charms blazoned to the passer-by at the corners of the public streets. What home could be more agreeable than theirs in Minna Bertrand's boudoir, and when did it look more inviting than on the very morning we would speak of it?

The velvet folds of the green curtains hung heavily on the moss-green carpet. The soft, flickering flame from the soft coal fire sent out a cheerful crackling sound into the room. A crayon-sketch was lying unfinished on the drawing-table, with its drawing implements about it. Just two inviting-looking lounges showed how exclusive was the nature of the apartment.

In one of these lounges sat, expectingly, the owner of the boudoir, Minna Bertrand. She is no heroine of ours, for she was neither a daguerreotype, nor had she ever sat for a daguerreotype likeness. But to her belonged the two that hung upon the walls of her room. One was a portrait of her brother Ferdinand, a young officer away in the service of his country. He, the original, was her *beau-ideal* of all that was manly and heroic. No wonder that Ferdinand, the daguerreotype, should receive somewhat of the admiration that Lieutenant Bertrand, the original, was wont to awaken when at home. But the half of her affection Minna bestowed upon Cecilia. This was the daguerreotype that hung on the wall directly opposite.

It represented her best friend, Miss Vernon, who had just returned from a European tour; whom she had greeted once, but whose first visit in her own boudoir she was now awaiting.

Minna looks alternately from Ferdinand to Cecilia, who represents, in a calm, slightly-stiffened aspect, after the manner of daguerreotypes, only one phase of the expressions of her volatile friend. If Minna had ever indulged in any visions of match-making, it had been with regard to her brother and her friend. But the fates had hitherto been against the meeting of these two. Miss Vernon's European tour had kept her abroad during Ferdinand's last visit home, and since her return, Minna had been vainly wishing for some sudden orders that would bring her brother back again, to see how charming and irresistible her friend had become since her stay in Paris. She little knew that with the two presentments that she had placed so near each other, affairs had already advanced marvelously. Ferdinand was wonderfully gifted with the language of the eyes, while Cecilia possessed what is called a truly speaking countenance.

At the moment of which we speak, the original, Miss Vernon, entered the room. At first came the renewal of the welcome home from Minna; the delight expressed by Miss Vernon that she was herself home again. Then followed expressions of the deepest enthusiasm about her enjoyment abroad, which she feared she could never impart to her best friend,

Minna. But Miss Vernon could not be one moment quiet. There was the dear old view from the window: "I declare, Mrs. Grimes has not washed her blinds since I went away! I'm glad of it; I should have never known the dear old house if she had taken away a speck of dust! Is that Annie Hudson in that shabby bonnet? How old she has grown! Do you know, Minna dear, every body's bonnet looks—not exactly what you call shabby; but that reminds me of my old daguerreotype—isn't it frightful? And the bonnet must be so out of style! Pray, let me see it! Why, you have hung up that little water-color sketch I sent you. You must have done that out of pure affection, and have plunged your artist-feelings into oblivion. But if you could have seen the lake as I saw it, and under such auspices! You wouldn't have wondered at my using up all my blue paint in my efforts to retain it and the sky. But our charming companions! I could never have painted them! I wish you could have heard Herbert Schuyler's flute on the water. His flute was the best part of him; as for his face— But who is this—this daguerreotype? Is this Ferdinand—Lieutenant Bertrand? You have always talked about him, but I never imagined him looking so!"

Ferdinand, the daguerreotype, had found himself deeply interested in watching the points of resemblance and of difference between the actual Miss Vernon and his beloved. And now he finds her studying and examining his own features.

If daguerreotypes could blush deeper than the color that is laid upon them, surely now was his time; but Ferdinand could do no more than return a glance as penetrating as he could render it.

"What a love of a picture!" exclaimed Miss Vernon. "I don't know what ever will become of me when I see the original! That mustache! It is exactly the face that should wear a mustache. It is like the dark line that edged the spars of the vessel we came out in when they stood against the sunset! Oh, no; it is like the dark cloud behind the Jungfrau that day we saw it, when the rest of the sky was so clear! Minna, it is quite safe for me to rave about the daguerreotype when the original is so far away! I declare it really seems to me it smiles!—the real smile must be excessively dangerous!"

So rattled on Miss Vernon, not only at her first visit, but whenever afterward she came into the room. As she sat with her work, she would draw her chair into full-view of the daguerreotype, and give it as many glances as some ladies would a mirror in the same position.

She was not aware what mischief she was bringing in between two loving hearts. Ferdinand's head and heart, a little shallow perhaps, were beginning to be turned and touched. He began to compare Miss Vernon's face with that of his own Cecilia, the daguerreotype. He forgot the charm of that constancy of expression of which daguerreotypes are fond of boast-

ing, and began to praise the variety of which Miss Vernon's face was capable, and her smile, which was never the same.

Cecilia herself was at first deeply interested in watching the movements of her own original. She loved, among the lively varied gleams of Miss Vernon's countenance, suddenly to detect the pensive air which she herself always assumed.

As often as she saw this well-known expression stealing over Miss Vernon's face, she would earnestly glance at Ferdinand to see if he were not pleased to detect its likeness. But she too often found him occupied in watching for some new movement in the lively Miss Vernon's features, and saw in his face, which she had learned to read so easily, a pleasure in their change of expression.

When the daguerreotypes were alone, in the absence of Miss Vernon, Ferdinand was fond of dwelling upon her charms; in the praise of which, Cecilia at first modestly joined, feeling almost as if it were herself that was under discussion. But in time this subject became wearisome to her, especially when at length Ferdinand began to indulge in reflections upon the sad doom to which daguerreotypes were submitted, which forced them into one expression, and restrained them to a passive life. These quite aroused Cecilia's indignation.

"Wasn't constancy the pride of all the daguerreotype tribe? And what greater happiness was there than to preserve for a friend the same unchanging smile, the same freshness of cheek! As for mortals, they must fade and grow old; but a daguerreotype, if only of the true temper, was indestructible in its nature, and might exist for ages!"

"I would not give a fig for the ages," answered Ferdinand, "full of dates as they may be! What is life without liveliness? what are emotions without motion? I tell you, Cecilia, I would willingly give up the promised future in the moon, with all its vaporous charms, for one good flesh-and-blood walk up and down Broadway!"

"How can you be so commonplace!" exclaimed Cecilia. "I remember as I came here—that was two years ago—I saw a number of our race bound together in a most conspicuous position on Broadway itself, exposed to the public gaze, and to the admiration of the lowest class of people. I remember quite shuddering with terror lest my destiny should be similar. And then, how I thanked my happy fate that placed me in the midst of elegance and a home of refinement!"

"Refinement!" said Ferdinand, "that is always the talk of daguerreotypes. I sometimes wish I had some sharp edge left! There is nothing so uninteresting to me as your smooth, refined characters!"

"You forget," answered Cecilia, "that they take the best impressions."

"But I want something that will give expression," said Ferdinand. "Miss Vernon has given

me more ideas in the last few days than have entered my head for a year!"

Cecilia sighed and was silent.

After this conversation she examined her original more and more critically. She could not deny to herself that Miss Vernon was irresistibly charming. Yet, with her own passion for quiet grace, she could not help feeling that Miss Vernon's few passive moments were to her the most attractive. Her ideas of future happiness had always been connected with the romantic atmosphere of the moon. She had stored in her retentive memory all the sentimental passages of poetry she had ever heard her mistress, Minna, repeat; and constancy, and eternity, and the pole-star, and an undying love, were the only changes she could sing in her thoughts and words. No wonder, then, she was occasionally shocked at the apparently flippant remarks of her own original.

Poor Cecilia! With no depth herself more than a pin could measure, she began to criticise the profundity of Miss Vernon's character. Often, in sounding other people, because we constantly strike upon a shallow place, we pronounce them utterly shallow, forgetting there may be depths we have not been permitted to penetrate. This is a partial kind of judgment, worthy only of a daguerreotype that has to do with mere outside.

Into such a judgment was Cecilia led, though perhaps she was not utterly wrong. She had the good fortune to represent the most earnest expression Miss Vernon had ever given way to. The daguerreotype had been taken for her friend Minna just before her departure for Europe. At that moment had crossed her mind a shade of deep feeling. An instant before she had been laughing over the probable adventures which would occur in the course of a tour in Europe. A moment after, on looking into the unflattering mirror of the daguerreotype room, she had occupied herself with wondering if violet really were becoming to her complexion. But just at the moment when the likeness was being seized by the instrument, a shade of thought had come over her face. There was a ray of intelligence there, bright as the gleam of a summer landscape which memory sometimes brings unexpectedly into the winter-prisoned thoughts.

It was a moment's fond thought of home, a regret, for just one instant, at leaving the friends behind. It was this that had given character to the face of Cecilia the daguerreotype.

She passed her life in a dream of sad regret, of gentle longing. There was a pensive constancy in her whole expression, which, being a daguerreotype, was of course her whole self.

Miss Vernon was fond of talking of constancy. "How absurd to rate it so highly!" she would say, "or rather, what do we mean by constancy? Does not every body change thoroughly once in seven years? Since my return, how many people are there that I can greet with the same cordiality that we met with before I went away? They have been going off in different directions,

some perhaps higher up than I, some lower down. How absurd of me to attempt to keep up an intimacy with one person with whom I sympathized when I went away, but who is inclined to look cold at me because she heard I polkaed in Paris!—or with another, who is thoroughly disgusted because I enjoyed the Opera more than the Vatican! Don't look distressed, Minna; you and I are patterns of constancy, I know. But what would have become of our constancy if it had not happened that I passed the winter with your Aunt Emily in beloved Paris, and that you have the advantage of the Paris dresses she sends out, to give you that air which gives friendship its highest tone? How I do love to disgust you! But I declare my magnificent Ferdinand here actually smiles at my talk. I do believe Whipple will give daguerreotypes the power of speech next. I often fancy the lips are moving; there is truly something sympathizing about their expression. I should think you would be afraid to sit at midnight in the room with him. I have no doubt he would speak then!"

Minna was indeed a little distressed at her friend's talk. She knew that half she said was for the mere sake of talking and creating a wonderment; but Minna did not like this incessant slight upon constancy.

It was not unnatural that, living under the influence of such a daguerreotype as Cecilia, she should be affected by that refinement of feeling that it always presented to her. During two years, the ideal Cecilia had been taking her character from the daguerreotype Cecilia. Miss Vernon was right when she spoke of their separation having led herself and her friends into different directions. Minna and herself were further apart than either were aware. Minna had been growing contemplative; in her quiet boudoir she had been refining and cultivating her own mind. The pensive Cecilia looked down upon her occupations, and seemed to sympathize in their results. So she fancied the real Miss Vernon had been with her in her progress. Because Miss Vernon was traveling in Italy, Minna, out of friendship, had studied Italian. Miss Vernon could just manage to turn a few phrases in that language for the benefit and convenience of her friends in traveling, while Minna had made higher acquaintances among its poets through her intimacy with its beautiful formation.

She followed Miss Vernon in this way through the different countries she visited; but she was always above Miss Vernon, and never in the same place. But while Cecilia's cheek—the faintly-colored cheek of the daguerreotype—seemed to glow with some of her own enthusiasm, and her eye to dilate with sensibility, Minna fancied that so Miss Vernon would have sympathized with her had she been sitting by her side, and that her favorite authors and occupations would kindle the same warmth that Cecilia's features appeared to express.

The prospect of Lieutenant Bertrand's sudden

return at length awakened all parties. Ferdinand was perhaps the most disturbed. He directly saw his rival was coming upon the field. Whatever claims his vanity had led him to presume upon must now indeed be laid aside. What hope could he now have with regard to the object of his dearest affections—for such he now was conscious Miss Vernon had become to him—when his own original should appear? Miss Vernon had so plainly spoken her sentiments upon constancy and upon her love of variety, that there could not be a moment's doubt that she would prefer a gay young lieutenant himself to the representation, to the expression of even one of his best moods.

Ferdinand's despondency could not be concealed from Cecilia. She could read too well all that those features expressed. But she read there another thought that caused her greater sorrow.

A sudden fancy came to Ferdinand as he looked at his Cecilia saddened and deserted; for his conscience (daguerreotypes have a consciousness which answers for a conscience) told him that he had indeed been faithless to her. He would fain give her something to hope for; and he was directly revived by the idea that Lieutenant Bertrand might win that love he no longer sought for himself.

This was very clumsy of Ferdinand; but he had never read any old-fashioned novels. What Cecilia had taught him of eternal affection, Miss Vernon had taught him to forget. And indeed her talk had often been of the modern novels of the present day, where the poor authors, who are obliged to bring some novelty to rouse the cloyed appetites of their readers, are fond of presenting inconstancy as the rule, and constancy the exception.

As for Cecilia, though the first thought of Lieutenant Bertrand's return, as one who would at last carry away her rival, had been welcome to her, yet the feeling was but transitory. She felt that Ferdinand was estranged from her. Her own misery was sure, and she believed that Ferdinand's happiness was utterly wrecked. And so in her generosity she suffered doubly both for herself and him.

If for an instant she was visited by a gleam of hope, and, remembering the former happy days, thought for a moment they might return, it was directly checked by the idea that Ferdinand was changed! Yes, in this thought she must needs be confirmed when she saw in him the hateful idea that it was possible for her, for Cecilia, to love another! Indeed then, Ferdinand must be changed! A daguerreotype change! Yes, she fancied she could trace upon that plate, once so highly polished, spots and stains. She remembered hearing that if the air were allowed to penetrate to the plate of a daguerreotype it was destructive to its impression. Yes, the air must have penetrated to Ferdinand—the air of the world! It was that which had stained his purity, and impaired his refinement! She loved him still. Yes! as

long as a trace of his beloved shadow remained upon the plate he was still her Ferdinand. And even then, should she be doomed to live on, his figure would still exist for her. The glass that protected her had occasionally, in certain lights, reflected his image; and there she believed it would still linger, as firmly as if Daguerre himself had fixed it.

The prospect of her brother's return had caused also some uneasiness to Minna. She was beginning to doubt if Miss Vernon could be every thing to Lieutenant Bertrand. She had been unable to detect any of that warmth and depth of feeling which she was willing to imagine in Miss Vernon. Could it be possible she could have changed so in two years! Was she no longer the old Cecilia!

Miss Bertrand did not know that Miss Vernon had never been the Cecilia of her imagination, and but for one moment the Cecilia that adorned the wall of the boudoir.

Miss Vernon was a little agitated too. She was involving herself more than she dared confess, in her flirtation with Ferdinand the daguerreotype. She had rather not yield to the original at a moment's notice. She was not unwilling to enter into Minna's visions, but she had rather not be a puppet in them. As for any thing serious with Lieutenant Bertrand, she never knew what seriousness was, on such subjects, except in some few moments when Ferdinand the daguerreotype had been unusually effective.

But Lieutenant Bertrand came home. He visited Minna's boudoir when she was there without her friend. He was to Minna the same brother he had always been. He praised her Italian and Spanish accent, when she timidly attempted a conversation with him in those languages. He tossed aside a little contemptuously the volume of Tennyson which was lying where he wanted to rest his elbow; and wondered why roses were always blue and violets red on ladies' tapestry work. He applauded the color and style of Minna's morning dress; he ridiculed the wings on her favorite cherub, and wondered what its brother cherub was carrying in his cheek.

At last he roused himself from his luxurious position in one of the comfortable lounges, to stand before his own daguerreotype. As he examined it, he smoothed with his glove—not the raven-down, his mustache was not black—the eider-down upon his upper lip. Next he adjusted his cravat in the mirror which was conveniently formed, in his present position, by the daguerreotype.

"Well, Minna, how does this wear, this picture of me? You must be tired enough of it by this time."

Minna answered that Cecilia Vernon had been quite charmed by it.

"Miss Vernon! You promised to show me her picture. This is it? That is a beautiful face; it has a fine expression, a little too sedate, perhaps. I think you have a fancy that way,

Minna. Don't turn into a nun, pray! And Miss Vernon; you tell me she has passed a season in Paris; has she carried her head all the time in this downcast way, and have not the gayeties of the world once turned it?"

Minna would not commit herself to a description of Miss Vernon. She would very soon portray herself.

"Of course, a daguerreotype never conveys an idea of the original. I hope Miss Vernon was convinced of that fact when you displayed to her this stick that is supposed to represent me."

As he said this, Lieutenant Bertrand looked contemptuously at Ferdinand. How gladly would not Ferdinand have leaped from his frame, snatched his sword from its scabbard, and defied his own original, who had ventured to take Miss Vernon's name upon his lips. But alas! his scabbard was but a shadow, and there never was a sword beneath it! Besides, he himself was but a shadow, and his only life consisted in his existence on that same spot. The expression of manly honor, which his original had granted to him, could only chafe and goad him now. And now he began to grow hopeful. He was convinced Miss Vernon could never see in Lieutenant Bertrand what she had admired in Ferdinand. He was very sure she would never find in Lieutenant Bertrand the embodiment of her ideal.

Of vanity and conceit Lieutenant Bertrand did not have more than his allowable share. But it can be pardoned him if, at the moment the daguerreotype Ferdinand was taken, he had an unusual access of these two qualities. Perhaps as he was leaving his shadow upon the daguerreotype plate, he laid aside with it some superabundant good opinion of his personal appearance; and afterward, in active life, he may have developed more praiseworthy qualities which had been latent in the warm noon of a daguerreotype apartment.

Any how, Ferdinand had more than the full share of vanity, and as Lieutenant Bertrand left the room, he felt a glow of self-satisfaction and a consciousness of being uplifted above whatever fate might bring him. In this he was confirmed by the expression he traced in Cecilia's face. He saw plainly that for her, Lieutenant Bertrand bore no comparison with Ferdinand. Her faithfulness was gratifying to his self-love, and for a moment they seemed to be drawn nearer each other than they had been for months.

A part of the day Cecilia passed almost in rapture. The constant comparison she was fond of drawing between Lieutenant Bertrand and her beloved, renewed the old glow of her affection for him. Her expressions were exceedingly agreeable to Ferdinand. He had not seen Cecilia appear so lovely for a long time; and together they agreed most heartily in the feeling that Lieutenant Bertrand had nothing in him that was manly, and that it would be impossible for him to win any woman's affections.

Night closed upon these interchanges of feeling. Cecilia could no longer see Ferdinand, but she believed that the quiet of night might bring him a deeper kind of reflection than the light of day.

The morning dawned, and before it passed away brought a scene of intense agitation.

After Minna had left her boudoir, and, indeed, had left the house, an agitated hand opened the door of the room. It was Miss Vernon who entered, and under great excitement. At first she did not utter any words, but walked up and down the room distractedly. Her eyes sometimes fell upon Ferdinand, but they were turned away again directly.

After a long time, she seemed to be able to control herself, and almost inclined to laugh at her own enthusiasm. Once, when she stopped before Ferdinand, she exclaimed, "Why did not Minna tell me his hair and mustache were colorless! and that he never had any style or air! I forgot that daguerreotypes could not betray the real colors; and I fancied the stiffness was all owing to one of these things daguerreotypists will insist on cramping the head of the victim with."

It seemed as if Miss Vernon's words were always meant to carry off the very lightest and most frothy part of her nature; but that she could not give utterance to her real agitation was very evident.

Again she walked the room, and then seated herself at the writing-table. She filled a whole sheet of paper with hastily written sentences, and then threw it beneath the grate. Then more composedly, and with a firm smile upon her lips, she took a sheet of delicately-tinted note-paper, and wrote a few words. This she placed in an envelope, and sealed it carefully. Then she went toward Ferdinand, took the daguerreotype from where it hung, concealed it under her mantle, and left the room!

Cecilia, who had been watching her movements with an interest and a sympathy she would have liked to express, beheld this last act of Miss Vernon's with a stunned helplessness. She would have uttered a scream of agony if shadows had ever a voice; her eyes were strained toward the spot where, from the fluttering of Miss Vernon's mantle, she could catch one glimpse of Ferdinand's eyes. They seemed to gaze back upon her with a wondrous longing, and yet with a half-defined triumph. Cecilia knew only too well they were looking at her for the last time.

Minna soon came into her boudoir, and directly saw the note of her friend. In some surprise she read it aloud:

"Minna dear, I am going to Washington this afternoon. I carry off your brother's daguerreotype to see if I can match its frame. I could not describe it to Jones to-day. What a shame I miss seeing you. Farewell."

As Minna seated herself to read this note, she saw a sheet of paper under the grate. It was a little burnt in some places, but she could

make out a number of the sentences written upon it.

"So I fell in love with an ideal! Born in the woods to be scared at an owl! Brought up utterly scorning any thing but what I saw and touch, and now I am quite upset because I have fallen in love with an idea, a spirit, a something that there is not! I saw you come into Mail-lard's with a gentleman. 'Who is that with Minna Bertrand?' I asked Mrs. Liston. 'Don't you know Minna's brother?' she answered. While she chattered of his history, and raved about chocolate and crème, I discovered that Lieutenant Bertrand was not my Ferdinand, that he never was and never could be. I hastened away, and I take refuge here. I am going to take away the only object I ever loved, and Minna, I shall never see you again!"

Minna took this fragment as the true reading of Miss Vernon's little note. It was translated out of pale buffs into blotted white. But the little note she showed to Lieutenant Bertrand. He went on to Washington directly, but returned the very next day; said nothing of Miss Vernon, and plunged eagerly into the society around him.

Ferdinand was never restored to Minna. She had but one note more from Miss Vernon. This was when she announced to Minna that she was to be married the next week. She was going to marry a man twice as old as herself, with one leg, cross-eyed, and nothing handsome about him but his fortune.

The night after she received this last note, Minna sat in her boudoir. She had placed herself by her desk to look over her letters; and she had made a resolution to burn all Miss Vernon's. But there were some letters she found she must read before she destroyed them, and the task became a long one.

Late at night she was startled by a sound behind her. The daguerreotype of Cecilia had fallen to the ground; the cord that had suspended it was worn away, and the picture had fallen upon its face. When she raised it, Minna discovered that the glass was broken, and presently she found, to her great regret, that in moving it she had effaced the impression of the daguerreotype.

There was nothing left of the figure of Cecilia but one corner of the lace of her embroidered pocket-handkerchief.

At midnight there was a halo round the moon. Its shadowy circle took color and lost it again; wreathed fantastically around its silver centre, then drew quite away, leaving a clear circle of unclouded sky around the moon itself. Across this cloudless space a faint shadowy figure might have been seen to glide, and then become lost within that silver light, as if it were welcomed by something of its own nature.

The next day Minna was interrupted in her boudoir by the entrance of her younger sister Fanny.

"Minna dear, oh! could you give me this frame that was upon that old daguerreotype of

yours. Honora Percival and I are going to exchange daguerreotypes, and I want to put hers in the very prettiest frame I can find. We mean to keep them forever!"

Minna assented, sighingly and smilingly, and closed the door as quickly as possible upon Fanny and the handsomely carved frame. As she did so, she said:

"Is it so? I was thinking

'There are no birds in last year's nest!'"

THE FATE OF THE FIRST AERONAUT.

THE church-yard of the village of Wimille, about four miles north of Boulogne-sur-Mer, skirts the imperial road to Calais. Just at the middle of the boundary-wall a stone tablet rises, inscribed with small capitals, and surmounted at the top with something which is very like a petrified cauliflower. It is meant to represent a balloon on fire. The inscription (in French) runs to the following effect: "In this cemetery are interred Francois Pilâtre de Rosier and Pierre Ange Romain, who, desiring to pass over to England in an air-balloon, in which they had combined the agency of fire and of inflammable air, by an accident, whose veritable cause will always remain unknown, the fire having caught the upper part of the balloon, they fell from the height of more than five thousand feet between Wimereux and the sea." The inscription is repeated in a Latin duplicate, for the benefit of traveling strangers who do not understand French. The said travelers are also apostrophized: "Passers-by, mourn their lot, and pray God for the repose of their souls!" Annual masses for their souls' repose, at the date corresponding to their rapid descent, were founded in the parish church of Wimille; whether or not the ninety-three revolution swept away the masses, I can not say. The Curé would give an answer to those who wish to know. Their lot was mournful; but even stronger than our pity is the feeling which urges us to find out how the deuce it happened. I resolved to try what could be done to that effect, and at last made out a theory which may, or may not, be the true one.

The church-yard memorial was not the only one that was raised to mark the horrible catastrophe. In the camp of Wimereux, just behind the Café du Petit Caporal, which is next door to the Estaminet du Ballon, a small obelisk of marble from the neighboring quarries of Ferques, built without any, or with the least possible mortar, and not more than eight or nine feet high, rises on the spot where the aeronauts were dashed to the ground. When I first knew it, it stood in solitude in the midst of a grassy, down-like waste, half undermined by moles, and almost pushed off its pedestal by the cattle, who used it as a rubbing-post. The parties that seemed to favor it with the longest notice were the mushrooms who peeped above-ground from time to time, some singly, some in little family groups of three or four, but all apparently considering, under their broad-brimmed hats,

whether it would not be an act of charity to the memory of the deceased, to surround their half-ruined monument with a railing. That also bears its record, in French, supplying a few additional particulars: "Here fell from the height of more than five thousand feet, at thirty-five minutes past seven in the morning, the unfortunate aeronauts Pilâtre de Rosier and Romain the elder, who started from Boulogne at five minutes after seven, in the morning of the fifteenth of June, seventeen hundred and eighty-five. The first was found dead upon the spot; the second gave a few signs of life during one or two minutes."

The best means, I thought, of solving the problem of their fall, was to find up any persons who had witnessed it. I was more fortunate than might have been expected, with an event occurring sixty years ago. In a hamlet to the north of Wimereux, I found an old woman more than a hundred years old, who had seen the balloon ascend from Boulogne. She was dozing and dreaming over a fire of dry furze, staring at the sparks with her filmy eyes. I wonder whether she could see with those eyes, even after she turned them on me as I entered her hovel.

"What do you want with me?" she said, in a voice that belonged to the other world. "You don't know me, and I don't know you. I'm of no use to any body, now."

"But I know you," my companion said. And then he began to talk about their acquaintance, and then about the obelisk, and then about Pilâtre de Rosier.

"I saw him and his friend go up," she said, suddenly waking, as if inspired. "I was close to them. He was a handsome man, and looked so smiling. As the balloon rose, he saluted and bowed to all the people, and waved his flags continually in this way, so, until he had mounted quite high in the sky." And then she suited the action to the word, waving her arms in imitation of poor De Rosier. "My arms then were not like this," she continued, pulling the skin which hung loosely about them. "I had handsome arms once. Yes; he waved his arms so." And then she fell again into her dreamy state, the precursor of the long sleep of death, from which nothing could rouse her. All the further information we could extract was, that he waved his arms, *comme ça*, and that hers were once handsome arms.

It struck me that the excellent Museum at Boulogne might contain some relics of this tragical tumble. I found them there, and better than them. Monsieur Duburquoy, senior, an intelligent old man, the father of the present well-informed curator of the museum, was at Wimereux when the aeronauts fell, and helped to lift them from the ground. He was thirteen years of age at the time. He told me that De Rosier, quite dead, had one of his legs broken, and that the bone pierced through the tight-fitting trowsers; and that Romain heaved three or four deep sighs, and then expired. He picked

up a piece of bread, partially eaten, that fell with them. A bottle of wine, that had been uncorked, and had had a glass or two drunk from it, accompanied them in their fall, and most extraordinarily was not broken.

The museum has the portrait of De Rosier in powdered wig and frilled shirt, besides a colored medallion in wax. He is styled "the first aeronaut of the universe;" to which title there would be nothing to object, if we were but perfectly cognizant of the atmospherical conditions of every other sun, planet, and satellite in the universe. There are besides, his barometer, thermometer, speaking-trumpet, and the wand to which his little waving flag was attached. There is the painted cloth which surrounded the gallery of the Montgolfière, or flying fire-place, which helped him to ascend; there is a little piece of the taffetas, or oiled-silk, covered with gold-beater's skin, which contained his float of hydrogen gas; and that is all the material evidence to be found.

Our readers may remember that Pilâtre de Rosier was ambitious to be the first to cross the English channel in a balloon. He had already the honor of being the first man who ascended in the earth's atmosphere, in a captive balloon as a first experiment, and afterward in one at liberty to rise and wander whither it would, in which bold excursion he was accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes. The first living creatures that made a balloon ascent, were a sheep, a cock, and a duck, conjointly travelers through the region of clouds. Since then, equestrian ascents have been made by terrified horses, mounted by fool-hardy men. In all these latter cases, it may be believed that an ass made one of the party.

In crossing the channel, De Rosier was forestalled by his countryman (Blanchard) and our compatriot (Jefferies), who started from Dover, and landed in the forest of Guines, on the seventh of January, seventeen hundred and eighty-five. Nevertheless, he had drawn upon government funds; and he still adhered to his purpose of passing in a balloon from France to England, as his more fortunate rival had done from England to France. The latter feat has been several times repeated, the former has never yet been accomplished. De Rosier had given the Controller-General of Finances to understand that, if he would pay the expense of the expedition, he (Pilâtre) would execute it. His request was granted; he received forty-two thousand francs (about \$8000) as a first installment, which was afterward said to be increased till it amounted to the enormous sum of a hundred and fifty thousand francs. Romain, who then enjoyed a great repute for manufacturing balloons, made an agreement with Pilâtre, by which he bound himself to construct one of thirty feet diameter, or thereabouts, for the sum of three hundred louis-d'ors. Pilâtre, whose business was to find the work-room, obtained from the governor of the Tuileries the Salle des Gardes and another apartment. The work, begun at

the end of August, seventeen hundred and eighty-four, was completed six weeks afterward. Six hundred ells of white taffeta were employed in fabricating this ill-starred machine.

Romain had strictly kept to himself the secret of rendering taffeta impermeable to gas. He was careful beyond measure to conceal his mode of preparation. He worked in solitude, like an alchemist, and was only known to have one single companion of his studies, who aided him gratuitously in the construction of his balloon. The whole secret consisted in covering the taffeta with a coat of linseed oil made capable of drying by sugar of lead, and in pressing in till it only felt greasy in the hand. Every strip was then covered with gold-beater's skin, that was made to adhere by ordinary size, in which was incorporated a mixture of honey and linseed oil. These ingredients gave suppleness to the size, and prevented the united superficies from cracking. A second and third layer of gold-beater's skin were added; and the balloon, when finished, thirty-three and a half French feet in diameter, and ornamented with tinsel in different parts, weighed three hundred and twenty pounds, including the cylindrical apparatus that helped to fill it. So impermeable was it, that it remained distended with atmospheric air for two months, without showing a single wrinkle. If De Rosier had then ascended from Paris, it would have carried him almost whithersoever he would. At the end of two months, the balloon, carefully packed, was transported to Boulogne, which Pilâtre had chosen as his starting-point. Of course, the packing and transport for so long a distance by land carriage, rendered it still more difficult to preserve uninjured so perishable an article as a balloon, with the little previous experience of managing it that had been acquired. A montgolfière also traveled with it, twenty feet high, whose cupola was formed of chamois leather. It was tested before its departure for the coast, and its success corresponded to the care that had been bestowed upon it.

The montgolfière, or fire-balloon, was, either accidentally or purposely, directly or indirectly, the immediate cause of Pilâtre's fearful end. He had announced some new combination of the means of ascent, which he shrouded as far as he could in mystery. It seems to have been his idea, that the gas-balloon would be sufficient to carry him, while the fire-balloon would give him great command of equilibrium, by increasing or diminishing the fire in it, so as almost to render him independent of ballast. His confidence in the long-sustaining power of his machine was one means of procuring him pecuniary aid from the government. Whatever might be the aërostatic advantages gained, the danger was increased enormously. Either a gas-balloon or a fire-balloon, alone, was infinitely safer than the two united. To crown the whole rash scheme, the hydrogen gas must necessarily float above the montgolfière. As his friend, Professor Charles, remonstrated with him, "You are

putting a chafing-dish under a barrel of gunpowder."

Pilâtre arrived at Boulogne on the twentieth of December, seventeen hundred and eighty-four, followed by the anxious wishes of the subscribers to his scientific Lyceum, and also of numerous ladies of the court, who had requested him to bring back innumerable small articles from England to serve as New Year's Day presents. Two days after his arrival he was informed of the preparations which Blanchard was making in England for a voyage which should compete with his own. He became alarmed. He went to Dover; saw Blanchard; and, for a moment, entertained the hope (on account of the dilapidated condition of the balloon, from which the gas oozed in many places) that the rival ascent could not take place. His anxious fears soon resumed their power; he returned to Boulogne; left there Romain and his brother, who had accompanied him, and went to Paris in a feverish state of mental torture.

Meanwhile, Blanchard and Jefferies ascended from Dover, and reached the Forest of Guînes safe and sound. Pilâtre's pride received a mortal wound at failing to be the first to cross the sea. He entreated to be excused attempting the voyage. Some say that the Controller of Finances consented, merely claiming the surplus of what had not been disbursed about the balloon. But the wretched Pilâtre, sure of success, had already spent it in enriching the experimental department of his Lyceum. Others state that when he explained his doubts and apprehensions to M. de Calonne, the minister, he met with a cold and even rough reception.

"We have not spent a hundred and fifty thousand francs," he said, "merely to help you to make an inland trip. You must turn the balloon to some useful account, and cross the channel with it."

However, in the impossibility of fulfilling the first conditions, and under the necessity of at least attempting the second, he returned to Boulogne, prepared for, and evidently expecting, the worst.

It may appear strange that a minister of the crown should be so anxious about the accomplishment of a mere scientific whim—as the balloon passage from France to England would seem to be—and should advance so large a sum of money to further it. But there was more than a scientific result in the background, and De Rosier was probably well aware of it. It was the common report of that day, that the grand object of Pilâtre's attempt was to effect the escape of Louis the Sixteenth and his family to Great Britain, by an aerial route, since terrestrial ways, it was instinctively felt, were already closed against their departure. It was already foreseen by acute observers of the signs of the times, that the royal family of France was already doomed. The King's want of energy, Egalité's profligacy, Necker's vanity, the obstinate pride of the aristocracy, and the

wrongs and sufferings of the people, all tended to one inevitable catastrophe. The King, even then, had not a will of his own; his house was not his castle, nor his actions free. He was drifting down the stream with that increased rapidity which denotes unmistakably that a cataract is near. No person of ordinary penetration would be surprised to find him not long afterward a prisoner in the Tuileries, walking in the gardens with six grenadiers of the milice bourgeoise about him, with the garden gates shut in consequence of his presence, to be opened to the public as soon as he entered the palace. He might order a little railed-off garden for his son, the Dauphin, to amuse himself in; but the poor boy could not be permitted to work with his little hoe and rake without a guard of two grenadiers. Louis's most attached friends, as well as his most implacable enemies, foresaw all this, and what followed it. A balloon was one of the schemes to rescue him; and Pilâtre de Rosier was the man pitched upon to manage it.

It was a desperate chance, the most sanguine will admit. Even had they been launched propitiously with a favorable wind, a sudden change of that fickle element might have swept them hopelessly toward the arctic horrors of the North Sea, or to the interminable waters of the Atlantic Ocean. We shudder to imagine such a dreadful fate as possibly awaiting a delicately-nurtured king with his wife and children; we reflect, however, that such a speedy termination to their sufferings, arriving at latest in the course of a few days, would have been mercy in comparison to what they were afterward really made to endure.

Pilâtre, then, seriously prepared for his departure. He sent off numerous pilot balloons, which were constantly driven back to the continent by adverse west and northwest winds. All this caused considerable delay, during which the balloon, exposed to the wear and tear of the elements, was considerably damaged; it was even nibbled by rats. Henceforward, the machine on which such care and expense had been bestowed, became leaky and worthless, in consequence of ill-treatment and want of shelter.

A better prospect opened at last; and as the wind was favorable, blowing from the southeast, the departure was fixed for the fifteenth of June. As the weather was exceedingly hot, preparations were commenced at daybreak, and all was ready by seven o'clock. A salute of artillery announced the launch into air. The ascent was majestic. The balloon rose perpendicularly to its greatest elevation; it then sailed in a northerly direction, over the top of the cliff of La Crèche, when a current from the upper regions of the atmosphere; which had been foreseen by sailors best acquainted with Channel navigation, wafted it gently toward the continent. Twenty-three minutes had elapsed since the ropes were loosed which held the machine captive; the acclamations of the spectators had not ceased; every eye was strained to gaze after the aerial

voyagers, when, just as the wind drove them back to France, cries of alarm from the united crowd announced the fearful calamity which it witnessed. A bright light burst from the upper balloon; a volume of smoke succeeded it; and then commenced the rapid fall which filled all present with consternation. The scene was frightful; the crowd shuddered with apprehension of what was immediately to follow, and swung backward and forward like tempest-tossed waves. After the first shock of terror, a great number of people rushed to Wimereux, in the vain hope of rendering some assistance. They arrived only to find the adventurers past all human aid.

I can not help entertaining a suspicion that Pilâtre de Rosier perished by suicide; that he willfully set fire to the balloon when he found there was an end of all his hopes. It is true that the almost fulminating arrangement of his apparatus might have caused the explosion to result from accident or indiscretion; and therefore no more than a suspicion ought to be suggested. But persons who watched the progress of the balloon with telescopes, assert that the valve of the hydrogen balloon was not secured. Pilâtre, too, was a doubly ruined man; ruined in money, and ruined in prestige. Blanchard had robbed him of his crowning ambition; and now an envious puff of wind forbade his ever being allowed to attempt the transportation of the royal family. Pilâtre's coolness, presence of mind, and faculty of avoiding impending danger, were notorious; so also were his vanity,

pride, violence, and recklessness of life. A man who, in prosperity, could fill his mouth with hydrogen gas, and set fire to it there, and who could expose himself repeatedly to be struck dead in hazardous electrical experiments, was not likely to hesitate when he had to choose between disgrace and despair. His friend Charles had threatened to blow his brains out, if the timid king persisted in forbidding him to make an ascent that threatened danger, and which, wisely on his part, was his first and last ascent, or rather two consecutive first and last ascents on one day. We know, too, the immense interest which the court (the queen particularly) felt in Pilâtre's success. These, and numerous other minor scraps of evidence, all lead to the inference that De Rosier's death was even more tragical than has been currently believed. If there be the slightest truth in the notion, Romain is even more greatly to be pitied. He had refused the Marquis of Maisonfort's offer of two hundred louis-d'ors to resign his place.

The spot where they fell is a very, very little way from the sea. The conflagration must have taken place almost immediately after the direction of their course was altered. I have several times asked, of people competent to judge, whether, if they had fallen into the sea, instead of upon the land, they could by any possibility have escaped with life. The answer has been that perhaps they might. Conceive the idea of talking face to face with a man who had fallen from the height of more than five thousand feet!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE recent State elections have resulted unfavorably to the National Administration. The candidates presented by the "Know Nothing" or "American" party have to a great extent formed a centre around which all the elements of opposition to the Administration have gathered. In New Hampshire, the vote for Governor, stated in round numbers, was as follows:

Metcalf, <i>Know Nothing</i>	33,000
Baker, <i>Democrat</i>	27,000
Bell, <i>Whig</i>	3,500
Fowler, <i>Free Soil</i>	1,100

leaving a majority for Metcalf, over all others, of about 1400. At the last election, the Administration candidate had a clear majority, over all others, of 1748. The three Members of Congress chosen from this State are all opposed to the Administration; their aggregate majority over their Democratic opponents is about 12,000. The Legislature, in both branches, is Anti-Administration by very large majorities. This is of more importance from the fact that upon this Legislature will devolve the choice of two United States Senators in place of Messrs. Williams and Wells.—The result of the Gubernatorial election in Connecticut is nearly as follows:

Miner, <i>Know Nothing</i>	28,000
Ingham, <i>Democrat</i>	27,000
Dutton, <i>Whig</i>	8,700

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No choice of State officers was made by the people; but the Legislature, upon whom the election will therefore devolve, is Opposition by a decided majority. The four Members of Congress chosen were supported by the Know Nothings and the Whigs. They are opposed to the Administration and to the Nebraska Bill.—In Rhode Island the vote was very light, the Democrats, to a considerable extent, absenting themselves from the polls. The vote for Governor stood:

Hoppin, <i>Know Nothing</i>	10,500
Potter, <i>Democrat</i>	2,300

The Opposition candidates for Members of the Legislature and for Congress were elected by large majorities. In a great number of local and municipal elections, held in different sections of the country, the new political element of opposition to foreigners has been made prominent, and with comparatively few exceptions its introduction has been attended with marked success. There can be no doubt that for some time to come this element will enter largely into all elections throughout the country. As an illustration of the extent of this feeling, we place upon permanent record the outlines of an event which would otherwise have been of slight importance: In New York, on Sunday morning, February 24, a notorious bruiser named Poole, the leader of a gang of political bullies, was attacked by a rival gang of bullies, desperadoes, and gamblers, and mortally wounded. He lived,

however, nearly a fortnight after receiving the wound. After his death it appeared upon a post-mortem examination that a pistol-ball had pierced his heart, and had remained imbedded in its substance. It happened that a portion of the gang by which he was murdered were of foreign birth, while Poole was an American. This, added to the fact that the murder was committed under circumstances of extreme brutality, occasioned great excitement. Associations were formed to do honor to his memory; and his remains were followed to the grave by a procession probably larger than was ever before formed in the city. A public oration in his honor was subsequently delivered, with the intention of repeating it elsewhere. The actual perpetrator of the murder having made his escape, as was supposed in a merchantman for the Cape de Verde Islands, a swift-sailing vessel was chartered and sent in pursuit. A large number of persons are implicated in the murder, either as principals or as accessories before or after the fact; among the number is one member of the City Council.—In Cincinnati, upon occasion of the municipal election, held April 2, the feeling of hostility between the "natives" and the "foreigners" broke out into a violent riot, which continued at intervals for a number of days, in the course of which some lives were lost.—An election for Members of the Territorial Legislature of Kansas was held, pursuant to the Governor's proclamation, on the 30th of March. The candidates in favor of the introduction of slavery into the Territory received a decided majority of the votes cast. By the terms of the proclamation ordering the election the right of voting was restricted to those who had taken up a residence in the Territory with the intention of making it permanent. It is alleged by the defeated party that this restriction was wholly disregarded, and that a large number of votes were cast by citizens of Missouri, who had entered the Territory merely for the purpose of voting.—The Legislature of New York has passed a very stringent law for the prevention of intemperance, pauperism, and crime. It provides that no intoxicating liquors shall be kept for sale or deposited except in a warehouse, dwelling house, church, or establishment where it is used for medicinal, sacramental, mechanical, or chemical purposes. Any citizen of good moral character, who is not a keeper of a house of entertainment, or place of amusement, or an employee on board a vessel, may keep liquors for sale for the above purposes, upon filing a declaration of his intention with the county clerk, and giving adequate securities against the infringement of the law. He can only sell to persons of the age of twenty-one years, of good character, whom he believes to wish it for legal purposes. He is prohibited from selling any liquor which he knows to be adulterated. He must keep an accurate account of his sales and purchases of liquor, which account must be filed monthly with the collector of the town or city, and the account must be open to the examination of any resident of the place where he resides. Violations of the provisions of the law are to be punished by fine and imprisonment. Provision is made for the search of any house in which liquor is suspected, upon good grounds, to be illegally kept. Liquor forfeited under this law is to be destroyed. Intoxication in any store, tavern, or public place is to be punished by a fine of ten dollars; and any person found intoxicated is compelled to testify against the person from whom he

obtained the liquor. Intoxicating liquors are defined to include "alcohol, distilled and malt liquors, and all liquors that can intoxicate, and all drugged liquors, and mixed liquors, part of which is alcohol, distilled or malt liquor." The law is not to be construed to prohibit the sale of cider, in quantities of not less than ten gallons, not to be drunk on the premises where sold; or to prevent the manufacturers of alcohol or of pure wine from disposing of them, or the importers of foreign liquors from keeping or disposing of the same, in the original packages, to those authorized by the law to sell liquors. Nor does it extend to articles composed in part of alcohol or spirituous liquors which from their nature are not adapted to be used as beverages. The law contains very minute directions as to the manner in which suits are to be brought against those charged with its infraction. After a long and animated debate the bill passed in the Senate by a vote of 21 to 11, and in the House by 80 to 45. It has received the sanction of the Governor, and goes into full force on the 4th of July. Since 1851, acts of this general character have been passed by the Legislatures of Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota. In four of the above States they have been pronounced unconstitutional by the judicial authorities. In New Hampshire, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey similar bills have passed in one branch of the Legislature, but failed in the other.—An attempt has been made in Philadelphia and New York, under the authority of the Government of Nova Scotia, to procure men to embark for Halifax with the design of enlisting in a regiment to be sent to the Crimea. This being brought to the notice of the proper authorities, it was pronounced an infraction of the Neutrality Act of 1819, and the attempt was abandoned.

From *California* we have intelligence of a financial crash which resulted in the failure of the banking houses of Adams and Co. and Page, Bacon, and Co., concerns most largely engaged in the transaction of business between California and the Atlantic States. The excitement was very great, and a general rush was made upon other banking establishments. These, however, sustained themselves with the exception of two or three of very doubtful character. The two large houses show, upon paper, an excess of assets over liabilities; but in the case of one it is considered certain, and in that of the other probable, that total bankruptcy is inevitable, the assets being in such shape that they can realize but a small proportion of their nominal value. This, together with the scarcity of water, which has greatly impeded mining operations, has caused the shipments of gold to be unusually small. A new mining district, reported to be of great richness, has been discovered in the neighborhood of Kern River.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* it is impossible to obtain any perfectly reliable information in respect to the insurrection, undertaken by General Alvarez. Some accounts place the insurgents in the immediate vicinity of the capital, with every prospect of success; while others state that Santa Anna has defeated them, and forced the main body to fall back in total confusion. The latest accounts from the capital are that Santa Anna had returned in triumph from his expedition against Alvarez, and had met with an enthusiastic reception in the city of Mex-

ico. In Yucatan the war of races is carried on with the utmost virulence, and the government has been wholly unable to interpose any adequate check or protection.

Central America presents its wonted aspect of confusion and petty warfare. Honduras has been invaded by an army from Guatemala, the commander of which issued a proclamation denouncing the government of Honduras for its grant in favor of the Inter-Oceanic Railway Company.

Cuba has been for months in a state of alarm from apprehensions of another invasion from the United States, supported by an insurrection upon the island. An extensive conspiracy had been detected, and many arrests had been made of the alleged conspirators, a number of whom had been condemned and executed. Among these is Señor Estrampes, who is represented to be a citizen of the United States. He was garoted on the 30th of March, in spite of the protest of the American Consul, who asserted that his trial was conducted in a manner contrary to the treaty between the United States and Spain. The naval and military forces on the island have been greatly augmented, and hints have been flung out that the Spanish government were determined, in case of a formidable insurrection, to emancipate and arm the slaves. This intention has, however, been positively disclaimed by the Spanish Prime Minister. In reply to a question in the Cortez, he said that "the government entertained the profoundest conviction that slavery is a necessity and an indispensable condition to the maintenance of the territorial property of the island of Cuba; and the proprietors are assured that there is no intention of touching that principle." The United States steamers have been brought to on their passage by the Spanish armed vessels, under circumstances of very questionable character. Our government has dispatched a strong squadron to the Gulf, with orders, as it is understood, to prevent or punish any indignity offered to our flag.

GREAT BRITAIN.

In our last Record we announced the fact of the withdrawal of several members of the Palmerston Cabinet, in consequence of a vote of the House of Commons to appoint a Committee to inquire into the conduct of the war. Sir James Graham said, in explanation of this step, that he had hoped the recent changes in the Cabinet, and the measures of reform already instituted, would have been accepted as a sufficient guarantee for better management in future. But the House had persisted in the appointment of a committee of inquiry, a measure which he could not sanction, as he considered it to be unnecessary, inexpedient, and unjust. Mr. Sidney Herbert admitted the right of the House to appoint such a committee, and was ready to lay before it every word he had spoken, and every letter he had written. He had understood, however, that the ordering of this committee was to be considered as a vote of censure upon the former Ministry, and that upon the formation of a new Ministry it would not be persisted in. If such a committee were not a mere sham, it could not be other than a source of great injury. Mr. Gladstone assigned as his reason for quitting the government that he considered the ordering of the committee a fatal measure. By it the House wrested from the Executive the powers of government, and conferred them upon a portion of its own members. Lord Palmerston declared that he had no intention of

resigning in consequence of the appointment of the Committee, and such he believed had been the determination of his colleagues. In reply to Mr. Bright, who urged that measures should be taken to bring about a peace, he said that the Government adhered to the proposition made at Vienna, as the basis for negotiations, and that these were prosecuted in perfect good faith. But while they would endeavor to effect a treaty, no terms should be accepted which did not afford full security for the repose and independence of Europe. In the House of Peers Lord Lyndhurst inveighed in strong terms against the conduct of Prussia, as manifesting a degree of servility and vacillation which destroyed all possibility of putting faith in her. If Prussia were allowed to take part in the Vienna conference, she would act merely as the tool of Russia. The Earl of Clarendon acknowledged that there were good grounds for making these charges against Prussia; but said that there was now reason to hope that she would be induced to join the alliance against Russia. In reply to a question in regard to Hungary and Poland, Lord Palmerston said that the Austrian government had long known that the government of Great Britain would consider it a great misfortune to the world if Hungary should cease to form a portion of the Austrian Empire; since Austria, as a great State in the centre of Europe, was essential to the balance of power. Poland, however, as now constituted, was a standing menace to Germany, and it would be for the German powers, in the event of a general war, to determine how far the condition of Poland should be changed. This question, however, formed no part of the negotiations now in progress. The evidence of numerous and competent witnesses before the Parliamentary committee of inquiry substantiates the worst features of the accounts heretofore given of the mismanagement of the war. The expedition to the Crimea was undertaken in utter ignorance of the obstacles to be encountered. The arrangements for the sustenance and comfort of the troops were every way defective; and owing to the most trivial defects in routine, the forces were deprived of the benefit of supplies which had been forwarded. The evidence is very voluminous, but all tends in one direction. A bitter controversy has sprung up between Lord Raglan and Lord Lucan, each endeavoring to throw upon the other the responsibility of the fatal Light Cavalry charge at Balaklava.

THE CONTINENT.

The Emperor of Russia died at St. Petersburg on the 2d of March, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He succeeded his brother Alexander, who died at Taganrog, on the shores of the Black Sea, on the 1st of December, 1825. The Grand Duke Constantine, as the elder surviving brother, was the proper heir to the throne. But this prince, whose violent temper fell little short of absolute insanity, had some years before renounced his right of succession in favor of Nicholas. This renunciation was supposed to have been the price paid for the consent of the Emperor to his marriage with a Polish lady for whom he had conceived a violent attachment. But whether it had been voluntary or enforced, the Grand Duke adhered to his pledge, and as soon as the tidings of the death of Alexander reached Warsaw, he took the oath of fealty to his younger brother Nicholas. Nicholas in the meanwhile refused to recognize his brother's renunciation in his favor, and caused Constantine to

be proclaimed Emperor at St. Petersburg. The contest between the two brothers, each endeavoring to secure the accession of the other, lasted some weeks. The firmness of Constantine at length prevailed, and Nicholas ascended the throne. During the interregnum a conspiracy, which had been for a long time forming, broke out into open insurrection. A portion of the troops were persuaded that the resignation of Constantine was fabricated, and they took up arms in his favor. The intrepidity and presence of mind of Nicholas soon put down the insurrection, and those who had taken part in it were punished with unsparing severity. The subsequent history of the reign of Nicholas links itself with the whole course of European history, and he succeeded in raising his country to a position among the European nations far higher than it had ever before occupied. The predominant characteristics of the Emperor were indefatigable energy and indomitable will. For the last four or five years his health has been gradually giving way. His violent temper wore upon a physical system weakened by constant labor. In order to counteract a constitutional tendency to obesity, he had recourse to strict regimen and violent means of repression. About the middle of February he was attacked by a violent influenza, which became so severe that, on the 22d, his physician endeavored to persuade him to keep his room, assuring him that no physician in the army would allow a common soldier in his condition to leave the hospital. The Emperor disregarded this advice, and attended a review of a body of troops. This was his last appearance in public, though he transacted business for two or three days longer. On the 28th his case assumed a serious aspect, and paralysis of the lungs was apprehended. On the 1st of March it was announced to him that his case was hopeless. He received the intelligence with the utmost calmness, bade his family farewell, and partook of the Sacrament. He expired on the next day, about noon. Almost his last words were devoted to a message to his brother-in-law, the King of Prussia, exhorting him to remain faithful to his alliance with Russia. Some suspicions have been expressed that his death was occasioned by poison, but they appear to rest on no adequate grounds. His age, and the state of his health for some time previous, taken in conjunction with the harassing condition of public affairs, rendered his sudden death an event in the highest degree probable. He was quietly succeeded by his eldest son, the Grand Duke Alexander, born in 1818. The new Emperor has always borne the reputation of having a mild and pacific disposition, and it has been supposed that his father was desirous of diverting the succession from him to his more impetuous brother Constantine. The accession of Alexander was at first considered to augur favorably for the establishment of peace; but there seems no good reason for believing that Alexander can or will depart from the hereditary policy of his family. He has in fact, in various public documents, proclaimed his adherence to this policy. In his manifesto upon taking possession of the throne, he says, "May Providence so aid us that we may be able to strengthen Russia in the highest degree of power and glory; that by us may be accomplished the views and designs of our illustrious predecessors, Peter, Catherine, Alexander, and our august father of imperishable memory." His speech to the diplomatic corps breathes a

warlike spirit. "If," said he, "the conferences which are about to open at Vienna do not lead to a result honorable to us, then at the head of my faithful Russia, I will combat, and I will perish sooner than yield."

The Vienna Conference has commenced its sessions. Prussia is not represented. The first of the four points, placing the Principalities under the joint protection of the five great Powers, has been acceded to. The stipulation as to the free navigation of the Danube will probably cause but little difficulty. The main obstacle to peace, which will probably be found insuperable, will be the third point, which looks to the dismantling of Sebastopol, and the reduction of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea.—Sardinia has joined the alliance against Russia, and is about to send an auxiliary force of 15,000 men to the seat of war. Russia has formally declared war against Sardinia.—It is now considered certain that the Emperor of France is about to set off in person for the scene of hostilities. Preparatory to this expedition large reinforcements are on the point of being sent to the French army. A pamphlet, purporting to be by a French General Officer, sharply criticising the conduct of the war and the character of the Emperor, has been published. It excited some attention at first, as it was supposed to be the production of Prince Napoleon. Its publication was suppressed in France, and it made its appearance in Belgium.

THE EASTERN WAR.

Vigorous and effective measures have been taken to alleviate the condition of the English forces before Sebastopol. Abundant supplies of food and clothing are now provided; a railway has been pushed from Balaklava toward the lines, by which the exhausting labor of the troops has been much diminished. The sickness that has carried off such numbers is rapidly decreasing, and a general air of hope pervades the allied armies. But the Russian preparations for defense fully keep pace with those of the Allies for attack. Every assailable point in the fortifications has been strengthened by new works, which, according to the acknowledgment of the enemy, are admirably planned. They have even pushed forward their works in such a manner as seriously to threaten some important portions of the entrenchments of the Allies. On the 23d of February the French made an attack upon a new redoubt which the Russians had flung up the previous night in a commanding position. The attack was unsuccessful, and involved a heavy loss on the part of the French. The Russians, up to the 12th of March, which is the date of the latest intelligence, remained in quiet possession of their new position. Large convoys are continually observed entering the city. It may be considered a matter of doubt whether the fortifications of Sebastopol are as seriously threatened by the works of the Allies, as these are by the Russian defenses. Every thing, however, seems to indicate that it is the intention of the Allies to hazard a desperate assault upon the town at no very distant day. On the 17th of February the Russians made an attack upon Eupatoria, where the Turks, under Omer Pacha, are entrenched. The attack was apparently made by way of *reconnaissance*, rather than with any serious expectations of success. After some hours' fighting the Russians withdrew with considerable loss, but the Turks were unable to follow them.

Editor's Table.

HISTORY, said Charles James Fox, occupies the second place in the court of Letters. Poetry comes first; then history; and lastly oratory. If rarity constitute any test of excellence, history might contend for the first place. The world has produced many more perfect poems than perfect histories. Nor could it be otherwise. The great historian must be a poet as well, under penalty of failing in an essential requisite. He must be gifted with a poetic mind, or half that is great and noble in history will escape him: who but a poet could realize Joan of Arc? The poet, on the other hand, need not be an historian. Historic precision would only clog his rapid strains; even Homer is heavy when he furnishes lists of killed and wounded. Tariffs and telegraphs, patents and police, congressional debates and city charters, steam-plows and exports are beyond the reach of any poet except, perhaps, Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper. They are, however, strictly within the domain of history: essentials of it, in fact, not by any means to be overlooked. While Poetry can not invade this territory, her own is shared with History. She can not claim an incident, a passion, a character, as exclusively her own. Hence, perhaps, a necessity for a rarer combination of qualities to form a great historian than a great poet. The true master of history must command the glowing imagery of the bard with the close exactness of the statistician. He must be able to strike the lyre with Tyrtæus, and calculate the product of a tariff with De Bow. When Freedom's bands march to death or victory, his lines must ring with clarion sound; when Senator Smith moves to admit a new State, he must weigh the language of the Constitution with the nicety of a Supreme Court Judge.

It is hardly necessary to add that these qualifications are about as rare as some of those new elements which, as Berzelius eloquently laments, the eye of man hath never seen in a pure state. Mr. Alison, in one of his essays, his mind reverting no doubt to his own able but prejudiced history, declares that the world has only produced fourteen historians, six ancients and eight moderns. It may be questioned whether the learned sheriff has not been too liberal to his fellow-craftsmen. He has not mentioned the ancients to whom he allots niches in the temple of Clio; but if the six were Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides, Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus, his sentence will hardly escape criticism. The single defect of the speeches these writers have uniformly put in the mouths of their heroes disqualifies them from holding the front rank among historians. All possessed undoubted merit. Herodotus was a lecturer, a sort of Greek Silk Buckingham or Thackeray, who romanced to a fearful degree; not by any means intending to tell the truth, but aiming solely at narrating a pleasant story to the refined and polished audience assembled to hear him. Livy was, in some respects, the counterpart of Herodotus, though he addressed readers, not hearers. It has only been within the last few years, since Niebuhr in fact, that we have known how much of Livy was novel, and how much history. Like Herodotus, he was a charming narrator; told a story almost as well as Alexandre Dumas; and wrote in a far more correct and elegant style than the amusing author of Monte Christo. One of the ablest of modern critics has styled Sallust's per-

formance a political pamphlet, written for the purpose of damning Catiline. It bears a strong resemblance to something of the kind, and as such stands on a par with some of the writings of Jefferson, or the political essays of Hamilton, which, it is gravely to be feared, will only be known to antiquaries a few centuries hence. Xenophon kept a journal and published it: it is valuable as the only authentic record of an important military operation, written by a man of correct taste and unusual learning. His other works are meritorious but prosy. The two ancients who remain, Thucydides and Tacitus, are undoubtedly the best of the batch. The descriptions of the former, and the philosophical narrative of the latter, are still unsurpassed; and, imperfectly as we can judge of so foreign a matter to us as the style of each, it appears admirable and almost perfect. Tacitus will always be favorite reading with men of vigorous minds. But when the first rank as historians is claimed for either of them, there are other matters to be considered. In the first place, as we said, nothing can palliate the supposititious speeches. It may be true that the persons in whose mouths they are put did in reality make speeches of the same tenor on the occasions referred to; but we know quite enough of the age at which they lived to be perfectly certain that the speeches spoken were not the speeches recorded in the histories. They are a perversion of fact which nothing can wholly excuse. Passing over this fatal defect—which, strange to say, is common also to the best historian of our Revolution—we find, in the midst of the admiration elicited by their many excellences, a hankering after something that is wanting in both. Neither has described to us the people of the day, or the manners of the age. Characters and particular events are done with an art which can never be surpassed. Both were gifted with wonderful dramatic skill. But Tacitus, having introduced us to a few groups of ambitious and reprobate Romans, wholly omits the nation at large; and Thucydides had no hesitation in expressing too much contempt for the masses to be at the trouble to describe them. There is more of the real history of Greece and Rome to be learnt from Aristophanes and Plautus, than from either.

Of the eight moderns classed as great historians by Mr. Alison, four are not designated by name. Which of the German writers are meant, whether it was intended to admit Mr. Prescott or Mr. Bancroft to the select historical octumvirate, we are left to conjecture. Both of the latter are better entitled to the honor than Robertson, and as well as Hume, who, with Gibbon, are said to be England's representatives. The recent discovery of the papers of Charles the Fifth, has well-nigh killed Dr. Robertson's chances of immortality. Posterity will never forgive him for having been ignorant of the best materials for his hero's biography. Nor will the philosophy of his very valuable work, or the eminent merits of his other contributions to the historical fund rescue him from ultimate oblivion. Others have taken his principles (which, indeed, he borrowed himself from Bacon and Machiavel), and building on his superstructure, have carried them farther than he dared; and yet, another class of writers, appropriating his generalizations, have issued, so to say, new editions of them,

enlarged, corrected, and improved. His race is run. Hume has a better chance of enduring. There are parts of his history which approach very nearly to perfection. At times he is dull, at times disingenuous; but he had the historical secret, and as a whole, considering its extent and its date, his work will stand a severer test than any we have mentioned. All critics concur, however, in conceding the first place, among the historians of the old school, to Gibbon. Brilliancy of style, richness of color, dramatic skill, poetic fancy, business-like judgment, and extensive research, all are combined in the history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." One needs only to compare his work with that of Montesquieu—himself a giant intellect—on the same subject, to perceive how great he was, and how near he approaches to the model historian. Here again, however, we discover, on the very surface, a blemish of most fatal hue. If truth be an essential of history, can a Christian public crown with laurel the insidious satirist of Christianity? A man may lie, says the dramatist, with a wink or a smile without opening his lips. However accurately facts are related by Gibbon, there can be no question of the falsity of a vast proportion of his innuendoes and inferences. The fourth great modern historian mentioned by Alison is Sismondi, who has written thirty volumes about the French, and sixteen about the Italian republics. In point of vigor, descriptive talent, extent of research and philosophical acumen, Sismondi stands second to no one. In some respects he may be considered as the founder of modern history—the first man who really wrote histories of nations and not sketches of cliques. But threescore years and ten are a very short term to read histories in thirty volumes. The boldest mind recoils from such a task. The most infinite skill could hardly protect the reader from growing weary before the thirtieth volume is reached. Sismondi tacitly owned the defect when he prepared abridgments of his works; but, as was to be expected, the fire of the originals was not transferred to the miniature copies, and it were better for his fame they had not been published.

Without stopping to inquire whether Mr. Alison has done better justice to the historians he has omitted than to those he includes in his select list, or to discuss the very respectable claims of Voltaire, Karamsin, and a whole host of Germans, we may say without fear that, whatever be the rank of other branches of letters, the art of writing history is better understood and practiced at the present day than it ever was. Epic poetry may be defunct; men may decry Tennyson or Poe; the drama may have seen its best days; the mantle of Patrick Henry may be without a wearer; all these evidences of intellectual decline may be manifest, but the superiority of modern historians over their predecessors is not less so. In one respect it could not be otherwise. Political science is fixed like chemistry; each student makes a discovery which adds to the store, and thus the man who comes last of necessity excels all former workers in extent of knowledge. But the progress of the moderns is not confined to this accumulation of precedents and principles. It is as obvious in their manner as their matter; in their art as their materials; in their true appreciation of their duty as in the enlarged sphere of their judgment. Many valid excuses may be made for the ancients. Until quite recently, oligarchies were every thing, the

people nothing; even well-meaning writers might fancy they had described a nation when they had drawn a picture of a great man's household. Most authors, indeed, either belonged to the favored class themselves, like Voltaire and Clarendon, and knew nothing beneath it; or they were parasites of that class, and wrote in payment of their board. The declaration of 1776 and the French revolution put an end to this régime, and reduced at a blow nearly all antecedent French and English history to the rank of memoirs of reigning families, or records of military operations.

It was not till after the fall of Napoleon that history revived in Europe. A new school of historical writers then made its appearance with Augustin Thierry, Guizot, Mignet, and Michelet at its head. The first of these astonished the literary world by asserting that among historians the first place was due to the author of *Ivanhoe*. He had struck the right chord. The revolution had demolished the old palace style of history. Common sense had done justice on Rollin and other bores. Sismondi, thoroughly imbued with the modern spirit, began the first real history of the French. In a short time the profound generalizations of Guizot, the eagle glance of Mignet, the philosophic reasonings of Michelet, prepared the world for an entirely new mode of historical thought. Napoleon had said, "Mankind is led by the imagination." Thierry applied the truth to historical science, and the results were those splendid annals of the Normans, which have earned for him immortal fame. Though the nature of his subject may deprive the author of as large an audience on this side the ocean as he commands on the European continent, the historical student in every land must acknowledge him master. The picture he has drawn of his own studies is enough to fire any imagination. "By dint of devouring long folio pages," says he, "to extract a word or a phrase from among a thousand, my eyes acquired a faculty which astonished me, and for which to this day I can not account. I read by intuition, so to speak; my eye fell at once on the passage I was in search of. My whole vital energy seemed concentrated on one point. In the species of ecstasy in which I was plunged, while my hand turned over leaves and made notes, I was totally unconscious of surrounding events. People sat down or moved away from the table at which I wrought; the library officials and visitors came and went: I saw nothing, I heard nothing but the apparitions evoked by what I read. I can well recall the feeling. Never since that first period of study have I had so vivid a perception of the personages of my drama, of those men so different in race, in manners, in physiognomy, in destiny, who were marshaled before my fancy: some chanting to the Celtic harp the never-ending hymn of Arthur's return, others dashing through the storm, as reckless of their own safety as the swan on the placid lake; some, in the intoxication of victory, heaping together the spoils of the vanquished, measuring the earth with a string to divide it, counting over and over again families like heads of cattle; others, again, stripped by defeat of all that life is precious for, sternly resigned to see a stranger sit down a master at their own hearths, or frantic in despair, rushing to the woods to live, like the wolves, on rapine, murder, and independence." Alas! the very faculty to which he owed so much, and for which he could not account, was, in the end, his worst misfortune. Nature, cheated

of her rights, revenged herself by condemning him to blindness.

But he had completed his monument. Scores of disciples in France were fully prepared to continue his work. Philosophic history had been awakened in Germany. Leading minds in England were applauding the reform, and pronouncing the epitaph of past history. Even countrymen of Guicciardini and Davila, in the intellectual movement awakened by Alfieri and Monti, made fresh attempts to write one good historical work in Italian. Alison's splendid performance almost excused the folly of Waterloo. In Thiers' brilliant battle-pieces one almost forgets that Napoleon had trampled liberty under foot. Hallam's stately annals are a fitting mausoleum for the rude, giant minds of the middle ages. As years roll on, the necessity of re-writing history becomes more apparent. Cortés first obtains justice in the glowing pages of Prescott. Bancroft sings the praises of the heroes of America in strains sometimes turgid, but always lofty and eloquent. Macaulay puts the finishing hand to a historical picture unrivaled in literature. In every land the first minds are intent upon reproducing the past in accordance with the formulas which Thierry deduced and Guizot elaborated.

What are those formulas? Facts, says Macaulay, who has accumulated more in his history than any other historian ever knew, facts are the dross of history. The sentence is only partially just. Undoubtedly, the writer who abandons the living principle of history to dwell upon accidental and fortuitous events, fails in his mission. In this age above all others we require that the historian shall not delegate to us, his readers, the laborious duty of extracting the essence of history from its substance. But this is a rare fault among first-class minds. A thorough blockhead may be conscious of his infirmity, and restrain himself; a man of talent will rarely lose an opportunity of haranguing. Every leading mind is overloaded with principles, which their author is dying to discharge. He is much more likely to moralize on Washington's flying into a passion than to leave us in darkness as to the secret agencies which produced the Stamp Act. If it were absolutely true that facts are the dross of history, nothing could be wiser than this course of proceeding. Unhappily, though averse to severe labor, few of us desire our beef-steak to be cut up into edible morsels by strange hands: a man must be dull indeed to require to be told that Arnold's heart was bad when he sold his soul.

A large proportion of the modern French school of historians—seeking, doubtless, to guard against the national tendency toward generalization and philosophical analysis—have run into the opposite extreme, and flooded their pages with minute facts and sayings of their personages. By this plan vividness and reality are gained; but it is at the expense of unity, and not unfrequently of truth. Contemporaneous witnesses are by no means always the best judges even of facts. There is always a great deal in the evidence of the most conscientious person which must be set aside by a discriminating judge as the fruit of local bias, or unconscious prejudice. Which of us to-day could write a review of the year that would answer for posterity? The class of French writers to which we have made allusion have fulfilled the office which the material-men discharge toward the builder. They have carted the stuff to the edge of the foundation. Bricks, stones, mortar, sashes, doors, slates, every

thing is there; nothing is wanting but the hand of the workman to combine the whole. And as the builder's skill is shown in the concealment of certain portions of his work in order to give due prominence and beauty to others, so the historian can not expect to attain his great end until each separate element is reduced to its proper proportions, fitted into its proper place, thrust conspicuously forward or prudently withdrawn to the background, according to its relation to the main thread of the narrative. It may be very well in a biography of Father Jogues to discuss the tenets of the Jesuits; but in a history of the United States it is carrying admiration for the martyr a little too far to allow him to expound his views on the Jansenist question.

Demosthenes summed up the science of oratory in one word—Delivery. The aim of history might in a similar manner be comprehended under the single word—Reality. We desire that the man who undertakes to describe past ages to us shall so order his materials that we shall see the people, stand on the spots, be present at the scenes he depicts. He must paint his heroes as Raphael painted his portraits. Not only must we have their face, figure, dress, air, in order to carry about with us in our mind a tangible likeness; we must have their mind as well, and their heart, sketched with a few broad lines, the fewer the better, for clearness' sake. Places must be dealt with in like manner. Not the least of the faults of the old historians, is the carelessness with which they dealt with topography. In the hands of the artist, every stone may be gifted with a voice. What a world of historic information is contained in the old plans of the city of New York, with the King's Farm and the Collect marked in clumsy old letters, and little blots all over three-fourths of Manhattan Island to signify trees! It is, we think, a grave fault in the best of our historians, that they have cared so little about sketching the local background of their pictures. It is hardly possible to realize sturdy Peter Stuyvesant shaking his staff in the face of his craven councilors, unless we can at the same time discern the gable-ends of the Dutch houses behind him, follow him into his old-fashioned parlor, and listen to the tramp of his wooden leg on the sanded floor. In their anxiety to deal with topics of a grander cast, too many writers have despised these details as too trivial for history; whence it comes, as Thierry said of English history, that it is chiefly to be found in novels.

Men are not all politicians or all soldiers. As a general rule, these classes have never constituted more than a mere fraction of each civilized community. Yet until quite recently, history has exclusively occupied itself with their doings. According to the old plan, the historian of Mr. Pierce's administration would give a full and particular account of the destruction of Greytown, and the Japan expedition; but of the wages paid to carpenters, and the style of living in Fifth Avenue, he would say nothing. Yet how much more truly fitting materials for history the latter than the former! Mr. Macaulay stands out in bold contrast to his rivals in this respect. Compare him for instance with Lord Mahon, whose opportunities were as happy, whose industry as great, whose experience hardly less extensive; the latter, notwithstanding his numerous excellences, seems a mere clerk beside him. Macaulay had a difficult task to perform. Setting out with the resolute purpose of becoming the

historiographer of the great Whig party of England, he was bound to shape his materials to suit his theory, to controvert the growing belief that the British Revolution of 1688 was a fraud. Almost every historian who has set out with a similar partisan object in view, has achieved at best a powerful pamphlet; failing altogether in producing a history. It was left for Macaulay to conceal his purpose with such exquisite skill that its discovery is an after-thought with the reader. While he reads, he is so irresistibly dragged along with the narrator, planted so firmly among the personages of the story, thinking, speaking, living, moving, even eating and drinking with them, that he had as soon suspected a daguerreotype of flattery as Macaulay of perversion of fact. This triumph of art is mainly due to the minute attention bestowed on details too often deemed trivial. In his grandest pictures, each figure, each shadow is finished with wonderful care; however bold the main outlines, no detail is blurred. Kings are there, and statesmen, soldiers, and demagogues, conquests and Parliamentary debates; but besides all this, which every other history contains, Macaulay presents the real nation—the people who had little or nothing to do with government, laws, or wars—in quite as clear a light. He tells how parsons lived, how weavers pursued their calling; sketches an eating-house as vividly as a senate chamber; leads us into the homes of laborers with as firm a tread as into the palace of the Stadtholder. This is true history.

It is probable that, if all the works that have been written about America were collected together, no private library could contain them. Each of the thirteen original States could fill a vast book-case with the materials for its annals. Yet how few that can for a moment pretend to the title of history! Here a mass of undigested facts, there a few of unsupported opinions; here a virulent party pamphlet, there an innocent record in the almanac style; a bit of history now and then flashing out of a heap of rubbish, just to show that the artist, not the subject, is wanting. We would speak respectfully of those great works of American history which represent the nation in the Congress of letters. Dull indeed must be the man who could fail to appreciate the admirable skill, the high poetic talent, the prodigious research of which some recent histories published in the United States bear evidence. But the more profound the sense of their high merits, the deeper conviction that better is yet to come. History is not oratory, nor yet philosophy. A man may be a profound thinker and an elegant, manly writer, without being any thing but an indifferent historian. It does not even follow that, because one can paint a historical scene with truth and vigor, a continuous history is therefore to be undertaken with confidence. Many a general can draw a perfect plan for a battle, who could not conduct a single campaign without ruin. The connection of events, the link of dullness which binds two interesting scenes together, is to the mere anecdotist a Bridge of Asses never to be crossed. It will not do to ignore it altogether, for it can not possibly be without influence on succeeding events; nor can it be handled freely by any but a master of the craft without marring the interest of the rest.

The modern historian enjoys advantages such as Tacitus and Gibbon never dreamed of. In the United States especially, the materials that each

day is amassing will wholly relieve the future historian of the mechanical portion of his task, and will leave him nothing to care for but its artistic execution. It is not too much to say that if every book in the world were destroyed, and nothing of our present printed matter preserved but a file of a leading daily New York journal, a judicious mind might compile from it a perfectly full and accurate history of the present age. No such appalling disaster being within the range of possibility, to what perfection may we not expect history to be hereafter carried? Fancy the task of the historian who shall sit down in the year 1955 to write the annals of the nineteenth century. Compare his surfeit over a dozen newspaper files with the fierce hunger for facts which gave Gibbon courage to complete his great work. Politics and religion; foreign affairs and domestic legislation; commerce, industry, agriculture, labor, literature, the arts; social life, etiquette, tone of the public mind at various times, revolutions in taste, in dress, in manners; all lie open before him almost without research. A dozen daily daguerreotypes, taken by different artists and from different points of view, would not transmit a more faithful likeness of an individual than the press does of the world. It will be as easy a hundred years hence to describe the way in which shoemakers lived at the present day, what they got for their shoes, how they enjoyed themselves, and what their opinions were, as it is for us to sketch the history of the Bonaparte family. Error will be willful, if it exist at all; with so much light, nothing short of closing the eyelids could produce dimness of vision. The cosmopolitan tendency of modern times will obviously go a long way toward effacing national prejudices, and bringing the institutions of each country nearer a common standard; an arrangement pregnant, for the historian, with rich materials of philosophic comparison. Nor is there any serious reason to apprehend that the future historian will be likely to fall below former writers in point of artistic skill. There can be no question that the historical science is progressive in every branch; that Tacitus excelled Thucydides, Hume Tacitus, Mignet Hume, Macaulay Mignet; and it is quite reasonable to suppose that the future historian on whom shall devolve the duty of painting New York in the nineteenth century, will surpass Macaulay, as well in the arrangement and coloring as in the extent of his materials.

The older we grow the more doubtful it appears whether, if we all of us had a doctor like Don Quixote's to drag half our old books into the yard and make a bonfire of them, the catastrophe would be a loss or a gain.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WITH May-day comes moving in the city, and plans for moving out of the city. Not more sure are the winds of March than the confusion of May-day; and all the old, time-hallowed associations with the season are utterly routed and destroyed. In our quiet Chair we sit and survey the tumult, and can only see in it the typical day of the year for America and Americans. We have nothing old, and it seems that we are determined never to have any thing old. We pull down our barns and build greater, when the old are quite sufficient for the purpose, and were gradually getting to be ornaments of the estate. Time has the

magic touch of romance. Time is the alchemist that slowly changes the heavy coarse stones into a poetic material more precious than gold.

But we do not think so.

The same restlessness that constantly changes the house also invades the interior, and the visitor longs to see a sofa which is not in the last mode, and a table that has not just arrived from Paris, and a carpet and curtains which are not of the newest pattern. It occurs to some respectable citizen that he must have a bay-window to illuminate his dining-room. Bay-windows instantly become an epidemic. All the houses in the street are infected, and burst out into bay-windows. The whole city is eruptive in the same way. The subtle virus penetrates the country. The rural districts catch the contagion, and in all sequestered and romantic places the houses are seized with the affection, and bay-windows appear at every possible point.

But how much charm there is in fitness! Grandmama Doldrum was a quaint, respectable, dignified, and agreeable old lady, while she wore her gray hair and the costume which harmonized with them. But when she came out one morning in a cluster of chestnut curls, and a cap all arch and afloat with brilliant ribbons, we children were ready to forswear all relationship with Grandmother Doldrum. Now this fitness is just as beautiful in houses, and their arrangements and furnishings, as it is in people and the proprieties of dress. Suppose you should suddenly come in to see us—suppose either of the correspondents whose letters we sometimes publish should enter our room, and you or they should find us in patent leather boots and a foppish cravat tie, and carefully-considered trowsers, with a coat short in the waist, and with large flowing sleeves, carefully displaying emerald wrist-buttons, instead of the loose garments, a trifle seedy, and the capacious shoes, with strings, and the rumpled white cravat, which properly become our years, and which we always wear—you would justly say to yourselves, "What an absurd and fantastic old Easy Chair, aping youth!"

For our own part, we love the great leather chair in which Grandfather Doldrum sat, and the little oval screen which, in the long-vanished years when there were roses upon Grandmother Doldrum's cheeks, protected them from the fire. We like the Doldrum sideboard, the Doldrum china, and glass, and silver. They are quaint, indeed; but, for that very reason, they are full of tender and pleasing associations.

Aunt Jane Doldrum, when she was a belle of twenty, married her present husband, and they move, every few years, on the first of May. My aunt, Mrs. Jane Doldrum Ruggs, is toward seventy, and if you should call at her house this morning, you would swear (or affirm) that she came home, a bride, yesterday. Every thing is new, and new in the last mode. The window curtains, and the furniture, and the carpets, and the clocks, and gas-fixtures, are fearfully new. Aunt Ruggs's house has as much interest as an upholsterer's wareroom, and not a bit more. It is only the wareroom moved up-town.

But if, when we went to take our Sunday's tea with Aunt Jane, we could see something that recalled the days when she was young—when Bleeker Street was out of town—when a brook ran through Canal Street, and pretty maids spread clothes to dry in the fields where now Broome

Street roars and rattles—how like an old picture, or song, or pleasant chapter from history, would our Sunday tea-drinkings be. But as it is, we are afraid of dropping tea upon the table, and preserve upon the new satin-damask sofa, and we sit very carefully lest the delicate chair should give way beneath us; and all is so elegant, and rich, and splendid, and dismal, in Aunt Jane's drawing-rooms, that positively old Mum Phillis's parlor, down in Avenue B, is pleasanter.

This dreary propriety and chilly splendor are all part of the restlessness that begets such a custom as May-day moving. We are not content with the old home nor the old furniture; and yet it would be worth while to remember that while we cling to the old things endeared by association, we also so far cling to the youth with which they were contemporary. Aunt Jane's new furniture only makes her old age more evident; and as she sits and gazes at it, it suggests to her only the upholsterer's and the cabinet-maker's skill; while, if her eye could rest upon the chair where the friends sat who will come no more, or upon the table where her father bent in writing, or the side-board where his wine sparkled, she would feel truly at home. Even the sadness of such associations and remembrances would be sweeter than the consciousness that she could not tell her sofa from her neighbor's, nor know that she was in her own house except from the audible snore of Uncle Ruggs, who has fallen asleep with his head upon the sumptuous back of the handsomest lounge. Poor Aunt Doldrum Ruggs is dreadfully distressed, for if he turns his head there will be an eternal memorial of the movement upon the soiled back of the lounge.

Think of these things, gentle friends, aunts and uncles of every name, when you move on the first of May, and repair the old table and the old bureau rather than buy a new.

But when May-day is over, and June days come, and the summer solstice reminds us all of the sea, and the Tropics be upon us, then where shall we go, whither shall we flee?

A distinguished diplomatic friend of this Easy Chair, whose friend, Mr. J. Smythe, Jr., has occasionally made our pages the medium of his communications to the public, the Spanish Ambassador, in fact, Don Fandango Bobtail, informs us that he means to devote the summer to the watering-places, at which resorts, he contends, American society is best studied, and will sometimes send us a line of his experiences there.

To say the truth, this "study of Society" has been of late a good deal overdone. All the literary youths about town have fired their little squibs through newspaper columns or magazines, and nothing has been more ruthlessly satirized and scolded than the mysterious existence or institution called "Society." The *Home Journal*, indeed, the laureate and organ of that mystic power, has brandished its cudgels valiantly in defense of the ways and means of "Society," and weekly parades the treasures of wit, experience, and sagacity it has discovered within that much-abused circle. They who doubt the existence of such treasures, have but to look at the proof and be confounded. For ourselves, who only occasionally let fly a shot at the great and awful enemy, there is consolation in the faith that society will survive these assaults; and we can not but indulge the private belief that it will benefit by them. The bee that stings also

makes the honey. As certain follies and extravagances become notorious and stigmatized under some fictitious name, the irresistible fear of ridicule will persuade all sensible men and women to avoid any exposure to the chance of receiving such a name.

When the terrible portrait is drawn, they will shrink as Addison shrank from Pope's splendid satire, and they will not have the comfort of his closing assurance:

"Who would not smile if such a man there be?

Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

We have, with some curiosity, asked Don Bob about the effect of this incessant fire of criticism upon its victim. He smiles diplomatically, and says, with a shrug, that the world is too old to reform, and that nobody enjoys the blow more than those who are hit. He declares he doesn't see that women dress or dance any less extravagantly or that the men are wittier, for all the fine things that have been said.

"Society is the same all the world over, my dear old Easy Chair," says Don Bob, "and has always been about the same, so far as I can perceive. People dress, and dance, and make love, and marry for money, and drive a neat turn-out, and squander, and swindle, and smile, in the earliest romances as they do in Mrs. Gore's and Mr. James's latest. Do you suppose Ivanhoe really loved Rowena better than Rebecca, or did he refrain from offering himself to Rebecca because she was of the despised race, and Mrs. Front-de-Bœuf and the rest of the Grundy family of the period would have made such a dreadful rout about it? You may believe that he didn't marry Rowena because it was a good match; but I shall live and die in the faith that old Ivanhoe, in the musty centuries of romance and tradition, did just what young Thomas Noddy, in the next street, did. They both wanted to marry well; to please the family; to have yellow linings to the carriage, and a well-set table, and plenty of servants. They wanted to shut the mouth of the gossiping old world, and go gently down to oblivion in the last fashion. Mr. and Mrs. Noddy will laugh over the 'Potiphar Papers' or the 'Fudge Doings' a great deal more merrily than the sardonic cousin in the country, who rails at the city she is longing to live in, and preaches long sermons upon the sinfulness of fashions which she would obsequiously follow if she could.

"And when any gentleman takes up his pen and says in print just what I am saying to you, he is abused as if he had picked everybody's pocket. However, my dear Easy Chair, I don't believe Mr. Thackeray, for instance, will see any less clearly the melancholy absurdities of social life because people clamor that society is not all so corrupt; and I have great faith in the fact that he will continue to serve them up, not for our smiles and self-gratulation only, but our very earnest and serious reproof.

"Whether he and the rest of them are going to do any good by their brilliant and incessant thrusts, I do not know. But the year 2855 will, I sincerely believe, find our remote posterity all laying out in May where they shall pass the summer; still dancing and flirting and marrying, making money and breaking hearts, doing good and doing ill, while sly and sagacious observers go gravely about, and occasionally make a study from life, and exasperate a few of the subjects.

"But whatever they do in the May of 2855,

in this May we ought to consider where to go."

We asked Don Bob where he intended to go.

"My learned friend, I can not precisely say; I should like to see Niagara again, also Sharon, Saratoga, Nahant, and Newport. The Virginia Springs I hear well mentioned; nay, Cordelia herself told me she was going there. Then Cape May has charms; for it may be said of Baltimore and its belles, as was said by the English poet Brown—

'Where I find her not, beauties vanish:

Whither I follow her, beauties flee;'

so wherever I find Baltimore summering, there I shall rest and bask in beauty.

"But I hear of a great rally to be made at Nahant. Boston goes to that rock to breathe the breezes from Cape Cod. They are Puritan breezes, I think. They have a rough edge, and come shrouded in sharp eastern fogs. I have thought sometimes of that bleak December landing of the Pilgrims, when, even on summer days, I have felt the wind sifting through to my very marrow. But Nahant is a lovely spot, and many a treasure of memory is labeled with its name, and the Hotel, my Easy Chair, is unsurpassed. The traveler is well-housed at Niagara in the Cataract, and at Saratoga in the United States; but not at the Falls nor the Springs is he more comfortably lodged and sumptuously served than at the Nahant Hotel. It is new, you understand. It is no longer the old house, where, if you have ever been, you have vowed vows never to go again. But if you have tasted the hospitalities of the Tremont and the Revere in Boston, then you have had a foretaste of the Nahant Hotel. It is a gentleman's house; and, if you have undergone Newport hotels, you will understand distinctly what I mean.

"There are other magnets on that promontory, of which I can not whisper even to a discreet Easy Chair. If you go there, as I sincerely advise you to do, you will find them; you will know that they are there by your inability to get away; you will know that you have been there by the rosy light that will linger in remembrance about your Nahant hours.

"Positively," said Don Bob, "here is a tear!"

Newport, we learn, will be more thronged than ever. We do not wonder. There is a magic in the air that allures like the singing of syrens. But why should there not be a tolerable hotel in Newport? There was a long and careful sketch of Newport life and history in our August number of last year; but there was nothing truer in the paper than its opening remarks upon Newport hotels. We understand that a Newport journal, noted for its sagacity and independence, discovered that the article was written by an unfortunate wight who, having no means to pay his bills at the hotels, compromised the matter by abusing them. It is good logic; and, if that journal insists upon it, we suppose it must be considered true. Now we distinctly desire our correspondents to pay their bills: or, in case they can not perform such a task, we beg them not to malign their creditors.

In this case, however, our own experience only confirms that of our August contributor; and if the journal insists (which we are sure it will not), we will produce our bills receipted. There is not a good hotel in Newport; a clean and comfortable house, we mean, like that at Nahant, and the others we have mentioned. And yet Newport is the

great watering-place of the country. If it is impossible for so short a season to support a good house, how is it supported at Nahant? and how much prolonged the season would be, if we, unhappy visitors, who would gladly see September and October by the sea, only had some proper place to inhabit! We humbly suggest that a good hotel upon the Cliff, well-organized and well-kept, would draw the permanent summer population as well as the transitory visitors. And we say this, with all deference in proper quarters, not because our purse, but our stomach, gave out. Nowhere in the world is there a watering-place of finer facilities than Newport. Nowhere in the world ought they to be so carefully improved.

MR. N. P. WILLIS, when he was in England, and soon after beginning his literary career, wrote home letters about foreign life and society, for which he was as well abused as any author we remember. It is generally understood that he was cast out of English good opinion altogether. But it happens that we owe probably more to Mr. Willis than to any other American traveler, that gossipy knowledge of literary and fashionable society which we now enjoy. We do not judge the extent of his acquaintance, but he certainly was on good terms at Gore House, the London residence of Lady Blessington, and there he met many of the celebrities of whom he so freely and gayly discoursed.

Mr. Willis fell upon the palmy days of Lady Blessington. Her name at that time was mentioned rather under the breath, and her carriage was not seen at the Queen's Drawing-rooms. She was unpleasantly talked about. Yes; but so was Lady Flora Hastings a little later. Lady Flora died of the scandal, but Lady Blessington, though scandalized, survived. She was unpleasantly talked about, but all the noted men in London thronged her rooms; and Gore House succeeded Holland House.

The subject of the unpleasant talk, in connection with Lady Blessington, was Count D'Orsay, the husband of Lady Blessington's daughter, the famous dandy, painter, poet, sculptor, horse-jockey, and critic. D'Orsay was probably the best Alcibiades that modern European society has seen. And none of the many good stories told of him surpasses in characteristic interest that related by the painter Haydon in his Autobiography. The artist was starving, and half broken-hearted before his picture—gloom without and despair within—when suddenly D'Orsay enters, like a sunbeam, exquisitely dressed, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, surveys the canvas for a moment, describes the difficulty, and seizing the pallet from the painter, takes the brush in his delicately kidded hand, and gives the necessary stroke; then smiles, bows, and skips into his cab. It is a true bit of Vivian Grey in real life. And Disraeli, too shrewd to lose so fine a subject, made D'Orsay the Count Mirabel of his "Henrietta Temple," and dedicated the book to D'Orsay by name.

That virtuous body, London society, of which the *Newcomes* is the most subtle and masterly picture and analysis, was never weary of whispering about this Alcibiades and his Aspasia. Lady Blessington went about "under a cloud," as it is poetically rendered. She and the Count crossed to Paris, when the welcome guest of Gore House became President of France; and they both died in

Paris during the first years of the new Napoleonic régime.

The gossip about her has been recently revived by the publication of her correspondence, edited by Dr. Madden; and much the most important circumstance of the revival is the letter of Walter Savage Landor, addressed to the London *Athenæum*. The stalwart veteran; the polished and profound author, who knows that if his readers are not many, they are all enthusiasts and friends; whose sympathies are always upon the right side, and who is sure to say a strong word for those whose liberal thoughts or noble actions have repelled sympathy, has now thrown a flower upon the grave of the wife of an early friend, and a hostess whose house and heart were always open to him.

We allude to this letter because it is so fine a protest against the eager and withering gossip which is so often a hundred-fold worse than what it condemns. If she has any warm friends living, surely they will cherish this letter as her best epitaph.

Christian reader, what do *we* do, you and this old Easy Chair, when a fellow-sinner sins? Of course we hurry to see who will cast the first stone, and hit hardest. And that is the tone, and the preaching, and the practice of Christian society. Now what said the Master about casting the first stone? what canons did he lay down about that proceeding? We honor this letter of old Walter Savage Landor—a man who has held his heart firm and true for more than seventy years—because it inculcates the simple and reasonable doctrine taught in the case of the Syrian woman. The applicability of the rule is not altered because it is an English woman.

Landor tells the story of his introduction and subsequent acquaintance. "Her parties contained more of remarkable personages than were ever assembled in any other house, excepting, perhaps, Madame de Staël. In the month of the Coronation more men, illustrious in rank, in genius, and in science, met at Gore House, either at dinner or after, than ever were assembled in any palace. Enough has been said vituperatory about the mistress of that mansion. I disbelieve in the tales of her last friendship (D'Orsay); an earlier one affords more cause for admiration than censure."

He then relates her attachment to "a very handsome man," who had ruined himself by gaming, and had fled the country. She resolved to follow; and Lord Blessington, who was then in love with her, did not make a proposal that she should marry him, but that he should pay "a thousand pound or two" to bring back her lover. It was impossible. The lover wrote that he should never return, and begged not to mar her future. Then Lord Blessington came forward. Lady Blessington, until the death of the exile, sent him a hundred pounds quarterly. "Virtuous ladies!" concludes Landor, "instead of censuring her faults, attempt to imitate her virtues. Believe that, if any excess may be run into, the excess of tenderness is quite as pardonable as that of malignity and rancor."

THE Spring opens no pleasanter doors than those of the National Academy of Design, whose exhibition this year was in the rooms lately occupied by the Düsseldorf Gallery. In the midst of American life, which allows so little leisure, and which has no class of cultivated loungers, the *jeunesse*

dorée of foreign capitals, it is interesting to mark what effect and influence these annual collections of paintings have upon the public mind.

The catalogue of this year's exhibition opens with a hilarious account of the condition and prospects of the Academy. It tells us of the extremely favorable state of health in which the institution finds itself, and states that it never held a higher place in the public interest. Copious allusions are also made to the admirable organization of the Academy. We hear of lectures, schools, collections, etc., to a degree that will surely make glad the hearts of lonely young aspirants secluded in remote districts, and hampered by poverty; and which illuminates our minds to a glow, in respect of the love of art, and sympathy with its pursuit, which, it appears, has struck such deep root in our metropolitan, if not our national, character.

For the present, indeed, the lonely young aspirants need not sell their clothes to raise money to enable them to reach the favored region where the Academy proffers lectures, lessons, and apparatus so freely. For the present these things have gone into abeyance. Like shop-windows which, for the last month, have blazed with the notice that "on the first of May, this store will open with an illimitable stock of soap-bubbles and tobacco-smoke," so the Academy catalogue announces that on the first convenient opportunity, lectures, lessons, and appliances will be afforded to an eager public.

However, we do not intend to follow this scent. But why did so grave and discreet a body as the Academy adorn itself for its festival with such grotesque rhetoric as the preface to its annual list of pictures? There was no especial occasion to say any thing; and if such occasion had existed, surely the Academy should have put forth a well-considered and comprehensive statement of its condition and prospects. The effect of such a performance is immediately to challenge attention to its existence, and searching investigation into its operation. The great question of the utility of Academies is at once vexed, and there may be hard knocks given, and hard feelings engendered, before the question is answered.

We presume the facts of the case to be simply these: That the Academy is an amiable institution, which, with very limited means, and no public sympathy, has been endeavoring to teach the rudiments of art, and to cherish an *esprit de corps* among artists. It has had, we believe, no professors, nor any courses of lectures, and it has certainly been very poor. It was about four years since that a short course of popular miscellaneous lectures upon subjects connected with art, was delivered for the benefit of the Academy, and the attendance upon those lectures showed a not very extensive enthusiasm in the general subject. A year or two later each of the artists of the city contributed a work for sale for the benefit of the Academy; and, as we learn, nearly two thousand dollars were realized from the sale. Meanwhile the Academic performances as such, the teaching by various means, was extremely limited, if not altogether suspended; and now that they have come to a full stop, we have this cheerful preface assuring us that affairs were never more flourishing.

Now we sincerely hope they are, because all Americans who love liberal studies must desire the prosperity of an institution intended to advance them. And we do not find the same objections to this Academy as to those of Europe. The

fact is unquestionable, we presume, that in Europe the academies have either occasioned the decline of art, or have been contemporary with it. Probably the latter is the true statement, for no academy would have ruined Raphael, as none, certainly, would have made Michel Angelo. So fatally true is this statement, that every man who concerns himself at all with such interests knows that the word *Academic*, as applied to works of art, means a conventional and unreal character—means every thing, in fact, but vital excellence. It signifies the perfection of what can be taught, and the sad tendency of the institution is to value talent more than genius.

But an academy with us has not commanded, and never will command, that kind of influence and patronage which in other countries has made it inimical to the best interests of art. Our different social organization would always paralyze that tendency. With us an academy must always be, what the present aims to be, a college of art; and properly managed it would no more prevent a man's becoming a great artist than a well-managed university would prevent his becoming a great poet. Genius needs training even more than talent, because it is more dogmatic and erratic. Feeling is not enough for the artist. As was once well said to this old Easy Chair, the artist must be nine parts mechanic to one part poet. Just as in food, the saccharine element, which is the nourishing quality, must be in greatly less proportion than the unnourishing fibre.

We glance only at these considerations. They are inevitably suggested by the extraordinary preface of the catalogue. By that preface the Academy has committed itself. It has made implied promises. It proposes to do something on a greater scale than heretofore. Let us hope that over the exhibitions of future years no Nemesis will shake this year's catalogue. With each twelve-month we shall repair to the halls with more exigent eyes. "Show the fruits of that fine promise! Where are the better pictures? Where is the profounder interest in art? Where are the professors and their lectures, the teachers and their lessons, the collections and their capable expounders?" It will not do to assure us every year that things are better. We are too much and sincerely interested in the condition and progress of artistic studies to be stopped with hilarious prefaces and cheerful assurances of plethora. We like the Academy, we think with pleasure of that band of artists in the midst of the universal whirl, who are quietly holding fast to the pursuit of beauty. And so jealous are we of their position and dignity that we shrink from seeing any false or foolish step, any hasty or unnecessary statement, any thing, in short, which will give envy a chance to sneer, or skepticism the excuse of a smile.

And in this connection we must take leave to remind the loungers about our Chair, that in the *Crayon*, a weekly journal published in New York, they have as sincere, intelligent, and agreeable a record of the contemporary state of art, and criticism upon its performances, as there is in the world. It is a paper pleasant to the eye, and satisfactory to the mind, and when the loungeer considers that there is no more difficult thing to do well than to conduct an esthetic journal, it is the highest praise to say that this is well done. Let the Academy be managed as well for an academy of art, as the *Crayon* is managed as a journal

of art, and its prosperity will speak for itself, and can dispense with hilarious prefaces.

We have tarried a long time at the door, but we mean to enter and take a glance at the pictures.

And who is Mr. Darby who has two charming pictures, and seemed to be the new excellence of the exhibition? His small cabinet portrait was thoughtful and conscientious, and his "heads" were a pair of faces so full of character, so tenderly treated, and so sweetly conceived, that we are sure many who saw them asked the question we ask, Who is Mr. Darby? Such works are not the result of accident, and we shall undoubtedly hear more of him. "He has a future," as the French delicately express so much more than is said.

Mr. Baker's portraits were delicious, especially that of the lady with the rose-bud and the evanescent loveliness so charmingly caught and fixed forever. The reality of this portrait, its entire want of exaggeration, its pure humanity, detain the memory now, as it did the eye then. This artist has a fresh, sweet sincerity of color, and honest reverence for nature, which have already given him rank with the best of our portrait painters.

Mr. Elliott is our *literalist*, not that he imitates so faithfully every detail, for he is very slovenly in the details and accessories of his portraits. But he gives the literal, not the poetic man. It is Mr. Richard Roe, the lawyer, or Adolphus Gunnybags, Esq., the merchant, or Mrs. Mere, mother of six children, that he gives us; and no friend of the family, however long he may have been absent in India, could fail to recognize it. But it is only the lawyer and the merchant, and not the man. It is literally correct. It has a daguerreotype exactitude of form and color; but there is something more in every man than appears in Mr. Elliott's portrait of him, however unmistakable a likeness and well-painted a picture it may be.

Mr. Hicks's full-length portrait had beautiful and vigorous parts. The light was admirable. It was real daylight; and the drapery was well-managed and accurately imitated, and the general composition was attractive. But the head lacked the elaborate finish of some of the accessories, and the eye consequently lingered too long upon the brilliant damasks and handsome carpet. For this reason there was a want of unity in the work, and it pleased, altogether, less than the two oil-portraits of Lucretia Mott and Gulian C. Verplanck, and the crayon head of Parke Godwin. In the first there was beautiful modeling and coloring. Perhaps the face of Mrs. Mott was too spotty; but they were as good portraits as we have seen from Mr. Hicks, and that is saying very much.

Mr. Gray had but one head. It was a half-length portrait of a child, and presented a most extraordinary aspect of nature in the landscape background; but the sunny hair of the girl, and the youthful grace of the figure made the picture charming.

Mr. Huntington evidently reposed upon his laurels this year. The Boadicean Magdalen was uninteresting.

Mr. Durand, the President, was as good as usual, and in precisely the same way. His large wood-study was accurate and conscientious; and upon his smaller canvases the same tranquil cows grazed upon the same tranquil pastures, and the same placid stream purled along the same placid landscape, that we remember for many years. It is a

calm pastoral that Mr. Durand paints, and it is always very lovely. His qualities are easily perceived, but they are not easily acquired. He is mannered, and from year to year monotonous; but that seems to be the inevitable condition of human performance. There is no perceptible change from year to year; but it would be a hopeless task to quarrel with what is good because it is not always becoming better. *It ought to be?* True: but good performance is no less good because it is not better, and in art of every kind, unless there be great genius, the limit of individual excellence is soon reached.

Mr. Church exhibited several very elaborate and striking compositions of South American scenery. They were glowing, and careful, and very complete. The light and clouds were often extremely fine, and the sense of lush, tropical luxuriance was very perfectly conveyed. They were universally admired. But is it not rather Church than Nature that we saw in those paintings?

Mr. Kensett had only one considerable work. It was less striking than Mr. Church's, but it was no less truthful and satisfactory. Mr. Kensett's conscience holds his pencil. He seems to have felt every hue in his picture. There is no sacrifice to effect; there is no trick of any kind, but the simple and transparent breadth of Nature is every where visible. His pictures are monotonous and cool in the general impression; but it is because what he can evidently do best, he as evidently does most naturally, and he will not proceed faster upon his canvas than he does in his observation of nature and mastery of the means to express it. Mr. Kensett's pictures have a reality as well as an actuality.

Mr. Cropsey had a "Mount Washington," which it was a pleasure to study. The old faults of cut-up foreground disfigured it, and it was rather too evidently an effect of pigments. But the vigor of the handling, and the close study, the clear and lovely sky, and the bold cloud-forms—his favorite cumuli, but a little too pointed and pinnacled for cumuli—merited the greatest praise. Mr. Cropsey is still constantly increasing his scope, and improves, even to the eye of the uninitiated, yearly.

Mr. Casilear had, as he has had for two or three years, some of the tenderest and truest bits of landscape in the exhibition. They have a modesty, and a fresh, absolute excellence, which are refreshing. There are no sudden dashes to catch applause unawares, but they are carefully considered, and executed with exquisite grace. They are full of the enthusiasm of the true artist. We hope, next year, to meet Mr. Casilear upon a larger canvas.

Mr. Hall had some of his brilliant bits of color; Mr. Cafferty one fine head at least; Mr. Gifford hazy landscapes, not powerful, but full of sweet feeling; Mr. Hubbard his golden gleam of summer; Mr. Colman a study of great promise, as also Mr. Hart. We can not do justice to them here, but we can record our admiration.

Mr. Staigg's miniatures were exquisite. No son or grandson, no daughter or granddaughter need mourn any longer that they are not contemporary with Malbone—Mr. Staigg's miniatures are not less beautiful in their kind. Mr. Samuel Lawrence's heads of Bancroft and Willis were masterly sketches of character. There was a sketch by Mr. Ruskin which was dreadful; and a careful and elaborate crayon drawing by Mr. Darley which was one of the finest things upon the walls, for its variety, character, and superb handling.

The exhibition was smaller, but not otherwise inferior to that of other years. It is not from year to year, but from comparison after certain intervals, that the progress of art in this country can be perceived. Compare the exhibition of '45 with that of '55, and then say if we are not advancing.

And now this prosing old Easy Chair has one suggestion to make. The Academy has sixty thousand dollars, derived from the sale of the old building. That sum ought to be so invested that the interest is about four thousand dollars. Now sixty thousand dollars will not build nor buy proper accommodations for the Academy, not to say any thing of supporting its schools, etc. But four thousand dollars, with the proceeds of the exhibition, will amply cover the expense of hiring an exhibition-room for two or three months—a room for the collection and library, and teachers to direct the studies of beginners. A poor institution, like the Academy, has no right to dine or sup sumptuously, nor to build a great and useless temple. But it has plenty of means and men to accomplish the avowed objects of its organization; and its exceedingly hilarious preface to the last catalogue has opened all our eyes to see that those objects are accomplished.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THOUGH our topics range a few days later than the mail, we must take them up where we left them; by so doing we leave no gap in our record of what crowns the newspaper talk of Europe; and beside, we give our kindly readers occasion to trip back a leaf or two in the history of the times, and by a re-look at the great events which checker the years, to fix them more firmly in memory, and to discuss with coolness what they have before dispatched with their morning's coffee.

There was a buzz on the *Bourse* of Paris when the news first came, in the shape of floating rumor, that the great Nicholas had slipped from the stage, and would make his voice heard over the electric wires no longer. The *Bourse* proper—the great temple which fronts the theatre of the Vaudeville—had indeed closed; but the speculators had not yet deserted their usual haunts along the Boulevard; and until two of the morning, the cafés where they seal their outside bargains were lighted, and noisy with speculation.

A rise from five to ten dollars, in as many hours, on the value of all the leading stocks, is at any time a startling matter in these dull times of European commerce; but when the rise—as it did then—sprung from a dead man's chamber, there was a wild excitement in it, and a fever of gain, upon which a philosopher might moralize with profit.

The dismal news crushed other hopes besides those which clustered in the hearts of Romanoff kindred; and the French journals tell us the story of many an habitué of the Paris exchange, whose fortune was swept away by the Emperor's death.

And our readers must know—if they do not already—that the moneyed speculators of Paris are not all of them the keen-visaged men who have sharpened their wits upon the columns of the *Bourse*; many a quiet grocer of moderate earnings perils his capital upon the risks of three per cents.; and many a demure old lady—with a love of Cashmeres or of Canada Bison in her thought—slips to the bureau of the money-changers for a trial at the game of the stocks.

One of our Paris letter-writers tells us indeed of a poor woman who kept the till of her husband's shop, and who, wearied with the modest accumulations of slow-passing years, had ventured her whole capital in trade upon the prospect (which a week before the Emperor's death seemed imminent) of a fall in the price of the state securities. Upon the very night, however, preceding the day on which her venture was to double her fortune, the tide turned; and the same fate which hurried the Czar to his final account, ruined utterly the adventurous dame of the counter.

But small griefs and small reverses make no show in a time when armies are dying, when cabinets are toppling over, and Emperors sinking to the last slumber.

It is an old story, that the bearer of bad news rides upon a fast horse; yet even with the proverb in mind, it is noticeable that the tidings of the great calamity of Russia came to the western capitals of Europe more quickly and surely than ever any great news before: the wires stood firmly to the weight of the story; no link was broken in the chain; the electric batteries were charged well; and within the same twenty-four hours, the king Frederic mourned his staunchest friend; Napoleon discussed the news with his generals at Boulogne; and the stately Palmerston gave the tidings—without a comment—to his fellow-commoners of England.

It would have been well if comment had been used more sparingly in other quarters; and whatever others may think of the matter, we can not give our echo to the damning terms in which the British papers have recorded the end of the life of Nicholas. The English press-men indeed study very few arts of courtesy; and we admire the honesty with which they blurt out disagreeable truths, however near home these truths may lie; but when the *Times* talks of the fallen Czar, as of an abject culprit, who had utterly lost friends, character, and power, and died desolated by the ignominy and the fatality of his career, it seems to us that the *Times* not only forgets good taste, but overlooks the unfortunate comparisons which outsiders may draw between the monarch discomfited by death, and their British Cabinet which dies as easily as it comes to life again.

"In the long array of history, and among those figures dimly seen along the ages of the past, which bear imperishable traces of their guilt and their doom, none stands a more visible mark of retributive justice than he who has thus abruptly passed from the scene of human affairs. . . . This blow has fallen not only on the armies which Russia has equipped for the defense of her territory, not only on her policy and her alliances, but more especially on the one great author of the war, who has expiated with the loss of reputation, the loss of power, and the loss of life itself, the outrage he committed on the rights of other states, and on the peace of Europe."

In this way speaks the *Times*: and the *Chronicle* says, "He lived to know that his name was execrated throughout the world. Baffled alike in his diplomacy, and in his military character, he died knowing that he had flung away the hardy-earned fame of a long and too successful career."

Will sober history, or impartial observers (for the world is fully large enough to offer such) confirm this estimate? Is it not something flippant to speak thus slightly of that diplomacy which startled Greece into rebellion, which secured in a

perilous season an Austrian guard for the Danubian provinces, and which has so adroitly pushed its negotiations with the courts of Germany, that notwithstanding all of Western strategy, no man can tell where they stand? Or is it altogether fitting in our neighbors of England to point rhetorical sneers at a military power around whose breast-works of the south—kept in marvelous order—a magnificent British army has, through the season past, dashed itself in pieces?

We are no friends to the despotic influences which reside in the court of St. Petersburg, now and always; but we like to see vigor acknowledged, and administrative energy recognized, although it belongs to the head and hands of an ambitious and irresponsible monarch. Nicholas certainly did not cherish "liberal opinions;" perhaps he was not even generous (though there will be, in many minds, doubts of this); but it is certain that he professed boldly his doctrine of a "divine right of kings," and pressed it bravely to its issues. His ambition, too, was not a covert one, but written all over his actions. History may not, indeed, say much of his justice; possibly not of his benevolence—though there were thousands who mourned over him with honest tears—but it will never be denied that Russia, under the lead of his earnestness and devotion, has made, during an equal period, greater strides in the arts, in the sciences, and in all those elements of civilization of which the Continental monarchs of Europe permit the growth, than any sister nation of the Old World.

We have alluded to the *Times* articles, and if we must except to the good taste of its "execration" of the fallen monarch of Russia, and to its baseless assumption that on such a point England gives an *imprimatur* to the opinion of the world, at least we can admire cordially the vigor and the fertility with which that great journal has addressed itself to the present disturbed state of British politics.

Can any thing be finer, in the whole range of newspaper accomplishment, than the boldness and the determination with which that journal has sustained the validity of its assertions in regard to the conduct of the war—has given glowing utterance to the hearty indignation of Englishmen everywhere—has calmly traced the evils to their legitimate sources, and has fearlessly and eloquently laid bare the great plague-spots of British rule?

And is it not all the more extraordinary to us, as republicans, that with a press so free and fearless—awed by no State Council, and by no patents of nobility—England should still yield her army, her church, and, we may add, her representation, to those whose only right lies in habit or in title, but whose fitness for practical duties is never made matter of serious question? A man can hardly have read the leaders of the *Times*, for the three months last past, without feeling that they are making the "beginning of the end." Mere rhetoric has its day, and its influence dies when the sound of it dies on the ear; but when, as in the matter of these *Times* articles, rhetoric clothes great truths, which enter into very wakeful ears, and which carry with them such fearful illustrations as have been drawn from the Crimean campaign, the thing will not end in words.

The *Times* killed the first Cabinet; the *Times* sifted the second Cabinet; and, if it dies, the *Times* will have scotched the third.

It is agreeable to an earnest republican eye to see—when popular representation is so vain and false in the parliament—such hearty representation of the instincts, the wants, and the feelings of the great body of the English people, in an arena so large as the columns of the *Times*.

Nor is it only to the editorials of that journal to which, in these later times, our attention has been drawn. There are letters scattered here and there which show almost the vigor of "Junius," with more than his feeling. Nor shall we be wearying our readers, we are sure, if we interpolate here a fragment of a *Times* correspondent, who, like many another, is weary of that lordly routine which fills the church, the cabinet, and the army with names rather than with men:

"It is a singular and a melancholy sight," he commences, "to observe, at such a moment as the present, the reckless greed for place and power of the great families who have hitherto monopolized, with a few rare exceptions, the chief offices of State."

After speaking of Lord Goderich, and of Mr. Herbert, "who represents, in his own person, the united interest of several noble families accustomed to generate Cabinet Ministers," he comes to Lord Carlisle, "better known as the Lord Morpeth of the House of Commons. He is one of the most amiable and nicely-educated members of the House of Lords—a pretty scholar, and elegant lecturer, apt at quotation, ready at *vers de société*, and kindly and good-natured to all men. He has already filled half a dozen posts in the public service, and has proved himself unequal to the duties of every one of them. But then he is a Howard, and that fact alone gives him a title to high office, which the long and proved abilities of our Laings, our Paxtons, and our Petos can never hope to attain. When the late coalition government was formed, Lord Aberdeen hesitated to give this popular and genial mediocrity a seat in his cabinet; whereupon Lord Carlisle, instead of going into opposition, as the Whig custom is, betook himself to foreign travel; and the well-known result has been one of the weakest and most elegant little books that ever graced a drawing-room table. But, as it was deemed an absolute necessity that, according to immemorial custom, the Carlisle-Sutherland interest should be duly represented in the liberal cabinet, Lord Carlisle's nephew, the Duke of Argyll, then a mere boy, was actually lifted into it, as if with a baby-jumper, having previously filled no subordinate office whatever. He had, indeed, occasionally shown himself a promising but pert speaker in the Lords, and evinced talents which might have fairly entitled him to an under-secretaryship; but most certainly had he not been born a Scotch duke—had he not married a Leveson Gower, of the blood of the Howards—he never would have begun his public career in the position in which most successful public men end theirs. And since his appointment to that dignity this young duke has continued to be on the ministerial benches in the Lords precisely what he was when in opposition—eager, boyish, interruptive, and imprudent: no respecter of his superiors in intellect and experience, and so closely mailed in self-conceit as to be scarcely sensible to the well-deserved and withering sarcasms of Lord Derby.

"The late government broke down chiefly in consequence of the utter inaptitude of every body connected with it for the transaction of 'common

things.' Our statesmen could exhibit astonishing energy and promptitude in ordering an army to winter in the Crimea, but they could not contrive to supply it with either food, clothing, or medicine, though it never advanced, and never will advance, ten miles from the shore on which it was landed. Tasks which the commercial houses of the city would have accomplished as incidental matters of course in the transaction of their other daily business, have proved impossibilities to our Newcastles and Herberts, solely because they were totally inexperienced in those methods of carrying them out with which all commercial men must be necessarily familiar. Does Lord Palmerston think that the accession of Lords Canning and Carlisle to his councils will mend the matter? Will their elegant scholarship and high-bred manners provide shoes for our perishing infantry, or feed our starving horses? I invite him to read the speech of Mr. Laing, delivered on Friday last, to discuss the state of our commissariat with Sir Joseph Paxton and Sir Samuel Peto, and then consider whether the introduction of such men as those into the Cabinet Councils of the nation would not avail him more than scores of high-born Argylls and accomplished Cannings. But then those gentlemen do not undoubtedly belong to the exclusive clique out of whom Cabinet Ministers have hitherto been selected; they are neither lords themselves nor have they married the daughters of lords; nor are their wives in the same set as the ladies of the Cabinet, therefore their intrusion might cause some social confusion in those family réunions which have hitherto been kept 'so select.' White's bay window, moreover, would probably sneer at 'common fellows' like these, who had actually presumed to raise themselves from nothing, being thrust into the councils of the aristocracy to carry out 'common things,' and the old ladies at Brookes's would certainly meet and remonstrate at such an innovation upon the 'rights' of the great Whig families. Afraid, therefore, to face the combined opposition of decayed dandies, fine ladies, and hereditary Whig placemen, Lord Palmerston will, in all probability, continue to recruit his ranks, already quailing before the mass of 'common things' they are called upon to attend to, from young Christ Church tufts and from those medieval failures of preceding Whig governments who cluster hopefully behind him in the Commons; and when the cup of England's misery and England's disgrace has been filled to overflowing—when the blood of our fathers, our brothers, and our children, sacrificed on the shrine of a greedy and incapable aristocracy, stains every hearth—when gaunt famine occupies every cottage, striking down those dear and tender ones whose very existence depended on the stout hearts and stalwart muscles of the 'common fellows' who are fertilizing in vain the soil of the Crimea—then will the Ministers of England recognize with regret their stubborn blindness, and deplore, when it is too late, that they have refused to be warned by the handwriting on the wall thus interpreted to them by

ONE OF THE PEOPLE."

In the very paper from which we cut this, we find also a fragment from one of Mr. Cobden's speeches, which, with more of temperance in language, yet with kindred tendency, shows us another powerful lever which is heaving at the great hulk of British Privilege.

He is speaking before the National Freehold Land Society: "He believed that ten times more

injury had been done to this country by the laws that operate on the transfer and ownership of land than could well be described. The old feudal laws which had been perpetuated in this country in the rural districts had caused a complete divorce between the great mass of the people and the soil. Go into any of the rural counties and you could not find an agricultural laborer who had more interest in the ownership of the land than the horse he drove in the plow. They could not see that in any other country in the world but Russia. The effect of this monopoly in land, and of the laws that prevented the great mass of the rural population from acquiring land, had degraded them to a dead level bordering on barbarism. If they compared the peasantry of this country with those upon the Continent, where the land was more generally divided, how remarkable was the difference; and he would say to the aristocracy of this country at the present moment, do not stand in the way of any measures that may be brought forward, calculated to give facilities for the transfer and ownership of land in small quantities; and he would say to those in the interest of the British aristocracy—and he believed the wisest among them felt it—that one of the great dangers to the landed aristocracy of this country is the want of those buttresses which a larger number of small landowners would be to the institution of property in the hands of a few."

We cite these tokens of feeling and of inquiry in England because they are making up a large share of the talk, not only in the British isles, but upon the Continent. The world seems getting to an age when rulers are judged of by their fitness to rule, and when capacity for duty is judged of by the accomplishment of duty. It is a good catholic standard this, and it is making its way every where.

PUTTING aside the great subject of the war, and the fatal episode of the Russian Emperor's death, nothing has made more talk in the Parisian circles of the two months last past, than the recent trial of a French governess, Mademoiselle Doudet by name, for alleged brutality to three or four little English girls placed under her charge by their father, a certain Dr. Marsden.

In the first instance, the cause excited attention by the exceeding wantonness of cruelty which was charged upon Mademoiselle Doudet—so great even as to have caused the death of two of the children; and again, by the wonderful contrariety of testimony.

It appeared that the governess had been in the service, at one time, of the Queen of England, and was in possession of a strong letter of recommendation from Victoria; numerous other testimonials to her good character were brought forward from persons of eminence in England; and a certain Madame Schwab undertook a long journey for the charitable purpose of testifying to her full knowledge of the defendant's character, and of pronouncing a warm eulogium—in the presence of the court—upon her many virtues. It was further alleged in her defense, that her seeming cruelty was only the judicious exercise of a rigorous system of discipline, recommended by the father himself, warranted by the custom of British schools, and demanded by the vices of the children.

Against Mademoiselle Doudet it was urged that the children were kept in a famished condition, confined for days together without food; that they were beaten, tied foot and hand, and were in fear-

ful subjection to every caprice of the governess. On one occasion a child had been struck by Mademoiselle Doudet, and, reeling from the blow, had fallen, striking her head in the fall against the corner of a heavy table.

The famished creature could not rally from the effects of the blow; congestion of the brain ensued, and the child died in the house of Mademoiselle Doudet.

Another, after being removed at length by the father to England, was so broken down in body and spirit that she languished in a slow fever—in her delirium always screaming at the approach of a phantom which took the form of Mademoiselle Doudet—and died in convulsions. Two others, who appeared on the trial, under proper care and good food had rallied, and were rosy-faced pretty girls of seven and ten years old.

The famous criminal lawyer, M. Chaix d'Est Auge, was engaged by Dr. Marsden. The trial was long; and the evidence of all who had lived in the immediate neighborhood of Mademoiselle Doudet confirmed strongly the allegations of the plaintiff. It appeared that her own sister had been so shocked by the conduct of the accused as to forego all association with her.

Mademoiselle Doudet, in reply to all the charges, contented herself with an arrogant denial. There seemed, indeed, throughout the trial, to be a full conviction, on the part of judge and spectators, of the guilt of the accused party; yet, strange to say, after four days of attendance in court, in listening to the most damning evidence conceivable, the jury, within twenty minutes, rendered a verdict of acquittal upon all the charges involved.

There was, what the French call, a "grande sensation" in the court-room. Every one was taken by surprise; and the next day nothing was talked of in the salons, or in omnibuses, but the strange verdict of the Doudet jury.

Some attributed it to bribes; others to the influence of the royal recommendation of Victoria; still others to an anti-British influence, which refused justice to an English complainant against a lady of French birth.

There are, however, certain mysterious circumstances belonging to the trial which might lead one to suppose that the accused had, in this particular case, foregone her previous character for amiability, crazed with the intent of wreaking a private vengeance for secret wrongs inflicted by the plaintiff.

A new trial, already in progress, will doubtless explain much of the strangeness which has made the Doudet *proces* a subject of Paris talk almost as considerable as the old murder of the Duchesse de Praslin.

SPEAKING of De Praslin reminds us that just now a new light has been thrown on the secret history of the downfall of Louis Philippe, and of the rise of Louis Napoleon, by the sixth volume (just published) of M. Veron's "Memoirs of a Bourgeois."

Every body knows who M. Veron is—the pursy Doctor, the ex-editor of the *Constitutionnel*, the ex-manager of the Opera—a most notable and gossiping man, who, by his position at the head of a leading French journal, has come to know very much about the political changes of the last ten years. He takes us into the palace of the Tuileries upon that fatal day when the King took his

leave, and when a hecatomb of victims was offered up upon the square before the Palais Royal. Thiers, with his new ministry, was there, and breakfast was over, when the guns were heard, and Emile de Girardin came with the news that there was no hope—the King must abdicate.

There were those present who objected; but the approaching roar of musketry quickened the execution of the new resolve, and the abdication was signed. Then the King put off his coat of the Garde National, and in a simple citizen's coat appeared again, leading in the weeping Queen, who was now in traveling dress.

"Ah!" said she, "the French will soon find that they have lost a good king; they will not soon have another such."

The Duchess of Orleans was leaning against the wall when she saw the King about to leave the apartment for the last time; she came toward him, vainly struggling with her sobs: "You leave me, then," said she, "without friends, without a relative, without counsel; what will become of me?"

The King was touched: "My dear Helene," said he, "the dynasty must be saved; your son must wear the crown; for this you must wait—you owe him the sacrifice."

Then the King and his party passed down the garden of the Tuileries to the *Place de la Concorde*; a squadron of mounted men served as escort to the three little carriages which met the royal party. The King and the Queen placed themselves in one, with two little sons of the Princess Clementine and a child of the Duc de Nemours. No less than ten other persons entered the remaining carriages; and though a few shots were fired upon the guard, and a few soldiers fell, the fugitives were driven safely over the square, and along the quay, arriving in the afternoon at St. Cloud. But no time was to be lost there; it was judged best to divide the royal party, and the King and Queen, alone, arrived that night at Dreux.

Even then, it would appear that the King counted on residing in France, at his chateau in the north; never doubting but that Paris would accept the regency of the Duchess of Orleans, and her son be acknowledged as legal heir to the throne. Matters, however, had turned differently; new precautions were required to secure even the personal safety of the King, and his personal friends were dispatched toward Havre and the coast, to make what arrangements they could for his escape.

The King traveled in an ordinary country carriage, with his face muffled and wearing spectacles. Even under this disguise he was, however, once or twice recognized; and in the little village of St. André he only escaped arrest by driving at full speed through a mob of the towns-people.

At the little port of Trouville again, after a bargain for a fishing-vessel had been concluded, it was discovered that a stranger of distinction was attempting escape, and a thorough search was ordered; the King was compelled to pass out of the house where he was lodged; by a dark court in the rear, at the very time the officials were making their search within. To add to his embarrassments, orders had been forwarded from Paris, to all the coast-guard, to intercept the flight of the royal family. In this dilemma, and while the King lay secreted at a country house not far from Honfleur, a gentleman called one day and demanded to speak with his Majesty. Again all was alarm and discouragement; the visitor, however, proved

to be the British Vice-consul at Havre: he had come to propose a new means of escape. The King was to be provided with an English passport, bearing the name of William Smith: the Queen, who, after many days of separation, had rejoined the King at Honfleur, was to bear the name of Madame Lebrun.

At night they went on board a little steamer which plies between Honfleur and Havre. The King wore spectacles and a heavy English pea-jacket. By concert he met Mr. Jones, the British Vice-consul, on the quay, and saluting him in English, descended with him to the cabin. When the steward addressed him for the fare, he feigned ignorance of his language, and appealed, in English, to Mr. Jones, who at once paid for both.

Arrived upon the landing-place at Havre, Mr. William Smith was at once hailed in English by the British Consul, who addressed him as his uncle. They walked together to the packet *Express*, which was waiting with her steam up for immediate departure.

The Consul, having conducted the King to the cabin, said, "Now, Sire, you are safe!"

The Queen, as Madame Lebrun, had followed unnoticed. The stewardess, in looking through the cabin, chanced to see the face of the King, and fancied she recognized him. She communicated her suspicions, casually, to a friend, who, in his turn, made the same communication to an officer of the port, who was in attendance upon the quay. The officer came on board, and satisfying himself of the correctness of the girl's suspicions, immediately informed the captain that he must delay his departure. The captain, however, alleged that he had dispatches of importance, and even at the moment gave orders for "casting off." The officer had only time to follow the British Consul on shore.

The wind was strong, and the sea rough; yet the *Express* steamer made a fair passage; and, on the morning of March 3, 1848, the royal fugitives were safely landed upon the shores of England.

We may possibly return on some future month to M. Veron's book, and to his story of those private negotiations which went before the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December.

AMONG other matters which have caught the regard of the Parisian world latterly, we must not overlook the conjectures and the hints respecting an anticipated departure of the Emperor of France for the scene of war.

It is amusing indeed to see how coyly the Paris journals touch upon a topic which is beyond their ken, and of which the bare mention might bring a warning. But if we may believe private rumor, the discussion of such a movement at the clubs and in side circles has been very earnest and long. Among other imaginable causes for such an Imperial movement it had been suggested—before yet the Emperor Nicholas was dead—that the second Napoleon might have a wish to revive the memory of Tilsit, and, by an interview with the Czar, declare and confirm his own bargain for the cessation of hostilities and the division of spoils. Nor are those wanting now, it would appear, in the Paris world, who credit a growing coldness between the courts of England and of France, and who look forward to a day not very remote, when the neighbors on either side of the channel will be as good enemies as ever.

As for the gayeties of the capital, the Imperial ones at least seem to have suffered a rebuff even before the carnival had closed. Only one ball, as we learn, has lighted the Tuileries halls; and mourning for the dead royalties of Turin and courtesy toward the memory of the Czar, have conspired with the feeble health of the Empress Eugenie, to shorten the usual revels of the court.

The city, however, if we may believe the letter-writers, has not been without its usual stir of night-going equipages; and the *fêtes* at the Hotel de Ville have been more princely than ever.

And we venture to drop in here a few descriptive paragraphs from the same gossiping little friend (never dreaming that her letters would come to print) who gave us a naïve notice last month of the ball at the Tuileries:

"Such a time as we had in going! You know where the Rue Royale is? Well, we went into the queue (I don't know as I spell the word right) against the Rue Royale, more than a mile from the Hotel de Ville, and moved on, inch by inch—half-freezing in the carriage—till, at about a half hour after midnight, we reached the square of the Hôtel de Ville. The whole front was blazing with lamps; at every corner there were groups of mounted guards; and we passed through a line of foot-soldiers, and drove through glittering courts (I don't know which or how many), and finally were set down upon carpeted stairs, and the occupants of five carriages besides us, all at the same time, and with them we entered a great vestibule thronged with footmen, and police, and soldiers, and I don't know who all!

"Jean took our cloaks, and we were to find him again in the crowd of some two thousand other footmen ranged all about us. At the end of this great vestibule was a magnificent sight. To the left we seemed to look into a princely garden; there were great pine and fir trees, with mirrors repeating them over and over, and in the midst of them a gushing fall of water—larger, I dare say, than your brook at Hampstead. It fell in three bounds, and there were lights behind each sheet of fall, so that it glistened as if the sun was shining on it. Then, immediately before you, the water eddied away in two great pools, on which lilies were floating, whose leaves were of colored glass, and whose stamens, or what-not, was a little taper! You can imagine what a beautiful effect was produced. The edges of the pools, and the defense against a too near approach, was a barrier of flowers—roses, jasmines, violets (sweet as ours at home), every-colored crocuses, magnificent rhododendrons, azalias, and a perfect hedge of camelias.

"The air, coming over the water, and through the boughs of the fir-trees and the flowers, was as fresh and odorous as if you had been in a garden.

"Turning from this, you saw the great staircase rise before you, with its magnificent marble balustrade, and a gay company leaning over between the columns, or listening to the music which came with a subdued echo from the distant halls.

"As for the rooms, I can not attempt to describe them to you—nor the people. You know there were ten thousand invited guests, and George (who went with us) says that, with servants, police, and the corps of hosts, there must have been at least eleven thousand present. Think of that! Scorn such churchfuls as Calvary turned loose at a ball!

"The dresses were perfection; I can't say as

much for the beauty; I do believe there was more last winter at Madame ——'s twelfth-night ball. But the French *do* understand dress; not fitting only, but colors; such agreement with complexion—such study of effects—such taming down of contrasts, was really wonderful!

"Shall I tell you what was the prettiest dress I saw? It was a white silk with four deep flounces, each one bordered with a fringe of white ostrich feathers, perhaps an inch and a half in depth, and every flounce covered to the fringe with the richest black Brussels lace. The lady who wore it had a noble figure and walk, and, in that airy dress, seemed to float. There were many richer dresses, blazing with diamonds, but this, for its grace and elegance, seemed to me to crown them all.

"There were two halls for the dancers—so far apart that the music of one could not be heard in the other; and in each, I suppose, two hundred couple might have been swaying to the music. Sometimes, in our wandering through the mass of people, we would come upon a *buffet*, piled high with every imaginable delicacy to tempt one's appetite—ices, jellies, cakes, punches, tea, coffee, bonbons, sandwiches—only, I could not help observing that our heavy party dishes of salads and game were wanting. I dare say every body slept more quietly for the omission.

"Sometimes we passed through a vast hall, wainscoted in old oak, with heavy oaken ceiling, reminding one of old lordly times; the chimney-piece so large that a dozen might group in the corner: then, quickly after it, we would come upon a salon glittering with gold and the most brilliant frescoes; again, we seemed to be wandering through what seemed a Moorish corridor, with rich Eastern hangings, lighted by colored lamps; and once again we would burst upon a lofty hall with vaulted ceiling, echoing the music of a rich band perched in a gallery above us. From time to time, too, we would happen, in our wanderings about the fairy palace, upon a rich parterre of flowers, deepening away into a thicket of odorous cedars and fir-trees. One was bewildered by this, and looked up to see if he were still in the palace, or had broken out into the winter again; but the floor was of tessellated marble, and, looking far up, you could see the reflections of the lamps among the foliage playing upon a roof of glass.

"Sometimes, from a distant balcony, I know not where or how, you looked far down in the distance upon the stretch of the great banqueting-hall, and could see the dancers moving, as it were by magic, to the music that reached the ear only by occasional faint echoes.

"I shall not tell you of the *désagrémens*—of a torn lace flounce—of a foot half-crushed by the heel of some *militaire*—or of our long, long waiting in the vestibule below, from two till half past three, for our carriage to come up. We have forgotten all that, and remember only how beautiful it was.

"I wish you had been with us.

"Besides all this, there has been an American ball, you know; at least, I suppose you must have seen some account of it in the papers. There were a great many people there—with decorations and without—and it went off altogether with a very lively air. We poor ladies were admitted at half-price: this was generous in the managers. Indeed, I hear that we might have received free tickets had there not been fear of vulgar people

introducing themselves. How queer, to be sure, it seems!"

The odor of spring reaches us, and we close our talk of the winter balls here. In our next—after taking one more glance, in the blush of June, at the festivities of Mid-Lent—we will renew our over-ocean glances at the changing phases of the European life.

Editor's Drawer.

"THE New Pastoral," by T. B. Read, the poet-painter and the painter-poet, introduces MAY in the lines he has lent us for the purpose; and they will serve to present him and his poem to the readers of the "Drawer." This is by no means a fair sample of the beauties that are spread like May flowers over his fair pages; but it is just in season, and so we quote it.

"MAY has come in, young May, the beautiful,
Wearing the sweetest chaplet of the year.
Along the eastern corridors she walks,
What time the clover rocks the earliest bee,
Her feet a-flush with sunrise, and her veil
Floating in breezy odors o'er her hair;
And ample garments, fluttering at the hem,
With pleasing rustle round her sandal shoon.
What happy voices wake the rural airs,
From hillside homes and happy cottages,
And every village is alive at dawn!"

Speaking of painter-poets reminds us of one of Hogarth's best things. A nobleman as noted for ugliness as he was for his wealth and his pride, besought Hogarth to paint his portrait. The work was done in the artist's best style and with rigid fidelity. But the proud peer was so disgusted with his own deformity, that he had no desire to see the picture on his ancestral walls. Week after week elapsed, and he neither sent for the portrait nor paid the painter for his work. Hogarth demanded payment but could not get it. His lordship was determined to ignore the fact that the thing was ever meant for him. Provoked by this neglect, Hogarth hit upon a plan to extort the reluctant money. He wrote the following note to the delinquent peer:

"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——; finding that he does not mean to have the picture which he has drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's pressing necessities for the money. If, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail, and some other appendages, to Mr. Hare, the *wild beast* man, who has agreed to take it on his lordship's refusal."

The picture was sent for in all haste, paid for, and committed to the flames!

Among the "lays of the Minnesingers," is the following hymn to May, by Godfrey of Nifen, written in the thirteenth century:

"Up, up, let us greet
The season so sweet,
For winter is gone;
And the flowers are springing,
And little birds singing,
Their soft notes ringing,
And bright is the sun!
Where all was drear
In a snowy vest,
There grass is growing,
With dew-drops glowing,
And flowers are seen
On beds so green.

"All down in the grove,
 Around, above,
 Sweet music floats;
 As now loudly vying,
 Now softly sighing,
 The nightingale's plying
 Her tuneful notes;
 And joyous at spring
 Her companions sing.
 Up, maidens, repair
 To the meadows so fair,
 And dance we away
 This merry May."

THEY were just married, Mr. and Mrs. Lovett, a charming young couple, in the rural village of Orange. Mrs. Lovett, as all young married women, imagined she loved her new husband more than all the world besides. Perhaps she did; but they went to housekeeping right away, and her father had fitted her out with such a nice supply of all manner of needful furniture and fixings that she set her heart on them, and they fairly rivaled her other half, and divided her affections with him. Particularly that China tea-set! It was the neatest and newest pattern—a perfect love of a tea-set; and what should John Lovett, her own husband, do within three weeks after they went to housekeeping, but take a beautiful pitcher out of that set and go out of the door with it to the pump to get a drink of cold water. He had been confined to the house for three days with an ugly boil on his knee, and as he stepped out upon the stone-flagging his foot slipped, and down he came, breaking his boil and screaming with pain. His fond wife heard the fall and the groan, and rushing to the door, cried out,

"My dear, have you broke that China pitcher?"

"No, hang the pitcher, but I will;" and suiting the action to the word, he dashed it into a thousand pieces on the stones.

But after all she might have loved her Johnny, notwithstanding she loved her pitcher. Some notable women are never happy but when they are looking after things; like the wife of the Hon. Henry Erskine, who would spend half the night in examining the wardrobe of the family to see that nothing was missing, and all in good order. One night, or rather one morning about two or three o'clock, having been unsuccessful in a search, she awoke Mr. Erskine out of a sound sleep, shaking him thoroughly, and saying, "Harry, love, where is your white waistcoat?"

Sometimes such women need to be cured by a little discipline like that administered in the old country by Sandy Mc'Nair, when he came home from a hard day's work, through a drenching rain and wet to his skin. He was ready to sink down with fatigue when he entered his dirty cabin, where his thrifless wife was sitting over the peat-fire toasting her toes.

"Now, Sandy," said the wife, "just go down to the spring and get me two pails of water, for you are as wet as you can be, and you can't get any wetter."

Sandy was hurt, and at first he meditated rebellion and refusal; but a better thought occurred, and taking the pails he set off in the rain, and, tired as he was, he soon returned with them full. Instead of setting them down he came up behind his lazy spouse, and pouring one of them, and then the other over her head and shoulders, he said to her, "There, Mrs. Mac, you are just as wet as you can

be, go and get the water yourself, you can't get any wetter."

ALAS! what slight occasions breed dissensions between hearts that love. Somebody has done that thought in poetry; but no matter, it is true as prose. There was Mr. Milligan, who married Fanny Lee, one of the sweetest, prettiest, loveliest girls in the village. Milligan was a young lawyer, and all the girls had taken a notion after him; but being a lawyer himself he kept his own counsel, and though he was often in court, he did his court-ship very quietly. He was successful in his suit with Fanny, issued an attachment, and as she was under age and so had no property in her own right, he took her person, under the Habeas Corpus act, and made her his own.

They were married, and settled down in a lovely cottage close by the stately mansion of Fanny Lee's father. On the first day that they took possession of the cottage, and toward the close of it—a sweet day in May—they were sitting at tea-table, happy as two birds whose nest was just completed. While they were enjoying their first cup of domestic bliss and tea, the eye of each of them caught sight of something running from the chimney corner. Instantly they exclaimed, and in one breath:

He. "Oh, see that mouse!"

She. "Oh, see that rat!"

He. "I think it was a mouse, my dear."

She. "But, my love, I think it was a rat."

He. "Yes; but I saw it, and I am sure it was a mouse."

She. "And so did I see it, Henry, and I know it was a rat."

He. "I say it was a mouse, Fanny."

She. "Well, I say it was a rat."

He. "It was a mouse."

She. "It was a rat."

He. "It was a mouse."

She. "'Twas a rat."

And so they went on, "mouse," "rat," "rat," "mouse," "rat, rat, rat," "mouse, mouse, mouse," louder and louder; Milligan got mad Fanny got crying, and from bad to worse things grew fast, till Fanny said she wouldn't live with such a brute of a man, and so she took her things and went over to her father's, and staid all night. Milligan had a solitary time in the cottage—all alone by himself and nobody with him; but he was a lawyer and a man, and wasn't to be put down by a little woman the very first day. He went to his office the next morning, "whistling to keep his courage up," and in the midst of business tried to forget the past. He was quite sure Fanny would be home when he returned in the afternoon. Not a bit of it. She was too spunky for that. He would not go after her, as that would be giving up beat, and she wouldn't come till he did. Several days passed in this way, and weeks, and months, and the summer was nearly gone, when the friends of both, who had heard of the foolish cause of separation, interfered and very easily brought them together. They were glad enough, both of them, to forgive and forget, and return to that pleasant cottage, wiser if not better than they were before.

And now they are once more seated at the same tea-table, in the same cheerful room, and looking across the table into each other's eyes, brimming over with love. They could not but recall the last time they had sat there—the first as well as the last—and laughing at the folly of their

quarrel, Milligan said just what she was ready to say:

"Well, now Fan, was there ever any thing so foolish as for us to make such a fuss about that confounded mouse?"

Fanny. "You forget, Henry dear, it was a rat."

Henry. "No, no, Fanny; it was a mouse, child; I saw it right there."

Fanny. "Well, I saw it too, my dear, and I know it was a rat."

Henry. "I say it was a mouse."

Fanny. "I say it was a rat."

Henry. "'Twas a mouse."

Fanny. "'Twas a rat."

And so they went at it again, worse and worse, till they both lost their temper; Fanny went home crying, and they are now separated for life.

WE all remember the story of the innkeeper who became proud as he prospered, and taking down his sign of the Ass, put up a portrait of George IV. in its place. His neighbor immediately raised the cast-off effigy, and "in this sign he conquered." The first landlord, alarmed at the increasing popularity of his rival, and understanding the cause, wrote underneath the grim visage of his Majesty, "THIS IS THE REAL ASS!"

But a more ludicrous incident of the kind is just now told at the expense of the good Bishop of Llandaff. He took up his abode near the head of Lake Windermere, where the principal inn had been known as the Cock; but the landlord, by way of compliment to his distinguished neighbor, substituted the *Bishop* as the new sign. An innkeeper close by, who had frequently envied mine host of the Cock for his good fortune in securing a considerable preponderance of visitors, took advantage of the change, and attracted many travelers to his house by putting up the sign of the Cock. The landlord with the new sign was much discomfited at seeing many of his old customers deposited at his rival's establishment; so by way of remedy he put up in large red letters, under the portrait of the Bishop, "THIS IS THE OLD COCK!"

Speaking of taverns reminds us of one of the best stories of the season, told by Sandy Welch, of a man who was in the country on a visit, where they had no liquor. He got up two hours before breakfast and wanted his bitters. None to be had—of course he felt bad.

"How far is it to a tavern?"

"Four miles."

So off this thirsty soul started, walked four miles in a pleasant frame of mind, arrived at the tavern, and found it a temperance house!

"WHY are the clergy given to *punning*?" We asked the question of one of them the other day; and he said he supposed "it was because they were never *punished* for it when they were young!"

The Rev. Mr. Loss was a very large man, weighed three hundred and more; and when his clerical brethren met him one day, one of them said,

"When you leave your people you will be a *great* loss." "Yes," added another; "but when you die, you will be *no* loss." "Certainly you will," said a third; "you will be a *dead* loss!"

Cotton Mather was once described as distinguished for

"Care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms, and anagrams."

Lord Peter Robertson—whose death is announced

in the London papers—was one of the few intimate friends whom the late Mr. Lockhart, of the *Quarterly*, had in Scotland. There is a story current to the effect that the latter, after perpetrating the enormous folly of writing and publishing—in his old age—two successive volumes of verse, happened to visit London and to dine with the editor of the *Quarterly*, to whom the second volume was dedicated. The humorist had become unusually sentimental, and begged that, after his death, his host should honor him—not with a biography, but with an epitaph. Lockhart extemporized the following felicitous couplet:

"Here lies the Christian, Judge, and Poet Peter,
Who broke the laws of God and man—and metre."

SINCE the April-fool incidents of last month were recorded, we have met with one that has some ingredients of droller humor in it than any we mentioned. It seems that Mrs. Jamison was a sprightly old lady, in her hundredth year, who had long been promising her handsome fortune to her nephew. He had waited for it half a century, hoping daily to have the pleasure of closing her dying eyes, and fingering her money. Every night, if he heard the slightest sound in the house, he hastened to her door, in the fond hopes that his dear old aunt was in her last pains, and his day of possession was at hand. At last, she rang her bell violently at one o'clock in the morning. He flew to her bedside. She must be dying. He was sure of it, and glad of it, too.

"Aunt, dear aunt, what can I do for you?"

"La! John, nothing's the matter. It's the first day of April, you fool, you. I ain't dead yet!"

JUST before the breaking up of Congress, as several of the members were making themselves merry in the lobby, one of them rallied another on the very religious strain in which he had indulged in the last speech he had inflicted upon the House.

"I'll bet you five dollars," said Macarty, "you can't repeat the Lord's Prayer now, if you try."

"Done!" said Kolloch, "done!" and assuming a decent gravity for the moment, summoned his memory to aid him in his novel, but certainly very commendable effort. "Ahem!—a—a—ahem; ah, now I have it:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

"There! I told you I could."

"Well, I give up, beat," said Macarty, paying over the money; "I wouldn't have thought you could do it."

A pair of them, to be sure; for neither of them knew it.

"HAVE you made one happy heart to-day? How calmly you can seek your pillow; how sweetly sleep! In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed—as getting a sun-ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn; there is not a moment that tears are not shed and sighs uttered. Yet how many of those sighs are caused by our own thoughtlessness! How many a daughter wrings the very soul of a fond mother by acts of unkindness and ingratitude! How many husbands, by one little word, make a whole day of sad hours and unkind thoughts! How many wives, by recrimina-

tion, estrange and embitter loving hearts! How many brothers and sisters meet but to vex and injure each other, making wounds that no human heart can heal! Ah! if each one worked upon this maxim day by day—strove to make some heart happy—jealousy, revenge, madness, hate, with their kindred evil associates, would forever leave the earth.

"If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you."

A SOUTHERN Correspondent pledges his name for the truth of the following, as an illustration of the "free-and-easy" in a democratic land. It certainly is a good thing in its way, and the personages it introduces give it a special interest.

Twelve or fourteen years ago Lord Ashburton, Envoy Extraordinary from the British Government to settle, with Mr. Webster, the Northeastern Boundary question, was in Washington. John Tyler was then the President of the United States, and, with the politeness characteristic of the man, and of Virginians generally, wishing to amuse his Lordship for the day, invited him to ride out to the race-course, near the city, where the sport was at the time rendered very attractive by a great contest between the celebrated horses Boston and Blue Dick. Among the excited spectators and participants was a well-known *habitué* of the turf, who had served with Mr. Tyler in the Legislature of Virginia for several years. Seeing the President, and remembering their old associations, which had been the most familiar, not in the least daunted by the sudden elevation of his peer to the highest station in the land, he walked up rapidly to his old comrade, and, grasping him by the hand, exclaimed, "Tyler, how are you, old fellow? mighty glad to see you, old horse; looking well, old coon!" and pursuing this strain, mingling it with a big oath between every phrase, he completely astounded the President, who could not stop him, nor say a word in reply. All this time Lord Ashburton was sitting on his horse, close by, in stately dignity, and horror-struck at the easy familiarity of the Virginian. The President, hoping that the name of his Lordship might perhaps subdue into something like respectful language his friend, whose memory of the olden time seemed to be flowing in upon him with a flood-tide of jolly reminiscences, introduced him, with great gravity, to Lord Ashburton.

"Lord who did you say, Tyler? The Lord Harry!" he roared out, extending his hand in a patronizing way to his Lordship. "No lords, no dukes, no nothing of that sort in this country." And so he dashed on, until the Envoy himself entered into the spirit of the scene, and heartily laughed with the President and a group of friends over its recollections, when it was referred to a few days afterward.

THE graduating class at Old Yale, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and odd, had a meeting the day before they were to be made into Bachelors of Arts; and at this meeting it was agreed that each man should announce his intentions as to the profession he designed to pursue. Ten years afterward they would meet again, and compare the results with the record.

Jenkins had been the ass of the class. By that

good fortune which helps the lame and the lazy, he had made out to squeeze through the examinations—those strainers designed to catch the flats—and he was about to go forth with as broad a diploma as the best of his fellows. The president of the meeting called on the students in alphabetical order, and each man gave expression to his hopes and views. A smile rose on every face when he said,

"And, Mr. Jenkins, what do you mean to be?"

Jenkins had an inveterate habit of lisping, which gave additional drollery to his reply as he answered, "I am goin' to be a 'Pithcopal minithter."

"Ah, indeed; and why so, Mr. Jenkins?"

"For three reathons:

"In the firth plathe, 'Pithcopal minithters alwayth marry rich wives.

"In the thecond plathe, the prayers are all writen out.

"And, in the third plathe, the thermons are very short, and them you can steal."

The theory of Mr. Jenkins was altogether false and absurd; but the story is true, and too good to be lost, as showing how very big a fool Jenkins was, and what strange notions fools will have sometimes.

Jenkins sometimes amused himself with writing poetry, and when he came short of English he supplemented his short lines with Latin. If he did not write the following, we respectfully ask who did?

"Felis sedit by a hole,
Intenta sicut, cum omni soul—
Prendere, rats;
Mice cucurrent over the floor,
In numero duo, tres, or more—
Obliti cats.

"Felis saw them oculis;
I'll have them, inquit she, I guess—
Dum ludunt;
Tunc illa crept toward the group,
Habeam, dixit: good rat soup—
Pingues sunt.

"Mice continued all ludere,
Intenti they in ludum vere,
Gaudenter.
Tunc rushed the felis unto them,
Et tore them omnes, limb from limb,
Violenter.

MORAL.

"Mures, omnes mice be shy,
Et aurem præbe mihi,
Benigne;
Si hoc fuges, verbum sat,
Avoid a huge and hungry cat,
Studiöse."

THE propensity of our English cousins to claim all Yankee inventions as their own is very well known, and is often exposed and condemned. We have lately seen that they are trying to prove George Washington to be a native of England, a real John Bull, rebel as he was. As he is now generally conceded to have been a respectable man, they are anxious to have the credit of having given him a birth-place. But they are claiming the good stories too, that we have supposed, in all simplicity, to be of our own manufacture. For example, we have, for these many years, heard it said that, during the war of 1812-15, as the stage-coach was making its slow way through the mud in the northern part of the State of New York, the body of the coach moving on the surface of the mire, a passenger put his hand out of the window and picking

up a hat, to his horror found the head of a man under it!

"Shall I help you out?" inquired the anxious discoverer.

"Oh no, I thank you," replied the subterranean fellow, "I am getting on as fast as the nature of the case will admit; I have a *fine horse under me*."

This very probable incident—so admirably illustrative of our bad roads in war times, and of the perseverance of our countrymen in the midst of embarrassing circumstances—has been worked over in the old country in this wise, as we read it in a late number of an English magazine:

"The road to Newton Prodders is the true and only genuine site of the stupendous adventure of the Manchester Bagman, which the Yankees have appropriated with characteristic coolness, and pitched somewhere or other down in Alabama. The thing itself actually occurred to a respectable farmer of our village, who set to work one fine morning to dig out a riding whip, the tip of which he saw sprouting out of the middle of the road. After an hour's hard digging he came to a hat, and under that, to his intense horror, was a head belonging to a body in a state of advanced suffocation. Assistance was procured, and after several hours of unrelenting exertion, worthy of Agassiz or Owen, the entire organism of a bagman was developed. "Now, gentlemen," said the exhumed commercial to his perspiring diggers, who of course concluded their labors finished—'now, gentlemen, you've saved my life; and now, for pity's sake, lend a hand to get out my mare!'"

THE translation from the Persian of Hafiz, by Sir William Jones, is one of the happiest epigrams in the English language:

"On parents' knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking to thy last, long sleep,
Thou mayest smile while all around thee weep."

BOREM was the soliciting agent of the Gotham Life Insurance Company in this city. His business was to induce as many of the mortal population of this world as possible to insure their lives in his company. Of course it was a good thing for them, a better thing for the Company, and the best thing for Borem. Because, according to Borem's bargain with the Company, he was entitled to ten per cent. on every policy taken out by any man whom he solicited, and five per cent. on every year's renewal. No sooner was this agreement made than Borem commenced and carried out a system of visitation and solicitation so extended and thorough that, in the course of two or three years, there was not a live man in the community whom Borem had not bored almost to death to induce him to insure his precious life. Every day he compared his own book of memoranda with the records of the Company, and when he found that a man was down whom he had spoken with, even if it were months or years before, he claimed him as *his* man, showed his entries, and pocketed his premiums. In this way it was fast coming to pass that all the parties insuring in the Company were yielding a profit to Borem, whose percentage was eating up the profits of the business. So far did he carry his system that he would stand in the street, near the office, and whenever he saw a man entering he would address him, "Going to insure, Sir;" and then taking his name and address, would

book him as one of *his* men, and demand his *per cent.* on the score of having solicited him. The company were finally obliged to compromise with Borem, and buy him off, by paying him \$30,000, and giving him a handsome policy on his own life. With this sum he has now bought a splendid farm, and is living like a Nabob on the previous profits he had made out of this very profitable business.

Many very cute stories are told of his operations to seduce the careless into an insurance against the ravages of the destroyer, by securing a provision for their families in case of death. One of these instances is worth relating.

Mr. Lively had a dry-goods store above Chambers Street, and, moreover, had an interest in a broker's store in Wall Street. Now Borem had often seen the merchant up-town and the broker down-town, for Mr. Lively was part of the day in one place and part of the day in the other. It had not occurred to Borem that the Lively of one latitude was the Lively of the other; and so, calling in at the Wall Street office, he says:

"Mr. Lively, I believe, Sir?"

"That is my name," said the gentleman addressed.

"Ah! yes, Sir; you have a brother, have you not?"

"Yes," said Mr. Lively, "I have a twin brother."

"Oh, yes, I know him," said Borem; "he is a merchant up-town. He is about insuring his life in our Company, and I called to ask if you would not like to insure at the same time?"

Mr. Lively knew the tricks that Borem was up to; and saying that he would think of it, turned away. Borem left the office. Mr. Lively followed him out, passed on the other side of the street, and reached his store a few minutes before Borem, who was on his way up. Mr. Lively was reading the newspaper when Borem entered, and coming up to him, said:

"Mr. Lively, I believe, Sir?"

"That is my name," said the merchant.

"Ah! yes, Sir; you have a brother, have you not?"

"Yes," said Mr. L., "I have a twin-brother."

"Oh, yes, I know him," said Borem; "he is a broker in Wall Street. He is about insuring his life in our Company, and I called to see if you would like to insure at the same time."

Mr. Lively said he would think of it; and Borem took his leave, after pressing the subject with his customary volubility and impudence. The next day he called on Mr. Lively the broker, and the day following on Mr. Lively the merchant; and this visitation he continued for two weeks, making six calls at each place of business, in all twelve times that he bored poor Mr. Lively, without suspecting that the two brothers were one and the same man. At last the Mr. Lively up-town agreed that if his brother would meet him the next day at Mr. Wright's—a mutual friend's, who, Borem said, was going to insure—he would apply, and all three would take out a policy at the same time. "I have just discovered," said Borem to Mr. Lively, "how to distinguish you from your brother—there is a little bit more of a protuberance on the bridge of your nose."

So saying, he hurried over to Mr. Wright, to arrange for the meeting of the brothers Lively.

"The brothers!" said Mr. Wright; "what brothers?"

"Why, the merchant over here, and the broker in Wall Street."

"It's the same man, Borem; you've been sold."

"I have—I see it all; it's a fact. I'm done for."

And rushing back to Mr. Lively's store, he looked in, and putting his finger on the handle of his face, he said, laughingly, "Come to think of it, Mr. Lively, your nose is just about the same size as your brother's."

But Borem never recovered from the mortification of his trickery exposed, and it probably helped to bring him to terms in his settlement with the Company.

WOULD the elegant General George P. Morris, editor and poet, the man of wit and fashion, recognize himself in the following beautiful specimen of auto-portrait-painting? We find it in a History of Connecticut, by H. Hollister of Litchfield, who, in describing the fine character of Governor John Cotton Smith, introduces this letter, which was written by General Morris to Governor Smith, a few years ago, and is worthy of preservation for its intrinsic beauty, as well as for the admirable lesson it conveys. The General writes:

"I shall never forget my visit to your hospitable mansion. I have one association about it, that has ever been present to my mind. Will you forgive me if I record it here? It taught me a lesson that has been of service to me always. You may remember, I was quite a boy then. I was very poor, but very proud. I knew nothing of the world, and had never seen a governor in the whole course of my life. When I delivered you my letter of introduction, I trembled from head to foot, although you did not perceive it. You read it in the gravel-walk, in the shade of a fine tree, just by the wicket-gate. I watched your features as you folded up the note, and forgot my uneasiness when you took me by the arm and introduced me to your family. I slept that night well, and was awakened by the birds at early dawn. Sleep, and the perfume of the flowers which stole in at my window, had completely refreshed me. I felt like one who rests his foot upon the air, and longs for wings to mount to paradise. I had literally a light heart, and a light bundle; for I had brought with me but the apology of a wardrobe, and I was wondering how I should make my toilet, when a knock at the door called my attention another way. 'Come in,' said I. The door did not open. I went to it, astonished that any one should be stirring so early. I opened it, and there stood Governor Smith, with my boots hanging to one of his little fingers, a napkin thrown over his arm, and shaving utensils in the palm of his hand. I wish you could see that noble-hearted gentleman now, as I saw him then, with his affable smile, his cheerful 'Good-morning,' and the true spirit of hospitality sparkling in his eyes, and irradiating his whole countenance; you would not think me extravagant if I recommended him as a study for an artist. I shall not attempt to describe my astonishment, nor the impression you made upon my unfettered and inexperienced mind; but allow me to say, you taught me a lesson of beautiful humility which I have not forgotten, and never can forget. I thanked you for it then, and though a lifetime has since been numbered with the past, I thank you for it now. Yours, very truly,

"GEO. P. MORRIS."

To follow this admirable letter, and in keeping

with its tone we know nothing better than the following passage in the history of the late Secretary of the Treasury. It has a grand lesson in it for all young men:

"About three years ago, a young man presented himself to Mr. Corwin for a clerkship. Thrice was he refused; and still he made a fourth effort. His perseverance and spirit of determination awakened a friendly interest in his welfare, and the Secretary advised him, in the strongest possible terms, to abandon his purpose and go to the West, if he could do no better outside the Departments. 'My young friend,' said he, 'go the Northwest; buy 160 acres of Government land, or, if you have not the money to purchase, squat on it; get you an ax and a mattock; put up a log cabin for a habitation, and raise a little corn and potatoes; keep your conscience clear, and live like a freeman; your own master, with no one to give you orders, and without dependence upon any body. Do that, and you will become honored, respected, influential, and rich. But accept a clerkship here, and you sink at once all independence; your energies become relaxed, and you are unfitted in a few years for any other and more independent position. I may give you a place to-day, and I can kick you out again to-morrow; and there's another man over at the White House who can kick me out, and the people by-and-by can kick him out; and so we go. But if you own an acre of land, it is your kingdom, and your cabin is your castle—you are a sovereign, and you will feel it in every throbbing of your pulse, and every day of your life would assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you."

ONE of our Western villages passed an ordinance forbidding taverns to sell liquor on the Sabbath to any persons except travelers. The next Sunday every man in town who wanted a "nip" was seen walking around with a valise in one hand and two carpet bags in the other!

THAT was a terrible sarcastic "hit" which Douglas Jerrold once gave Heraud, a conceited literary bore, and author of a poem "after Milton," entitled "*The Descent into Hell*." As usual, he was annoying Jerrold with importunate questions at an inconvenient and improper time:

"By-the-by, Jerrold," said he, "did you ever read my '*Descent into Hell*'?"

"No, Sir," responded the irascible dramatist, "but I should like to see it!"

Quite "in keeping" with this sort of repartee is an anecdote recently related of Thackeray, which is authentic, and worthy of preservation:

Dining one day at the table of a friend in London, he found sitting near him a gentleman of some literary celebrity, Angus Reach, Esq. Being introduced to, and addressing him, he had, of course, occasion to repeat his name.

"My name," said the gentleman, with affected dignity, "is not *Reach*—it is *Re-ack*!" (*Re-ack*.)

Thackeray said nothing; but when the dessert came on the table he pointed to a plate of peaches, and, turning to Mr. Reach, said:

"Mr. *Re-ack*, will you hand me a *pe-ack*!"

The laughter of the table was against the affected *litterateur*; and he was compelled to submit thereafter to the *natural* pronunciation of his name.

AUCTIONEERS, as a general thing, are a very 'cute race. "A way of doing things, and the right

way of doing things," is not more important in any branch of mercantile business than in auctioneering. This any one may have seen who has ever attended one of "Tom Bell's" sales of household-furniture in the neighborhood of May-day, or one of Miller's sales of cargoes of hides and leather in the "Swamp" in our neighborhood, or the auction of high-bred stock at Mount Fordham, "while the glass runs," instead of a hammer falling.

But, 'cute as these noted auctioneers are, they are sometimes out-done by one of their profession in the "rural districts;" as an evidence of which, take the following:

At an auction in the country a fiddle was put up for sale. It was "bid off" by a green-looking Yankee, at a figure so small, that he was inwardly chuckling at the cheapness of his purchase, when he was "taken all aback" by the auctioneer crying out, in stentorian tones:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, how much 'm offered for *the bow*? How much *for the bow*?—how much?" And he ran his dirty, dusty fingers along the horse-hair: "for *the bow*—how much? Give us a bid to *start* it, if it is no more'n fifty cents."

"Look o' here!" said the purchaser of the Cremona, "that goes with the fiddle, of course!—that bow is *mine*!"

"Not as you *knows* on," said the auctioneer, scarcely deigning a glance at him: "must be *green*" he added, soliloquizingly. Then, turning to his audience, he repeated:

"How much 'm offered for *the bow*?—how much?"

"That's *mine*!" again repeated the discomfited purchaser of the fiddle.

"Not a bit of it!" said the auctioneer; "separate lot—separate lot! How much 'm offered for *the bow*?"

The amateur violin-performer was going home without the means of "working" his instrument, when the bow was bid off by a by-stander, who sold it to him at "a quarter's" advance over the vendue-price!

"Tain't no use without the bow!" said he, turning over and examining his purchase: "you can't get 'em separate!"

It is a rare "gift" to be able to imitate the language of the negro. To do it successfully, one must not understand the nature of the words employed only, but he must in some degree enter into the train of thought of the "colored spokesman." Mr. Julius Cæsar Hannibal, in his lectures in "Black Diamonds," is an adept in negro thought and phraseology. He has caught the spirit and the manner exactly; the tendency to all big words, and the skill to select those which *sound* like the originals after which they are copied, but are in *meaning* no more like them than chalk is like cheese. In his "discord" about "*De Whale*," Professor Hannibal remarks:

"I shall on dis great 'casion spoke to you 'bout de beasts and monsters ob de deep; and as I allers take de biggest end ob a joke fuss, I shall lecture dis ebenin' on de big cod-fish none 'mong de saylers as *De Whale*.

"De Whale, my frends, am werry seldom found in enny odder place dan de Middleterrainin an' de Specific Oshuns. De whale am 'mong de fishes what de elefant am 'mong de beastsesses—de biggest loafer ob dem all. A fisherman named Jona swallowed one once; but it oberloaded he stomach

to dat degree, dat in tree days he leff him up ag'in. It was too much for him.

....."De whale am de big fish; de cod-fish aristocracy ob de sea, de same as de big bugs am de codfish aristocracy ob de land; but de former hab got de 'wantage ob de latter, kaze notwithstanding de whale dewours a good deal, he produces sumfin, but de lan' cod-fish aristocracy dewours eb-ery ting, and produces nuffin!"

A good "companion-piece" to this is the Professor's description of "*De Elefant*," in another of his lectures on Natural History:

"He is as big as a hay-stack on four warf-spiles, wid a head like a flour-barrel, wid a side ob sole-ledder flappin' on each side ob it, an' a nose six foot long, a-squirmin' around like de Engine-rubber hose, an' a couple ob teef stickin' out ob he mouff like two barber-poles a-stickin' out ob a base-ment barber-shop.

"When he walks, he rolls from side to side like a sayler-man jis landed; an' I 'spect de reason am, because his feet am berry tender, for he's got corns on all his toes. His foot am shaped sumfin like a colored man's, oney broader; but like de darkey's, de holler ob it make a hole in de ground.

"When he were made, it seems to me dat dey stood out four ob dem warf-spiles, and den piled on all de meat dey could pile on. Den dey made a grabey of sand-stone, gutta-persha, brown dust, molasses, and gray dog, and poured it all ober de flesh, and dere luff it dry. W'en dey come to de tail, de stuff gib out, and dey had to cut it *short*!"

A CITY visitor to the White Mountains of New Hampshire amusingly describes some of the incidents which attended the journey:

"Dwellers within the walls, the narrow and confined streets of a great metropolis—new to the scene which had opened to us—rapturous were our expressions of delight.

"'What do you think of The Notch?' asked one passenger of the driver, being desirous to comprehend with what manner of impression a child of the hills looked upon this sublime creation.

"'Wal,' he replied, '*I'm* used to this; but I 'spose, like as not, ef I was to go down to York, I should *gawk rëound tew*!'

"'Brace yourself up, Sir,' said the driver to a mustached Frenchman, one of our passengers, who was seated beside him on the box, an uncomfortable sharer in an elevated position.

"'Br-r-ace? *mon Dieu*!' he replied; 'I am deceive, Sare, ver' moch! What for I comes here, eh? I was seeek; my good friend say, "*Monsieur*, you ver' seeek; you will go to ze Hills—ze Montagne: ze air shall considerab' *brace* you up."

"'I say, "*Ver*' well—I shall go to ze Hills." Vel, I go—I come here. I am shake almos' to piece: and now, *mon Dieu*! I am told for brace *myselfs* up! I not know what zat ees. Vat zat ees, drivar-r-e, eh?"

A VERY laughable scene took place in one of the London theatres soon after the great battle of Waterloo. A dramatic representation of that world-renowned engagement was in the course of representation: a great number of sailors had been hired by the manager to represent the English and French forces, but they utterly refused to be Frenchmen; they wouldn't put on the enemy's jackets at any price; so that the manager had to procure landsmen to represent Napoleon's army.

In one part of the play the English forces were to run from the French; but instead of this, *they stood their ground*, and actually pitched all the French army into the orchestra among the fiddlers!

The "recusants" were brought up before a magistrate, when one of them made this amusing defense:

"You see, Bill Sykes, and I, and Joe Brown, and six more, was the British army, and opposite us was some six or eight land-lubbers a-hacting the Mounseers. The skipper of the showfolks told us when we'd squibbed off our muskets over the Mounseers' heads, to turn and run away from the French. In course, this here was hard work for Jack tars as had sarved their country for twenty year, to be told to run away from half a dozen land-lubbers pretending to be French.

"Well, it warn't no use o' kickin' up a row *then* (this was at a rehearsal!), but *at night* Bill Sykes and I argufied the matter over a pot of 'af-and-'af, and we concluded not to disgrace our flag, but to stand up for the honor of Old England!

"Well, when the scrimmage began, the land-lubbers called out, 'Retreat! retreat! Why don't you *retreat*?'"

"See you shot first!" says I.

"They come at us, and Bill Sykes, in slewing round to guard his stern, slipped on a piece of orange-peel, missed stays, and come down plump on his beam-ends. One of the imitation *Parley-woos* made a grab to captivate Bill, when, in course, I covered my friend, and accommodated the sham Mounseer with a h'ist as didn't agree with him. He was one o' them mutton-fed chaps as can't stand much, for he landed among the fiddlers, and squealed blue murder!

"Well, arter a row begins, you never know nothin' till it's over. Bill Sykes and I cleared out the French army in less than no time, and then we tipped the player-folks a broadside, and took their powder-magazine prisoner. The cabin-passengers (the pit!) and Bill and I got surrounded; but if I'd had a bagnet at the end of my musket, I'd ha' cleared the decks like winkin'!"

THE following humorous test of an American resort, in an Italian city, is from Mr. Levison's journal of what he saw and did in Europe, while on a Continental trip. The writer is very lonely in a strange and foreign town, and sallies out to see whether he can not encounter a fellow-countryman:

"But we could meet no Americans. Seeing, however, an intellectual-looking gentleman pass with some papers, we concluded that he knew where the 'American Hotel' was located; and hailing him with as much politeness as we could muster, we inquired if he could direct us to the 'American Hotel.'

"Whether our French betrayed us to be a foreigner to him, or whether he thought he would display his knowledge of English, we are still in doubt, but he answered:

"Ze Hotel d'Americain are sitivat in zat big r-r-o-a-d,' pointing to a broad street. 'You shall know it by seeing ze valk all covared viz ze tobac'-spit, where ze 'Merican sea-capitans sit outside all ze times of ze door, and chew and spit all ze times!'

"We at once started for the Hotel, and, sure enough, there *was* the tobacco-spit all over the white pavement, but no 'sea-capitans;' they were

at tea. Looking through a window, we beheld them all at work at the *table d'hôte*. Not one among the number had we ever seen before; and as it was very near the time for the steamer to leave, we came to the conclusion not to introduce ourselves to any of them."

THE verses which ensue are so *old* that they may be regarded "as good as *new*" to most readers. They are said to have been written by an Englishman named Morton, who actually died of "unrequited love." He had been betrothed to a young lady, eminent for her beauty and intellectual endowments, but she was seduced from his affections, although not from her fidelity and integrity, by the artifice and address of a young man of fortune, who ultimately abandoned her. Nothing could be more touching than the oburgatory passion of the lines:

"I saw thee wedded! thou didst go

Within the sacred aisle,

Thy young cheek in a blushing glow,

Betwixt a tear and smile:

Thy heart was glad in maiden glee,

But he it loved so fervently

Was faithless all the while!

I hate him for the vow he spoke,

I hate him for the vow he broke!

"I hid the love that could not die,

Its doubts, and hopes, and fears;

And buried all my misery

In secrecy and tears:

And days passed on, and thou didst prove

The pangs of unrequited love,

Even in thy early years:

And thou didst *die*—so fair and good—

In silence and in solitude!

"Whilst thou wert *living* I did hide

Affection's secret pains;

I'd not have shocked thy modest pride,

For all the world contains:

But thou hast perished! and the fire

That, often checked, could ne'er expire,

Again unbidden reigns:

It is no crime to speak my vow,

For, ah! thou canst not *hear* it now!

"Thou sleep'st beneath thy lowly stone

That dark and dreamless sleep;

And he—thy loved and *chosen* one—

Why comes *he* not to weep?

He does not kneel where *I* have knelt,

He can not feel what *I* have felt,

The anguish still and deep:

The painful thought of what has been,

The canker-worm that is not seen!

"But I, as o'er the dark-blue wave

Unconsciously I ride,

My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave,

My soul is by thy side!

There is one voice that wails thee yet,

One heart that can not e'er forget

The visions that have died:

And aye thy form is buried there,

A doubt—an anguish—a despair!"

A CLERGYMAN in one of the Southern states, noted for the easy polish of his manners, and especially for the beauty of his penmanship, had a favorite colored servant, who fell deeply in love with a sable beauty on a neighboring plantation. The ardor of the flame that consumed him was such that it at length overcame his bashfulness; and he begged his master, in most moving terms, to write a "lub letter" for him. The master willingly consented; and after writing a long and very flowery epistle, partly from dictation, in the most approved love-letter style, and in a faultless chi-

rography, read it over to the anxiously-expectant "darkey."

He seemed much delighted with it, and allowed his master to fold and almost finish directing it, when a shade passed over his shining countenance, and looking exceedingly puzzled, he burst forth:

"Oh, Lor', Massa *dat* nebber do—*nebber*, in dis 'varsal world!'"

"Why, how now, Pompey? What is the matter? What is it that displeases you in the letter?"

"Why, Massa, you *l'arned* gentleman, and not know *dat*! and eben poor Pomp, *he* know! Oh, gorra! I t'ought w'ite folks know *sumfin*!" (This last was an "aside" remark.) "Don't you see you nebber *finish* 'lub-letter?' You not say, 'please excudge de *bad writing*!'"

"ONE morning, during the rabid stage of the late pressure," writes a rare humorist, "there came into a dry goods store where I was making some small purchases, a middle-aged specimen of humanity, who from crown to heel bore the marks of a 'decayed gentleman.' He looked as if he had been spending the night in a stable, and taking his breakfast at a pump.

"'Sir,' said he, bowing condescendingly to the shop-keeper, and speaking with studied precision of diction, 'you behold before you an unfortunate individual; one who, as the poet remarks, is greatly

"In want of ready rhino,
Like many hereabouts that *you*,
And some, perhaps, that *I* know."

Permit me, therefore, to ask you, my dear Sir, could you oblige me with the *loan* of a sixpence?"

"'No, Sir, I could *not*,' replied the shopman, sarcastically.

"'Ah,' responded the solicitor, 'I had no idea that the times were so hard here. I thought they were hard enough where I came from. Nothing like it, Sir—nothing *like* it! I feel for you,' he said, laying his hand, with a philanthropic air on his breast, 'I feel for you all!'"

"He mused a moment, then extending his arm and flourishing the remnant of a pocket-handkerchief, he continued:

"'What is this great and glorious country coming to, I should like to know, under its present rulers, with their bank-laws, their currency-laws, and so forth? To ruin, Sir, to utter ruin! "Man," as the English Grammar very correctly observes, Sir, "Man is a verb." Our Government, the body corporate, is the verb TO BE!—TO DO! And we the people, Sir, of this same great and gel-lorious country are the miserable passive verb, TO *suffer*!'"

"'Shade of Cicero!' thought we, such eloquence would shame the oratory of a Webster or a Clay.

"'Sir,' said the shop-keeper, 'I have no time to attend to you; you will oblige me by leaving the store.'

"'Oh, certainly—*certainly*, Sir, if you *desire* it!'"

"And he departed accordingly."

In this bustling, busy season—in this "merry month of May"—forgive us, if in a passage which has been placed in our "Drawer," you are recalled for one moment to a different scene from that which surrounds you. Nor should you deem it ill-timed, or out of place. These thoughts *must* come upon us, and they *will*. Nor does it scarcely seem sad to think of such a "City of Repose" as Greenwood Cemetery, even amidst the stir and turmoil of the Great Metropolis, whose hum of "multitudes com-

mercing" may reach the very gate to the "house appointed for all living:"

"In these still homes are thousands of little children, but they are all quiet. There is no restless pattering of little feet, or confusion of eager voices. They do not laugh or cry, and they have no wants.

"And here too are youths and maidens, yet no low words pass between them. They have no wild hopes of the future; no happiness, with its glow—no sorrow, with its ashes. They care nothing for pleasure or learning—for fame or love. What a rest it must be, to subdue all this thrilling life and emotion!

"And here are men who once seemed but the embodiment of thought and study—yet how changed! Here the merchant takes no interest in the morning papers, with the prices-current. He is indifferent to the sale of stocks. The lawyer has forgotten his clients and his fees; the pastor his flock. The politician cares for elections no more, and stratagems no more. He seeks no office now. The sailor does not watch the wind and the weather, and is not particular about his reckoning. With him, there is 'no more sea;' he has given up his vigilance and his toil.

"The fireman does not start at the sound of the alarm-bell—he shows no feverish haste to be first at the post of danger. He has given up his engine and his feuds: such things affect him not now!

"All these have busy homes in the tumultuous city—yet they expect not to return. However unfinished their business, or unrealized their hopes, they will never close the one, or realize the other. Should life and death depend upon their testimony, they will never be called as witnesses!"

ONE of the afflictions of the suffering Job, which he cites as terrible, was his *dreams*. "Then Thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions; so that my soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than life," But of all dreams or visions, *delirium tremens* must be the worst—the very *acmé* of a diseased imagination. We find in our depository a sketch in this kind, which, if its *cause* were not so sad, would be supremely laughable:

"When he awoke, the first thing which caught his eye was a *fly* sleeping on the wall above him.

"'See that fly!' he called out, in a stentorian voice. 'Look at him! How he *swells*! Oh-h-h! he is as big as an elephant! Save me! he is going to drop! He will crush me!' And he struggled desperately, as if to free himself from an overwhelming pressure.

"At irregular intervals his paroxysms returned, sometimes assuming a frightful, and at others a most ludicrous character. At one time he fancied that his *nose* was dwindling away.

"'Oh, my *nose*!' he exclaimed. *Stop my nose!* Doctor, do hold on to my nose! A pretty doctor you are; can't stop a man's nose! What shall I do when I want to sneeze?"

ONE of our State Senators is said to have remarked that "Politicians are just like alligators; they open their mouths for a horse, but are perfectly willing to take up with a fly." "There is," says a contemporary, "as much truth as wit in this remark. Last spring, a friend of ours applied for 'a thousand dollar consulship.' The President informed him that the consulships were all disposed of. He then said that he would take a clerkship in the

'Treasury office.' He was equally unsuccessful in obtaining this. He did not give up, however. He kept on trying, and at last succeeded. He is now 'deputy door-keeper to the Senate coal-cellar!'"

SUMMER HATS for the ladies are now all "out," and Broadway flaunts with all the colors of the rainbow. Well, we suppose it is "all right." There is a "compensation" in all things. If the fair damsels wear rich and costly bonnets, the busy fingers of less fortunate females earn their support by making them. But a *hundred dollars* for a hat! that seems a *little* extravagant; yet if we are to believe the daily press, many a head-covering at that figure has been seen this season in our great fashionable thoroughfare. Some poetry-stricken metropolitan has been "bursting into song" on the subject of one which he saw in church, and which "interrupted the services:"

"Oh, it cost a hundred dollars,
And it was the 'sweetest thing!'
Perched above a queen of collars,
Tied with vast expanse of string.
"And the fringe weighed twenty ounces,
Round her mantle short and cool,
And her silk brocade, with flounces,
Filled the pew superbly full!
"Dainty gloves, and 'kerchief broidered,
In her psalm-book kept the stops;
All the things she wore were ordered
From the first Parisian shops.
"But that Hundred Dollar Bonnet!
That's the gem I wish to paint;
Such a shower of things were on it,
'Twas enough to craze a saint.
"Oh, I could not hear a word of
What the pious pastor said,
For the shapes and 'shines' unheard of
That were floating round her head!
"Bands and plumes, and flowers and laces,
Fancies more than you could name;
And 'they say' Miss Dorsey's cases
Boast a dozen 'just the same!'
"How I wonder who will wear them!
If the pastor seeks to teach
By his texts, he well may spare them—
'Tis the *milliners* that preach!
"All over, eyes such sights are drinking,
Counting o'er their cost anew,
That we break the Sabbath thinking,
'What if *we* could wear them too!'"

THE readers of "The Drawer" have seen in previous pages of this department of our Magazine an account of the visit of Talleyrand (when in London, and about to embark for this country) to Benedict Arnold, then in the British metropolis. Talleyrand didn't know him by name, but had heard of him as an American, well informed upon all matters in relation to the new republic which he was about to visit; and he visited him for the purpose of asking some letters from him to his friends and acquaintances in America. His reply—the reply of the *traitor*—will never be forgotten: "Sir," he said, "I am the only *American* in Europe of whom you could not ask such a courtesy, whose introduction would do you injury. Sir, I am BENEDICT ARNOLD!"

We refer to this here, to introduce in juxtaposition the following, which is entirely authentic. Relatives of the Peter Van Schaack mentioned in the paragraph still reside in one of the midland counties of this State, and from them the undeniable fact is derived:

"During Peter Van Schaack's stay in London, which embraced the greater part of the time from January, 1779, to May, 1785, he was in the habit of frequently visiting Westminster Abbey. It accorded with his pensive state of mind—induced by a long series of domestic afflictions, by the prospect of total blindness, subsequently realized, and by a protracted exile and separation from his native country, family, and friends—to hold frequent converse with the eminent dead, through the imposing monuments erected to their memory in that time-hallowed edifice. In one of his solitary walks in the Abbey, some time after Arnold's treason, his musings were interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, accompanied by a lady. It was General Arnold, and the lady was doubtless Mrs. Arnold. They passed to the cenotaph of Major André, where they stood and conversed together."

What a spectacle! The traitor Arnold, in Westminster Abbey, at the tomb of André, deliberately perusing the monumental inscription which will transmit to future ages the tale of his own infamy!

This scene (with the associations which naturally crowded upon the mind), was calculated to excite various emotions in an American bosom—and Mr. Van Schaack turned away from it with disgust.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS, of Morrisania, a gentleman by birth, education, and the most lofty bearing, on being asked for his definition of *A Gentleman*, replied by repeating the psalm:

"'Tis he whose every thought and deed
By rule of virtue moves;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.
"Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round.
"Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.
"Who to his plighted word and truth
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
"Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasures to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy."

It is stated that this psalm was copied by Thomas Jefferson, in the smallest hand and neatest manner, into a Commonplace Book which he was in the habit of frequently consulting.

Is it generally known that the eloquent Summerfield commenced preaching before he was twenty years of age? It is true. His was a frail body, and a delicate constitution. "He moved," says one biographer, "with the speed of a chariot-wheel downhill, until the axle takes fire. He preached five, seven, and sometimes *ten* times a week! Independent of occasional addresses—of which he delivered so many—he preached four hundred sermons in the first twelve months of his ministry!

"I said to him one day," said a friend, "your labors are *too* excessive, my dear friend; your physical strength will be overcome."

"I can not help it," he said, the pupils of his watery-blue eyes expanding as he spoke (he was going into the John Street meeting-house, and I

was on my way to a patient near by at the time). 'The love of CHRIST constraineth me; my time is short; I must be about my FATHER'S business!'

"I wish I could convey to you," said a friend the other day, "one peculiarity of Summerfield—his *physical feebleness*, and how much it was his *strength*. He seemed almost a spirit—and his message was always a message of love.

"I don't know if there are many in the city now who will recollect hearing Summerfield in John Street one cloudy Sunday morning—I think it was in the month of March. He took his text, repeated it, looked at the audience, went to place his handkerchief in the right-hand leaves of the large Bible,

when it dropped. He stooped down behind the desk to pick it up, and when his face appeared above the pulpit, it shone like the face of an angel! Turning over the leaves of the Holy Book with his *whole hand*, instead of *fingering* it, as many do, he replaced his handkerchief in the book, and looking around on *all* his audience (who can forget that look?) he said, in a low, soft, solemn voice:

"*'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'*"

Summerfield has gone, long since, to his "great reward;" but of those who heard him at the church in John Street, on that Sunday morning, how many have "entered into that 'rest' which remains for the People of God!"

Literary Notices.

The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington, by R. R. MADDEN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The sketch of the career of this brilliant celebrity in the world of fashion and literature, contained in our last number, enabled the reader to anticipate the attractive character of the present volumes. In addition, however, to the piquant reminiscences concerning Lady Blessington herself, they afford a rich variety of anecdote and personal gossip in regard to many of her distinguished contemporaries, including persons of eminent rank both in the political and literary world. Deprived, to a great degree, of the society of her own sex, she courted the acquaintance of scholars, artists, and men of letters, making her house the centre of intellectual réunions, which will long be remembered among the most striking social features of her day. A liberal selection from her correspondence with a number of well-known public characters is given in these pages. At the head of these persons, in the order of time, stands the name of Sir William Gell, the famous antiquary and classical amateur. Lady Blessington made his acquaintance during his residence at Naples, commencing an intimacy which terminated only with his life. A number of curious details respecting this eccentric scholar and virtuoso are given by the editor. His house at Naples, during the latter years of his life, was a perfect museum. In one moderately-sized apartment, forming his drawing-room, library, studio, and menagerie, were collected a store of rarities such as the world never saw before—old folios in vellum, illustrations of modern topography, splendidly bound books of travel, caricatures, charts, maps, drawings, musical instruments, model dogs, and every species of nondescript, brought together in bewildering confusion. An Epicurean in principle and temperament, Sir William Gell preserved a sublime indifference to the common objects of human pursuit, content with the cultivation of his refined and scholar-like tastes, and regarding health, ease, and fine weather as the constituents of happiness. His letters in this collection are characteristic and amusing. Thrown off in the familiarity of confiding friendship, they are free from all restraint, abounding in mischievous satire, agreeable, off-hand descriptions, acute critical remarks, and racy personalities. Of a still higher order of interest is the correspondence between Lady Blessington and Walter Savage Landor, including a

copious and charming selection of letters from both parties. Already at an advanced age, the veteran sexagenarian grows young again under the wreathed smiles of his fascinating interlocutor. Of all the literary men with whom she was acquainted there was none who shared more fully in her admiration, esteem, and affectionate regard than the author of "The Imaginary Conversations." The letters of Landor that are given are spiced with genial humor, fine touches of sarcasm, and bold and original comments on the literary productions and the public affairs of the day. We have also several characteristic extracts from the correspondence of our countryman, N. P. Willis, with the modern Aspasia, which we presume were never intended for the public eye. These were written at different intervals from 1834 to 1848, but throughout exhibit the same enthusiastic homage to the beauty and genius of his benignant friend. "There are few," says Willis, "I ever loved more, and none whose remembrance I more covet when I am absent." "You must look upon every thing I have done since I first knew you as being partly your own creation, for never was a mind so completely impressed upon another as yours on mine." Almost equally effusive and touching are the letters of Bulwer, Disraeli, and Dickens, showing the penchant of poets, philosophers, and novelists for the tender blandishments of female friendship.

Kate Aylesford: A Story of the Refugees, by CHARLES J. PETERSON. (Published by T. B. Peterson.) The model on which this tale of the American Revolution is founded is evidently the fine romances of Cooper relating to the same period, and it must be pronounced a very successful imitation of that school of fiction. Not that the writer follows servilely in any beaten track—he is, perhaps, unconscious of the attempt to reproduce the creations of a favorite novelist—nor is he destitute of marked individuality of conception, or native force of diction. The heroine of this story is a pure and beautiful creation. She constantly wins upon the heart of the reader by her sweet feminine graces. The other personages in the plot are, for the most part, sustained with considerable effect, leaving a distinct and salient impression on the imagination. We notice several excellent passages of descriptive writing, among which the personal conflict between Major Gordon and Aylesford, the revel of the outlaws in the refugee's hut, the

pursuit by the blood-hounds, the fire in the woods, and the death of Arrison, possess singular merit for their graphic vigor and animation.

Getting Along: A Book of Illustrations. (Published by J. C. Derby.) The main plot of this vigorous story is complicated with too many collateral issues for consummate artistic symmetry, or even the greatest popular effect. In composing the narrative, the writer seems to have aimed at the delineation and development of character, rather than to enchain the attention of the reader by a series of exciting outward incidents. The materials employed in the construction of the plot are sufficient for half a dozen novels. Such a profuse outlay on the part of the writer indicates a consciousness of power, of a rich store of resources—but not the talent for organization which is essential to the success of a great imaginative work. Still, we regard these volumes as the production of no ordinary intellect, and of a profound experience of life. They are founded on a deep vein of reflection, rare insight into character, and accurate habits of observing external objects. The style is always sinewy and masculine, often highly picturesque, though occasionally falling into awkward and incorrect expressions. The evolution of thought is doubtless a matter of far greater importance with the author than mere elegance or propriety of diction. For ourselves, however, we much prefer the robust and well-compacted phraseology of this work, animated as it always is by the workings of an original and active mind, to the soft and polished sweetnesses of many of our fashionable sentence-makers. Among the characters which are admirably hit off in this story, are Leighton, the moody, contemplative student, half lover and half misanthrope—Stella Cammon, vibrating between religious enthusiasm and romantic affection—Falcon, the pure-minded, earnest, but dreaming philanthropist—and Susan Dillon, the noble, self-sacrificing idealist, wisely attempting to solve the mystery of life by the performance of duty—to say nothing of a number of subordinate personages, scarcely less peculiar and significant. The death of old Dillon, the fisherman, is an admirable piece of word-painting.

Travels in Europe and the East, by SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The author of these comprehensive volumes is well-known to a large circle of readers as the editor of one of the leading religious journals of this city. His name gives assurance of the sound morality, devout spirit, and cultivated sense of all the productions of his pen. In this work, although he meets his readers on comparatively new ground, they will not fail to discover the prevailing characteristics to which they have been accustomed in his writings. Mr. Prime entered upon the tour, of which we here have the record, with a view to the improvement of his health by a sojourn in foreign lands. His hopes were not disappointed, and he recruited with every month of travel. There is no trace of the invalid in these volumes; but, on the contrary, they are written with a spirit and vivacity that betray a keen sense of enjoyment, as well as an alert mind and an observing eye. England, of course, was the country that most warmly attracted the sympathies of the traveler. He soon finds himself at home on English soil. One of his most interesting chapters is devoted to an account of the haunts of distinguished men, describing the places where Bacon, Johnson, Milton,

Coleridge, and other celebrities resided in London. The British pulpit naturally was an object of peculiar interest with the writer. Among the eminent divines of London, he listened to Melville, Cumming, Hamilton, Duff, and Noel. The former of these preachers made a very favorable impression on his mind. The personal appearance of this excellent man was striking. With quite gray hair, high cheek-bones, and large mouth, tall and slightly bent with the weight of years, he exhibited the marks of blended benevolence and thought in his expressive face, giving a decided impression of personal goodness, if not of great intellectual powers. His eloquence almost seemed to be seraphic. Dr. Cumming preaches in an obscure place, and in a mean building. He is a smooth, polished, good-looking man of forty-five, with a voice of musical softness and flow, a rich imagination, and great fertility of illustration. With the celebrated Baptist Noel the writer was much disappointed. He found him a fluent speaker, with a courtly manner, and a polished style, but with little intellectual vigor, and quite a narrow range of ideas. His popularity is decidedly on the wane, and from having been the idol of aristocratic circles, he has sunk into comparative obscurity. After visiting the principal objects of curiosity on the European Continent, including Athens and its environs, Mr. Prime extends his travels to Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, and gives many valuable memorials of his experience in those countries. He devotes a good deal of space to an account of the American Missions in the East—recording his decided testimony to the wisdom of their management, and the value of their influence. In the little village of Abeil, perched on the side of Mount Lebanon, and near its summit, Mr. Prime found an old college class-mate in the person of one of the devoted missionaries of that station, the Rev. S. H. Calhoun. The residence of this excellent man is in a romantic locality. The village commands a wide view of the Mediterranean. Mr. Calhoun lives in a house at least a hundred years old, whose simplicity and antique appearance give it a peculiar fitness for the abode of an Oriental missionary. The description of the meeting of the ancient college-friends, after a long separation, is not a little touching. In the secular portions of his work, Mr. Prime gives a lucid and impartial statement of his observations in different countries of interest, his narrative usually flows with an agreeable facility, and his collateral remarks are almost always suggestive and informing.

Frank is the title of the latest issue of *Harper's Story Books*, one of Mr. JACOB ABBOTT'S most successful efforts for the benefit and amusement of the juvenile reader. It is intended to illustrate the philosophy of tricks and mischief, as exemplified by thoughtless young persons who are a source of great annoyance to their companions and elders, through a certain reckless spirit of merriment, rather than from a malicious or unkind disposition. The story is one of deep interest throughout, and will not be read less eagerly by parents into whose hands it falls, than by their children, for whom it is expressly designed.

A Long Look Ahead; or, The First Stroke and the Last, by A. S. ROE. (Published by J. C. Derby.) The tone of unpretending modesty in which this story is written, will not conceal its uncommon merits from the appreciative reader. Without any flourish of trumpets, it presents a series of pictures

of New England life which, for their fidelity to nature and effectiveness of delineation, are not surpassed by any production of the kind in recent American literature. The scene is laid principally in a rural neighborhood of Connecticut—the characters of the story are taken from the every-day walks of society, including the substantial country gentleman, the village clergyman, and the rustic beauty, as well as the industrious farm-laborer, the honest mechanic, and the genteel loafer from the city, who poisons the purity of the mountain atmosphere by his corrupt presence. No domestic romance was ever written with less ostentation of materials, or produced a deeper impression by such an artless and homespun narrative. The secret of its power lies in its exact truthfulness, reproducing scenes and incidents resembling those with which we are all familiar, and making an ineffaceable impression of reality. Comparatively little use is made of the comic element, which one might suppose would inevitably make its appearance in the description of New England village society; but the sudden touches of pathos and illustrations of generous feeling which often startle the reader in the progress of the quiet narrative, constantly keep curiosity alive, and prevent a single page from being hurried over with indifference. The name of this author is favorably known to the public by some previous specimens of fictitious composition. The present work, however, bears the palm among all his efforts, and can not fail to establish his reputation as one of our most natural and effective delineators of American character.

Botany of the Southern States, by Professor JOHN DARBY. (Published by A. S. Barnes and Co.) In this treatise a complete outline of the science of Botany, in its most important relations, is presented in a simple and convenient form, together with a full descriptive survey of Southern Botany. It bears the character of an original production, and not of a compilation from other works on the subject, most of the facts and principles set forth by the author having been the result of personal observation. The volume is primarily intended as a text-book for the Colleges and High Schools of the Southern States; but its thorough execution and judicious arrangement commend it to the attention of teachers in general.

The History of Connecticut, by G. H. HOLLISTER. (Published by Durrie and Peck, New Haven.) Since the standard work of Dr. Trumbull on the History of Connecticut, no writer has undertaken to furnish a separate and integral account of the annals of that State. Dr. Trumbull relates the succession of events to the close of the last French war, but does not enter upon the interesting field of Revolutionary narrative. The work before us—of which only the first volume is now issued—embraces a longer period, extending from the first settlement of the colony to the adoption of the present Constitution. During this space of time the historical topics that are presented are full of interest to the antiquary, and are here treated with the fullness and accuracy which their importance demands. Among other prominent events, they embrace the early colonization of the Valley of the Connecticut, the succeeding Indian wars, the establishment of the first American Constitution, the retreat of the regicides, and the war with France. Many curious details are given concerning the early manners and customs of the Connecticut people, and the religious opinions and usages that prevailed from the

primitive settlement of the Colony. The work bears the marks of careful research. No accessible source of information appears to have been neglected by the writer. Although indulging an evident enthusiasm for his subject, he shows no symptoms of partiality, and, as we should judge, has given an unbiased statement of historic truth. Copious and coherent in his narrative, he presents a luminous view of the complicated course of events, skillfully avoiding the confusion which is almost inevitable with such a variety of details. His style is flowing, animated, and often eloquent, though occasionally too ornate for the dignity of historical composition. A rigid pruning of his metaphors, which are now too luxuriant for the theme, would prove a benefit to future editions. Unless a writer combines rare literary culture and a classic severity of taste with imaginative tendencies, it is dangerous to indulge the flights of fancy in this grave department of intellectual labor.

Foster's First Principles of Chemistry (published by Harper and Brothers), is intended as an elementary manual of practical chemistry, adapted to the use of pupils in the science, without involving the expense of an extensive apparatus. The subject is presented in an intelligible and attractive manner, and so illustrated by simple diagrams and experiments as to be within the comprehension of every class of students. Each of the experiments contained in the volume has been performed by the author in various ways, but the most direct and convenient methods alone are explained. A great number of new diagrams have been introduced, enabling the learner to obtain a distinct idea of the various decompositions and combinations described in the text. As a practical treatise on the rudiments of chemical science, the volume claims the attention of those devoted to the cause of education, and will amply reward examination.

Another seasonable educational work, issued by Harper and Brothers, is *An Introduction to Practical Astronomy*, by Professor LOOMIS, giving a description of the instruments required in the outfit of an observatory, and explaining the methods of employing them, with the computations growing out of their use. The volume is designed especially for amateur observers who have in their possession astronomical instruments which they wish to employ to the best advantage; for practical surveyors, engineers, and astronomers, and for the conductors of expeditions of discovery, whether by land or sea; and, finally, for young men who are engaged in a course of liberal education. The materials for this treatise have been collected from a great variety of sources, including astronomical journals and the annals of observatories, as well as the usual standard authorities on the subject. Every page of the work evinces the indefatigable care of the author, especially the tables, many of which have been computed entirely anew. The great experience of Professor Loomis as an instructor, no less than his high scientific attainments, is a guarantee for the practical adaptation, accuracy, and thoroughness of his work, and it will doubtless at once take a distinguished rank among our most valuable text-books.

Cosas de España, or *Going to Madrid via Barcelona*. (Published by Redfield.) The descriptions of Spanish travel in this volume are aromatic as the atmosphere which has inspired the writer with such exuberant gayety. His narrative flows like

a stream of limpid oil, and is as fresh and fragrant as a vineyard in full blossom. As a luscious *bonne bouche* for the dainty railroad traveler, or to while away a lounge of a delicious May afternoon, commend us to the fascinating fancies and facts of our anonymous humorist.

Tri-colored Sketches in Paris during the years 1851-2-3 (published by Harper and Brothers) forms an agreeable addition to the numerous American works of foreign travel now before the public, and will be read with interest, especially by those who would gain a clear view of the workings of French politics since the accession of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency. The volume consists of articles originally written from Paris for one of the daily journals of New York, without any intention of publication in another form. For this reason, they have a truly popular character, and are adapted to interest a larger class of readers than more formal and elaborate essays. A complete history is given of the birth, cradling, and consecration of a new Empire, at this moment one of the most imposing in the civilized world—extending her influence to every intellectual and polished circle of society from St. Petersburg to San Francisco. The political narrative is diversified with numerous lively portraiture of Parisian manners, sketches of eminent public characters and literary men, and an abundant store of personal gossip. The writer has a turn for the comic, and never fails to present the humorous aspect of affairs, for which there is no lack of opportunity in the materials at his hand. With all its variety of amusing details, the volume is not to be classed with those which are devoted exclusively to light reading; but on the contrary, it is full of substantial information—information which can not be so readily and pleasantly obtained from any sources with which we are acquainted. The text is illustrated by a number of pictorial embellishments, which greatly enhance the interest of the volume.

LIEUTENANT STRAIN desires us to state that since the completion of the Account of the Darien Expedition he has had an interview with Mr. Winthrop, whose separation from the main body of the Expedition was noticed in the first paper of the series, with an intimation that the separation was intentional. Lieutenant Strain is now fully convinced that there was no intention on the part of Messrs. Winthrop and Holcomb to desert him; but that, on the contrary, they made every exertion in their power to rejoin him, and subsequently to overtake and relieve him and his party. From a mutual misunderstanding, growing out of the peculiar character of the country, each supposed that the other had caused the separation.

Mr G. CORNEWALL LEWIS, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, has in press a two-volume work on the Credibility of *Early Roman History*. In consequence of the nomination of Mr. Lewis to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, he has resigned his post as Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, which is now under the charge of Mr. HENRY REEVE.

The *Athenæum* waxes merry over Mr. PARTON'S Life of Horace Greeley, which is, "on a rough calculation, about twenty times as big as the *Agricola* of Tacitus; nearly twice as big as the whole Twelve Cæsars of Suetonius, and occupies about half the space which Dr. Johnson found necessary for his

Lives of the Poets. Mr. Greeley has no reason to complain," it adds, "but we can not say as much for the reading public, which ought to have been consulted in the matter as well as Mr. Greeley." The custom of writing biographies of living men is compared to the fashion prevalent among the Chinese of presenting each other with an ornamented coffin-lid, in readiness for the time when it may be wanted.

Two biographical works, which promise to be of more than ordinary interest, are announced for immediate publication. Mr. JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM, the schemer, traveler, and lecturer, is about to favor the world with his autobiography, in which he promises that his voyages, travels, adventures, speculations, successes, and failures shall be frankly and faithfully narrated; he will also give characteristic sketches of the public men with whom he has had personal intercourse during a period of fully half a century. The veteran adventurer can not well fail to produce from such material a readable and gossip volume. Of still higher promise is the *Life of Sydney Smith*, by his Son, a few of the early sheets of which have reached us in advance of its publication. From these we venture to predict a racy biography, worthy of the reputation of the witty founder of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Mr. THACKERAY has declined the nomination proffered to him of the Presidency of the Associate Societies of the Edinburgh University. "The office," he says in his letter, "is hard for any one to fill who succeeds Sir Bulwer Lytton, and I myself am obliged to decline the flattering proposal which you make me, as, in all probability, I shall be in America during the next winter and spring."

Under the fantastic title of *Mountains and Molehills*, Mr. FRANK MARRYATT, a son of the celebrated novelist, has published an account of his adventures during a two years' residence in California, in 1850, '51. Notwithstanding the failure of sundry plans in which he embarked for making a fortune, Mr. Marryatt writes with the utmost good-humor. He had the penetration to see the elements of a well-ordered state of society which lay concealed beneath the rough exterior which California life presented during the period of its transition from a Mexican to an American State. The work is full of racy and vigorous sketches of life, manners, and character, and is beyond doubt the best book on California that has yet appeared.

The discovery, in the town of Zwickau, of the manuscript works of Hans Sachs, one of the most celebrated minstrels of the middle ages in Germany, has excited the greatest interest in that country. The manuscripts form thirteen volumes, and comprise a copy of the complete works of the minstrel. The copy is not in his handwriting, but it is corrected by him, and is evidently that which he used. It contains several pieces which have never been published.

Paris papers announce the death of a M. Sainte, the oldest actor in France, aged ninety-four; of M. Bouchot, Professor of History in one of the Paris colleges, and author of a *History of Portugal*, and other esteemed works; and of M. Nell de Bréauté, corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences.



YOUNG AMERICA IN TOWN.

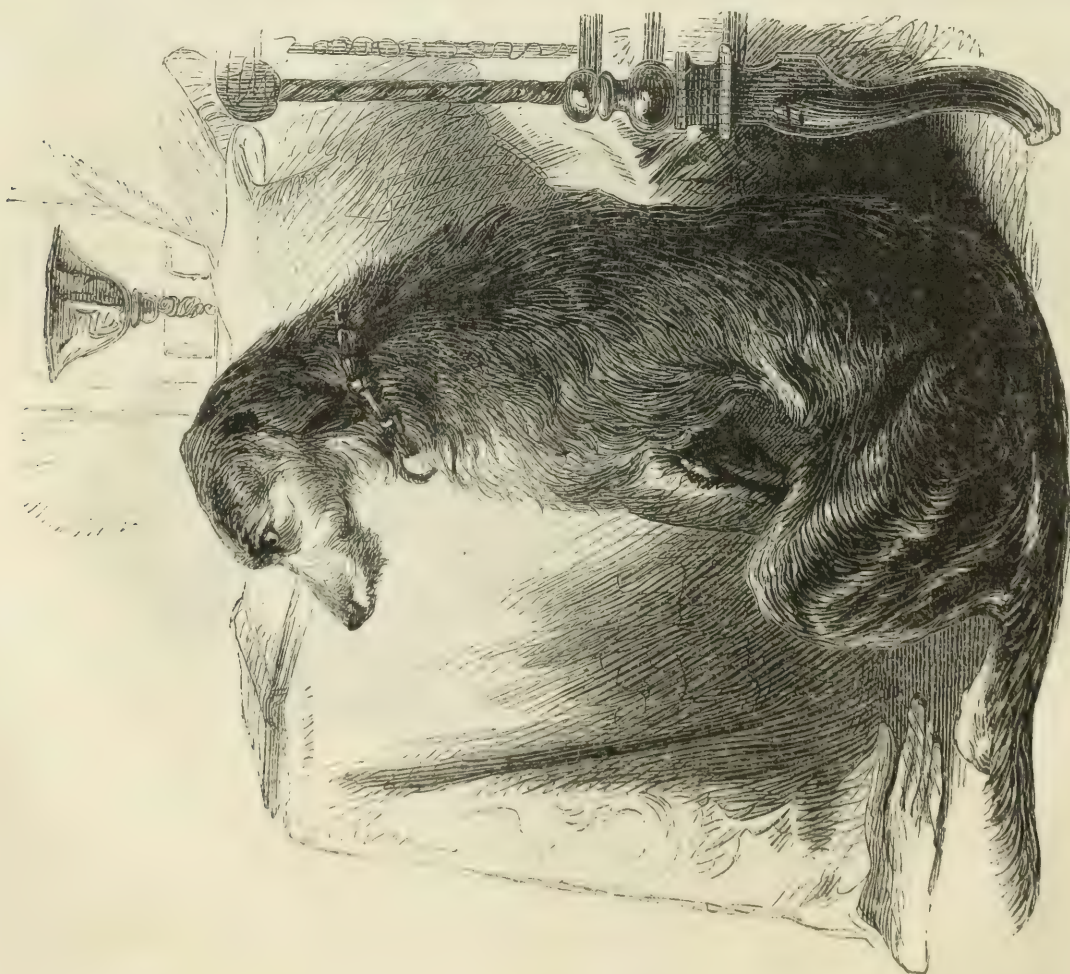
What will not the man?



YOUNG AMERICA IN THE COUNTRY.



LOW LIFE.



HIGH LIFE.

Fashions for May.

*Furnished by MR. G. BRODIE, 51 Canal-street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—PROMENADE COSTUME AND HOME DRESS.

THE MANTILLA in Figure 1, upon the previous page, may be a trifle in advance of the season for the Northern portions of our country, but it will be all the more seasonable for the more genial Southern climate. It is made of alternate ranges of *moiré antique* and black lace, the taffeta being bordered by a narrow edging of lace over the plain insertion. Mantillas will generally be box-plaited, as in our illustration, though this will be far from universal. Opposite we give one of white Lyons silk, with the upper portion, the middle, and the bottom of guipure lace, or *appliqué* work. The solid portions are elaborately adorned with needlework. The fringe is very heavy, and the detached tassels are a decided novelty. In the HOME DRESS (Figure 2) it will be observed that the basque is open to the waist, where it is confined by a bow with floating ends. The sides are open and laced, corresponding with the finish at the frill of the sleeves. The upper range of the sleeve is ornamented with a *nœud* of ribbon, and with a *bouillon* either of ribbon or of the same material as the dress. Flounces still keep their hold upon favor, and much ornament is bestowed upon them.



FIGURE 4.—BONNET.



FIGURE 3.—SILK MANTILLA.

The "Shape" or skeleton which we give below, will serve to show the general form of BONNETS, as they will be worn for the season. The trimmings, which give the special character to each specimen, are varied in ways almost infinite. We illustrate one composed of pink taffeta. The tabs, of the same material, together with the curtain, are bordered with straw braid. Drooping sprays of straw and crape buds form the outside trimming. In addition to these, the front has intermingled a *snow* of tulle and *nœuds* of pink ribbon. We observe that curtains cut in a point behind, and others open or slashed at the same place, are apparently coming into favor.

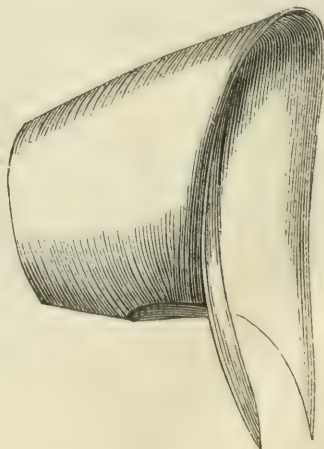


FIGURE 5.—BONNET SHAPE.

